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STATE HISTORICAL SOC.
1888
OF WISCONSIN.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLIV. OCTOBER, 1886. No. 259.

THE BORGIA MYTH.

MR. ASTOR, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, has vindicated the character of Lucretia Borgia. Following in the wake of distinguished historians, he shows that the charges of murder, poisoning, and incest brought against her by scurrilous poets and vindictive scribes who hated the Borgia name are groundless. But while he spares the woman of the notorious family, he is unmerciful, and perhaps unjust, to two of its male members—the head, Pope Alexander VI., and his son, the renowned Cæsar, Duke of Romagna. In his novel, *Valentino*, he repeats and accentuates the charges made against Cæsar by the gossiping Burchard, the vindictive Infessura, the purchasable forger Paul Jovius,* the calumnious Guicciardini, and the Neapolitan poetic libellers Pontano and Sannazaro. That these epithets are not undeserved the reader who has studied their works can attest. The last edition of Burchard by Thuasne, at Paris, shows the old papal master of ceremonies to be a mere recorder of gossip. It is *fertur* and *dicitur* on every page of his diary—the "*on dit*" and the "it is said" of the modern detractor.

Besides the hostility of Burchard to the Borgias, so clearly pointed out by Gregorovius in his work on *Lucretia Borgia*, the

* Tiraboschi (*Letteratura Italiana*, tome vii. pp. 3, 903, Modena, 1792) shows that Jovius is unworthy of belief and a forger by his own testimony. Gregorovius (*Lucretia Borgia*, Stuttgart, 1874, chap. ii. p. 10) points out mistakes of Jovius and Infessura in the simplest matters affecting the Borgias. Litta holds that Cæsar's mother, Vanozza—an abbreviation of Giovanna—was of the Farnese family. But Gregorovius contradicts him (ibidem, p. 10). So discordant are authorities even in small matters regarding the Borgias.

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fact that the edition of the ancient *Diarium* is not authentic—for there are slips and unquestionable interpolations in it—throws doubt on many of its statements.* Paris de Grassis, another chronicler of the early portion of the sixteenth century, for a time Burchard's associate, says of him that he was "not only not human, but above all beasts the most beastly, the most inhuman, and the most envious." As to Infessura, he was a radical, a revolutionist, a strong partisan of the Colonnas and therefore hostile to the Borgias, bitterly opposed to the temporal sovereignty of the popes, and so foul a writer that the learned Muratori, in his *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, was obliged to expunge obscenities from the *Diarium* of the Hortan chronicler before publishing it; and of the writer he says: "I have to admit that he was very prone to calumny." Paul Jovius in his letters confesses that his pen is purchasable, that he is a writer for sale like the mercenary Condottieri of the times; and Cæsar Cantù calls him "the lying gazetteer of the epoch." Paul Jovius, the immoral bishop of Nocera, whose chief grievance against the pope was that he would not give him a better see—viz., that of Como—because his holiness considered him unfit for it, as Tiraboschi states, is rivalled in lying by the Florentine Guicciardini. This man, who owed all his fortune to the popes, showed his gratitude by maligning his benefactors. Full of the Florentine hatred of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy, which Cæsar Borgia did so much to re-establish in the Romagna, the Italian historian uses all the graces of style and his wonderful powers of expression to calumniate those whom he considered the foes of the political influence of his beloved republic. Audin, in his *Life of Leo X.*, tells us that conscience smote Guicciardini at the hour of his death, and that when the notary asked him what he was to do with the *History of Italy*, he replied, "Burn it." Cæsar Cantù, whose reputation for impartiality is above suspicion, says of him "that he measures the justice of a cause by success alone. He blames the popes for everything and attributes to them all the calamities of the age." † The hatred of the Venetians and Florentines towards the increase of the papal sovereignty in the fif-

* A learned critic of Thuasne's "Burchard," in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie* (1 Quartalheft, Innsbrück, 1886), points out, 1st. That Eccard's text, from which that of Thuasne is taken, is corrupt—"Seven copies but no original" of Eccard's original exist; 2d. The Chigi copy which Thuasne follows is not proven to be faithful to the Vatican original, still unpublished; 3d. The *Diarium* from A.D. 1500 to the end is not authenticated because not signed by Burchard; this covers the "ball" story, to which we refer later on. Other breaks in the narrative are pointed out, as well as the quarrel which caused the enmity of Burchard to Alexander at the beginning of the pope's reign.

† *The Historians of Italy*, discourse ix.

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teenth and sixteenth centuries is well known. Both republics had interests in the Romagna. Its rebellious feudatories looked to them for aid in their struggle against the conquering Cæsar of the house of Borgia. The Colonnas and the Orsinis were always secretly, and sometimes openly, aided and abetted by their Florentine and Venetian allies; both interested in thwarting the plans of Alexander VI. for the destruction of the "tyranni," as they were called, in Central Italy. Hence the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors, whether at Naples or at Rome, sent to their respective governments malicious reports of all that was done at the Vatican. Paolo Cappello and the rest show bias in all their despatches; and the compilation of the Venetian Marino Sanuto is a mixture of gossip, fable, fact, and fiction! *

The league of the Borgias with the French under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and the war of Alexander against Ferdinand of Naples, caused the pontiff to be detested at the court of that monarch. Gibes and satires against the Borgias became the amusement of his table, and epigrams against Alexander, Lucretia, and Cæsar the stock in trade of the court poets. Pontano, one of them, while he satirized the pope and Lucretia, did not spare even his royal master and benefactor, whom he afterwards deserted for the French conqueror in A.D. 1501. Sannazaro was more faithful, for he followed Ferdinand into exile. These poets, in common with others of the Renaissance, affected to imitate their pagan exemplars in obscenity as well as in style, and to such excesses did they go that, according to Roscoe in his *Life of Leo X.*, they surpassed even Catullus and Martial in libertinism and indecency. Ulrich von Hutten and the other early Reformers of the sixteenth century imported into Germany the writings of these Italian satirists, and sent the flood of licentiousness and falsehood of which they were the source rolling down the centuries to the present day. It is not astonishing, therefore, that serious writers like Roscoe, Ranke, and Gregorovius, who believe that history should be a faithful record of facts proven by documents and other trustworthy testimony, instead of a gazette of gossip, should protest against the slanders forged against the Borgias and aid in restoring their character to the level of truth and justice. These writers deserve credit for having to a great extent conquered their prejudices of creed and nationality in the interest of historical truth.

Along with them we must name Edoardo Alvisi, a liberal Italian, who published, a few years ago, a work entitled *Cesare*

* Alberi, *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti*, Firenze, 1864.

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*Borgia, Duca di Romagna.** This book is a model of historical style and fairness. It is honest and unimpassioned. The author extenuates nothing and sets down naught in malice. The style is clear as Cæsar and terse as Tacitus. He produces the original documents or the unquestionable proof of every fact stated. Had Mr. Astor read this work before writing *Valentino* or the article on Lucretia, we are sure he would have changed the plot of the one and modified many of his assertions in the other.

Anyway, when Mr. Astor vindicates Lucretia does not he also vindicate Alexander from some of the foulest crimes charged to him? Does not the father share in the benefit of his child's vindication? If Lucretia was not guilty of incest with her own father or brother, then her father and brother were not guilty of incest with her; and if Cæsar is not as black as he is portrayed, may we not begin to suspect that Alexander's offences are less than they are said to be? If Alvisi's authority on Cæsar is as good as Mr. Astor's on Lucretia, both of these members of the Borgia family throw light on the dark shadows that surround their father's life.

However, let us forget Mr. Astor for the present. He has simply retailed the stories of other writers. He hardly pretends to be an historian, whatever he may be as a novelist. Let us, then, examine the chief charges brought against the Duke of Romagna, with a single eye to historical truth:

The first charge is that Cæsar murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia. This charge was not made until a year after the assassination; and it was made first in Venice by the Ferrarese orator Pigna. His words are: "I have just heard that the cause of the death of the Duke of Gandia was his brother the cardinal"—Cæsar.† Cæsar had just declared his purpose of giving up the cardinalate and celibacy to return to a layman's ambitions and the possibility of matrimony. It was currently reported in 1498 that both he and Lucretia, just divorced from Giovanni Sforza, were about to contract marriages with members of the royal family of Naples. The Borgias were going to increase their temporalities. The children of Alexander—born, according to excellent authorities, before he had received holy orders—were about to become princes in Central Italy, and thus become rivals of Ferrarese, Florentine, Venetian, and even Neapolitan power. At once Venice becomes a forge of attacks against the Borgias. Alexander, who had been lauded by the Venetians, during the first four years of his pontificate, for

* Imola, A.D. 1878.

† Alvisi, p. 44.

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his economy, sobriety, and "divine virtues," began to be represented as a glutton and a debauchee, Cæsar as an assassin, and Lucretia as a courtesan.

On the 14th of February (1498) the body of a certain Pierotto or Peter Calderon, a servant of the pope, was found in the Tiber. Burchard, living in Rome and not friendly to the Borgias, says he did not fall in "of his own free will." In Venice the story is circulated by Cappello that Pierotto was assassinated by Cæsar before the very eyes of the pope, one of whose favorites Pierotto was. About the same time Lucretia is reported as having begotten an illegitimate child, and Alexander as having imported a beautiful Spaniard for his amusement.* The "black as a crow" in Rome in those days became "the three black crows" in Venice, Ferrara, and Florence. A hint in Burchard becomes, under the pen of Cappello, Jovius, and Sanuto, a vividly-colored picture, as erotic as a story of the *Decameron*.

There is not a solitary fact to show that Cæsar murdered his brother. The Orsinis, in exile in Venice, helped to spread the tale, and Cappello and the exiled Savelli recorded it. The first reports of the assassination attributed it either to Giovanni Sforza or to Antonio Mario Pico della Mirandola as agent of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza. Neither the Neapolitan, nor the Perugian, nor the Florentine, nor the Modenese, nor the Ferrarese chronicles of the day accuse Cæsar of the crime.†

Gandia had killed an adherent of the Sforzas and refused to give them satisfaction. They had other reasons for seeking vengeance on the Borgias, because one of their family was divorced from Lucretia on account of impotency, and the new marriage proposed for her endangered their family possessions. On them, therefore, rather than on his own brother, properly rests the suspicion of having murdered the Duke of Gandia.

But even in smaller matters lies against the Borgias have been transmitted by respectable writers. We may mention an instance by way of diversion. Vasari, in his lives of the Italian painters, says that Pinturicchio, a favorite artist of those times, painted in the Torre Borgia, in the Vatican, Julia Farnese as the Madonna, and Alexander VI. worshipping her. Well, as Julia Farnese was a very handsome woman, who married in 1489 the pope's grandnephew, it is quite probable that Pinturicchio may have taken her face as a model for his Madonnas, but it is absolutely false that he painted the pope in any such surroundings as Vasari

* His son John, the Duke of Gandia, is reported as the pontifical pander on this occasion!
† Alvisi, p. 34.

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states. The Madonna which he describes is in a panel "over the door of the third room, with angels around her; but the pope is not in that picture, but in one of the Resurrection in the second room, where Alexander is really portrayed in the act of prayer."* Julia was married to Ursino Orsini, son of Adriana Mila, a Borgia and Alexander's niece. Julia had a son that looked like the pope, and the scandal-mongers in Rome, pretending to forget that the child came by his looks by legitimate descent, spread the report that he was Alexander's son. There is not one iota of historical proof for the statement. And although to a class of men who do not believe in the possibility of clerical chastity, because they judge the clergy from their own subjective standpoint, the presence of a handsome relative of Alexander for a time in the Vatican will always afford an opportunity for a sneer or a gibe, those whose experience of human nature is better will discredit the unproved aspersions of the calumniator against the character of a pontiff then nearing the seventieth year of his age.

On a par with the story of this murder is the statement made regarding Cæsar's complicity in the divorce which the King of France, Louis XII., obtained from his old queen that he might marry Anne of Bretagne. Machiavelli, who was the incarnation of the perfidy and duplicity of the Italian republics of his time, in a despatch to the Florentine authorities states that Cæsar, going to France to marry Charlotte d'Albret, and carrying a cardinal's hat to De Rohan, prime minister of the king, brought also a private decree of divorce for Louis, and that it was to be sold to his majesty for a considerable sum of money. This statement is a falsehood. The decree was so notoriously public that the Ferrarese orator Manfredi speaks of it in a despatch of October 2, 1498, ten days before Cæsar had reached Marseilles on his way to the French court. The facts are that on the 17th of December in the same year, the day before Cæsar arrived at Chinon, where the French court then was, the three papal commissioners, the Cardinal of Luxembourg and the bishops of Albi and of Setta, publicly pronounced "the definitive sentence" of divorce in the church of St. Denis in Amboise. The marriage between Louis and Anne was solemnized at Nantes January 7, 1499, about a month after the judgment rendered by the papal commissioners. From all which it appears evident that Cæsar did not carry the decree of divorce to France, and that he did not sell it, as Machiavelli and novelists assert. Machiavelli says further that the Bishop of Setta was put to

* Alvisi, p. 15.

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death by order of Cæsar for having revealed the existence of the secret decree of divorce, while contemporary chronicles show that this bishop was alive two years afterwards and took part with Cæsar in the siege of Forli.*

Having seen what to think of some of the murders by the sword or dagger attributed to Cæsar, let us now examine one said to have been caused by him by poison. Cardinal Borgia, Cæsar's cousin, died at Urbino in 1499. The worthy Sanuto first starts the story in Venice that Cæsar poisoned him because "the pope loved him and was going to give him a place." Paul Jovius, this time using his iron pen,† says "Cæsar murdered him because he had been friendly to the Duke of Gandia." Burchard, after noticing the death of the cardinal, adds it was "suspected by the physicians." A certain Prato, in a *Storia di Milano*, "says that the cardinal and his friends were cut to pieces by Romans." Such are the contradictory reports. Now, the fact is that the cardinal died of fever seventeen days' journey away from Duke Cæsar's camp, as we know from the chronicles of Forli and the Cesenan Diary. There is not an item of proof for this charge against him. He was at that very time engaged in subduing the papal vassals at Forli. Brantôme says that his coat of arms was "a dragon devouring several serpents." Nothing could be more appropriate to express the task in which he was engaged. The Romagna was full of petty tyrants, every one of whom made his castle a nest of vultures. Even the women of the Colonnas and Sforzas were tigresses.‡ Catharine Sforza, feudal sovereign of Imola and Forli, is an instance, for she tried to poison the pope. The people everywhere detested these rulers; sometimes the mobs rose in the towns and murdered them. Everywhere Cæsar was hailed as a deliverer by the oppressed populace. According to all authorities the serfs suffered unendurable misery under the tyranny of the rebellious vassals of the Holy See. Of all the fiefs of the pope, Cesena alone was faithful and paid its taxes. Astor Manfredi had not paid his taxes in years, and when summoned to do so by the papal officers the Venetians came to his rescue. The Malatestas, Savellis, and Orsinis were also in arrears and unwilling to obey. The Venetians and Florentines protected the "vicars," as they were called.§ Exiles from the oppressed fiefs were continually going to Rome

* The chroniclers of Forli speak of the death of this bishop, Ferdinando d'Almedia, and describe his funeral. Alvisi, p. 54.

† He said he had an iron pen for his enemies, a *golden* one for his friends.

‡ "Viragoes," as they were then called. Gregorovius describes them well in *Lucretia Borgia*.

§ Alvisi, p. 63.

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with complaints against these rapacious barons, and the aid of the pope, the legal sovereign of the Romagna, was continually invoked. The Venetians sheltered the rebel Sforzas, and protected Pandolfo Malatesta and Astor Manfredi in their refusal to obey Cæsar, the pope's lieutenant. The Florentines, on the other hand, to save Forli tried to form a league among Bologna, Ferrara, Forli, Piombino, and Sienna. Not being able to contend against Valentino in the field—for he marched through the Romagna, conquering wherever he went—his enemies tried to avenge themselves by creating a public opinion against him by the publication of all manner of calumnies against his family. Certainly we do not claim that any of them at that time deserved canonization, but a historian should be just to them.

Among those who assailed the character of the Borgias most violently was the Venetian orator in Rome, Paolo Cappello.* He is the chief authority for the charge so often made since, and repeated by Gregorovius, that Cæsar murdered his brother-in-law, Lucretia's husband, Don Alfonso di Biselli, of the royal family of Naples. This unfortunate prince was found dangerously wounded on the steps of St. Peter's on the night of July 15, 1500. On the 19th of the same month the Venetian orator sent a despatch home stating that Cæsar had forbidden, under pain of death, any one to appear under arms between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo. Alfonso remained ill for thirty-three days, nursed by his wife, Lucretia. The Venetian states in this despatch that no one knew who were the assailers of Alfonso, but that suspicion fell on Cæsar. The orator knew what would please his government. In a subsequent despatch in September Cappello states as a fact what he had recorded before as a mere suspicion.† Yet Burchard, who was living in the Vatican at the time, does not say that Cæsar was the assassin. On the contrary, he states that Cæsar denied that he was the assailer.‡ The difference between Burchard's statement and that of Cappello—or rather of Sanuto, who "doctored" Cappello's despatches—becomes more marked when they tell of the subsequent murder of Alfonso on August 18, A.D. 1500. Burchard says:

"On the 18th of the month of August Don Alphonsus de Aragon, Duke of Biselli, . . . was strangled in his bed. . . . The physicians of the dead prince and a certain hunchback who had been caring for him were arrested

* The despatches attributed to Cappello are not his, however, but the work of a Venetian compiler, Marino Sanuto. (See *Les Borgias*, by Clement. Paris, 1882.)

† This if we are to believe Sanuto's *Diarii*, which Clement accuses of falsehood and forgery (*Les Borgias*, p. 53).

‡ Burchard, vol. ii., Thuasne's edition, p. 68.

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and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo. An investigation was ordered; but they were afterwards liberated, for they were guiltless—a fact well known to those who had ordered the murder." *

Burchard adds that the body of the dead prince was brought to St. Peter's and buried in the chapel of St. Mary de Febribus, under the supervision of Francis Borgia, Archbishop of Cosenza. Not one word of Cæsar or of his complicity in the crime. Now, the Venetian, or rather his editor, Sanuto, says that Cæsar entered the room of the sick man, caused his wife and sister to be put out, and, calling Don Michele (Cæsar's Spanish lieutenant), strangled the prince. The duke said that he strangled Don Alfonso "because he had tried to kill him (Cæsar)." Thus, while Cappello says that Cæsar wounded first and afterwards murdered the prince, Burchard excludes Cæsar altogether from the wounding and attributes it to several; and while Cappello says that Cæsar publicly boasted of being the murderer, Burchard says that whoever was the chief, the *mandans*, in the crime, tried to throw the blame on the physicians. Other contemporaneous chroniclers say that the assassins were unknown, or, ignoring the murder, say that the young prince died of the wounds first received. Even the author of the Neapolitan chronicle, hostile to the Borgias, is not able to name the guilty party, though he tells that King Ferdinand sent a physician to heal the wounded Don Alfonso. In course of time, however, hatred of the Borgias caused writers to attribute the deed to Cæsar. Yet if public opinion could be impartial enough to do justice to any Borgia, it would have to acquit Cæsar of the murder, or at least to bring in a Scotch verdict of "not proven." Cappello's testimony, even if Sanuto have not added to it, is not sufficient, in default of Burchard, to convict any one, especially a Borgia.† The family, a Spanish one, surrounded by Spanish officials, was detested by the Italians, whose power, benefices, and fiefs it was gradually absorbing not only in Rome but in the rest of Central Italy. There were Sforzas enough alive to kill a prince who had taken their property as well as a wife divorced from one of them, and French partisans enough in Rome to kill a prince who was one of the bitterest enemies of French ambition in Naples, without seeking for the assassin in his brother-in-law, the Duke of Romagna.

Cæsar was only thirty-one years of age when he died. He

* I quote from the last edition of Burchard's *Diarium*, published in Paris by L. Thuasne, 1885, vol. ii. p. 73.

† Alvisi, p. 114; Clement, p. 53.

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was not much better than the princes of his time or the average aristocratic young man of our day on the score of purity. Certainly he did not wish to live a life of hypocrisy in regard to women. Although a deacon and a cardinal, and thus entered on a career that might lead him to the highest honors in the church, feeling that he had no vocation for clerical life, he obtained at the outset of his career a dispensation from the law of celibacy and laid aside his cardinalitial long robe to assume the short frock of the secular. Yet he was not guilty of all the offences against morality laid to his charge. Thus Bembo states that by order of Cæsar a young lady of the household of the Duchess of Urbino was carried off by a party of soldiers while on her way to marry Caracciolo, a captain of infantry in Ravenna. Yet there is no foundation for the charge except rumor. The event happened in the evening of February 15, and is thus recorded by Pascoli, one of the duke's secretaries, writing on the same day from Cesena to his wife:

"I have no other desire than to go to you, but we must travel with leaden feet in these times. This very night a young lady of Urbino was carried off between Cervia and Ravenna, and her escort wounded."

The criminals who committed the rape were probably disbanded soldiers of the company under Russi and Granarolo.* The Venetians at once complained to Cæsar, who promised to make diligent inquiry as to the perpetrators of the outrage, in order to have them punished. He further expressed regret that it should have occurred so close to the borders of his dukedom. In fact, the woman was liberated and sent to her husband, by whom she afterwards had four children.† Cæsar might have well said, as one of his defenders remarks, that a prince like him could find women enough for his amusement without forcing into his service strangers whom he had never seen.

A statement based on seemingly better authority than that of Bembo, affecting not only the character for decency of Cæsar, but of Lucretia and Alexander, is found in the third volume of Burchard's famous *Diarium*. This passage has given opportunity for painters and novelists to represent the Borgias in the most indecent light. It is worth translating entire from the old chronicle. He is speaking of the festivities in Rome on the occasion of the marriage of Lucretia with Prince Alfonso of Ferrara, her third husband:

"In the evening [the last of October, 1501] fifty *honest prostitutes*, called

* Alvisi, p. 162. † *Della vita e de' fatti di Guidobaldo*. Di Baldi, Milano, 1821.

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courtesans, supped with the duke [Cæsar] in his room in the apostolic palace. These after supper, at first clothed, afterwards naked, danced with the servants and others present; . . . the pope, the duke, and Lucretia, his sister, being present and looking on." *

The credibility of Burchard's testimony is doubtful. This part of the *Diary*, as we have already noted, is not authenticated. The editions of the *Diary* are faulty and interpolated. Eccard, Leibnitz, Thuasne, and Gennarelli, who published editions of it, were enemies of the Borgias; and until the original manuscript of the work, still in the Vatican Library, finds the light of day, doubt must rest even on Thuasne's copy. This is the conclusion to which the reader of his preface and notes must arrive. Is the passage above quoted an interpolation? Did Burchard write this, or does he give what he saw or knew, or merely retail gossip, as he so frequently does? It is true that the *fertur* and *dicitur* so usual to the chronicler when he is telling an interesting story is wanting to this passage. Yet there are grave reasons for suspecting that the chronicler merely copies the fictions of the great libel published against the Borgia family just at this time. It is in the form of a letter supposed to be written to Silvio Savelli, an outlawed enemy of the Borgias, then at shelter in the imperial court of Germany. The author first of all congratulates Savelli on having escaped from the hands of the thieves who had confiscated his property by "the crime and perfidy of the pontiff," and at having found refuge in the court of the emperor. Then the anonymous writer blames Savelli for asking the pope to restore his property, for being so credulous as to suppose that a pontiff "who is the betrayer of the human race, and who spends his time in follies," would ever do anything just except under compulsion. Between Savelli, betrayed and proscribed, and the pope there should be eternal war and eternal hatred. Savelli should try other means than petition; he should make known to the emperor and the German princes the crimes of "this infamous beast" Alexander—"a disgrace to God and religion. This pope has committed murders, rapines, rapes, and incests too numerous to mention." † Cæsar, Lucretia, and all the other Borgias have had a share in them. The pope's simonies, perfidies, and rapes are enumerated; and the ball with fifty *meretrices honestæ* of Burchard is laid to Lucretia's charge. She and Cæsar are accused of incest. Cæsar is the murderer of Alfonso of Biselli

* Burchard, tome iii. p. 167.

† The letter is found in Thuasne's Burchard and Sanuto's *Diaries*. Sanuto very probably embellished Cappello's despatches with extracts from this letter. Alvisi, p. 224.

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and of Pierotto; Cæsar has ruined the Romagna, from which he has driven the lawful sovereigns. All fear him, the fratricide, "who was a cardinal and has become an assassin."

This letter is a summary of all the charges ever made by angry Italian writers in Milan, Venice, Naples, and Rome against the strong-willed Spanish intruders. Burchard's *Diarium* tells us that the pope asked to see the famous letter. He was accustomed for years to the style of the Roman satirists, the most violent in Europe, reading daily, for the amusement of his courtiers, all that Marforio and Pasquino could say against himself. But Cæsar was angered by it, and, a short time after its publication, caused a Venetian who had written calumnies against the Borgias to be put to death; and a Neapolitan rhetorician, Jeronimo Mancioni—most probably the author of the Savelli letter—who had previously slandered them, to be mutilated. The stocks, and sometimes death, were then the punishments for the calumniator, as they were long after in our own New England.*

Is the famous "ball," then, a calumny, or did it actually take place? Must we admit that Kaulbach's† obscene picture of it has as little foundation in truth as Donizetti's opera or Victor Hugo's tragedy? Certainly, if the ball be genuine, Mr. Astor would have to take up his pen again in defence of his heroine, for she is said to have been present at it. Or is the text of Burchard interpolated by Eccard, the enemy of the popes? The original Vatican manuscript alone, when it comes to light, will solve the doubt. Alvisi insinuates that the Burchard story is taken from the Savelli libel. The diarist does not say that he was at the ball. He is giving only a report of what he heard. What is meant by fifty *meretrices honestæ*, anyway—"fifty respectable prostitutes"? Was it not easy for the copyist to mistake Burchard's word—granting for the moment the authenticity of the text—and to assume it to be *meretrices?* Certainly Burchard's penmanship was not easy to read. He was a German, accustomed to use peculiar characters in his writings, and his calligraphy sadly puzzled the Italians who tried to read it. Even his associates could not make out what he wrote. Paris de Grassis, his fellow-master of ceremonies and afterwards his successor, says: "The books which he wrote no one can understand except the devil, his aider, or the sibyl; for such crooks, most ob-

* Even pontifical briefs and bulls were forged in those days. Floridus, Archbishop of Cosenza, was put to death by Cæsar for such forgeries.

† Kaulbach is an instance of the tendency of certain artists to assume that the indecent is true art. Lucretia Borgia's dance is not the worst sin of a Kaulbach against decency.

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scure pothooks, and obliterated and scratched letters does he form that I think he must have had the devil for his amanuensis."*

The "ball" story is incredible also when we consider the character of Alexander and Cæsar as given by Gregorovius. They were men of refinement and culture, patrons of the arts and sciences. Both were wonderfully gifted and of a serious character. Both had great executive qualities. Alexander's public acts as head of the church prove him a statesman and a promoter of the spiritual welfare of Christianity. Even his enemies say that he was abstemious. The pious custom of ringing the bells in Rome at a certain hour in the evening, called the "Ave Maria," comes from him; and whatever may be believed of his private life, no true historian has accused him or Cæsar of being gross, vulgar, or boorish. The "ball" is credible of a Russian court two hundred years ago, but not of the papal court in the age of the "Renaissance," with a pope nearly seventy years of age and in presence of a woman whose chastity Mr. Astor and Roscoe have vindicated. The fact that the careful and painstaking historians De Reumont and Gregorovius, both unfriendly to the Borgias, reject the "ball" story, is a strong argument against its truth. Matarazzo (*Arch. Stor. Ital.*, t. xvi. p. 189) says that the dance was performed by ladies and gentlemen of the court—*cortigiane*, improperly translated in this case "courtesans." The nudity does not mean absolute nudity, but a throwing-off of the outer robes. The Florentine orator Francis Pepi says they were courtiers, and not "courtesans," who danced. Shall we believe these authorities, or perhaps the interpolator of Burchard? Must not the impartial doubt, at least, and not repeat a charge which is certainly not proven? Is it not bigotry to asperse character without proof?

But the Borgian perfidy is attacked perhaps more even than the so-called Borgian orgies and murders. Cæsar especially is singled out as a monster of the worst form of Italian treachery in the age which saw Nicholas Machiavelli's *Principe*. But the duke even at his worst could hardly surpass the duplicity of the government whose secretary Machiavelli was, or the treasons often repeated of the papal vassals, the Orsini, the Vitelli, the Bentivoglios, Vitelozzo, and their confederates. Under the pen of careful historians the "treason" of Sinigaglia laid to Cæsar's charge assumes a very different aspect from that which it has in Mr. Astor's prejudiced romance.

* Note to Burchard's *Diarium*, Thuasne's edition, Paris, 1883, tome i. p. 2.

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The "confederates" conspired in September, 1502, at Todi, to murder the duke and thus free the Romagna from his sway. The time was favorable. The French contingent in his army had gone. The vassals rose. Oliverotto of Fermo took Camerino and murdered all the Spaniards found in it. Baglioni besieged Michelotto — Cæsar's Spanish lieutenant—in Pesaro; and the Feltrese, violating their oaths, took Tavoletto and ravaged the country around Rimini. Cæsar knew that no trust could be placed in the perjured "vicars." At this time he besieged Sinigaglia, where the confederates assembled for the purpose of assassinating him. They tried, however, to conceal their purpose, which had been confessed to him by Remiro di Lorgna, his majordomo, a party to the conspiracy, whom the duke had put to death for extorting money from the people and defrauding them in grain transactions—"for the duke hated every kind of avarice."* The traitors, Paul and Francis Orsini, Vitelozzo, Vitelli, and Oliverotto, came out of the town to meet Cæsar with pretended friendship, not knowing that he was aware of their plot. They embraced him. All entered the town together and the palace where the duke was to lodge and be assassinated. But no sooner were they in than he caused the conspirators to be arrested, their army attacked and routed, and the town sacked by Cæsar's troops. The Vitelli and Enfreducci were put to death by his orders, and the ever-treacherous Orsini sent prisoners to Rome. This is the fact which Machiavelli praises so highly in the *Principe*, but which other writers condemn as an unpardonable breach of faith. Cæsar's own explanation of his conduct is found in his published letters, and agrees with what we have written:† that "the Orsini and their confederates, in spite of failure in a former rebellion and pardon received, having heard that the French troops were gone away, thinking that the duke was weak, plotted a second treason; pretending to help him take Sinigaglia, hiding two-thirds of their army in the houses around the town, making a secret agreement with the castellan to make a secret assault on Cæsar at night." He asks all Italy to rejoice with him for having anticipated and thwarted the traitorous conspiracy, "for it is well to deceive those who have been masters of deceit." Cæsar was universally congratulated on his success, and Francis Uberti wrote a poem on it in which the victor is praised:

"Fortiter et vitulos sternens, ursosque furentes"

—the Vitelli and Orsini being the steeds and the bears. Cer-

* Alvisi, *Documenti*, n. 74. † Idem and *Vita di Malatesta Baglioni*, Perugia, 1839.

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tainly the end does not justify the means; but considering that the confederates would have murdered Cæsar if he had not entrapped them in the snare set to catch himself, we cannot mourn, as Mr. Astor does, over the fate of these Italian "tyranni" of the sixteenth century as if they were martyrs to liberty or the victims of Borgian perfidy. It takes a good detective to catch a skilful thief; and it took Cæsar Borgia to outwit the confederates of Sinigaglia.

Pope Alexander VI. died on the 18th of August, 1502. It is not true, as stated by Astor in his novel and by some historians, that Alexander and Cæsar were poisoned, the former dying in consequence at a banquet, in which, by the malice of an attendant, the poisoned wine intended by the pope and "Valentino" for others was drunk by themselves. The truth is this: In the month of August, 1502, the heat at Rome and in Central Italy was excessive. In consequence of it fever spread throughout the country. Cardinal Borgia of Monreale, Archbishop of Ferrara, died of it. The pope and Cæsar both caught it; Cæsar recovered, but the pope died. Neither Burchard nor any one of the ambassadors then at Rome mention a word about poisoning on this occasion. On the evening of August 5 the pope, Valentino, and many prelates supped at the vineyard of Cardinal Adrian da Corneto. The pontiff's death occurred thirteen days after this supper. The swollen appearance of his corpse exposed in the church of St. Peter gave the gossiping Romans occasion to say he was poisoned; and those well-known historical embellishers, Bembo, Guicciardini, and Jovius with his "iron pen," added the rest. Not one respectable historian now believes the romance about the poisoning of Alexander and Cæsar. Voltaire and Muratori, as well as Gregorovius and De Reumont, all reject it.

Clement, in *Les Borgias*, gives us a portrait of Cæsar,* by Raphael, which proves that Jovius lied even about the physical appearance of the Duke of Romagna. The Venetian orator of the time called him "most handsome." Indeed, all the Borgias, by the testimony of their enemies, were endowed with physical charms, as well as with mental gifts and winning manners. Valentino had mild, clear eyes, a smiling countenance, a high brow, long face, and firm chin. Yet Jovius tells us that his countenance was disfigured with pustules, and that his sunken eyes gleamed so fiercely that his friends and servants were in terror of him! He was the friend and patron of scholars, poets, and artists. Alvisi gives us a list of the Italian scholars who

* Still existing in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.

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were the duke's friends and companions. The sculptors also found in him a distinguished patron. Torrigiano followed him to the wars against the "tyrants"; Michael Angelo lived for a time with him in Rome; Pinturicchio was his friend and beneficiary; and so popular was he among the Roman *litterati* that the poets Agapito Gerardino, Vincenzo Calmeta, Justolo, Francis Sperulo, and Orfino, all members of the Academy of Paul Cortese, took up the sword to aid him in the subjugation of his father's rebellious vassals. The bad character given to him and his family is not from the *litterati* of his own dominion, but from foreigners like Burchard the Alsacian; from Jovius and Guicciardini, the North Italians; from Pontano and Sannazaro, the Neapolitans; from Infessura, the disciple of Rienzi; or from Venetian, Florentine, and Neapolitan writers whose interests lay in a direction contrary to that of the house of Borgia. No court of justice, no jury of honest men, no impartial mind would convict an accused on such testimony.

A ROYAL SPANISH CRUSADER.

IN the shining muster-roll of kings who wore the cross and led their mail-clad chivalry to Palestine to win the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel, there is no Spanish name. For two centuries, from 1100 to 1300, during which the idea of the Crusade still dominated the imagination of Christendom and sent its knightliest and bravest in myriads to fight and perish on the hot sands of Syria, nearly every country of Europe, at one time or another, contributed its monarch to the crusading ranks. Kings of England, France, Denmark, Hungary, and, we may add, Scotland—if David the king can be credited with the deeds of David the prince—made that futile and fatal campaign. No less than three emperors of Germany led mighty armies to the Holy Land, where one of them, the most famous, Frederick Barbarossa, died on the threshold of his enterprise. As many kings of France risked life and fortune on the same glorious venture, one, the saintly Louis, leading two crusades, and, like the German Frederick, dying at the outset of the second on Saracenic soil before the walls of Tunis.

Amid all this ferment of royal devotion and chivalry no Spanish king is found marshalling his hosts to the rescue of the Holy

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City. We cannot say no king of Spain, for the kingdom of Spain as yet had no existence; but not one of the smaller kingdoms into which the Christian part of the Iberian peninsula was divided —neither fiery Aragon, nor stately Leon, nor proud Castile—sent any royal pilgrim with lance in rest to clear the path first marked out by Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon, and strewn since with the bones of thousands upon thousands of the faithful who had fallen in sight of Jerusalem beneath the edge of the Moslem scimeter or the still more deadly blasts of the Moslem desert.

For a people possessing the Spanish temperament, devout to the point of fanaticism and brave to the verge of ferocity, naturally warlike and trained by constant conflict to the use of arms, passionately fond of the exercises of chivalry, nurtured, moreover, from the cradle in a vigorous hatred of the Saracen such as more northern nations who had never felt his yoke could never know, such an omission seems particularly strange. Spanish kings, it should seem, would have been first to lead the crusade, the last to leave it. But the truth is, a Spanish king of those days had no occasion, even if he had the time or will, to cross the water in search of his crusade; it was brought to his very doors. For eight centuries, from the woful field of Xeres, where Roderick lost life and kingdom, to the taking of Granada and the final subjugation of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, the history of Spain is one long crusade. For eight centuries of almost constant battle Spanish chivalry and valor upheld the cross against the crescent with varying fortune—now successful, as in the glorious struggle of Simancas, where 40,000 Moors were slain; again overthrown, as on the disastrous day of Alarcos, where Alonzo the Noble led the knighthood of Castile to slaughter; and finally triumphant, as in the crowning victory on the Navas of Toloso, where the Moorish power was broken, and, with the help of good St. James, 100,000 infidels were left dead upon the field, the Christian loss being but 25.

With such neighbors to keep them busy, kings of Castile or Leon, or even Aragon—though this, from its northernmost position, had less to fear from Moorish incursions than either of the sister kingdoms—had scant leisure to follow in the footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, of Andrew of Hungary and St. Louis of France. Even if the Paynim gave any one of them breathing-space he would still have been kept at home by distrust of his Christian neighbors, ever on the alert to gobble up a stray kingdom left forsaken for the moment by its unwary master. Yet it cannot be doubted that more than one of

those chivalrous Catholic and Moslem-hating monarchs had to stifle many a secret yearning for that martial pilgrimage which every monarch of the time felt it his bounden duty to make, and which one of them, Robert Bruce by name, was so grieved at not making that his death-bed could only be consoled by brave Black Douglas' promise to bury the king's heart in that Holy Land his foot had never trod. It was these same pestilent Moors of Spain, who kept so many good kings of Castile and Leon and Aragon from going to fight for the Tomb of Christ, that now would not even suffer the dead Bruce's heart to reach that sacred goal. For the brave Lord James, on the way to fulfil his mission, being tempted by his love of fighting to take a hand in the Spanish wars, was there slain after performing prodigies of valor, and the royal heart went back to Scotland and to the royal palace at Scone.

But the day of retribution for the Moors was still to come, and the beginning of their doom was written in the crushing defeat on the Navas (Plains) of Toloso, already mentioned, where, if their loss was less than contemporary accounts would make it, their army, at least, was destroyed, and their power received a blow from which it never fully recovered. This was in 1212. The conquest of Valencia, twenty-six years later, repeating the most famous exploit of the Cid a century and a half before, completed the discomfiture of the Moors, plucked from them their terrors as an invading force, and put them almost wholly on the defensive. It was a king of Aragon who achieved this most notable victory, and, having secured himself in his kingdom by a few more conquests, and by the marriage of his daughter to the king of Castile and Leon, now united in one, he seems to have bethought himself that the time had come when a Spanish king might win that battle of the cross in Palestine which so many other Christian kings had failed in. Killing Paynims in Spain was, no doubt, well enough—a most meritorious work; but killing Paynims in Palestine was, after all, the real business of a genuine crusader. So good King Jayme I., surnamed *El Conquistador*—"The Conqueror"—recking nothing of the sixty-six years that might have unnerved an arm or a heart less stout than his, buckled on his harness and set his face toward the Holy Sepulchre to strike a blow for the glory of God and the honor of Aragon. In his *Chronicle*,* written by himself in

* *The Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon, surnamed The Conqueror, written by himself.* Translated from the Catalan by the late James Foster, M.P. for Berwick; with Historical Introduction, etc., by Pascuale de Gayangos. 2 vols. London, 1883.

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Catalan—that forgotten language of troubadour and knight, and only lately rendered into English—he tells us with what pride and satisfaction he received a summons from Pope Gregory X. to attend the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274:

"I was much pleased and very joyful," he says, "when summoned by the pope to give him counsel and aid in the business of the Holy Land beyond the sea. I sent him word that I would be there with him on the day he had named. So I accordingly prepared to go to the council at Lyons, as he had requested. And a long time before this I had my hostelries taken in the city, and sent thither whatever I thought would be necessary for two months or more. And in the middle of Lent I left Valencia and went to Lyons. . . . When I got to Viana [Vienne] the pope sent me his messengers in state, praying me to wait a day at St. Symphorien, that he might the better prepare for my reception. I did so. The place was three leagues from Lyons. Next day I rose at dawn and went into Lyons. It was the first day of May. All the cardinals came to meet me a league outside the city, and the Master of the Temple beyond seas, En Juan Gil, En Gasper de Rosellen, who held the city for the pope, and many other bishops and barons; and it took me to make my entrance, for the distance of a league, as far as the pope's palace, from morning till noon, so great was the throng of people who came out to receive me."

He got there at last, however, and when the pope, who was in his chamber, was told the king was coming,

"He came out in his full robes, and I saw him pass before me. He sat down in his chair, and I did him that reverence which kings do to a pope, according to the established custom. A chair was set for me near his own, on the right, and I then told him how I had come the day he had appointed for his meeting, but that I would not speak with him of any business till the morrow, when I would be present and hear what he had to say to me."

Accordingly on the morrow he expounds his views in presence of the council. He tells the pope, first, that he has come "for three purposes—two of your own, and for a third of mine. The first is that you sent to me for advice; the second, that I might give you aid. I have come here to give you the best advice I know or that God will inspire me with. The third is entirely a reason of mine own—that I may denounce others who have no heart to serve God." Certainly this exordium is not without a ring of the true crusading mettle. Then, premising that he "desires to speak before any one, as there is no king here but myself," he sets forth his plan for the crusade:

"I give you first my advice, which is to send to the Holy Land five hundred knights and two thousand footmen, and forthwith to send your letters to the Masters of the Temple and of the Hospital, to the King of Cyprus and the city of Acre, and let them know that it is for the sake

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of the land beyond the sea that you hold this present council; to send at once that company as vanguard, and set the others in motion to cross over. These first will not go to fight, but merely to garrison the castles and hold them till the great crusade goes—that is, two years next St. John's day. For the rest, I say that if you yourself go beyond sea, as you have proposed, I will accompany you with one thousand knights; but then do you aid me with the tithes of my land."

Unluckily, in the midst of these warlike proposals and plannings there came a trifling financial difference between the high contracting parties. King Jayme desired to be crowned by the pope, and for that purpose had brought his crown with him, "made of gold and set with precious stones, worth more than one hundred thousand *sous tournois*. Not so good a one could be got in Lyons." The pope's advisers, however, insisted that, as a condition to the crowning, the king should pay certain arrears due to the Holy See. Thence arose a squabble, the upshot of which was that King Jayme went home uncrowned and in some dudgeon, and the crusade was indefinitely postponed. With the pope, however, he parted on the best of terms:

"I took him apart and said: 'Holy Father, I wish to leave, but not as the proverb says: "He who goes to Rome a fool comes away a fool" [*Qui foll sen va a Roma foll sen torna*]. Let it not be so with you. I never saw any pope but yourself, and so I wish to confess to you.' He was much pleased and content, and said he would confess me. I told him my sins, and, on the other hand, what I could remember of the good deeds I had done. He imposed no other penance on me but that I should keep from evil for the future and persevere in good. Then I went on my knees before him, and he put his hand on my head and gave me his blessing full five times. I kissed his hand and took my leave.'

Don Jayme never got any nearer to Jerusalem than this. Before the allotted two years of preparation were completed death seized upon him at Valencia, six days after he had abdicated in favor of his eldest son, the Infante En Pere. But, in or out of Palestine, the warrior-king of Aragon was a born crusader. His whole life was a battle against the Crescent and "the hosts of false Mahound," and it was, no doubt, but an accident of fate which prevented the banner of Aragon from floating on the walls of Jerusalem. One has but to read the *Chronicle* to see how deeply the crusading spirit tinged the life and guided the actions of its author. His first great exploit, performed when he was barely twenty-one, was conquering "a Saracen kingdom in the sea"—the Balearic Isles; his dying aspiration, as we have seen, was to lead a new crusade "to the Holy Land beyond the sea." Nor was this merely the ardor of the soldier longing

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for new conquests; there was in it, too, something of the zeal of the missionary. In a time and country wherein the flame of religion, fanned on either side by counterblasts of infidelity and heresy, burned brightest, Don Jayme was essentially a Catholic king—a type of the stern Christian warrior for whom Simon de Montfort may stand as a model, who "denounced those who have no heart to serve God," and thought it fitting to punish heretics because "they were bad and dangerous citizens." It is to serve the Lord that Don Jayme sets out on his expedition against Mallorca; in danger of shipwreck, he puts up a "prayer to our Lord and his Mother," which is given in full in the *Chronicle;* he leads his knights to the charge "in Our Lady's name." Almost the last act of his life, as we have seen, was to receive absolution from the pope; and it was his intention, frustrated by his sudden death, to retire upon his abdication to a monastery, and, like his great successor, Charles V., die wearing the religious habit.

Yet the stock from which Don Jayme sprang gave scant promise of such a scion. His father was Don Pedro II. of Aragon; his mother Doña Maria, daughter and heiress of Guillen VIII. (William), Count of Montpellier (where Don Jayme was born), by Eudoxia, daughter of Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. Doña Maria, indeed, was a pious Catholic and a good woman—"if ever there was a good woman in the world it was she," says her son in the *Chronicle.* And he adds:

"This Doña Maria was called the holy queen, not only in Rome, where she died, but all over the world besides. Many sick are to this day cured by drinking, in water or in wine, the dust scraped from her tombstone in the church of St. Peter at Rome, where she is buried, near Santa Petronilla, the daughter of St. Peter."

She was a great favorite of Innocent III., who upheld her rights against her father when he sought to disinherit her in the interest of his children by a second marriage, and afterwards against her husband when his profligacy and violence drove her to seek the pope's protection. The account of Don Jayme's christening at the church of Notre Dame des Tables at Montpellier (a bit of autobiography in which the royal chronicler may be supposed to have had collaboration), gives a notion of the good queen's simple-hearted piety. It was a question of naming the child:

"So she made twelve candles, all of one size and weight, and had them all lighted together, and gave each the name of an apostle, and vowed to

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our Lord that I should be christened by the name of that which lasted longest. And so it happened that the candle that went by the name of St. James lasted a good finger's breadth more than all the others. And owing to that circumstance and to the grace of God I was christened El Jaime."

It was a strange and cruel fortune which married this good woman and pious Catholic thrice to husbands of licentious life and heretical leanings. Barral, Count of Marseilles, and Bernard, Count of Comminges, her first two husbands, were, like so many of the nobles of Provence, Languedoc, and Aquitaine, deeply infected with that taint of heresy which came to them partly as an ancestral legacy, partly as a deposit from the retiring flood of the first Crusades, and an importation from the Jews and the Moors of Spain. In that stronghold of Gothic Arianism, scotched but not killed when Clovis slew Alaric the Visigoth on the plain of Vouillé in 507, because it "displeased him mightily that these Arians should possess a portion of the Gauls," all strange doctrines took root and flourished. Jew and Saracen, the Talmud and the Koran, Manichæan and Gnostic, Henricians who spat upon the cross because it was the instrument of Christ's torture, and Paterins who held the Lord's Prayer to be the only lawful form of petition—all contributed to swell the mass of error professed and taught by the sectaries known to history as the Albigenses, though they called themselves, with the modest self-assertion of their kind, Cathari (*καθαροί*, pure).* In Aqui-

* By one of those perversions of history on which evangelical fanaticism and ignorance are fed, the Albigenses have been elevated, *faute de mieux*, to the rank of Protestant martyrs. Yet not only did they hold doctrines which even Protestantism would reject with abhorrence and Calvinism would have refuted with stake and fagot, but they were punished not so much because they were heretics as because they were law-breakers and rebels. Their teachings were subversive of society and a menace to the state. Their defiance of all authority, civil and ecclesiastical, which sought to curb their excesses, was indeed but another manifestation of that unruly spirit which, from the time of its subjugation and settlement by the Visigoths in the fifth century, made all Occitania assert a quasi-independence of the French kings. This feeling survived to a much later period than the thirteenth century, in which it led the great lords of Languedoc and Provence to head the Albigense insurrection, and it was, no doubt, a powerful support to the English domination in Aquitaine.

So far from being mainly chargeable with the chastisement of the Albigenses, it was the Papacy which, for at least three-quarters of a century, interfered to postpone it. Legate after legate, to the number of thirteen, besides numberless missionaries of lesser rank, had been sent to lure back these lost sheep to the fold. St. Bernard himself, as early as 1145, had preached to them, winning multitudes of the common folk, but failing utterly to touch the hard hearts of the nobles, who even hid themselves in their houses, that they might not hear him; so that on leaving Vertfeuil, in the district of Toulouse, where "were at that time a hundred knights abiding, having arms, banners, and horses, and keeping themselves at their own expense," the good saint was moved to shake the dust from his feet and to curse the town, saying: "Vertfeuil, God wither thee!" Sixty years later the great St. Dominic had no better success. But it was not until the papal legate, Peter de Castelnau, had been foully murdered at Saint Gilles, whither he had come at the instance and invitation of Count Raymond, that Pope Innocent III. lost patience and commanded the crusade. The merit of a cause is, to some extent, indicated by

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taine the Albigenses found the bulk of their votaries, and in Aragon, akin to Aquitaine by community of blood and language—for both spoke the Catalan tongue—they had sympathizers, if not disciples. In Pedro II. they found not only a sympathizer but a leader who, with his brother-in-law, Count Raymond of Toulouse—degenerate grandson of that Raymond who had fought with the Cid against the Moors, and, with Godfrey and Bohemond, had led the first Crusade—made ineffectual head against Montfort's relentless onset until he was overthrown and slain in the bloody battle of Muret. It is related that King Pedro was almost the first one struck down in the fight, and, although he cried out lustily, "*En sol reis*" (I am the king), the crusaders speedily despatched him. Perhaps, like the Flemish weavers who slew Count Robert of Artois a century later on the field of Courtrai, while begging for quarter, "they couldn't understand his lingo."

The son of a king killed in arms against a crusade proclaimed for the extirpation of a heresy which he protected if not professed, and the descendant of those emperors of Constantinople in whom the first Crusaders found a foe scarcely less bitter, and even more crafty, than the Saracen himself, would not be expected to develop much of the crusading fervor. But Don Jayme's training made amends for any defect of ancestry. His first tutor was grim Simon de Montfort himself, to whom his father committed him soon after birth, perhaps for some reason of policy; perhaps, as was not unusual in those days, that his martial education might be conducted under the eye of him who was beyond dispute the first soldier of his time. According to the *Chronicle*, it was at Montfort's own wish:

"And after my birth En Simon de Montfort, who had the lands of Carcassonne and Bédarieux and of Toulouse, what the King of France had conquered, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me that he might bring me up at his court. And my father trusted so much in Montfort that he delivered me to him to bring up."

But when the battle of Muret had left the young prince an orphan in his fifth year, the lords of Aragon demanded his restitution, and, at Pope Innocent's request, Montfort surrendered him to another tutor who could most fitly continue his own teaching. This was En Guillen de Montrédon, the Master of the

the character of its leaders; and the leaders of the Albigenses, almost without exception, from Pedro and Raymond to the apostate monk Henri, were men of loose morals and abandoned life.

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Temple in Spain, who received Don Jayme when he was six years and four months old. Such was the poverty of the country after Don Pedro's wastefulness and wars that it is recorded in the *Chronicle:* "When I entered Monzon [the fortress where Don Jayme was to reside with the Master of the Temple] I had no food for one day, the land being so wasted and mortgaged."

Don Jayme's school-days were destined to be brief. In those perfervid times, and among that warlike race, the soldier's career began early. The Knight of Bivar, afterwards to be immortalized in his country's history as El Cid Campeador, while yet a boy had made his name a terror to the Moor; nor was Bernardo del Carpio older when he slew the mighty Roland in the Pass of Roncesvaux. At a later and less legendary period we find Don John of Austria, while yet in his teens, acclaimed the most accomplished knight in Europe, and winning the battle of Lepanto, which saved Christendom, at an age when nowadays his coevals are at college. But surely never did hero of legend or history make his maiden battle younger than Don Jayme. At nine years old his stern master put him in the field at Sagua against the treacherous kinsmen who were conspiring for his throne, "a knight, whose name I do not remember, lending me a light coat of mail (*gonio*), which I put on; and that was the beginning, the first arms I ever wore." One king history tells of, indeed, who wore arms at an age more tender. That was Louis, variously surnamed the Debonair and the Pious, whom his father, Charlemagne, in the hope to curb the rebellious restiveness of Aquitaine, sent, when three years old, to be king of that most unruly province. Says Eginhard, the annalist of Charlemagne:

"From the banks of the Meuse to Orleans the little prince was carried in his cradle. But once on the Loire, this manner of travelling beseemed him no longer; his conductors would that his entry into his dominions should have a manly and warrior-like appearance: they clad him in arms proportioned to his height and age; they put him and held him on horseback; and it was in such guise that he entered Aquitaine."

But this was merely a peaceful parade, while the nine-year-old prince of Aragon donned hauberk and took sword in hand for the serious work of war. Thenceforward for the space of nearly sixty years the harness was rarely off his back.

The same precocity marked his marriage. It was the counsel of his liegemen that he should marry while still young—

"Because there were great anxieties for my life, either from maladies or from poison, and likewise because they wished on my account that I should have an heir, so that the kingdom should not go out of the royal line; for

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Count Sancho, son of the Count of Barcelona [it was against him the young soldier had taken arms at Sagua], and Don Fernando, my uncle, wished each to be king, and had tried for it in my childhood when I was at Monzon."

That touch about his childhood from the mature monarch of twelve is delightful. So at the age of twelve Don Jayme was betrothed and presently married to Doña Leanor of Castile, and, what seemed to him probably a much more important ceremony, was knighted, making his knightly vigil and receiving the knightly spurs at the church of St. Mary's of Orta. After that, he says, with a gravity which makes one smile, "I went into Aragon and Catalonia, and my wife, the queen, with me."

Married thus young, the bold spirit of the Conqueror-to-be chafed under the subjection in which his barons sought to keep him, and he meditated flight.

"I went to the queen and said to her: 'Well do I know and see the hurt and dishonor that you and I are suffering, and, though I am still a child, I intend having my revenge, and you also, if you will only follow my advice."

But as this advice included a descent from a window by means of a rope, the poor child-queen shrank from the danger. "Know you," she made answer, "that for nothing in the world will I be lowered by a board on ropes." This is the same queen who a few years later conducts, with the skill of a trained diplomat and the nerve of a veteran campaigner, the negotiations for the surrender of Valencia. Deliverance came at last, and freedom of action was no sooner secured than the first thought of the young prince is conquest. At a banquet in Tarragona "a citizen of Barcelona who had great knowledge of the sea" tells him about the rich and fertile island of Mallorca, a Saracen kingdom at his very doors. Don Jayme summons his Cortes at once, and after telling them how he intends "to serve the Lord in this expedition that I mean to make against the kingdom of Mallorca," sets about his preparations. Finally he sets sail from the harbor of Salen in September, 1229, with twenty-five ships, eighteen tartanas, seventeen galleys, and one hundred transports. En Guillen de Moncada, Master of the Temple in Aragon since the promotion of En Guillen de Montrédon to the grand-mastership of the order, led the van, and the king brought up the rear "in the galley of Montpellier." In his train, by an odd caprice of fortune, were many of the rebel, and now refugee, lords of Aquitaine who had led the Albigenses and been beaten

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and dispersed by De Montfort. The Vicomte of Carcassonne, the lords of Lo and Laurac, of Saissac, Cabaret and Castres, Termes and Miraval, now wore the cross they had once warred against.

All went well until a treacherous wind from Provence—where, to the fervent imagination of the time, the very airs of heaven may have seemed tainted with heresy and inimical to the cross—threatened the safety of the squadron, but gave the king also occasion to show his piety and trust in God:

"A wind from Provence springing up, the ships found themselves taken in a white squall. *Cala! Cala!* cried the sailors, but there was a bad sea with that Provence wind, and no one in my galley spoke a word. The vessels were driving around us. I saw the danger we were in. I was greatly discomforted, but I turned to our Lord and his Mother and prayed thus: 'I well know thou hast made me king of the land and of the goods my father held by thy grace. Until this time I had not begun any great or perilous enterprise, seeing that thy help has been felt from my birth up to this time, and thou hast given us honor and help against our bad subjects who would overthrow us. Now, O Lord, my Creator, help me, if it please thee, in this so great danger, that so good a work as I have begun may not be lost; for I alone would not lose, but thou wouldst lose more. I go on this expedition to exalt the faith that thou hast given us, and to abase and destroy those who do not believe in thee; and so, O thou true and powerful God, thou canst guard me in this danger and fulfil my will, which is to serve thee. And I should remember thee, for as yet no creature ever called to thee for mercy that did not find it, and especially they who have it in their heart to serve thee and to suffer for thy sake; and I am one of them. And, O Lord, remember so many people who go with me to serve thee; and thou, Mother of God, who art a bridge and a pathway for sinners, I beseech thee, by the seven joys and seven sorrows that thou hadst for thy dear Lord, to remember me by praying to thy dear Son to take from me this affliction and danger in which I am, and those with me."

Happily the storm blew over, a landing was safely made in the bay of Palamera, and battle joined with the Saracens at once. After a stubborn conflict, in which the Christians were three times beaten back, the Saracens took to flight and were pursued to the walls of Mallorca. The city was formally invested and battered with *fonnevals* and *chattes*, *mangonels* and *trébuchets*, and all the enginery of mediæval warfare, until, on St. Sylvester's eve, orders were given that the army should, after hearing Mass, deliver the assault. So at daylight they charged "in Our Lady's name," and through the breach the dismayed Saracens "saw a knight on horseback, in white armor, enter first. My belief is that it must have been St. George, as I find in history that in many other battles of Christians and Saracens he was frequently

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seen." It is a little curious that Don Jayme should have fixed upon St. George as his heavenly ally, since it is St. James (Santiago) who generally figures in the Spanish legends in this character; and St. James was not only the patron saint of Spain, but his own especial patron and name-saint. The victory was complete, the King of Mallorca and his son being taken, and thirty thousand infidels flying to the hills. Don Jayme set a guard of Dominicans over the palace and treasury (his fighting men, it seems, were scarcely to be trusted there), and then, "wearied out, went to sleep, for the sun had already set." The next morning he naïvely records how lucky he thought himself to be asked to breakfast by "a man who had cooked some very good beef"—a touch that veterans of our own war will appreciate.

By the end of the ensuing summer the island of Mallorca was entirely subjugated and Don Jayme returned to Tarragona. The following year he was recalled to Mallorca by a rumor that the King of Tunis meant to cross there; and, finding this false, took occasion while he was on the spot to reduce Minorca and Iviça. These, however, and some minor conquests during the next ten years, were only preparations for his great exploit, the conquest of Valencia, which he achieved in 1238, when he was thirty years of age. The great military orders of Spain, the Templars and the Hospitallers, were ever ready to urge and aid him to fresh enterprises against the infidels, and it was the Master of the Hospital who now pointed out to him that his glory would be incomplete without the capture of Valencia. Mallorca was nothing, he said; in Valencia there would be found men so innumerable as to prevent approach to her walls, so that a king who could take *that* might well say he was the greatest king in the world. This was touching the king on his tenderest points—his pride as a soldier and his zeal as a Christian—and he forthwith set about redeeming the city of the Cid. This he accomplished after a campaign so admirably planned that the Master of the Hospital was sure "the Lord must guide a man whose resolutions were so good." Valencia was surrendered, and the *Chronicle* goes on:

> "When I saw my standard upon the tower I dismounted, turned myself to the East, and wept with my eyes, kissing the ground for the great mercy that had been done me."

So our Conqueror went on from triumph to triumph, and from conquest to conquest (he was victor in thirty battles), extending the boundaries of his kingdom, and winning great glory

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of men and, let us hope, what he himself would have valued more—the approval of Heaven. Indeed, from all contemporary accounts, James I. was a just and enlightened monarch, who earned his subjects' love by his solicitude for their welfare. In the intervals of his campaigns he devoted himself with equal earnestness and ability to regulating the internal affairs of his kingdom, and in particular to protecting the peasantry and farming class from the oppression and rapacity of the great lords. In his leisure moments, when freed from the cares of war and administration, he was fond of making little excursions into the neighboring friendly kingdoms, and especially to Montpellier, where he was born and christened, and for which he seems to have retained a fondness through his life. On his way to the Council of Lyons, already referred to, he stayed eight days at Montpellier, and at another time he made a formal visit there to entertain his kinsmen, the Counts of Toulouse and Provence. These were his cousin, Raymond VII., son of that Raymond of Toulouse who had headed the Albigense rebellion and been by Simon de Montfort so wofully mauled and battered; and Raymond Berenger, celebrated by Dante as the father of four fair daughters who all became queens.* Don Jayme's attachment to Montpellier was shown in other ways. In that votive chapel of Our Lady built by Guillen VI. of Montpellier, adjoining his castle, and afterwards known as the *Sainte Chapelle*, he established a college of canons for the daily celebration of Mass. And once when he fell sick there he had himself carried to the church of Notre Dame des Tables, where he was christened, and, being suddenly healed after prayer, he caused a votive picture commemorating the event to be placed in the church. This ancient sanctuary was sacked by the Huguenots, and destroyed in the Revolution.

Such is, in brief, the story of Don Jayme El Conquistador, as told in the pages of his *Chronicle*. It reveals him as a valiant knight and a skilful captain, a good king and a devout Catholic, fearing God and hating the infidel, as a true man should. In person he was the model of a mediæval knight. Of almost gigantic stature, the most powerful man of his time, and expert in all the

* Of England, France, Sicily, and the Romans. Marguerite, the eldest, "held," say the chronicles, "to be the most noble, most beautiful, and best educated princess at that time in Europe," was married to St. Louis. It was then that, the Count of Provence being anxious about the immense dowry he would have to give his daughter, Romeo de Villeneuve, his seneschal, gave him the famous advice: "Count, leave it to me, and let not this great expense cause you any trouble. If you marry your eldest high, the mere consideration of the alliance will get the others married better and at less cost."

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exercises of chivalry, he must, indeed, have carried terror to the Moors on whom he charged shouting his favorite war-cry, "In Our Lady's name!" Of him, no doubt, might be repeated what he says of his father, Don Pedro: "He was a good man-at-arms, as good as any in the world." His body was buried in the monastery of St. Mary of Poblet, to which his will bequeathed it; and there, though the church was ruined in the Carlist wars, his tomb may still be seen, with his effigy wearing the frock and sandals of a Bernardine friar, in which he was interred.

"SOMETHING TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET."

THE acting conceptions of Hamlet have been almost as numerous as the tragedians who have personated him. Burbage, the great Hamlet of Shakspere's own day, is said to have required from the dramatist's hand the queen's description of the prince as "fat and scant of breath." Betterton, of course, omitted it, being (as indeed were Garrick, Kean, and as is Edwin Booth) small of stature and of meagre build. Betterton also omitted the passage commencing

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us,"

while Garrick discarded the entire graveyard scene of the fifth act, and took such other liberties as became a true inheritor of the traditions of Dryden and Davenant, who worked over the great text quite at pleasure, turning Macbeth's witches into a ballet, giving Miranda a brother, and making Shylock a low comedian with a red nose, or Portia a soubrette, with imitations of leading local barristers, as happened to hit the ribald tone of their day.

But while the actor may not be asked to overlook exigencies of taste and audience, or managers to maintain a purity of context at the expense of empty houses and bankruptcy, editors, commentators, and critics cannot be permitted an equal license of interpretation. These may, indeed, put their multitudinous knowledge into foot-notes; but between the foot-notes and the text a broad line is to be drawn, below which is their prerogative, but above which they can only read like the rest of us.

And yet when Ophelia exclaims, "Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," she appears to have given the keynote to

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about two centuries of commentary. Doubtless to that gentle lady so did appear the princely lover, who chided her in brusque speech, and with rough denials dismissed her from his presence. But I cannot help thinking that the exegesis which credits Hamlet the Dane (as we have him in the First Folio) with madness, indecision, a disjointed and diseased will, or other insignia of a mind diseased, is drawn not so much from a desire to corroborate Ophelia as from a certain finical overstudy of the crude "Hamblett" of Belleforest, or that earlier Saga of a rude and formative literature, the "Amleth" of Saxo Grammaticus; if, indeed, it be anything else than a supercilious and redundant sapiency and show of profundity in the commentator himself. That our average Shaksperean commentator is given to overmuch "letting of empty buckets into empty wells" is very familiar criticism. There are many commentaries to write and very little to write about, and the temptation to archæological minutiæ on the one hand, or æsthetic rhapsody on the other, is perhaps too strong for resistance. But a ruthless sweeping away of both alike will, I think, reveal the Hamlet that Shakspere himself wanted; and this Hamlet, I think, will turn out a very different sort of person from the one the commentators manufacture for us.

Prince Hamlet—as we have him in the First Folio—seems to me a manly, punctilious, and rational gentleman, with a legally balanced mind, conservative in method and tendency, with a lawyer's caution and respect for the conventional and established order of things; above all, suspicious of intuitions, surmise, and guess-work. Far from being infirm of purpose, like that whilom Macbeth who let "I dare not wait upon I would"—who dared not to think, much less to look upon what his own hands had wrought—here was, it seems to me, a man whose deliberate and solemn judgment, once committed to an act, was suffered neither to relax nor hurry its due issue and performance. Surely that was an impatient and impertinent ghost who came a second time from his prison-house to complain of the "almost blunted purpose" of such a man as this! He had taken a prince's word, this ghost, that while memory held its sway his message should be remembered, and should have rested in the assurance. For the prince had weighed long and considered deeply before giving his word or putting any reliance upon or believing in ghosts at all. He is rather disposed, on the whole, to jeer at the very idea of such things as unpent spirits, released from their confine, revisiting the glimpses of this moon; albeit in the days of Shakspere

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all kinds of spectres, supernatural and disembodied shapes, were conceded a constant interposition in sublunary matters.

The story of *Hamlet* is not a record of usurpation, murder, blood, and death like *Macbeth*, nor of domestic tragedy like *Othello*, nor of madness like *Lear*. Rather is it the history of purposes adhered to and of the end which compassed them. The man who, living consecrated to a purpose, accomplishes that purpose before he dies, is not ordinarily held to be a failure, infirm of resolution, weak and listless of his purpose. To every self-regarding, trustful, determined, and just man must come, at some time, deliberation as to method; as to consequences, hesitancies, interruptions of time and circumstances. Did not Prince Hamlet, perhaps, eat and sleep between the ghostly interview and the catastrophe of his revenge, during the visit of the players, their rehearsals and performance, the murder of Polonius, the embassy to England, the escape, the return, the funeral of Ophelia? Was there no more interval to these than the waits and betweens of the play at our theatres?

Had the dramatist whose completed work is before us in the First Folio desired to portray a madman named Hamlet, he had plenty of models at hand. The Belleforest "Hamblett" would rend his clothes, "wallow in the mire, run through the streets with fouled face, like a man distraught, not speaking one word but such as seemed to proceed from madness and mere frenzy; all his actions and gestures being no other than the right countenance of a man wholly deprived of all reason and understanding; in such sort that he seemed fit for nothing but to make sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers that attended in the courts of his stepfather." But is it not the patent fact that Shakspere followed no such model; that he deliberately rejected the childish Saga and the almost equally crude "Hamblett" tale, and created a new Hamlet with attributes of his own, whose story bore only the most attenuated resemblance to these? And if Shakspere deliberately discarded all the former Amleths and Hambletts, why should we restore them? What have they to do with Hamlet the Dane, in inky cloak, who did not rant nor grovel, but cherished only

"That within which passeth show"?

To me this sombre and stately prince bears no likeness to predecessors who were very mountebanks in silly apings of a mind diseased. Is it not the very paradox of æsthetic criticism to leave the perfect work of a master, and go back to the childhood

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of a re-utilized tale for an inconsequent and irresponsible lunatic "who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of a court-jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of sorrow or remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave, and finally goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure, in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life, ever recorded"? The æsthete who thus declaims might, perhaps, have labored under provincial disadvantage. Old Dr. Johnson, to be sure, once delivered himself of a valuable note to the effect that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"; but surely, not since the old doctor's day has a metropolitan English stage so interpreted the masterpiece of a master.

To begin with, it is to be remembered that our Hamlet is an Englishman, and the Denmark in which he moved an English court, ruled by an absolute monarch of the Tudor cast, one Claudius, a very passable Henry VIII., not quite so far along in uxoriousness at his taking-off, perhaps, but well in for it. No amount of scenic or critical realism will enable us to confess a further obligation in Shakspere to Denmark than for a very limited stock of allusion and nomenclature. There certainly is neither habitude, cast of thought, method, or custom that can be called Danish, or that suggests itself as characteristic of Denmark's warlike, simple, sturdy, and unphilosophic inhabitants of any dynasty or date, in the salient points and characters of the play.

The characteristic of the particular tragedian who enacts Hamlet—the blonde wig, the Danish court-dress, the mantle of fur; the portraits hung on the chamber-wall or worn "in little" on the actor's breast; the Tudor scenery which Garrick used, or the barbaric court with its rude arches and columns hung in arras; its figures draped in habit of old Scandinavia—all these, while alike creditable to the study and conception of this or that actor (and valuable as relieving the spectator from a too monotonous usuetude), are still redundant, if we are to ask who, after all, Hamlet, in the mind's eye of his creator, Shakspere, was.

Hamlet to the true critic, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," must ever be and remain an Englishman. From the prince's philosophy of life and duty, the courtier phrases of Polonius and Osric, to the burlesque dialect and dialectics of the grave-diggers, every speech and sense put into the mouth

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of the *dramatis personæ* is purely English—English thought, methods, habits of reasoning, analogies, and expression are everywhere before us. There was nothing incestuous in the marriage of Claudius to his brother's widow, by Danish laws, traditions, or customs. The technical denial of consecrated sepulture to suicides, the polishing of young gallants at the French court, the employment of strolling players—every act, law, tenure, or custom on which the action of the play is anywhere suspended—is English, and English only.

Add to all these that the succession from Claudius is stated in such unmistakable terms of English law that nothing but sheer good-nature can admit a flavor of Denmark into it.

> " . . . Our valiant Hamlet
> Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,
> Well ratified by law and heraldry,
> Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
> Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror;
> Against the which, a moiety competent
> Was gaged by our king, which had returned
> To the inheritance of Fortinbras
> Had *he* been vanquisher, as, by the same cov'nant,
> His fell to Hamlet." —(I. i. 87.)

Had the wager between the two kings been a legal one in England (and by importing the legend Shakspere so assumed it), then the above is an exact statement of the result, by Anglo-Saxon tenure, in equity. Technical terms of the lawyers' craft are "packed into this passage so closely as to form the greater part of its composition," says Mr. Davis. Others have shown that not only was the argument of the grave-digger a legitimate travesty on the old case of Hales *vs.* Petit, but that in the entire graveyard scene clowns, priests, court, and all travel closely within the customs sanctioned by English canon law of the period. And Horatio, at the last (as if conscious that a Platonic suicide were out of place in Denmark), explains that he is "more an antique Roman than a Dane."

What we are contemplating, then, is not a Danish but an English Hamlet—a Hamlet as he left the hands of Shakspere, his creator; a Hamlet dispossessed of the personal equation of his particular interpreter, or the dust-heap of this or that particular annotator; the Hamlet, in short, of the play as we have it finally in the First Folio, not as it might have been or ought to have been according to this or that more or less adult alienist or protagonist. He is simply an English prince in waiting; in his

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minority entitled to princely maintenance, but only so long as he remains a cipher in the state. In this sense only can the King say to him, "Be as ourselves in Denmark." The crown-prince who should trifle with state affairs would have become, in Tudor or Elizabethan usage, on the instant a crown prisoner instead.

This Prince Hamlet is restive. His first speech is a *sotto voce* bitterly expressive of this very status. Left alone a moment later, a friend, a late arrival from a German university, tells of a ghostly visitor, and brings witnesses to his story of the apparition, which, however, Hamlet declines, even upon the testimony of these three, his sworn friend among them, to believe. But his curiosity is aroused and he proposes to see for himself. Just here the industrious gentlemen who find "trilogies" and "groups" among the Canon Plays might well pause to point us to the fact that this ghost of Hamlet's father is the only ghost in all Shakspere which allows itself to be visible to outsiders, to spectators, who are merely third persons to its business or message. Cæsar and Banquo, and Henry and Clarence, and the young princes sent their shades only to the party who had unkindly assisted in their mortal taking-off. Even if not an intentional proof, certainly it is an afforded proof of the conservatism and manliness of Prince Hamlet that to convince *him* something even more than "the sensible and true avouch" of his own senses is despatched! A disbeliever in ghosts is to be made over into a believer, and the mettle to be worked upon requires nothing less than cumulative presumptive evidence. This stage passed, however, Hamlet consents to see the Ghost alone. But even afterwards, although half-convinced and profoundly impressed with the interview, he will not yet admit to his friends that he believes. He makes light of the whole affair, and, to assure them how faintly the eerie interview has touched his reason, puns and quibbles and jokes about it with careless, even heartless, badinage. We had supposed that it was only your true German mind, with its strata of "under-soul" and "over-soul," which can see in this badinage, even if it be a little forced, the gambols of a maddened mind. But it seems there are others who forget that it is only with things familiar that we joke and trifle. Had Hamlet been afraid of that ghost, those of us who are willing to allow Shakspere somewhat to say of his own creations will not be indisposed to admit—in the teeth even of the vast German introspection—that Shakspere's text might, perhaps, have so made it appear.

But whether Hamlet be or no, Hamlet's friends are afraid of

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it; and so, like the prince that he is, he puts himself courteously into a frame of tolerance with their mood. In heroic vein he swears them on his sword to secrecy; and then, when ready for the whisper, puts them by with platitudes—in short, acts as any gentleman would who finely, but firmly and irrevocably, wrests it out of any one's power to trifle with what he will, nevertheless, in private deeply ponder over. Firmly, but yet playfully, so as not to wound the feelings of those to whose kindness he is, and may hereafter wish to become, indebted for his evidence, he refuses to share his secret; and when, from reflection, causation, and rational assessment of cumulative proof, he finds the ghost's statements walking all-fours with his own intuitive perceptions, even then this legal-minded, this exact young prince will press to no conclusion—will neither upon supernatural testimony nor intuition base an overt act. He will, for the present, do nothing more than doubt; and, lawyer-like, he still gives the benefit of the doubt to the *de facto* King. Even the vision which three other sane men have seen may yet be the chimera of his own melancholy:

> "The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil: . . . yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirits,
> Abuses me to damn me."

And then he adds—again the lawyer and acute and accomplished weigher of evidence:

> "I'll have grounds
> More relative than this!"

Wherein lies the "madness," so far at least, in the mental processes of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark?

There is a play, out of the Italian, made upon the murder of one Gonzago. Here are strolling players, who have a power, nevertheless, of recitation of which Hamlet himself has felt the force. Hamlet has heard that one's conscience may be—nay, has been—reached by such players as these. He conceives a plan of using this very play about the Gonzago murder to test the story he has heard, if so be it may deduce "matter more relative." He revises the dumb-show of the act of murder to suit the one portrayed by the Ghost, interpolates a speech or two of his own, and gives minute direction to the actor entrusted with them how to render his lines, beyond all peradventure,

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effectively. And in the result, and not till then, will the prince recognize "the sensible and true avouch" not only of those senses to which the apparition has appeared, but of a whole court. Then, and not till then, will this "madman," this crazed Hamlet, "take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds."

And now ensues a scene which for two centuries or so the chorus of commentators has declared to be a breaking-forth of Prince Hamlet's dementia. But what says the play? Shall not this pensive, this calm and self-repressing Hamlet at least allow himself a burst of exultation at the complete success of his long-maturing schemes? That he does not declaim in rotund periods, that he does not call on the avenging gods, is purely characteristic of the balanced and self-correcting brain. Why—he says, in relaxing vein, to his friend—if my fortunes should some day turn against me, don't you think I could get a living with a strolling company of players myself? Yes, indeed, I think you might at least claim in time half a share in the profits of the troupe, says Horatio. To which Hamlet replies, still in complaisant mood, Nothing less than a whole share for me, and recites in the popular vein a verse, wanting the final rhyme, which Horatio suggests could have been completed in perfect appropriateness to the occasion:

> "For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
> This realm dismantled was
> Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
> A very CLAUDIUS!" *

only for *Claudius* Hamlet says "pajock" (that is, "peacock," or anything that is mere pretence and show without substance). The playfulness of two friends unbending may hardly pass as madness with minds not maddish themselves!

The parry of harsh words with poor Lady Ophelia, leading up to the abrupt dismissal, affords another recitement for the "madman" view. Perhaps all lovers' vows and dicers' oaths are madness. But here are lovers' vows reconsidered; and reconsideration is not quite the regulation act of a madman. In the leisure of a prince, no doubt, Hamlet has had love-passages with the sweet lady; perhaps had given her his heart of hearts, as, indeed, she has surely given hers to him. What matters it to the now gruesome story of the play? Now that the Ghost's story has become a truth to the deep-thinking man, now that he sees how henceforth his is a life committed to great purposes, there

* This reading is suggested to me by Mr. Davis.

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must be no more sports with Amaryllis in the shade nor with the tangles of Nerea's hair, no more of marriages. There must be harsh words sooner or later, and abrupt speeches. They may as well come now as further on. A murderous and usurping king is to be done for, a dear father murdered to be avenged. After that, Ophelia again, perhaps. But until the times have been set right and the cursed spite of duty performed, it is needs must to wipe away all trivial fond records. They, with all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, all dilettante matter in idle courtier life or at Wittenberg by youth and observation copied, must be expunged from the book and volume of a brain hereafter to be filled alone by that dear father's commandment, brought by that father's own perturbed spirit to mortality again. Indeed, we have found no madness yet. Perhaps it were better for Prince Hamlet if we had. Even in this inter-scene it is not hard to recognize the tender reluctance of the gentleman who is obliged, in harsh half-dialogue and half-soliloquy, to tell the lady that she must release for ever all thought of the man who perhaps loved her once. It might, we even think, have been kindlier done by taking the Lady Ophelia herself into a prince's confidence. The woman who loved a Hamlet might have acquiesced in his honor and the *noblesse oblige* of it. At least a woman like Macbeth's lady would have acquiesced. But perhaps Ophelia was not a Lady Macbeth. So far we go with the text. Hamlet so decides, and we are reading, not composing, his story—reading it, not from Saxo Grammaticus, or Belleforest, or the æsthetic commentators, but from Shakspere. Hamlet assumes aberration, perhaps to soften his cruelty, perhaps in cold blood; but, anyhow, Ophelia is to be sacrificed, and sacrificed she is.

Thereafter, the Ghost's word once taken, we see Hamlet sword in hand. Twice he strikes at the King, who has, in the face of the court, confessed the murder of his predecessor (confessed it certainly as plainly as Macbeth at the banquet revealed the taking-off of Banquo). The first time Hamlet drops his point because King Claudius is at his prayers, and the prince will not run the risk of having England (that is, *his* Denmark) take its priest's cue and canonize a sovereign slain, like Becket, at the altar; the second time, so luck will have it, kills Polonius instead. Conscience-stricken as he is, Claudius yet proposes to make things endurable for himself. He has this troublesome prince announced as mad to the court (to whom explanations of the killing of Polonius and of that scene at the play are in order), and announces that the throne in tenderest solicitude will ar-

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range that he be sent abroad for change of scene and treatment. Outside it is bulletined to the populace that Prince Hamlet is despatched on embassy to England to exact a long-delayed instalment of tribute-money. But such items leak through the sieve of courts, and the very grave-diggers have the truth of it. Had Hamlet been the madman the commentators make him and Ophelia thought him, he had, perhaps, never penetrated the subterfuge. But he had been on his guard against plots to get him out of the way. Even when the King had called him "cousin" and "son," and invited him to "be as ourselves in Denmark," Hamlet had been swift to interpret the purposes for which Rozencrantz and Guildenstern were imported, and had mentioned to those insinuating gentlemen that he was not quite yet bereft of reason; nay, nor a pipe to be played upon.

He sees it to his advantage to accompany and outwit them, and he does it with rare effectiveness. But our commentator is not disconcerted with this *ruse contre ruse*, and is ready with his hermeneutics; cites many learned works in mental pathology, and shows how normal to a mind diseased is a certain penetrating shrewdness. Hamlet having been pronounced stark mad to begin with, all the *res gestæ* is to be bent to that end, and bent it accordingly is.

But one scene more is to intervene ere the purpose of a prince is made a fact accomplished—the scene at poor Ophelia's grave. To read madness into the intense pathos and philosophy of that monologue over Yorick's skull and the mortality that turns Cæsars into clay puts even our commentators to their reading. But they do it somehow. It is a tribute to the vast penetration of the people, to the great common consent of mankind, that this scene will subdue and dominate and hold the breath of vast audiences, and that not an individual will miss the modulated lesson of it all. How many of these vast audiences read or think of reading a volume of our commentators in order to comprehend that exquisite height of dramatic intensity? Doubtless not one. And yet our commentator will write, and the old book-stalls will teem with the books so written, and the copies are always choice finds because "uncut."

That could hardly be a chronicle of a human life which recorded that its subject never lost his patience or his temper. It must be confessed that, a very few moments after this high strain, Prince Hamlet is human—is sane enough to entirely lose his. He has been through much. And to a man so deeply conscious

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of the perspective of events, so keenly cutting below the surface and into the motives and hearts of men, so contemptuous of mere words and noise and phrases, to see Laertes, tricked out in the fopperies of France, playing maudlin mourner where he, Hamlet, had suppressed everything—it was hardly to be borne without a little touch of nature. But he is not long beside himself. He knows that he rants, and that a hostile court are taking notes to pin lunacy once more upon him. He contents himself:

> "I loved you ever: but 'tis no matter;
> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew, the dog will have his day!"

The excitement of return; of the meditation on mortality, on Yorick's skull, and on Cæsar turned to clay; of the funeral in consecrated ground, and the sudden confronting of the court, are subdued into only just this little measure. After all, the cat will mew, the dog will have his day—and so, enough.

With unerring perception, once more a calm and determined man, Hamlet falls in with the King's second subterfuge of the wager, and instantly recognizes the perfect and fitting opportunity—for all these days, months, and years awaited—sent by Fate at last. At last he will have a weapon in his hand in full view of the court and in the presence of the King—a King not at prayers, but on his throne. He will make short work of him now. The matter is out of scheming, and the prince has only to bide the hour. The weight of the disjointed times off his mind, he has leisure and mood for trifling. He can fool Osric to the top of his bent, or he may for the first time talk of himself to his only friend: "Thou wouldst not think how ill's all here about my heart: but it is no matter." But when Horatio would undertake to put off the sword-play, "Not a whit. . . . If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." The readiness of long years, the readiness that never has relaxed through all the interruption of events—the readiness is all; and here it is!

There is surely very little of the "court-jester" in the closing scene, when the dying Hamlet, although he has accomplished his never-relented-from purpose, and has no wish to live, yet, as his blood ebbs, remembers that this accomplished purpose may be set down to a moment's impulse, and the long, silent struggle for opportunity, the once more accorded lesson of revenge, be never known by those whose judgment he could yet wish kind to the last prince of a lapsed dynasty! Perhaps Hamlet foresaw

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—let us admit the fancy for a moment—the long line of commentators who to-day, as for the last one hundred years, are interrupting the reader of Prince Hamlet's story at every word by superimposed numeral or asterisk, or other zodiacal sign, to ask him if he is quite sure he understands what he is reading, and wouldn't rather please stop and see what a nice little wheelbarrow-load of archaic and dusty débris he has just trundled up and emptied at this, that, and the other point; who is bending, perhaps, all his little sapiency to prove the incapacity, the shiftlessness, the puling imbecility, vacillation, and all the rest of it, of Hamlet the Dane. Perhaps Prince Hamlet saw all this in his mind's eye when he said to Horatio:

> "O good Horatio! what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,"

(for Horatio was himself proposing to drink the cup and follow his friend,)

> "Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story."

—Endure the buffetings of life to say a word for me; show why I broke Ophelia's heart, by mischance killed her harmless old father, why I took the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds; put down the poisoned cup, and tarry here to report me and my cause aright—nothing extenuate, but tell them the story of harsh fate, and of my duty all, all done! "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," do this for Hamlet! "The rest is Silence!"

We confess that, unless, indeed, Hamlet is a mystery for each man to read himself into, unless every man is to make of Hamlet what he himself under the circumstances would have been, and unless it is of no sort of consequence what Shakspere drew him to be, we cannot read any blunted purposes into the soul of this English prince. Under what standard of comparison does he merit the interpretation? Surrounded by Claudius, the conscience-eaten; Polonius, the parasite; Osric, the flunky; Laertes, true cub of Polonius, coming from dissipation in Paris to remouth his father's platitudes and do the cat's paw for a murderous and cowardly King—surely not by confronting him with these does Prince Hamlet appear "cruel, evasive, dilatory, infirm of purpose, a court-jester"! Surely not out of this precious directory shall we select Hamlet as the madman! In Macbeth, indeed, we

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had the man who would "proceed no further in this business"; in Brutus one whose "whole mind," spurred amid his rhetorical patriotism to a single overt act,

> "—is suffering the nature of an insurrection";

but not in the Hamlet of Shakspere can we find one of these paradoxes.

And yet what little necessity for any analysis at all to find a madman, when we consider that Horatio is at Hamlet's side? Surely to no one but a Shaksperean commentator is it necessary to suggest that Horatio was no keeper of lunatics, nor quite the person to figure throughout the play as the friend, confidant, and *alter ego* of a madman. The æsthetic critic who can conceive of Horatio, clear-minded, strong-headed, acute, practical, who checks his friend with a

> "—'twere to consider too curiously to consider so,"

and who, when all is over, can say above his lifelong and now lifeless friend:

> "Give order that these bodies
> High on a stage be placèd to the view;
> And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
> How these things came about: so shall you hear
> Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
> Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
> Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
> And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
> Fall'n on the inventors' heads";

continuing, during the entire period covered by the Shaksperean chronicle, the follower of a man who had better have been in a madhouse—is perhaps best as he is: an æsthetic critic! To such a one Hamlet the Dane may have been a candidate for Bedlam. But at least King Fortinbras knew better when he pronounced the proper and fitting eulogium of this just man, tenacious of his purpose:

> "Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
> For he was likely, had he been put on,
> To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
> The soldiers' music and the rites of war
> Speak loudly for him."

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A CATHOLIC VIEW OF PRISON LIFE.

IT must be doubted whether any government in the world, in this year of grace 1886, has grasped the whole ideal of the *object* of punishment, and therefore of its method or its spirit. If I may hazard an opinion where so many of the wisest thinkers have differed both in principle and in detail, I should imagine that to change the heart and the character of a criminal was the first and last motive in all punishment. If it be replied that this is not the legal idea, because punishment means the legal payment of a debt which has been incurred both to the law and to society, I should rejoin that this may be so from a law-court point of view, but that it is not so from a Christian or a philosophical. If punishment be regarded as a deterrent from crime (a deterrent both in endurance and in prospect), it must follow that, since to *prevent* crime is a chief object in punishment, to *improve* the criminal must be a means to the same end. "I punish you that you may not do it again, or that others may be forewarned of the penalty," is only half of that motive which, Christianly and philosophically, should influence the legislative mind. "I punish you that, in the process of your being punished, you may be built up into a totally new character," seems much more suggestive of the divine ideal of punishment, which I should imagine to be "purification by pain."

Yet when we use the word "pain" we are using a loose word which may be interpreted in a variety of senses. Pain may mean physical or mental suffering, without a touch even of motive or of object. It may mean simply the infliction of a woe —not the endurance of, the submission to, a woe, with high courage, religious patience, a penitent spirit; it may mean nothing better than a detested evil, a thing to be hated for its own self. Now, this wrong estimate of pain—both physical and mental pain —is just precisely that estimate which ninety-nine prisoners out of every hundred naturally take of their law-inflicted punishment. I say "naturally take," for neither in law-courts nor in prisons is there any earnest recognition of the duty of suggesting a higher estimate. Barring only the "attendance at divine worship" and the kindly sympathies of the chaplain of a jail (with, of course, the use of libraries in prisons, and also the practically helpful service of "learning a trade"), there is positively, at least in Eng-

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land, scarcely any attempt whatever at the rebuilding of the whole character of a convict. A prison means only a place of working out a sentence, whether it be for six months or for a whole life. It is *not* a place for Christian penance and edification, any more than for intellectual invigoration. It is rather a place where the one sentiment is degradation; the one object, to "get through" the horrid task.

I have visited Catholic prisons in France and in Italy, and have recognized the high intention of the officials. Particularly at Belle Isle, near St. Nazaire, I was wonderfully struck with three excellent characteristics: the prominence given to the attractiveness of the prison chapel, the constant, affectionate fatherliness of the prison chaplain, and the soothing influence of the surrounding sea and tranquil country. The *idea* of the place was that of a retreat; there was nothing which was repugnant or degrading. And some of the worst classes of criminals were sent there. I talked to some of them, in the company of the prison chaplain, and they all seemed resigned, *not* degraded. (This was twenty-two years ago.) I compared, in my own mind, such a penal religious house with some of the dens of demoralization I had seen in England. The atmosphere of the two "systems" was quite opposite. It appeared to me that in this Catholic prison the first object of the officials was to refine, and so to purify, the prisoners' characters; whereas it had always seemed to me that in England the (at least) result of prison life must be to degrade prisoners down and down to semi-brutedom; as though a criminal, because a law-breaker, ought to be made to realize the possibility that he might, after all, be not human.

I know nothing of American systems of penal servitude, and must therefore build up my inferences, and also my "philosophy," on the foundation of my English experience. It has appeared to me that even inspectors have stopped short at the inquiry: "Is the discipline carried out according to law?" Now, it is the very law as to the whole matter that I should object to. I may be presumptuous, but it seems to me that the English judges, as well as the whole legislative body, utterly fail to apprehend that punishment is *first* curative, and only afterwards penal or retributive. I cannot conceive of erring mortals, be they judges or criminals, taking any other view of human punishments than that they are designed for the improvement of the delinquents. Let us first discuss the "religious" view of the subject. It is obvious that, spiritually, no one man can judge another man; nor can he (therefore) mete out to him exact pun-

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ishment. *Ne judicas, et non judicaberis*, has obvious reference to our intellectual incapacity, as well as to our fitting Christian humility. Punishment, therefore, can never be intended as the administration of the *lex talionis*, since it is absolutely impossible to know (none but God can know) what "measure for measure" would be in any case. To know what would be "measure for measure," it would be necessary to know, (1) the whole nature of a culprit, his constitution of mind, heart, and nerve; (2) the exact pressure of the temptation on that whole nature at the exact moment when the offence was committed; (3) all the incidental circumstances, auxiliaries, incitements, which constructed a momentary attitude of the will. God knows all this—no one else. So that, spiritually, all "judgment" is both indecent and imbecile, save the judgment which we may perhaps pass on ourself. The *only* fact of which we are sure (in another's crime) is that there must have been some moral defect; and, therefore, since we are sure of the defect, but not sure of the (precise) guilt, what we have *first* to try to do is to cure the defect. The very effort at being cured will be the punishment. What is Christianly called penance involves a combat with the lower will, as well as the foregoing of lower pleasures; it is punishment both in will and in deed; and the more superlative the penance the more superlative will be the frustration of the promptings of the lower will to gratification. But if you take away the conversion of the will you take away the real object of the penance. Penance without good-will is not penance. It is punishment, but it is spiritually of little use. And it is just here that we touch the point where the utter hollowness of the penal system is made transparent to the Catholic mind. Punishment can frighten, it can disgust, it can pay the bill which the culprit owes to the law, but it does not of itself do the mind the smallest good; nay, of itself it may only harden the disposition. Penal servitude, as it is understood in England, is the dry performance of a task which is *not* improving—that is, which is not necessarily improving—which cannot remotely touch the confines of the spiritual man; which degrades but cannot elevate, sours but cannot sweeten, hardens but cannot soften; *demoralizes* by the self-conviction of one's own ignominy, and demoralizes all the more because it does not take into recognition the *capacity* of the convict's soul for what is highest.

How, then, it may be asked, would you so administer law-punishments as to combine the penal with the spiritualizing elements?

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First, by setting steadily before the minds of all prisoners that they are to improve *themselves* by the opportunities which are given them. I know that this is impossible, save in a limited degree, in any prison which is not Catholic in its whole control. I know that no non-Catholic apprehension can initiate, still less develop in execution, that perfect system of "supernatural" education which is possible only within the ark of the church. Yet it is necessary to speak only as a Catholic in order to speak truthfully on the whole subject. The first idea, then, in a Catholic prison is purification. I do not use the word "sanctification," because it would sound too "interior" in any essay upon a lay view of penal servitude. Purification in a mental or moral sense; purification of purpose, and therefore of habit; purification of the intellectual conceptions of the highest aims—this appears to me to be the *first* object in punishment, as it is also its last and happiest fruit. I cannot believe that in this little life we can ever regard another's punishment save as a means to an end which shall be the best. And what is that "best," save the eternal regeneration of the whole being of the man who has "gone wrong"? In simple fairness—apart from all hypocrisy, all pretence, all cant or affectation—let it be asked: What is the difference between a sinner who is *in* jail and a sinner who has the luck to be *out* of it? The difference is that the one has been "caught" in an overt act of breaking an act of Parliament, while the other has only broken perhaps half a dozen divine laws, and has not been caught, and could not be. Be it remembered that the breaches of the criminal laws need not be exceptionally horrid "sins," save only so far as they are breaches of the divine laws, which alone are of the essence of obligation. So that a man may be condemned to penal servitude for twenty years for some offence which, in the judgment of the Divine Mind, was but a very small infraction of a divine law—some offence which was as nothing when compared with the colossal sins which the "man of the world" commits gaily every day, but which society graciously pardons in "men of position." It is the criminal code, not the divine law, which the prisoner has dared to mock; it is the penal statutes, not the commandments of the New Testament, which the vulgar thief or drunkard has outraged. And if every man who should commit a mortal sin, by breaking a law of God or of the church, were to be tried and sent to prison for each offence, we should be obliged to have a prison attached to every big house—a prison which would be much more tenanted than would be the big house. This puts the truth candidly,

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without cant or hypocrisy, without lies, either social or conventional. Therefore, when we treat of prison life let us remember that we are treating of the punishment of those *few* who have been "caught" breaking civil or criminal laws; we are not treating of the lucky exemption of the *many* who walk the streets in the serenest liberty of their complacency, while breaking daily one or more of the divine commandments.

How, then, with any justice, with any manliness or magnanimity, can we fail to admit that we owe to "criminal" prisoners some exceptional reparation or restitution, since it is partly through our own fault—our neglect of duty or our bad example—that they have been snared into committing vulgar crimes, and since they are not, in the eye of God, any worse than, if so bad as, the habitual worldling or schemer or voluptuary? This reparation, this restitution, ought to be, as I have suggested, their "education," both spiritual and intellectual; their building up in the science of the spiritual life and their building up in intellectual apprehension; their being taught such honest trades as shall remove future temptations, with such invigoration as shall make them brave and industrious. Will it be objected: "Then where will be your punishment?" I call this objection most unintelligent. Who does not know that restraint for liberty, sharp discipline for lazy self-pleasing, the devotion of the mind and habit to lofty ideas for the habitual looseness of immorality or turpitude, are exchanges which are necessarily penal in the extreme, however softened by the loving spirit of the *whole object?* If the "religious life" be a life of mortification —that is, a resistance to the lower will—must not the penal life, which adds chastisement to the mortification, be essentially "punishment" in severe sense? To my thinking, if you made prisons religious houses, *plus* only forced industrial retreats, you would preserve every element of just punishment, while getting rid of every element of degradation. It is that "degradation" which is the bane of our prisons. It is the wrong, the obvious injustice, of our prisons. A prisoner *is* degraded by being "condemned." What you have now to do is to undegrade him. You have to lift up, not to beat down; you have to encourage, not to depress; you have to improve the mind, not to weary out the body; you have to make a Christian out of an assumed pagan, a fair scholar out of an ignoramus, a sensible man out of a dull libertine, a good workman out of a waif-and-stray. In doing this you would regenerate "the criminal classes." You would make it impossible that "the dog should return to its vomit, the

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sow to its wallowing in the mire." Why is it that "returned convicts" go to the bad again and commit precisely the same offences as before? For two reasons: first, that you have not *taught* them; secondly, that society—that cruel, canting, unjust hypocrite—shuts its doors upon the returned convict who *has done* his penance, while it is careful not to do penance for its own sins. But if prisons were made schools as much as prisons, religious retreats rather than coarse penal cages, society would not have the excuse (which it most certainly has now) for refusing to give work to the unimproved. If society were assured, on the authority of prison officials, that the returned convict was a criminal no longer, that he was a thoroughly renewed and taught man, society, for very shame, could not refuse to give employment to a man who was at least as good as itself. I would have the whole prison system radically altered in some such respects as the following: That *all* prison life should be probationary; that no sentence passed by judge and jury should be considered to be absolutely final in its allotment, but that the prisoner's prison conduct, his progress, his real improvement, should be the ultimate awarder of his length of punishment; that prison guardians of the highest character and personal fitness should be continually in communication with all prisoners, and should take counsel with chaplains and with governors, and also with regular standing committees, as to the advancement which had been made by each prisoner, and as to the (possible) misapprehension of judge and jury; and thus I would put an end to the flagrant wrong which is now normal—the passing hasty sentences on a hasty trial; the trusting the keys of a life's liberty to one fallible judge, who may be a savage or who may be illusioned; the leaving no *locus penitentiæ* to the victim of a temptation, who may or may not be bad in will, but whose trial was a one-sided affair. And, above all, I would never commit any *young* person to the *same* character of punishment as I would commit matured persons—a disgraceful mistake in the English system, which is equally barbarous and imbecile, and which stamps the nation which commits it as hardly civilized.

Manifestly, for young persons—say for youths under twenty—a much gentler and more sympathetic treatment is required than for those who have grown old in their iniquities. In nine cases out of ten very young persons have gone wrong through defects in their moral education, through the neglect or the incompetency of their guardians, or through having no guardians at all. Nothing can be more absurd or more wicked than to treat the

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fledgling, "the flighty and frisky juvenile," as one would treat a man of, say, thirty years of age, who might be presumed to have sown his wild oats. Yet in England it is quite common to condemn a mere youth to incarceration along with the "hardened criminals" of the worst class, whose society he has given to him to reform him! Now, I should imagine that if the "probationary" principle, which I have ventured to advocate in *all* cases, can be justified in one case more than in another, it must be in the case of a first offender, whose youth and whose ignorance are his apologists. I should maintain that in no instance whatever ought a youth to be sent to prison at all. He ought to be sent only to an industrial retreat. It is true that in England we have no such retreats—none that are even worthy to be mentioned. In Rome, in the days of Pius IX., I well remember that there were such institutions. I am informed, too, that they are still to be found in exceptional states. But why are they not a first requirement in every state? Take any huge metropolis—say London or New York—and it follows necessarily that a certain proportion of the population must be "neglected" in every moral and social sense. And how monstrous that, when the young criminals come to be "tried," they are to be dealt with, in punishment, precisely as though their antecedents had been most favorable to the development of their characters! Nay, as a rule, it is the irresponsible—the almost irresponsible—youth or neglected young man who "catches it hardest" from the Christian judges; while the youths of fair position who *have* been well brought up are let off with a fine or a mild rebuke! That there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor' is true not only in regard to relative punishment, but in regard to the inciting causes which poverty vainly pleads, but which "respectability" usually pleads with great success.

I have said that society owes reparation and restitution to the criminal classes who have been netted in overt crimes, and I suppose it is natural that society which sets a bad example should be indifferent to the reformation of the captives. Yet society, be it remembered, is not the government; is not the judicial or ecclesiastical power of the realm; is not the *de facto* responsibly paternal authority at whose door lies the duty of perfecting punishment. How is it that our bishops—I mean our Anglican bishops or dignitaries—do not busy themselves with this subject of supreme import; do not hold congresses, and make their suggestions to the government, on matters which are most especially within their province? True, non-Catholics cannot grasp the

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whole of the subject: they have not the "spiritual science" at their command; yet the Christian aspect of penalty would seem to be a study which ought to come within the province of their ministry. Nor is it possible not to regret that, even in Catholic countries, this most delicate groove of "charity" is not more cultivated. Spite of the hardness of governments, it might be possible for ecclesiastics to exercise much more influence over them than is attempted. In England we can scarcely look for such influence: there is not the motive, the apprehension, the instinct. In England the inspectors of prisons are the sole counsellors. They appear to think themselves quite equal to their task. So they are—from the standpoint which they profess. They give us their official reports by the dozen; and these reports are almost always highly complacent. I have read every volume of such reports which has been issued for a long series of years. The "reading" is somewhat heavy and dry. The chaplains usually tell the same tale: "they have every reason to think the system is working well." The medical inspectors pile up categories of the invalids, but always tell us that the sanitary arrangements are excellent. The disciplinarians are of opinion that recent improvements will work wonders in the reformation of even the worst class of criminals. And the governors and the committees of inspection publish volumes on the amount of labor which has been accomplished in the way of building a magnificent breakwater, or some great basin in a dock-yard at Chatham, or possibly a new harbor or lighthouse. We have also the assurance that the convict classes earn (for the country) about a quarter of a million sterling per annum; that the "educational departments" are in most respects progressive; that the prisoners are generally anxious to read good books (the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and books of travel), and that the new system of separating first offenders from old offenders gives promise of most beneficent results. So far, so well. No one doubts that "prison reform" is not neglected. No one supposes that, in eighteen hundred and eighty-six years, some advance has not been made over the pagan Roman style of prisons, where the only appreciable object was to punish, the only ethical indoctrination was to commit suicide.

Yet what does all such "advance" really amount to, whether Christianly, philosophically, or experimentally? To tell us that there are now tailors' shops and basket-makers' shops in which some of the prisoners may learn such trades; that there are two thousand volumes in a prison library, and that some prisoners

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"prefer reading to having their dinners"; that the worst class of prisoners acquire habits of steady industry by working at stone-masonry or at carpentering, or that the sanitary and the culinary arrangements have been brought up to a high standard of efficiency: all such items of "reports"—and they are wearisomely repeated—only touch the mere outline of the machinery of prison life; they do not even suggest the highest objects. Let us, for a moment, put together a few of the aspects which we have touched upon, and see if we can arrive at some conclusions.

Why do some of the criminal classes get into prisons? Chiefly for three reasons: because they have been badly brought up, because they have been maddened by extreme hardship, because society sets them a bad example. It comes to this, then, that most of the criminal classes might plead misfortune as at least auxiliary to the climax of their career. And as to the question of morals, the criminal classes might plead gravely that the laws are not framed with a view to morals so much as with a view to social security—to the protection of the property of the individual. It is most important to bear in mind what the laws appear to *him* when we are judging the law-breaker who has been caught. Such laws, in regard to honesty, are mainly constructed on the principle that you must not thieve save in some business or some trade; but that "in business" you may thieve as much as you like. "Business" may be defined, equally in truth and in pleasantry, as the art of extracting money out of other persons' pockets without getting into the hands of the police. And the criminal classes see around them many thousands of examples of the world bending its knee to successful villany, while at the same time the world turns up its nose in sovereign contempt at the unsuccessful industries of virtuous men. The criminal classes know well that if they had the means to start companies or to embark in any speculative kind of enterprise, with the certainty of making fortunes by injuring the poor, society would hug them to its bosom and eat their dinners and drink their wines with profound respect. They know, too, that in most businesses there is trickiness and shabbiness, over-reaching, over-charging, and legal robbery; and that the laws are not designed to place any suppression on such rogueries, but, on the contrary, to protect the business-man in practising them. "Morals," therefore, as the criminal classes apprehend them, mean the science of robbing legally and respectably, and, above all, of robbing with success. It would be unpardonable affectation to speak of the criminal

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classes save as being *created* out of the bad morals of the successful classes, or to deny that the successful classes differ chiefly from the criminal classes in having superior opportunities and education.

More than this, the average selfishness of the employing classes, their want of delicate sympathy with the employed, engenders the feeling in the working-classes—indeed, the conviction more than the feeling—that they are not cared for morally, but only financially. They are cared for as being the instruments of fortune-making by those who are so lucky as to have capital, and who would give them in charge for a paltry theft of half a dollar while they themselves swindle the public every day.

If, then, the moral *relations* of the criminal classes to those classes on whom they make a rough war are such as society has first created, it must follow that society owes a deep debt of reparation to thousands of those prisoners who would *not* have stolen had they not learned the trick from their "superiors."

And it must follow that deep pity and compassion, the utmost magnanimity of charity, ought to be extended to those victims of misfortune who, in a really Christian society, would have been too well taught and exampled to have fallen into law-breaking enormities. I have said that it cannot be expected of society that it should play the part of the Catholic priest to its own victims. But it can be expected of Christian governments that they should take counsel of the best authorities—of men renowned for their sanctity and their wisdom—as to the purest philosophy of "penal reform." I have in particular mentioned three points on which the discretion of government might with great advantage be exercised. First, I have advocated that no sentence of any judge should be accepted as final in regard to time, both on account of the personal caprice which measures sentences and the inadequacy or injustice of many trials. In connection with this reform I would make *all* punishment probationary, dependent, as to severity, on the prisoner's conduct, and subject to such modification as the after-light on a criminal's story might show to be reasonable or equitable. At present, at least in England, no after-light on a hasty estimate, on a hasty trial, on a hasty verdict of twelve intelligent (?) jurymen can modify the extent of any punishment without a cumbrous appeal to the Home Secretary; and since it is nobody's business to take the trouble of such appeal, the poor prisoner has to work out a hard sentence. Thirdly, I would do away altogether with the practice of send-

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ing young persons to jail; sending them, on the contrary, to an industrial home, and subsequently placing them under the care of chosen guardians, who should be responsible to the government for wise conduct. These three points are comprehensive of many minor points, and, in particular, of the after-career of ex-convicts.

In regard to that after-career, there exists in England—though on a small scale—what is called the Prisoners' Aid Society, a modern invention, which has unquestionably done good, and which is prospered by the wisest philanthropy. Yet it is obvious that no society can work with great success against the obstinate and stupid verdict of society, which has gone forth all over the country in the anti-Christian formula: "Let the excommunicated remain outcast for evermore." Society *won't* forgive any one who has been in prison; *won't* give him "a clean bill" and start him afresh. Society orders the police to hunt down every ex-convict, and the police obey the mandate most scrupulously. The cruelty of such conduct is only equalled by the hypocrisy with which society pretended to be shocked by the "crime." If society were really shocked at any "crime" it would take every care to draw a veil over it, to welcome the sinner to true repentance, and to insure his having no further provocation. But that detestable hypocrite, society, which revels in divorce-cases and in every scandal, and positively gloats over every fall of a fair famed woman, will not hear of receiving back to its impure arms the wretched culprits who *have* done a sharp penance, and who *would* lead virtuous lives if they were permitted. Now, this fact is absolutely inseparable from the consideration of the whole science of prison life, prison reform, prison consequences. We have to teach society the first principles of Christian philosophy before we can persuade it to take an interest in those criminals who have been sent to prison *through the evil example, in most cases, of society.* This may perhaps be a hopeless task. The world is too old to become regenerate. It is too rotten to be converted to magnanimity. It is too soaked in conventionalism, in the puerile falsehoods of "propriety," to face truth with manliness or common sense. But though society must be despaired of, as abandoned to its vanities, its toilets, its money-worship, its animalism, there is still the huge army of Catholic ecclesiastics who might take the whole subject into their care.

May it be respectfully noted that the points which have been touched upon are never alluded to from the pulpit nor in

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pastorals; that in "fashionable churches [the expression has some warranty!] the frock-coated or silk-costumed congregation is seldom outraged by allusion to prison life." Lacordaire once fulminated in a Paris pulpit against the "crimes of heart which make respectable persons criminals"; but it is not usual to hear preachers honestly informing their congregations that they *may be* much worse than prison convicts. Still less do they urge on them their own moral responsibility in first *creating* a criminal class by their own selfishness, and then not caring one straw whether that class continue criminal or be encouraged by Christian kindness to a better life. Now, might not this subject be so elaborated by ecclesiastics as to gain the attention of Christian governments, so as to lead governments to call in the aid of ecclesiastics to counsel them on the most interior points? Is it a matter of no serious interest that, say in England alone, some ten thousand ex-convicts should be roaming about, not precisely "seeking whom they may devour," but seeking how *not* to be devoured by society? These men cannot live. They are not allowed to live. They are driven by society to hide in holes and corners, out of the sight of every "respectable" person. Then they starve. Then they thieve again. Then society says: "What can we do with the criminal classes, who are so incorrigible, and seem to like being sent to prison?" Well, if society had to go without a dinner for a fortnight it would probably relax its morals on the subject of *taking* food when no one would make it possible to *earn* it. I could not blame a man who stole my forks and spoons if, after he had asked me to give him work, I had pointed him out to a policeman. I should hold him to be justified against me; and I should regard myself, not him, as the thief. Yet this is how society acts in England; and cannot the bishops and clergy take the subject up in earnest and teach society its duty to ex-convicts? The two grand objects to be achieved—as I have ventured to suggest—are, first, to make prison life probationary, and, next, to provide homes for ex-convicts. To do either requires a desperate amount of earnestness. And this is just what cannot be looked for from society, but what can be looked for—can be respectfully asked—from the clergy. The whole subject may be "surrounded with difficulties." No one doubts that a certain proportion of the criminal class are "bad," in the worst senses of the unpleasant word "bad"; that they are the self-constituted enemies of society, and that society is not responsible for *them.* Say about one-quarter of the criminal class is "bad," one-quarter the victims of sheer ignorance, one-quarter the mere dupes of

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evil associates, and one-quarter not criminal but weak. Here, then, we have *three* out of the four quarters arbitrarily classed with the *one* quarter, "bad"! This is cruel. It is false. It is anti-Christian. The probationary system which I have ventured to advocate would be a God-send to these three-fourths of the "criminal class"; would be an act of justice to *them* as well as a benefit to society, which would cease to *compel* men to become criminal against their will. In this year 1886 we ought to have arrived at an apprehension of two truths which are still fearfully obscured: that moral guilt and legal guilt are not twins nor necessarily brothers, and that there are more criminals in society than there are in jails.

MORNING.

A GLEAMING opal in a sapphire sea
Flashing across the orient seems the sun,
His bright crest topped with rubies all ablaze,
While o'er the distant hills a purple haze
Hangs with a royal splendor.

The grasses lift their shields of living green,
The birds sing fervently their matin song,
A thousand blossoms burst to perfect flowers;
It is day's resurrection! Happy hours
So pure, so rare, so tender.

I quaff in draughts the perfume-freighted air,
Elixir pure of life that youth restores;
I watch the bee within the rose's heart
Steal her life's wine, then (changeful lover!) dart
And woo the lily slender.

I feel the fresh, free breezes on my face,
I feel my being thrill with wild delight;
Like Adam when he stood in Paradise
And knew he lived, I feel the glad surprise
Of life and all its splendor.

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FRANZ LISZT.

THE personal adventures of Franz Liszt were so peculiar, and his individual traits were so interesting, that in making a romance out of his career biographers have been apt to overlook the importance of his place in the history of modern music. That will be more justly and more highly valued hereafter, when apocryphal stories of his eccentricities and his escapades are no longer sought with avidity by a sensation-loving public, and supplied in quantities and patterns to suit the demand. In truth, there was matter enough in his early and middle life to keep gossips busy. He was not only one of the most astonishing pianists who ever lived, but he was also one of the most brilliant and erratic personages who ever dazzled that alluring world where art and society, genius and fashion, condescend to each other and frolic in company. The Parisian Bohemia in which he reigned was not a paradise of beer and tobacco, populated by jovial poor students and reckless journalists; it was a land flowing with Burgundy and sparkling with wax-lights, a pleasure-land of unconventional aristocrats, prosperous poets, and successful artists, among whom nobody shone without rank, or fame, or at least some piquant kind of notoriety. Only the union of remarkable gifts with the most audacious vagaries could have made Liszt what he was to the Paris of half a century ago—the despair of other artists, the wonder of the concert-room, the favorite of the *salon*, the idol of susceptible women, at once a fascination and a riddle, by turns a recluse and a man of the world, a fashionable *roué* and a St. Simonian philosopher, the most striking figure in a circle of notabilities which even Paris has not often matched, and the most impressive musician in an art-epoch to which Chopin was teaching the poetry of the piano and Thalberg revealing unimagined possibilities of execution.

His later life was more decorous than these years of riotous triumph, but it was not less picturesque. When he gave up the exciting rôle of a virtuoso, it was to play the benign part of a general musical Mentor. In his quasi-retirement he never shrank very resolutely from the public gaze. At the grand-ducal court of Weimar he made the opera-house illustrious by a model representation of neglected master-works, and the connoisseurs of all Europe learned to watch that little capital, long famous by

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its artistic and literary glories, for interpretations of the musical drama unique in their high purpose and reverential fidelity. When he received the tonsure and betook himself to Rome for intervals of monastic quiet the public tongue wagged faster than ever. He never "entered the church," as many imagined. He only haunted the gate of the outer courts and rested there awhile in its shadow, assuming no clerical obligations, and nothing of the clerical character except an unmeaning courtesy-title and a close row of buttons on his straight coat. He was now the greatest living master of his art, and perhaps it seemed convenient to borrow a little sobriety from the sanctuary. But Liszt was also sensitive to religious impressions and profoundly moved by the grandeur and beauty of the church, and in his last years all his finest thoughts were inspired by sacred themes. I met him at Bayreuth in 1876, where a little court clustered around him, comprising ladies of title, distinguished artists, and young musicians from many parts of the world. He passed his days receiving incense; but in the early morning I used to see him at Mass in the church, alone, and very simple and devout in his demeanor. He was a man in whom the religious temperament, at all events, was highly developed. He has been the subject of a copious literature, scandalous enough in early days, but overflowing in these recent years with testimonies of strong affection. For he not only founded a splendid original school of playing, but by his charm of manner, his tender and sympathetic disposition, his gentleness towards the young and earnest, and his fine generosity he converted his multitude of pupils into ardent disciples, who have traversed the world telling stories in his honor.

The appearance of Liszt was a part of the general movement of Romanticism, which, after deeply affecting literature, especially in Germany and England, began to exercise a remarkable influence upon musical and dramatic art. In England the romantic drama had always flourished since Shakspere, while in music romanticism had never obtained, and has not yet obtained, the slightest foothold. In Germany the reaction against classical formality could be traced as far back as the later works of Beethoven, and was clearly marked in Schumann's songs and piano pieces. But it was in France that romanticism presented the most curious study. Here the new movement was for a while a noisy revolution. The poetry of Victor Hugo and the acted plays of Hugo and Dumas, with their bold defiance of conventionalisms which French art had regarded almost as axiomatic

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truths, produced a comic disturbance in mercurial Paris, where the literary debate quite reached the fervor of politics. The romanticists broke with the established school in their choice of subjects, in their feeling for the past, and in their imaginative treatment of purely ideal conditions; but their rebellion was also a defiance of certain stringent rules of composition, for which no better reason could be given than that, like Sir Anthony Absolute, they were old and arbitrary. Perhaps it was the best service of romanticism, not that it extended the choice of literary subjects, but that it made this fight for liberty the final and successful contest against the periwig style of poetry, the drama of dress-swords and red heels, of togas and buskins.

The three men who did most to extend the principles of the new school into the domain of music were Franz Liszt, Hector Berlioz, and Richard Wagner. Only the second of these was a Frenchman, but all three happened to be working in the French capital at the same time. Liszt was at the height of prosperity, so fortunate and so fond of pleasure that his capacity for serious undertakings was probably not suspected. Wagner, hungry and disheartened, earning a miserable pittance by hack-work for the music-sellers, and rebuffed by the opera-houses, looked up at the famous pianist as Lazarus looked up at Dives. They only brushed each other's skirts in passing; one little suspecting that the shabby young German was a transcendent genius, the other as little imagining that the illustrious Hungarian was to become his best friend and interpreter. Berlioz was not on intimate terms with either of his great musical contemporaries, though in art matters he had more in common with both of them than they or he, perhaps, ever acknowledged. Proud, sensitive, irritable, poor, misunderstood, neglected, raging at the insincerity and mediocrity of popular favorites and the ignorance and frivolity of the public, he was doubtless unhappier than Wagner, because the source of so much of his misery lay less in the injustice of fortune than in his own heart. He did not live to taste the reward of appreciation. It was not until long after his death that the world realized what he had done for the progress of music; and even then the popularity of his compositions was a fashion rather than a well-grown fame. In Liszt and Wagner the romantic spirit expressed itself in the choice of subjects quite as plainly as in the method of treatment. In Berlioz the subject was of less consequence; the great innovation was the discarding of established forms for the sake of the fullest possible development of the poetical idea. Possibly one of these days the rules of con-

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struction observed by the classical composers, especially in large works such as symphonies and operas, will seem as pedantic as the laws of the mediæval mastersingers. Berlioz, at all events, found them absurd. In his zeal for their destruction he became, if not the founder, certainly the most successful apostle, of "Programme Music," which undertakes to illustrate a definite poetical text, and to follow it, thought by thought, without reference to the conventional restrictions as to form. The principle of free expression is carried into every department of music, including the song and the opera; but its most striking use is in the symphony, and in those complex works for many voices and instruments for which no precise designation has yet been agreed upon. The habit of Berlioz was to write out a synopsis of a poem or poetical fragment, and to represent every item in this text by an appropriate musical passage. To understand the music it was necessary to read the programme as one listened. Sometimes the effect was admirable, for Berlioz had moments of high inspiration; in his musical setting of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, there are pages of ravishing beauty, which bring before us scenes of the drama even more vividly than the acting stage. But it is obvious that the system must often confound the provinces of music and speech, throwing upon the former art a function to which it is essentially incompetent, or else reducing it from the dignity of an independent exponent of noble and poetical thought to the humbler place of a mere accompaniment of the printed line. Berlioz not only marred his music by thus degrading its rôle, but in trying to be faithful to his text he was sometimes betrayed into the most prosaic realism. Thus in the famous *Marche au Supplice*, which enters into the opium dreams of his love-sick artist, the representation of the procession to the scaffold closes with an imitation of the chop of the headsman's axe—a contrivance which is probably the most hideously vulgar effect in any reputable piece of music. He had that imperfect perception of the grotesque which seems to be a common defect of the French genius. In his occasional inability to distinguish between the poetic and the merely sensational, his lack of that fine, incommunicable, sure artistic sense which we call taste, he sometimes reminds us of Victor Hugo. Moreover, for the conception of the purest music there is surely need of a serenity, dignity, and abstraction of mind which lift the composer above turbulence and passion. We doubt whether Berlioz ever attained repose of soul except for brief and infrequent moments. If we read his painful *Memoirs*, filled with extravagance, bitterness, contempt, despair,

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vanity, self-pity, and absurdity, and saddest when they are most absurd, we shall understand why his music speaks to us so often of grandiose fancies and so rarely of lofty aspiration, so often of vexation and struggle and so rarely of calm delight.

Liszt also has been classed among the writers of Programme Music. That place, perhaps, may suit him if we call the compositions of the Berlioz school "Panorama Music"; but between the French and the Hungarian master there is an important difference of method. Liszt never attempted to make music represent language, or even definite thoughts; he seldom used it as an illustration of any particular words or actions; at most he wished it to call up in the listener the state of mind which was his when he wrote it. The series of compositions for the orchestra to which he gave the name of Symphonic Poems are the best examples of his plan. These are all based upon a text—a poem, a poetic extract, a painting, a biography—but the musician employs it only as an inspiration for himself and a general hint for his audience. It is not at all a guide to the contents of the composition. It is sometimes a help to enjoyment, but the music, whose value is absolute and complete in itself, can always do without it. I say sometimes a help to enjoyment; the *Tasso*, for instance, is made more interesting by the prefatory lines which tell us that it symbolizes the sufferings and triumph of the poet, and that it is founded upon a song in which the Venetian gondoliers celebrate his memory; on the other hand, I am by no means sure that the magnificent movement of *Les Préludes* derives any additional effect from the fragment of Lamartine by which it was suggested. The text, with Liszt, is only the point of departure. The idea which he proceeds to follow out is not literary, but purely musical, and he treats it by a purely musical method, with all the art of the classical symphonist. There is no thought of forcing his musical theme into correspondence with the changes of the poet's fancies; the object is only to develop its own beauty and suggestiveness. Thus it is that the Symphonic Poems are distinguished by a simplicity and unity in which the parallel works of Berlioz are lacking. They are not all beautiful, for Liszt's imagination sometimes led him a strange road; but when they are charming their charm is complete and continuous, while the most striking music of the Programme school, exhibiting snips and patches of unrelated melody, too often reminds us of a crazy-quilt.

Liszt therefore differs from Berlioz essentially in the manner of looking at his subject—perhaps it would be better to say of

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feeling his subject. It is in their independence of hampering rules of construction that the two masters agreed. Subject only to certain well-understood principles of rhythm and harmony, they claimed entire freedom in the musical expression of their feelings. The classical school allowed no such liberty. First subject and second subject, theme and variation, development and combination, must follow one another in due order; and in the older writers each subdivision was rounded off with a little flourish, which meant nothing musically, but served to mark the boundary-lines and keep the sections apart. Somebody has compared these separation passages to the stuffing in which eggs are packed. In Haydn's symphonies they are quite obvious; in the opera, until Wagner's time, they were so conspicuous that a large part, even of the most popular works, consisted of worthless filling; they were thought indispensable in the song, and they figured largely in solos for the pianoforte. Liszt had no use for them, because he paid no respect to arbitrary divisions. There is no trace in the Symphonic Poems of the systematic arrangement of sections and subsections in which the art of musical construction was supposed largely to lie. Even in the two longer works, the *Faust* and *Dante*, to which Liszt gave the name and something of the conventional outline of "symphonies," the musical impulse flows steadily on without regard to customary boundaries. The pianoforte music of Liszt, embracing almost every species of composition for that instrument, is characterized by similar, or even greater, freedom; and in his songs the subordination of the constructive plan to the poetical and musical sentiment is complete. The same principle of free feeling is carried out in his sacred music. Although not much that he has done in this department has been adopted by the churches, nearly all of it is profoundly religious in spirit. The oratorio and the sacred cantata, perhaps, owe him a new lease of life. It needs courage to speak disrespectfully of those allied art-forms, illustrated by the genius of Handel and so often consecrated to noble purposes; but it is certain that they have no hold upon the people except in backward-looking England, where the middle-classes regard them with the same just, measured, and respectful affection which is extended to the British constitution and the lord-chancellor's wig. Here they have never been cultivated save from a sense of duty, and at present we can hardly say that they are cultivated at all. Some excellent persons persuade themselves that they enjoy oratorios; but in most cases this is an amiable delusion. There are passages, of course, in all the great

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works of this class, to which no one with musical sensibilities can listen without delight. But the complaint that oratorio belongs to an antiquated pattern of composition is not unreasonable. Old-fashioned things are not always the best. The formality of the oratorio is hopelessly at odds with the restless and impulsive modern temperament. It is impossible to imagine a man of our time inventing such an art-form; and it is an unwise reverence for ancient authority which induces composers to go on repeating devices adapted to the taste of an earlier generation. The oratorio of the future must differ widely from the oratorio of the past. It is not to be supposed that Liszt's *Christus* will ever displace Handel's *Messiah;* but it may well turn out that the Hungarian composer has indicated the lines upon which Handel's successors will have to modify the sacred music of festivals and concert-rooms.

While we assign a high importance to Liszt's innovations, we must all admit that their immediate success with popular audiences has been questionable. The most remarkable and original of his orchestral works, the Symphonic Poems, have always been a puzzle. Ten years ago, in a conversation with him about music in America, I mentioned that the whole series of these compositions had been performed in New York. He shook his head, with a serious smile, and remarked that no city of Europe had treated him so well as that. One, at least, of the poems had never been played anywhere except in New York. With us, in several cases, the performance was at best a curious experiment; it cannot be said that more than two or three of the set really won acceptance with the public, and the interest in them for a few years past has been growing not greater but less. The truth is that, while Liszt possessed the artistic temperament in a phenomenal degree, his æsthetic perceptions were always imperfect. The last refinements of a cultivated sensibility struggled in him with the inherited instincts of a half-barbaric taste—barbaric delight in splendors and surprises of sound, in passionate movement, in startling and changing rhythm, in strong sensations, in fierce contrasts. Hence there is a great deal of his music which astonishes but does not please. It can only be described as ugly music. This is enough to account for the failure of his symphonic compositions to keep their ground after their novelty was gone. It is still more significant that they have not been imitated. Saint-Saëns has produced a few Symphonic Poems, but they are illustrations of particular incidents rather than poems in Liszt's sense, and they do not constitute an ex-

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ception to the general statement that composers have concurred in rejecting the new art-form and keeping to the old style of symphony, with its divisions and fences and laws of form substantially intact. They are doubtless wise. The free system may suit a musician of genius whose thought is clear and manageable; but most composers will fail to produce a symmetrical, compact, intelligible work unless the ground-plan is measured out for them in advance.

The influence of Liszt, then, has not been at its strongest in the establishment of new forms, but it has infused freshness and the spirit of freedom into the treatment of the old. There is no successful composer of the present day who has not felt the life-giving impulse which pulses in Liszt's vigorous genius, and who has not learned from him many a secret of poetical expression. In the art of pianoforte playing, as well as in compositions for that instrument, he brought in a new era, enormously enlarging the capacities of the performer, while he gave a new richness and meaning to the music. Here he reached an unbounded popular success, which time has not impaired. It used to be thought that Thalberg had carried the technique of the piano to the furthest possible point; it seemed as if he had found what pianists had long wanted—a third hand to fill up the middle parts while right and left were busy at opposite ends of the key-board. But Liszt surpassed even Thalberg's wonderful technique. His music sounded fuller, his harmonic combinations more extended, his command of the range of the instrument more complete; and with all this was the abounding passion whose intense accents made us forget the marvels of execution. Such brilliant effects were not altogether the result of Liszt's personal accomplishments and temper. Most of them he taught to his pupils and perpetuated in his printed scores. They are reproduced, more or less imperfectly, in every concert-room and in thousands of private houses; and, like all the other manifestations of his poetical spirit, they have left an impression upon the character and tendencies of the art which will not soon be obscured.

In a record of his services to music it would be a great error to overlook his influence in raising the standards of excellence among the working members of the profession. How much he did for the advancement of the technique of the piano every amateur understands. What he did for the orchestra is not so well known. He shares with Hector Berlioz the credit of inventing many daring and beautiful combinations of instruments, and of treating individual instruments in novel and delightful

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ways. Berlioz probably excelled all other masters of our time in the intimate knowledge of the characters and capabilities of every component part of the band; but his felicity in the arrangement of striking tone-effects sometimes led him into excessive indulgence in such experiments. Liszt's use of a parallel talent was more discreet, and his orchestral coloring, while hardly less brilliant and original than that of Berlioz, is more homogeneous and satisfying. As a painter would say, he understands "values." The inventions and methods of both these masters have become the common property of musicians, and nearly all the best recent works for the orchestra are full of them. But the new mode of writing supposes a very different sort of band from that which the old symphonists worked with. An orchestra is now treated as a company of virtuosi, and the principal men in such organizations as that of Thomas are required to be artists of high training. The ability of orchestra-players has been rising for many years. A wonderful improvement has taken place since Beethoven had to lay aside a *Leonora* overture because the opera-band could not play it. Only forty years ago, however, some of the most respectable orchestras of Germany found the music of Berlioz beyond their powers when the French composer made a professional tour of that country. The condition of things has changed very rapidly since then, and the change has been hastened principally by the new demands of the new composers. Liszt's influence in this direction was incalculable. He not only gave a powerful incentive to technical training, but he taught orchestral players to bring to their work feeling, expression, and a sense of individuality; and he taught conductors how to use the new powers of their men.

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ENGLISH HYMNS.

THE average hymn is an anomaly in literature. Its widespread influence, so seemingly disproportionate to its real merit, is due to the swift communication of a welcome thought, rather than to any comeliness of language with which that thought is dressed. In a minor degree this is also the case with national anthems—struck off at a white heat and crudely strong, like new wine; with patriotic war-songs, where the fervor of the moment atones for all deficiencies, and with those wisely commonplace poems which have succeeded in rendering faithfully back to us the conventional emotions of our own hearts. But the national anthem can only arouse us when the nation's honor or interests are at stake; in calmer moments we are languidly unconcerned about the star-spangled banner, and listen to "God save the Queen" as to a decorous prayer. The war-songs cease to thrill us when the battle-flags are furled, and after many years' acquaintance with "A Psalm of Life" we no longer find in it that depth of moral philosophy which can be relied on for a vigorous support. But the strength of a hymn lies in the few great facts it represents, and with which our interests are too vitally connected to permit us to grow weary of the theme. To the mourner it whispers consolation; to the despairing, hope; to the weary, rest; and what wonder that, listening to this voice of comfort, we cease to be fastidious about halting numbers and imperfect rhymes. Wide as the sea is its sphere of usefulness; to the illiterate, to the commonplace, and to the learned it carries a healing message, proving by its catholicity the hidden source from which it draws its being.

Mr. Samuel Duffield has recently published a bulky and rather pretentious volume, entitled *English Hymns: Their Authors and History*, in which he has sought to gratify that pious curiosity which a great many good people are presumed to feel concerning the origin and vicissitudes of their favorite songs. Here we find Newman and Watts, Faber and Wesley, Keble and George Herbert, with a host of less famous writers, whose poems are alphabetically indexed and made the subject matter for some harmless criticism and a vast fund of anecdotes, which go far towards swelling the six hundred and seventy-five pages of which the book is composed. Some of these tales have so little connec-

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tion with the hymns that we are at a loss to imagine why they were inserted. Episodes of the late war, village stories on the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" order, and trifling incidents in the lives of ordinary men serve only to rob the volume of its literary compactness, while adding sorely to its weight. We turn, for instance, to

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,"

and find a detailed account of an estimable old lady, who wore a black silk gown, a white muslin kerchief, a cream-colored shawl, and a mob-cap, and who sat in an elbow-chair, with "a little paradise of a conservatory" opening out from her drawing-room. Beyond the fact that the old lady was heard on one occasion to sing a few verses of the hymn in question, there is absolutely no reason why all these particulars, and a great many more, should have been related about her, and it is hard to understand just what she is doing in a book at all. On the same principle Mr. Charles Wesley's admirers are edified with the history of old William Hiskins, of Fexham, Wiltshire, who came to church one fine morning, notwithstanding his years and decrepitude. Wesley's hymn,

"Arise, my soul, arise!"

being given out, Hiskins joined in devoutly, and on his way home stumbled into the canal and was drowned—a climax for which we were hardly prepared, and which, to say the least, is discouraging to the church-goer. Again, why should Mr. Duffield think it necessary to commend to our notice a hymn by William Knox, on the singular ground that another poem by the same author was a favorite with President Lincoln; and why strain our credulity by relating the conversion of a young man on hearing a companion recite during the pauses of a storm the following wretched verse:

"The God that reigns on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides the stormy sky
And manages the seas"?

The lines, which are by Dr. Watts, are probably the very worst he ever wrote, and ought not to be associated in any sane mind either with the majestic voices of nature or with the awful attributes of God.

Notwithstanding its serious defects, Mr. Duffield's work has been received with an unstinted praise which compels us to

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doubt whether the critics of the press are in the habit of reading what they review. One enthusiastic writer assures us, indeed, that "the refined enjoyment provided by the book begins with the first page and continues to the last"—which would seem to imply that he has mastered all its contents, but which, we fear, only means that he has spared himself the fatigue of its perusal. This eulogist is likewise of the opinion that "the beautiful inspiration of very many of our modern Christian hymns is, no doubt, a much stronger argument in favor of the continuance of divine inspiration than all the reasoning that has ever been done on the subject." Yet we doubt if the evidences of Christianity, as revealed in the modern hymn-book, will ever greatly ease the theologians of their burden. The "inspired" hymns are few and far between, and the greater number express nothing but a vague religious sentiment, emotional rather than instructive, and bearing no real proportion in their literary value to the magnitude of the topic which, even in this age of scepticism, rivets the central interests of mankind. The best sacred poems are in no sense hymns, and have never gained the widespread popularity which belongs to the more simple and direct effusion. Newman and Keble are not household names like Dr. Watts and John Newton; and even Blackie's beautiful "Angels holy, high and lowly" can hardly hope to stand side by side in the public estimation with such songs as "I would not live alway" and "Rock of Ages." In the sustained excellence of *The Christian Year*, which neither sinks into mediocrity nor rises to perfection, we see the well-balanced serenity of Keble's mind, and remember gladly that he was Newman's chosen friend. The two so widely different worked hand-in-hand on the famous *Tracts for the Times*, the one directing, the other eagerly following in his lead. "In the sort of warfare they had undertaken to wage together," says a writer in *Blackwood*, "Keble was incapable of keeping abreast with Newman, and Newman became almost immediately the master-spirit of the campaign. His was then, as it still is, an intellect which could not be satisfied with what appeared to him only half a truth. He could not, like Keble, rest upon probability. He must have certainty or nothing." So one went forward into the clearer light, and the other remained behind, dazed and saddened by the separation; happy, indeed, in his clerical duties and his domestic life, but "in exceeding doubt and perplexity respecting the affairs of the church." There is something inexpressibly touching in that last reunion at Hursley vicarage, when, after the publication of the *Apologia*, Newman, Keble, and Pusey dined

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together once more, and once more, before death parted them for ever, united the broken links of their affection.

It is very hard to warm up to Keble's poems. Many of them are really fine, and all express with fitting dignity the great truths they aspire to handle; but the flame to light our souls is lacking, the true poetic instinct is seldom visible in their creation. That they awoke at first as much resentment as admiration was naturally due to the extreme Catholicity of their tone. Men said they were songs of the church rather than of God, and felt stunned by the writer's unqualified admission of the Real Presence in the Eucharist and by his loving reverence for the Blessed Virgin. From a long hymn on the Annunciation we quote the last three stanzas, both as proving how tenderly Keble has dealt with his subject, and because they are among the most graceful and pleasing he has ever written:

"Ave Maria! Mother blest!
To whom, caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favor'd beyond archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled.

"Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For he, thy son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

"Bless'd is the womb that bare him—bless'd
The bosom where his lips were pressed;
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear his word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell
And never pass away."

It is not possible to compare Keble as a poet to Newman. Newman's poems have been well designated as "the work of a powerful intellect, unbent for a season from sterner tasks"; and while not equal to his incomparable prose, they stand to-day without any peer in the world of English religious verse. Keble is so lavish of his fancy that his best pictures are indistinct from being overcrowded. Newman presents his subject unsoftened by accessories, and, with the tranquillity of restrained power, seeks rather to veil than to give expression to that depth of thought and emotion which reaches the very fibre of our souls. All our

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longings, aspirations, fears, doubts, terrors, are reflected in his pages; and the voice that answers them is fraught with human sympathy, tempered by that wise, sad resignation which is our only strength. Who has not echoed in his heart this passionate cry:

"O Christ! that it were possible,
After long years, to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be"?

There is so much sentiment written nowadays on the loneliness of the forgotten dead—a favorite topic with modern morbid poets—that the real loneliness of the living is well-nigh overlooked, and with it that unanswered question, that heart-breaking doubt, as to whether the heaven-centred souls concern themselves about our daily lives. Once our burdens were theirs, our pleasures, successes, disappointments shared by them; now these things still mean as much to us as ever, but the dead give no token, and we cannot tell whether their radiant eyes are fixed upon us as we go. To this wistful desire to still interest those who loved and cherished us on earth comes as a healing message a little poem of such pure and tranquil beauty that the two last verses are surely unsurpassed in their absolute perfection of form and thought. It was written in 1829, and is entitled

"A VOICE FROM AFAR.

"Weep not for me:
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

"I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

"A sea before
The Throne is spread—its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest."

The extreme pureness and lucidity of Newman's style often deceive uncultivated minds into thinking his poems simple rather

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than profound; and it is to these good people that an English critic offers the sharp reminder that, while such poetry looks easy to write, it is in truth very difficult to imitate. "It is always possible to be trivial and vulgar; but to unite, as here, great simplicity of thought and great plainness of speech to dignity, is a formidable task." The same may be truthfully observed of his prose. It looks so much harder—until we try it—to write like Mr. Pater than like Newman that we do not always understand the rare perfection which makes every page seem easy to our eyes. A marked individuality of style is common enough, and we have plenty of striking instances under our notice. Carlyle, Browning, Blackmore, and a host of others can be readily recognized by their cultured peculiarities; but for absolute purity of language we have only two great living masters—Matthew Arnold and Newman; nor are there at present many shoulders in training to receive their mantles.

Father Faber's hymns—well known and well loved as they are—belong to a wholly different order of creation. Some one has harshly said that the world lost a poet when Faber became a priest, and it is singular that any one so deeply imbued with the poetic spirit should have written lines of such unequal merit, or have clothed many of his most beautiful thoughts in such loosely constructed verse. The delicacy and pathos of his conceptions will never be denied; but these things, while sufficient for a good hymn, cannot of themselves make a perfect poem—and Faber is essentially a poet. No one can doubt this who has ever read "Pilgrims of the Night," "The Sorrowful World," or those strange verses called "The Creation of the Angels," and beginning,

> "In pulses deep of threefold love,
> Self-hushed and self-possessed,
> The mighty, unbeginning God
> Had lived in silent rest."

It is to be regretted that the New England publishers of an illustrated, "unsectarian" edition of Father Faber's hymns should have thought fit to decorate this mysterious and noble poem with a woodcut representing a fat little cupid riding in a high-heeled slipper, by way of car, with a rose for a pillow, an arrow for a whip, and two of Aphrodite's doves for horses. This may be what Mr. Gosse calls "unconscious impiety," but as a matter of fact it is hard to assign any reason for the unconsciousness.

The most serious defect that can be urged against Faber's hymns is an occasional lack of reverence, a freedom with holy

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things and holy names, which in his case was but the outspoken expression of an abiding love, but which nevertheless is a dangerous precedent to establish. There is no fault more common in the ordinary hymns for the populace than the easy assumption that we are in the full enjoyment of the divine favor, and nothing is more rare than any hint of our unworthiness to occupy that position. "Perfect love casteth out fear"; but the emotion which is produced by aid of a favorite tune and a mellifluous verse is not a perfect love, and can hardly be relied on in the practical battles of life. It is strange to see a writer like Faber, whose prose works have been considered the most severe of spiritual guides, abandon himself so readily in his hymns to this confident familiarity with God. It is stranger still that the same man who gave us the solemn warning,

> "Prayer was not meant for luxury,
> Or selfish pleasures sweet:
> It is the prostrate creature's place
> At his Creator's feet,"

should ever have written such lines as these:

> "The solemn face, the downcast eye,
> The words constrained and cold—
> These are the homage, poor at best,
> Of those outside the fold.
>
> "They know not how our God can play
> The babe's, the brother's part;
> They dream not of the ways he has
> Of getting at the heart";

or these:

> "How can they tell how Jesus oft
> His secret thirst will slake
> On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
> Are taught by God to take?"

while in such poems as "The True Shepherd" the same tone of familiar freedom is even more apparent.

We lay stress on this point only because it is a device too easily followed, and too aptly developed by coarser hands into something infinitely worse. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has expressed himself very strongly on the subject of those dismal old hymns, dear at one time to the Presbyterian heart, which gave you distinctly to understand that hell was yawning beneath your feet, and the vast majority of mankind dropping quickly into it. He has drawn a vivid picture of the defiant young soul driven to the verge of suicide by the horror of such accumulated

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ideas, and tempted, in mingled fear and resentment, to "dare the worst" with which she was so pitilessly threatened. And beyond doubt the dreadful certainty with which revivalists were wont to promise eternal punishment has, in its time, overthrown many sensitive organizations and helped liberally to populate the madhouse. Richard Weaver used to boast of shaking a dying woman "over hell" until, one by one, she dropped the money-bags from beneath her pillow to the floor; and while the self-denying devotion of Weaver's life is proof of his sincerity in the work of conversion, his methods remind us irresistibly of the missionary who carried a Bible in one hand and a revolver in the other, and gave the heathen their choice in true highwayman fashion. As for the point which is occasionally made by the biographers of these stalwart preachers, that "the Almighty Arbiter set his seal" upon their denunciations—meaning that penalties of some sort followed their neglected warnings—it is well to recollect that several of the unfortunates "cursed" by Ludovick Muggleton, the illiterate founder of a forgotten sect, actually died from sheer fright, to the great strengthening of his cause and the comfort and consolation of his disciples. Nevertheless, if we take the trouble to peruse some of the modern hymn-books, especially those of an exoteric order, we cannot fail to perceive how the cheerless visions of judgment and hell have yielded place to a most genial assurance of heaven, and how sinners are counselled, not exactly to repent and do penance, but to cast away all fear, and rejoice in the love of their Saviour. Surely Faber is not altogether innocent of this tone when he writes thus of God the Father:

> "Thy justice is the gladdest thing
> Creation can behold;
> Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
> The guilty to be bold."

But for the keynote to Faber's confidence we must turn to another and nobler poem, and there learn how awe may be extinguished in devotion. He who could say truthfully:

> "O God! who wert my childhood's love,
> My boyhood's pure delight,
> A presence felt the livelong day,
> A welcome fear at night,"

might well lift his eyes tranquilly to the Judgment Seat; but it is hardly safe to assume that we have all cause to feel elated on this matter. In too many popular hymns salvation is guaran-

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teed us on the easiest of terms, and with a jovial conviction that leaves no room for doubt. The blood of the Lamb has washed away our sins—one hymn even assures us

"He's graciously waiting to wash more"

—and Chanaan's happy shores lie stretched before us all.

As a result of this frame of mind condemned criminals of the most brutal type face the unknown future with unruffled composure, convinced, in the words of one of them, that they "will awaken in the bosom of their Saviour"; and men of dubious morals live two distinct lives, one of emotional piety fit for Sunday use, and one of tricky dishonesty more congenial to their every-day avocations. All thoughts of God's justice, which will not be for most of us

"—the gladdest thing
Creation can behold,"

are merged in an assurance of his love; all fears for our own deficiencies are lost in the comfortable feeling that we are loving him very much in return, and, though giving frail proof of our sincerity, are telling him so with unexampled fervor.

Walter Bagehot has administered to this class of religionists a rebuke so sternly and truthfully disheartening that his words are not likely to win their way abroad, or reach the ears to which they are directed:

"The attractive aspects of God's character must not be made more apparent to such a being as man than his chastening and severer aspects. We must not be invited to approach the Holy of holies without being made aware—painfully aware—what holiness is. We must know our own unworthiness ere we are fit to approach or imagine an Infinite Perfection. The most nauseous of false religions is that which affects a fulsome fondness for a Being not to be thought of without awe, or spoken of without reluctance."*

If the young men and women who, in the intervals of gossip and flirtation, sing hymns at the sea-shore on Sunday evenings, shouting out the holiest of names in a lusty chorus, could realize that it was "a Being not to be thought of without awe, or spoken of without reluctance," whom they are addressing with such careless irreverence, it might occur to them that this species of religious dissipation should be conducted on a less broadly humorous basis.

Few literary qualifications are required for a popular hymn, and few are noticeable in its construction. Some of the best

* *The Ignorance of Man.*

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sound like echoes from older voices, as in George Herbert's "Said I not so?" where we see a reflection common to most serious poets, from St. Gregory Nazianzen to Adelaide Procter. And in the long-drawn weakness of Bishop Ken's "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun" we recognize the same impulse which stirred St. Gregory in his "Morning Prayer," now familiar to us all through Newman's beautiful translation. But the hymns which delight the populace are not Newman's, nor Herbert's, nor even Bishop Ken's. They are to be found in vastly different compilations, published under the patronage of Tate and Brady, or Moody and Sankey, or the Salvation Army, or some equally capable literary judges. They abound in grotesque imagery and noisy zeal, and assume that the first duty of a Christian is to make his religion as clamorous as possible:

"O God! my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice
While I have breath to raise my voice.

"Then will I shout, then will I sing!
I'll make the heavenly arches ring!
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal, happy shore."

They are particularly fertile in curious parallels, which are presumed to hold the attention of a crowd by presenting some well-known image to its mind: We are soldiers marching to glory; we are sailors weathering a storm; we are wayfarers resting in shady places; we are modern tourists travelling comfortably by rail—the last device being particularly welcome to the enervated penitent of advanced civilization:

'The lines to heaven by Christ were made;
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

"Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

"The Bible is the engineer;
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It doth the way to heaven steer."

And so on through several more verses, reading which we no longer wonder at Mr. Matthew Arnold's vigorous denunciation of

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hymns, a subject on which he has many times expressed the most heterodox views.

"In the long run," he argues, "bad music and bad poetry, to whatever good and useful purposes a man may often manage to turn them, are in themselves mischievous and deteriorating to him. Somewhere and somehow and at some time or other he has to pay a penalty and to suffer a loss for taking delight in them. It is bad for people to hear such words and such a tune as the words or tune of

> "'O happy place! when shall I be,
> My God, with thee to see thy face?'

—worse for them to take pleasure in it." *

Without thinking that the penalty for such transgressions will be a very heavy one, we cannot but regret that religious impulses should often manifest themselves in this fashion; not so much for the offence given to our more cultivated tastes as for their own utter barrenness of purpose. Except in the temperance hymns, there is seldom a practical suggestion of reform in all these noisy verses. To tell a loafing, swearing vagabond that

> "Repentance is the station, then,
> Where passengers are taken in"

is not making it plain to him that he must cleanse his foul mouth and support his little children. He would never shout half so lustily over these unwelcome truths. As for the temperance hymns, they are perhaps more pointed than pleasing:

> "May drunkards see sobriety
> In an alluring light"

is a wish in which we all heartily concur; that they

> "May be brought to hate
> Drinks that intoxicate"

is a most desirable possibility; but, as a *Blackwood* reviewer observes, none of these sentiments are presented with any great felicity of language. Still, as keeping the idea of one needful reformation steadily before a man's mind, they are of more value than smoother lines about golden gates, and golden streets, and golden harps, and all the wealth of gilded imagery so vaguely dazzling to the shrunken conceptions of the poor.

Mr. Arnold tells us that the German hymns are much better than the English, and Mr. Ruskin finds a real merit in the simple, pious songs of Italy. Cardinal Antonelli used to say that the poorest and most ignorant Italian never lost a certain inborn

* *Last Essays on Church and Religion.*

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accuracy of taste which enabled him to know what was beautiful; and the same thing has been observed of the Spanish peasant, who, hopelessly illiterate, has not, like our own artisan, been warped into vulgarity by the sordid ugliness of his surroundings and the sharp edge of a contentious life. There is a little hymn —the prayer of Calabrian shepherds to the Virgin—which is occasionally sung by Catholic choirs, and which for grace and simplicity can hardly be surpassed. Take but the three following verses, and see how easily they express the sentiments natural to the rustic suppliants: a loving admiration for their beautiful country, a devout reverence for the Mother of God, and a docile confidence in her protection:

"Madonna, keep the cold north wind
Amid his native seas;
So that no withering blight come down
Upon our olive-trees.

"And bid the sunshine glad our hills
The dew rejoice our vines,
And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep
In music through the pines.

"Pray for us, that our hearts and homes
Be kept in fear and love—
Love for all things around our path,
And fear for those above."

Here we have all the true requisites of a hymn: the emotions of fear, hope, and love, a devout and yet definite petition, simple thoughts that all can grasp, and language which neither puzzles the ignorant by its subtility nor offends the cultivated by its crudeness. Such artless verses do not aspire to the province of poetry, but they fulfil the purpose for which they were designed: penetrating into hearts that the poet has never touched, drawing us together in the common fellowship of prayer, and linking our wandering, selfish thoughts to the great problems which make our interests one.

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CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE revelation which God has made to man through his Son Jesus Christ is one of authority. This is a legitimate aspect of divine revelation. A large class of mankind see divine revelation under this aspect as its most prominent feature, and to this class divine revelation must give perfect satisfaction, though the essence of Christianity is not authority. True faith brings man to the acceptance of the divine authority; therefore, faith is necessary that man may know and worship God aright.

Faith includes as one of its essential features believing what God has revealed on the authority of God revealing. This definition implies that God has made a revelation which he proposes on his own authority. If this be so, the truths revealed must be certain; if they come from God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, they cannot be questioned without impugning the veracity of God; if they are proposed on the authority of God revealing, the rejection of them is the denial of God. It is, moreover, the same destruction of faith whether one or all of the revealed truths are denied. But how are we to know what God has revealed? St. Paul asks this question: "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15). From this text it is evident that the hearing of a preacher divinely sent is the means appointed for giving us this knowledge. Who have been divinely sent to preach the gospel? The apostles were; and an examination of their commission will settle the question about others. After his resurrection Jesus spoke to them, saying: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20). Jesus also said to them: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you" (St. John xx. 21).

The apostles, as their commission declares, had authority from Jesus Christ to teach men to observe all that he had commanded, which they were to do until the consummation of the world. He made their message complete and the cessation of their office

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impossible. This living authority necessarily produces and perpetuates unity. Authority and unity go together; unity without authority would be something like a circle without a centre.

Rev. Dr. Caldwell, in the *Andover Review*, says that "nothing but explicit divine command can be the basis for such a perfect and indivisible unity" (as organic unity). He also says: "It seems almost impossible for all variations in worship to be harmonized except by some œcumenical authority." But divine authority in it makes unity an essential mark of the true church.

Where are authority and unity to be found in Protestantism?

Rev. Dr. Richards, in the *Andover Review*, says: "Protestantism is something far removed from the ideal of the church as one body with one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Yet he says "that ideal is not strained or unnatural. One Lord and Saviour comes into the world, lives one perfect life, and dies one blessed sacrifice. To one mankind he comes bestowing one full salvation. To be of him, to be in him, to be like him is the one goodness possible for believers. All are agreed that he founded one spiritual kingdom. Its essential unity would seem more simply and effectively symbolized by a single organic structure, of however varied and diverse parts, than by many. . . . Every believer has his vision and dream of one body at last; . . . he at least awaits it as a heavenly fruition. What we all look to hereafter may we not aspire to now?" He adds, in conclusion: "The prayer of Jesus ('That they may be one') shall prevail: the head shall have one body, the foundation one building, the shepherd one flock, the bridegroom one bride, the Lord of all one kingdom." The actual Roman Catholic Church is Dr. Richard's ideal church. It is "a single structure of varied and diverse parts." Its unity "is not strained or unnatural," for it embodies men and women, such as we are. It is more sensitive of race characteristics, of nationalities and individualities, than all others. Did Catholicity resist Protestantism on account of these distinctions? How could it, when these had always existed, and exist now, among Catholic peoples more distinct than among any other?

Catholicity abhors what Dr. Caldwell calls "uniformity" and "absorption." Whoever needs or wishes proof of this should look at the races, nations, and individuals in the Catholic Church. The church insists, when they have historic value, that different religious rites must be retained. Have Celts, Saxons, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Japanese, or Chinese been denationalized by the church?

"Let "every believer who has had his vision and dream of

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one body at last" rejoice; the one body is here, and, if he will be faithful, "the heavenly fruition" will come.

Dr. Caldwell holds with Catholics that organic unity without divine authority is impossible, but Dr. Richards says that such a unity is going to be in the future. If it is to come, on what basis will it rest? Can human authority, perhaps the decision of a great body, an élite few, or an individual genius, produce it? If so, it would be a despicable surrender of the very thing aimed at, which is a unity that perfects liberty.

But who would dare to call the recognition of a divinely established authority anything but a reception of divine light, an emancipation, an entrance into liberty.

Happily, the vocation of the Catholic Christian is to liberty; he is one whom "the truth makes free." He is one whom a church which is "the pillar and ground of truth" elevates and enlightens. "Peter and the eleven" were members of such a church. Later on Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenæus, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine were not in severed churches.

It is not strange that one who will not "hear" a divinely established church has to be regarded "as heathen and publican," but it is passing strange that men without guile read the commission of Christ to the apostles, admit with St. Paul that "sects," like "fornication, idolatry, and witchcraft, are works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 20), and persist in sectarianism!

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"PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY." *

WHAT is known as Orthodox Congregationalism has been shaken to its very foundations by a new departure in theology, called "Progressive Orthodoxy." The time-honored and famous citadel of Andover has fallen, partially at least, into the hands of the innovators, who, conscious of the stronghold which they have secured, have boldly proclaimed to the world their nicely-chosen interpretations of Christian doctrines.

Probation after death for those who in this life have not had explicit knowledge of the Christian faith is the central idea of "Progressive Orthodoxy." A theory of the Incarnation and Redemption has been framed to suit this idea.

Passing by the many errors which are to be found in the whole system, we shall consider in this article only the question of probation after death.

In the first place, we would like to know how a disembodied soul is properly in a state of probation? Is not this life (the union of soul and body) the normal condition for moral action? The sin of Adam, which was the cause of the fall, and the actual sins of all men have been expiated by the sufferings of Jesus Christ in the flesh, because they are the sins of man, as man in the flesh. The work of redemption was consummated when the Son of God expired on the cross; the glorified body of the Redeemer was on the third day reunited to his glorified soul, because it was fitting that the body should share in the glory of the soul, having been humiliated with the soul. But the resurrection of the Saviour was like what the resurrection of the just will be on the last day. Is it conceivable, then, that a man may depart this life in sin, leaving behind him a body of sin, and after leaving this world his soul by itself repent and on the last day be reunited to its body of sin? By no means, unless by an almost unheard-of exception, similar to that of the deliverance of a soul from hell after death.† The whole man must repent or the whole man

* *Progressive Orthodoxy:* A Contribution to the Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrine. By the Editors of the *Andover Review*, Professors in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The accounts of these exceptions are only pious legends. If true, they cannot be satisfactorily explained, unless we suppose that these exceptional persons were restored to this life by a miracle, and in this way an opportunity for repentance given. In such cases the particular judgment would appear to have been temporarily suspended.

The opinion that even one person will be delivered from hell after the general judgment is against faith.

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cannot be saved. "For we must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ," says St. Paul, "that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil" (2 Cor. v. 10).

The proper conditions both for repentance and the commission of sin are wanting in the soul of man as separated from the body. A man does not renounce the world for Christ's sake when it is beyond his reach; he does not mortify the flesh which he no longer has; his body will not be given up to Satan at death and his soul afterwards be given up to God. If he is to have a glorified body in heaven, it will be because his "members" have been "the temple of the Holy Ghost"; because he has glorified and borne "God in his body" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). Can a body that has not been mortified and subjected to the spirit share in the glory of the spirit? Moreover, when the soul has been separated from the body by death it may not sin further without having a deeper guilt than at the time of death, which would make it unsuitable to be reunited to its body as that body was at death.

Now, soul and body are to be at least as intimately united for all eternity after the general resurrection as they are in the present life. But "Progressive Orthodoxy" teaches that a man who has knowledge of the Gospel in this life, if he wishes to be saved, has got to fight his way to heaven by keeping the commandments, overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil, while the man who has died without the knowledge of the Gospel has got no such battle for salvation, because he cannot have it. Once a man who had listened to a preacher's lucid explanation of the Christian doctrine remarked afterwards to the preacher: "It is not the faith but the morals of religion that sticks me." If that man could have died without knowledge of the Gospel, perhaps Andover could deal with him more lightly than it knows how to now! Whence may we trace the origin of this new doctrine of probation after death?

We think that the orthodox Protestant notion of hell has had a tendency to make many seek for some explanation of theology which would keep men out of it. If hell be considered as simply and only a place of torment, if both original and actual sin bring a soul to endless suffering, there is more difficulty in believing that probation ends with this life than, if it be thought not against faith, to hold that hell is a place of perfect natural beatitude * for those not guilty of actual sin and for those who have deliberately sinned, a place where the suffering is rigidly proportionate to the actual guilt.

* St. Thomas Aquin, other saints, and many great theologians hold this opinion.

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Another source of the new doctrine of probation after death is the theory that explicit knowledge and acceptance of the Christian faith is absolutely necessary for salvation. If Christianity is for all men, why put such a limit to the operation of grace? What is Christianity but divine grace itself? If it be believed that sufficient, or at least remotely sufficient, grace for salvation is given in this life to every man, and that a man may make an act of faith in God as existing and "as a rewarder to them that seek him." (Heb. xi. 6) without an explicit knowledge of the Incarnation and Redemption, the condition in this life of those who are invincibly ignorant of the true faith is not so hopeless as Andover theologians would wish us to believe. They require more explicit conditions for salvation than right reason or orthodox theologians of all ages have. It is of no use to increase strict conditions which do not follow from reason. How can God be the rewarder of those "who believe in his existence" and "seek" him and reject those who do this? With this extreme theory of explicit knowledge and acceptance of the Christian faith as necessary for salvation, labelled as "orthodox ballast," they launch out into the wind and waves with probation after death for the heathen who have not had in this life explicit knowledge of the Christian faith in flying colors! We do not predict for them a safe voyage. Andover theology evidently does not rely on the general drift of the Scriptures in teaching probation after death, but relies on the exceptions that God could make if he would, and perhaps has made for some, and makes of them a divine rule of action. Error readily proceeds from trying to make of exceptions general rules.

Let us preach what is revealed and what we know, and not run after exceptions. Why thrust in our faces an exception which tends to weaken in the minds of the faithful a general rule of Scripture? Because St. Jerome interprets the Scripture as saying that God will not judge in eternity* (Gen. vi. 3) those who perished in the deluge, should we infer that God never judges or punishes in eternity when he does so in this life? Do you think because of this exception that St. Jerome believed the unorthodox opinion of a law of pardon for all in like circumstances? But what do you mean by "Progressive Orthodoxy"? Have you explicitly brought out what was implicitly in the Christian revelation before? If your doctrine is new it is not true. It is too late in the day for us to make experiments on the

* St. Jerome holds that all these persons were saved by their repentance previous to death.

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Gospel; we ought to know by this time, if ever, what the Gospel generally means.

"But Orthodox Protestantism makes men's chances of salvation too small," you say. Therein lies the difficulty which you aim to set aside by probation after death.

Do you not know that the Catholic faith gives one a larger hope for men than Orthodox Protestantism? By Protestant Orthodoxy, however, must not be understood Progressive Orthodoxy. But it will be in vain for you to think that you can long maintain Progressive Orthodoxy. Probation after death will not stand the test of theological criticism. It can be traced only to your individualism. It is an eccentricity of faith as uncatholic as Swedenborgianism or Spiritism. Be careful lest, in your anxiety to get the heathen into heaven, you shut yourselves out.

Missions will not overtax the energies of the church with such an appendage to its faith. A missionary is a messenger of God, "a shining torch," "a fire on a mountain," sent forth with the spirit and power of an Elias, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, St. Xavier to preach by his life and words to a dying world.

In the single question of probation after death it is easy to see that the Orthodox Congregationalists have the advantage over the Andover Progressionists. The Orthodox Congregationalists have our sympathy in their grief at what has happened in Andover. All upholders of orthodoxy should stand by them and help them to combat the new error. Not a few Episcopalians, all Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, are with them heart and soul.

Let the Progressionists shift for themselves. Mr. D. L. Moody with his Bible and Scott's *Commentary* is a better guide than the Andover scientists with all their knowledge of Hebrew and Greek.

Is the memory of George Whitefield, who, though not a Congregationalist, yet preached in the orthodox churches of New England, dead? Were it not for Whitefield's continual holding up of Calvinism one would suppose that his sermons were those of a Catholic Liguorian missioner! We say to the Orthodox Congregationalists: Unseat "Progressive Orthodoxy" from Andover if you can. See if the teaching of the present professors (on the Incarnation, for example) is different from what their promises or contracts require that it should be. The Massachusetts courts should decide whether the trustees can give the emoluments of those chairs to those who depart from the doctrinal standards fixed by the benefactors.

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We think that you once let Harvard University be taken away from you too easily. We know the history of Harvard University. We know it was founded by an orthodox minister to be an orthodox institution, and now we know it is teaching Unitarianism and Rationalism! In our judgment there is nothing like having men with new doctrines found new colleges and seminaries.

A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER III.

INTERRUPTION.

"And now, dear," said Desmond, "as I have given you my serious promise, let me go my own way for the rest of the even ing. I want to look over the papers in the old wooden box in the shanty, to put them in order for your reading. Don't expect to see me again till to-morrow morning, and tell Jeanne I shall not come in to supper. I shall spend most of the night at my task."

"I fear it will be a painful one," said Bawn, beginning to tremble for the consequences of her own boldness.

"Not so painful as it might have been. Your faith and confidence have given me courage, and, after a life-time of silence and isolation with my trouble, your sympathy is very sweet. Already I feel happier than I believed it possible I could ever feel again. Little daughter, you have comforted me."

"Daddy, I hold you to be one of God's martyrs."

"That is wild talk, my darling. Only to-night do I realize fully how wicked I have been. I have suffered morosely, without admitting the blessedness of suffering."

"I cannot wonder."

"My daughter's trust has broken my pride. I freely pardon all who injured me. Go, now, my precious one, and pray for me if you would help me."

"I am always praying for you. Sometimes I think I hear the angels grumbling, 'Here is this Bawn again, clamoring about her father!'"

"Continue your violence, my dearest. A most unusual hope and happiness have descended upon me to-night."

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"Thank Heaven for it! And after this we shall be so happy!"

Then they parted, Desmond going to his shanty and Bawn returning to the house, where she baffled Jeanne's inquiries about her father, merely saying that she had seen him and that he would not return in time for supper. Retiring early to her room, the girl remained long on her knees trying once more to weary out the patience of the angels. In the vigorous hopefulness of her healthy youth she was not satisfied with asking resignation and peace for her martyr, but demanded comfort the most complete, a crown of happiness the most absolute, to make amends for long years of desolation and pain. How strangely such vehement prayers are sometimes answered only those can know who have dared to utter them.

Having made her demands of Heaven, Bawn lingered still, looking out of her window, her eyes resting on the sleeping, sombre woods, the dreaming prairie spanned by the star-sown sky, the white, moon-silvered gables and roofs of the homestead. A dog bayed in the distance, a faint lowing came from the cattle-sheds, and the geese gabbled in the farm-yard. Echoes of whistling and faint laughter floated up from the fields, where some of the laborers were amusing themselves. Red fire-side lights shone under the eaves and made the moonlight more white, more ethereal by contrast.

While her eyes took in the beauty of the night her heart swelled with indignation as she thought over her father's communication of the evening, and asked herself in amazement what kind of men and women these might be whom he had described as good and true, yet who could believe him a criminal, and, driving him away from them deliberately, could lose him out of their lives for evermore. Stupid, base, inconceivable beings! There was no word in her vocabulary strong enough to express her contempt and disgust for them. So patient, so kindly as he was, and so quietly brave in spite of that amiable weakness of character which his daughter felt in him, and which made him more lovable in her eyes! Why could he not have forgotten them? Why could he not despise them as she did? To think that, after all these thirty years, the memory of their love should live so cruelly within him and would not die!

"Oh! that he and I could go back among them," she thought, "and force them to believe in the truth. I am not blighted and heart-broken, but young and strong, and full of faith. I would walk into their homes and reproach them with their falsehood. I would tell them of his noble, gentle, and laborious life; of how

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the poor come to him for help and the rich entrust him with their interests. I would ask them to look at his sad eyes, his white hair, and I would say, 'Is this the man you branded and drove out from you?'"

Flinging herself on her bed, she cried herself to sleep, and soon slept the undisturbed slumber of pure and perfect health. After some hours she wakened suddenly with a strange, startled feeling, a belief that her father had been standing at her bedside the moment before her eyes had opened, that he had bent over her and spoken to her. Even when wide awake and aware that this must have been a delusion, a dream, she felt uneasy, as though intelligence had been given her that something unusual had happened. Dawn was already making objects dimly visible in the room, giving them that ghostly aspect which all things take at the first sign of the approach of another day, and, wondering if her father had returned to the house, she lay listening, thinking it possible his entrance might have wakened her. All was still, and, with an anxiety that would not be controlled, she rose and went to the window commanding a view of one end of the log hut. The faint star of light which she could always see when he was there at night was burning still. How long he was lingering over that painful retrospection! How tired he would be to-morrow! Full of a tender concern for him, she dressed quickly, went noiselessly down the staircase, and let herself out of the house, with the intention of persuading him to give up his vigil, and of preparing some refreshment which he might take before going to his much-needed rest.

She was soon at the door of the shanty, and, finding it unfastened, went in, calling softly to her father that it was she.

There was no answer. The light on the table was burning low with a flicker that seemed to struggle with the encroachments of the dawn-light, and she could see her father's figure sitting in his chair by the table, his head leaned slightly to one side and resting on his hand. His other hand lay upon some papers which were before him on the table—the letters he had taken from the casket, which stood empty by their side. Her first impression was that he had fallen asleep—no unnatural consequence of his long day's wandering in the open air, followed by hours of vigil. She hesitated, unwilling to disturb him, and waited, expecting to see him wake or stir.

The lamp flickered out, and the daylight grew stronger in the room. Desmond's face was in shadow, and his attitude was one of such perfect repose that his daughter felt no alarm, only

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remained patiently standing at the window, debating whether she should return to the house and prepare some coffee, or wake him first and persuade him to accompany her.

It struck her at last, with a vague sensation of chill, that the room was unnaturally still, that she had heard neither breath nor slightest movement from the figure in the chair since her entrance into the hut. The moment after this vague alarm had seized her she was by her father's side, kneeling at his chair and looking fearfully and scrutinizingly into his face.

Something she saw there made her start with a cry of fear and anguish, and seize him by the hands, which were stiff and cold to her touch, like hands of the dead. The noble face was gray and rigid, with an awful look which even the sweetness on the lips and the peace on the brow could not soften. Had death indeed found him in this moment of forgiveness and contentment, and had the brave heart broken while thus reviewing in a tender spirit the evidences of the wreck of its happiness? How Bawn regained the house and summoned aid she never knew, but in a short time every remedy that could be brought to bear upon the apparently lifeless man had been tried, and not without effect. He recovered at last from what was proved to have been a long and very deathlike swoon.

The next day the swooning returned, and the doctor from St. Paul whispered to Bawn that, though her father was stricken with heart-disease, yet if properly cared for and saved from all anxiety he might recover so far as to linger, an invalid, for years. It was a shadowy hope, and all but Bawn admitted it to be so. No better sign of the seriousness of his case could have been given than Jeanne's unwonted control over her tongue, or at least her tones; for had her husband been likely to recover she would not have so spared him. As it was, she did all her grumbling in her store-rooms and dairy, where she lamented much that she was so soon to be a widow after all the pains she had taken to be a wife.

Meanwhile Bawn sat by her father's bedside, looking neither despairing nor melancholy. A run round the garden, morning and evening, kept a speck of color the size of a carnation-bud in her cheek, so that Desmond should not say she was wearing herself pale with her constant and devoted attendance on him. With smiles that never failed—smiles, sweet and penetrating, that had a restoring power, like good wine—she tended, cheered, and amused him. If good nursing could bring back any half-dead man to life, then Arthur Desmond must soon have arisen and

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walked. For some time he hoped with Bawn that he should do so, but little by little he learned from his friend, Dr. Ackroyd, how small was the amount of such expectation he could dare to indulge in. Making up his mind to die, he felt no regret, except for the sake of the beloved daughter he was leaving behind him. Watching her sitting at his window, at work on nice things for his comfort, to be worn, as she fondly hoped, in the coming winter, which he knew he should never see, he remarked the beauty of her face and form, and the signs of an ardent though controlled nature which were so clearly visible under her serene and smiling aspect. In her pale-blue linen dress and bunch of field-daisies he thought her so charming that nothing could be added to her beauty. What would become of her when he should be laid in the earth? Rich, handsome, good, with a mind cultivated far beyond those with whom she was ever likely to come in contact, how was her life likely to be spent? Ah! if he might be spared yet a few years longer, the time he had hitherto spent in selfish, retrospective sorrow should be used in the endeavor to pilot his darling into some secure harbor for life. He would make a trip to Europe—take her, not to England, but to those Continental places where varieties of people are to be met. Who would recognize him now or remember his story? It was not possible but that some good man, her mate in heart and mind, seeing her, should love this dear Bawn; and, a shelter having been found for her, what mattered about the rest?

Then, having travelled in imagination as far as Europe, Desmond's thoughts went further still, and the face of another woman became present to his mind. After half an hour of dreaming he sighed heavily.

"Daddy, what is ailing you?" said Bawn, with all her heart in her eyes.

"I have been thinking, dear, it is a pity I told you—all I told you that evening. What is the use of it now? The bitterness is gone, for ever gone. Under the shadow of Death's wings all things take an even surface. I have often thought to ask you about the letters and papers, dearest. I was reading them when I got this blow—"

Bawn's heart always stood still when he would speak like this, calmly, of death. But she answered in her cheerful way: "They are all safe in the casket. I have not looked at them."

"Better not look at them at all, then, my dear—at least not till I am gone."

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Bawn left her seat and knelt by his bed, laying her head on the pillow beside his.

"Do not talk so," she said, "if you would not kill me. You are going to be well, and then we will forget and be happy. And I must read those letters, though not until you bid me. I have a presentiment that in the course of my years I shall meet those people who spoiled my father's life; and I should like to know all about it."

"Dreams, my darling—dreams. How should you ever meet with them; and what could come of it but pain?"

"I don't know how I shall meet them, but I have a long time to live in this world, and they are in it, too—some of them, surely—and there is no knowing how things may happen. And as for pain, there might be pain, indeed, but the truth might come out of it."

"Well, dear, I feel that I have no right to deny your request in the matter, having told you so much as I did. You know the worst, and, if your mind will run on the subject, it may be well, as you say, that all the circumstances should be known to you. Open the casket when you like, and make your own of the contents."

"May I speak to you of this again when I have done so?"

"Dear, I would rather not. My life has been lived, my burden borne. Peace has come to me at last, and I will not give it away again. Make what use you please of your knowledge in after-years, but smile and prattle to me now while I am with you. I have done with the past, and let us think of it no more."

Bawn was afraid to move her head lest he should see the tears dripping down her cheeks. His perfect peace, forgivingness, satisfaction, wrung her heart more than the most bitter complaints could have done. The peace of approaching death was upon him, though Bawn would not have it so. How sweet it would be when he should get quite well and would talk like this about what in former days had been a horror not to be shared or softened! After a long time of silence she ventured to withdraw her head from the pillow and steal a look at his face. She thought he had fallen asleep, and so he had; only she need not have feared to awake him, for, though his eyes were fast closed, his spirit was already awake in the sunshine of eternity.

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CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE PAST.

THE second winter after Arthur Desmond's death had come round, and his grave was covered with snow. Bawn, having lived through one tragic year, was trying to begin another with patience, which was the more difficult to her as Jeanne had begun to wear a gold locket and bracelets and to entertain friends and relations who in her husband's life-time were not welcome in his home.

One clear, frosty evening she came slowly down-stairs from her own rooms, where she had of late lived almost entirely, and looked wearily through the windows as she passed them, up at the keen stars and across at the forest darkness, lingering, loath to enter the drawing-room, and yet resolved to conciliate her step-mother, whose wrath she often excited by her avoidance of the obnoxious cousins and friends.

As she sat down by the fire in the lamp-light she looked very unlike the blooming, vigorous Bawn who had lived so full a life at her father's side. Near her were the books he and she had read together, but she did not read, nor did she sew much, though a work-basket stood at her hand with varieties of material for such feminine occupation.

"Bawn, I wish you would talk a little," said Jeanne pettishly. "It makes one fidget to look at your quietness. And I want particularly to have some communication with you. Very seldom indeed you allow me to set an eye on you."

"Well, Jeanne, you cannot say you are lonely. You have company that pleases you better than mine."

"That may be, miss. As you say, I am not fitted for a lonely life. Now you, for instance, judging by your ways, are fond of mooning all by yourself, and so you will find it easy to grow into an old maid, as, from your demeanor to gentlemen, I see is your intent. But I can tell you I am of a different character and am not going to follow your example."

"Jeanne," said Bawn, with a gleam of her old smile, "you always will make me laugh. And I dare say it is good of you. I have not smiled for a long time, I think. How, dear Jeanne, could you manage to turn into an old maid?"

"Oh! you can make pleasantries, can you, though you were so angry at my Cousin Henri's clever jest the other day, sweeping out of the room like the goddess Dinah!"

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"Don't, Jeanne—don't remind me of it, please," said Bawn, a slight frown crossing her fair brows. "I fear I am not as good-tempered as I used to be. I am growing irritable; don't provoke me till I can get back to my natural ways. Some day when your Cousin Henri is tired of coming here you will find me less unamiable than I am now."

"No, he will not cease to come here, miss; as long as I please he shall come here. And that reminds me. I was going to tell you—I suppose you are aware—that I am a widow a year to-day."

"Yes," said Bawn sadly, and she shivered and drew nearer to the fire.

Bold as Jeanne was, she grew a little nervous as she tried to proceed with her communication. Bawn's utter obtuseness took her by surprise and made what she had to say more difficult. Could not the girl guess what was coming? On the contrary, her eyes had fixed themselves on the fire with an abstracted look. She was evidently not thinking of Mrs. Desmond at all.

"I want to tell you, if you will listen to me," said Jeanne desperately, "that I am not a woman to have her life blighted by one man—"

Bawn was now sitting bolt upright, startled more by the simper that had come upon her stepmother's face than by the woman's words.

"Hush!" she said sternly, and threw out her hands as if to stop further conversation.

Jeanne shrank back, shocked by the look on the girl's face.

"I am acting for the best in all our interests," she said whimperingly, and flourishing a handkerchief of black some inches deep.

Bawn bent her head with one deep sob, and there was silence in the room for some minutes. The younger woman struggled with her grief and disgust; the elder fumed and told herself that she would tell her news that evening, no matter how disagreeable her stepdaughter might be.

"If you would not always intercept me I would tell you what I want to say," she burst forth at last. "Well, then, I am going to be married."

"Married!" repeated Bawn mechanically.

"You will be jealous, I suppose, that I have had the first offer; but, indeed, I assure you Cousin Henri is serious in his intentions, too."

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"Married!" repeated Bawn to herself. It seemed she could not be persuaded that the woman whom her father had dignified with his name could be in earnest in making such a statement.

"Yes, I tell you. The young man is a patriot of my own."

"Young man!" murmured Bawn, more and more amazed.

"And why not a young man? I suppose you mean to predict that I am not a young woman. Have I a gray hair in my head any more than you, miss?"

Bawn was silent while all the truth pressed upon her. Jeanne was but a year her father's widow, and she was going to become the wife of some vulgar acquaintance.

"I know what you are thinking of, of course," pursued Jeanne. "The house and farm are yours, and you can turn us out of them if you please. But if you would only be reasonable, Bawn, and think of Cousin Henri, we might all live here together and make our fortunes again and again."

Bawn was thinking and did not hear her. After all, the woman was only following her natural instinct in returning to the coarse associations from which Desmond had withdrawn her. Let her go. A few minutes' reflection assured the girl that this ought to be a relief to her rather than anything else. Only it would leave her, Bawn, so solitary.

Jeanne's last words rang upon her ear, and the meaning of them came back to her after a few minutes.

"Put me out of the question," she said quietly; "and please do not mention your cousin's name to me again. I will think the matter over and tell you what I shall do about the house and farm."

"You could never work it," cried Jeanne; "and a manager would be sure to rob you."

And this was all that was said on the subject then.

When Bawn laid her head on her pillow that night she felt a bitter sense of renewed desolation which she knew to be in reality meaningless, but which had to be suffered, nevertheless. Jeanne, disagreeable as she might be, was the only creature to whom she was bound by any tie. She had shared the past with her, and to part from her utterly was to break the last link that bound her to it. Yet this was what had to be done, and there was only one generous and sensible way of doing it. The most rational thing that she, Bawn, could do would be to leave this great place, in which she could not think of living alone, to her who had been mistress of it so long, who knew how to manage it

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and thrive in it. Yes, she must go forth out of her home and find herself a shelter elsewhere.

Upon this decision she slept; but in the middle of the night she awoke suddenly, as if some one had called her. It seemed as if a voice had spoken in her ear, saying: "Why not go to Europe—to Ireland? Why not carry out your old idea of seeking for your father's friends and enemies?" As a strong light springs up in a darkened room and reveals all the details that had been only hidden and not annihilated in it, so the thought that had roused her from sleep showed her the deep desire and unshaped purpose which sorrow and weakness had held dormant in her brain.

Excellent idea! To what better account could she turn her time and the wealth which her father had left to her? Here was a new interest for her life, and closely linked with the beloved who had suffered and was at rest.

She rose, lit her fire and lamp, and unlocked the drawer where a year ago she had, with heavy tears, deposited her father's old wooden casket. In proportion as the contents had been precious to him they were precious to her, but until now she had not trusted herself to look at them. Now she eagerly unfolded document after document, as if she would find between their pages light and instruction to carry out the plan she had conceived.

Under the papers was a miniature portrait, the face of a beautiful girl—soft blue eyes, a cloud of dark hair, face like a blush-rose, mouth and chin tender but weak. The dress was of conventional elegance in the fashion of a by-gone day.

"You are the woman who loved and yet condemned him," she said to the pictured face. "Poor weak creature, I pity you! Perhaps you married a man who was really bad, and so suffered for your sin; or may be at this moment your heart is broken by the evil ways of a son. If so you are justly punished for not knowing a good man when you saw him."

The fair face smiled undisturbed by her reproaches, and Bawn wept.

Desmond's own notes and statement ran as follows:

"I solemnly swear that I am not guilty of the crime laid to me; that I had no act or part in the death of Roderick Fingall, who lost his life on the mountain of Aura, in the Glens of Antrim, on a May evening in 18—. Even if I were capable of the crime I had no motive to urge me to it.

"It is true we both loved Mave Adare; but she had given

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her promise to me, and I never dreamed of doubting her. The circumstances were these: Roderick and I had been good friends enough till he learned of my engagement to Mave, and then he took a dislike to me, fancying I had supplanted him. He had never spoken to her of his love, nor had she suspected it; but he thought she understood him, and mistook for a deeper feeling what was only sisterly friendship for himself. This she declared to me, and I believed her; but he chose to hug his grievance and fancy himself wronged.

"Neither Roderick nor I was rich, but accident had for the moment given me a probable advantage over him. An old man from Barbadoes had turned up in the Glens, and, though the Adares, Fingalls, and I were unconnected by ties of blood, he was related in a distant way to each of us. He boasted of having made a large fortune, and, having returned to bestow his bones in his native land, intended to bequeath his money to some one of his kindred. He constantly declared that he would not divide it, but would leave it to whichever of his relatives pleased him the best. This was, perhaps, intended to put all on their mettle to be good to him, though it might have had the effect of keeping some at a distance. I may truly say I did not think of him at all, so absorbed was I in my happiness as Mave's accepted lover and in the daily enjoyment of her companionship. Still, in some way—why I never could tell—a report got abroad that 'Old Barbadoes,' as he was called, had taken a fancy to me and intended to make me his heir. People said that when Mave and I were married he could benefit both Adare and Desmond by giving us the bulk of his wealth. I declare that neither she nor I believed there was any foundation for this gossip, nor did we allow ourselves to wish it might be true.

"The rumor had the effect of making Roderick more restless and irritable. In the bitterness of his disappointment all the generosity of his nature seemed obscured for the time, and he was heard to say that Mave had preferred me because I was the favorite of 'Old Barbadoes.'

"He was a good fellow at bottom, though of a passionate temper and a little melodramatic in his ways, and Mave and I did not despair of winning back his friendship in time. But death barred that.

"I was a stranger in the Glens, and my small patrimony lay in the south of Ireland. Father, mother, and sister being dead, I was the only remaining member of my own family. After my mother's death I had been induced to visit Antrim, which was her

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birth-place, and there I spent the happiest as well as the most terrible months of my life. Mave, in the midst of her family, seemed to me like a wild rose blooming in a poisoned atmosphere; for the Adares were strange people, proud, thriftless, and of a morbid turn of mind, who, with failing fortunes and extravagant habits, considered themselves above the degradation of any kind of work. The men led idle and unwholesome lives, and were hated and feared by their poorer neighbors and dependants. I delighted in the thought of taking my Mave out of the strange company of her people, away from the gloomy hollow of the mountain which was her home, and bringing her to my bright little Kerry domain. We should not have been rich, but I was full of plans for earnest work, for building up my fortunes by determined industry. I said to myself, 'Idleness is the rock on which so many of my class in my country split and go to wreck. I will steer clear of it.'

"Roderick Fingall's statement that Mave had been influenced by the fact of my being 'Old Barbadoes'' favorite stung me more than any other of his taunts, and on one or two occasions I spoke angrily of his impertinence and carelessness of the truth. Mave did her best to soothe me, and seemed, I thought, unnecessarily fearful of a quarrel arising between us.

"I will make a plain statement of what occurred, as far as I know, on the evening of Fingall's violent death.

"There had occurred that day between Mave and me something like a misunderstanding on the subject of Roderick, and I was a good deal vexed in spirit when I set out to take a long ramble across the mountains, hoping to walk off my ill-humor.

"I had done so. Heaven is my witness that I had forgotten all bitterness by the time I found myself climbing the side of Aura. My mind had gone gladly back to the contemplation of my own happiness, and, full of hope and joy, I felt my veins thrilling with the glory of the sunset, often so magnificent among those Antrim hills. I had no thought of unkindness towards any one when I saw Roderick Fingall approaching me with bent head and gloomy eyes; I felt nothing but pity for his disappointment, self-reproach for having allowed myself to be irritated by the expressions of his morbid jealousy. He was walking to meet me, without having perceived my approach, and, thinking himself alone in this mountain solitude, had allowed his face to express unreservedly the bitterness of his soul. Filled with compassion and compunction, I disliked the idea of surprising him, and began to whistle that he might be warned of my nearness to him.

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"He misunderstood me and took my whistling for a sign of triumph and derision, as I found when, a few moments afterwards, we passed face to face on a narrow path above a steep and ugly precipice.

"'So,' he said, 'you have come to dog my steps even here, to flourish your confounded good fortune in my face!' or words to that effect.

"'No, indeed, Fingall,' I said. 'I had no such thought. We have met by accident. Let it not be an unfortunate chance. I feel no ill-will towards you. I wish to God you felt none towards me.'

"I thought I saw a gleam of relenting in his eyes as I went on.

"'We were once good friends; let us be so again. I never knowingly did you wrong, and if I have caused you pain it is a grief to me. On some points I believe you to be mistaken. You will live to find it out.'

"He looked at me scrutinizingly. I think he was beginning to believe in me. The bracing, brilliant mountain air, the glorious sunlight, the ennobling beauty of the scenery around us were all in my favor, and I felt it. He looked up, threw the hair from his brow. I saw that a struggle was going on between his natural generosity and the evil spirit that had got possession of him. Finally his eye sought mine.

"'God is around and above us,' I said; 'let not this glorious sun go down upon our wrath. Fingall, why cannot we be friends?'

"I stretched out my hands towards him, and he made a movement. As God is my judge, I do not know whether he intended to advance towards me in friendship or to retreat in denial of my appeal. His step backward may have been an involuntary one; the next moment he might have flung himself forward into my arms. My memory of the look in his eyes assures me that to do so was his intention. But he stood upon treacherous ground. In the excitement of our feelings neither of us had noticed that he had backed while speaking to the very edge of an abyss. He took one fatal step and vanished. I heard his cry as he went whirling down the precipice—then all was silent. . . .

"I hurried down the mountain in a terrible state of agitation; met some people and told my story, and we went in search of him. He was found quite dead. At the inquest I gave my evidence, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. His family were in a frantic state of grief. He was his mother's young-

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est and favorite son, and the calamity threatened to deprive her of her reason. So deep was my own affliction that it was some time before I began to perceive that people were looking askance at me. Some one was whispering away my fair fame. A nameless horror rose up beside me, dogged my steps, haunted me like an evil spirit; when I tried to grasp it, it slipped through my fingers and vanished. I resolved not to see it, tried to forget it, ascribed its existence to my own over-excited imagination; but still the reality of it was there, asserting itself at every opportunity. At last one day with a sudden shock I came in front of it and saw its face, ghastly with falsehood and corruption. It was believed that I had murdered Fingall! . . . .

"The whisper grew and swelled into a murmur so loud that I could not shut my ears to it. Even in Mave's tender eyes there arose a cloud of doubt. Her smile grew colder and colder, and a look of fear came over her face when I appeared. I became aware that I had a powerful though secret accuser, who, while assuming to screen me, was all the time gradually and persistently blasting my good name.

"There came a day when I could bear it no longer, and I went to Mave and asked an explanation of the change in her manner towards me. I said I knew there were evil rumors in circulation concerning me, but I should not care for them. I could live them down, if only she would bravely believe in me. At once I saw my doom in her averted eyes. It seemed that, whoever my accuser might be, he had her ear and that her mind was becoming poisoned against me. Seeing the despair in my face, she burst into passionate weeping; but when I drew near to comfort her she shrank from me. In the agonizing scene that followed I learned that some secret evidence had been laid before her which she considered overwhelming. Timorous and gentle I had known her to be, but that she could be so miserably weak and wanting in trust of me, whom she had chosen and dignified with her love—of disloyalty like this I had not dreamed. I went to her brother Luke, who was the dominant spirit in that unwholesome household, stated my case, declared my innocence, and asked him, as man to man, to help me to free myself from this curse that was threatening to blast me. I found him cool, reticent, suspicious, professing to be my friend, unwilling to say anything hurtful to me, but evidently firmly convinced of my guilt. He said that, for the sake of old friendship and of his sister's former love for me, they were all anxious to screen me from the consequences of what had happened. I answered that I

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wanted no screen, only to come face to face with my accuser. He smiled slightly, saying that that I could never do.

"I left him feeling as if I had been beating my heart against a rock, and for some time longer I held my ground, lying in wait for my enemy, striving to kill the lie that was slowly withering up the sap of my veins; but as air escapes the clutch of the hand, so did this cruel calumny fatally and perpetually elude my grasp. As the wretch doomed to be walled up alive watches stone placed upon stone, building up the barrier that separates him from life, so, slowly and surely, I saw the last glimpse of light disappear from my horizon. One day I rose up and shook myself together, and owned that I could bear it no longer. I went to Mave for the last time, and, finding her still possessed by the belief in my guilt, I bade her an abrupt farewell and went forth like a lost soul out of her presence. I shook the dust of the Glens from my feet and departed from the country without taking leave of any one. Strange looks and wags of the head had so long followed me that I believed scarce a man in the place would have cared to shake hands with me. I was looked on as a murderer who for certain reasons of old friendship had been allowed to escape justice, but whose presence was not to be desired in an honest community.

"To understand fully the general abhorrence in which I was held one would need to know the character of the Glens people. A murder had not occurred among them within the memory of man, hardly a theft, or anything that could be called a crime. The people had their faults and their squabbles, no doubt, but they were, on the whole, a singularly upright and simple-minded race, who kept the Commandments and knew little of the world beyond their mountains.

"I went forth from among them with the brand of Cain on my forehead, to go on with my life as best I might in some spot where rumor could not follow me. No man bade me God-speed. Every one shrank from my path as I walked the road, and doors were shut as I passed them by. In all this there was only one exception. As I walked up Glenan with my heart swooning in my breast and my brain on fire, a woman opened her door and came a little way to meet me. Her name was Betty Macalister. She had been a servant in the Fingall family, and had recently married and gone to live in Glenan. Doubtless she knew the whole tragedy as well as any one knew it, but she opened her door and came out and offered me a drink of milk, which, I suppose, was the best way that occurred to her of expressing

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her good-will. My first impulse was to dash it from her hand and pass on. How could she dare to be kind when Mave —? But a look in her homely eyes, which had an angel's light in them at the moment, altered my mood. I took it and tasted it, and returned it to her with thanks.

"'Good-by, Mr. Arthur,' she said, 'and God defend the innocent!'

"I could not answer her. I looked at her silently, and Heaven knows what she saw in my gaze. She threw her apron over her face and rushed sobbing into the house.

"I went to London, where I stayed till I had effected the sale of my little property in Kerry, and the home that was to have been hers and mine was made over to strangers. All that time I walked the streets of London like a man in a nightmare. So long as I kept walking I felt that I had a hold on my life, had my will in control; but when I sat down the desire for self-destruction rushed upon me. I believe I walked the entire of London many times over, yet I did not know where I walked and remember nothing that I saw. During this time I wrote to Luke Adare, telling him I was going to Minnesota and would send him my address when I arrived there. I was not going to behave like a criminal who had been glad to be allowed to escape. If at any future time I were to be wanted by friends or enemies they should know where to find me.

"After that Luke wrote to me, once to London and two or three times to Minnesota. There was nothing in his letter which seemed to require an answer, and I did not answer him. Indeed, it was, and is still, a wonder to me that he wrote as he did to a man whom he believed to be a murderer, and one who would not even confess or regret his crime. There was a sympathizing and pitying tone in his communication which surprised me, for Luke was no tender sentimentalist. He gave me no information about home; he never mentioned Mave. What was the reason of his writing at all I could never make out.

"I received one other letter from the Glens, and that was from Betty Macalister, to whom I had also given my address, having an instinctive feeling that if anything were to turn up to clear my good name she would be more likely than Luke to let me know."

Bawn here turned to Betty's letter, which was as follows:

"Your Hon. Dear Misster Arthur:

"This comes hoppin' you are well as leaves me in this present

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time the same and husband. The hollow fokes is not doin' well. The ould Misster Barbadus he left all he had to Misster Look. The ould house luks bad an' Miss Mave she dozzint walk out at all. The gentlemen has quare ways an' the people dozzint like them a bit better nor they did. There was great doin's for a while, but the munny dozzint last with them, A think, for the ould place is lukkin' bad now. My man an' me stiks to you thru thick an' thin, but yure better where ye are.

"Yures to kommand,

"Betty Macalister."

This epistle, which bore a date ten years after Arthur's departure, Bawn read over and over again, and one piece of information it contained struck her as remarkable: "Old Barbadoes" had left all his money to Luke Adare—the money which it was supposed would, under other circumstances, have come to Arthur as his favorite.

The next letter she opened was from Luke himself. He wrote:

"I hope you are doing well, for in spite of all that has happened I feel a deep interest in your welfare. The New World is before you, and your story cannot follow you there. Indeed, it is hushed up here, for all sakes, though it never can be quite forgotten. You may yet be a prosperous man, outlive the past, and make new friends. I shall always be glad to hear of you and to know what you are doing, etc., etc., etc.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"Luke Adare."

The remaining letters were much in the same strain, expressing a desire to know something of the exile and showing a leniency towards him as a murderer which was hard to understand. Some of them contained reproaches of Arthur for not having written to give an account of himself. "Only that Betty Macalister has had a line from you I should think you were dead," he wrote in the latest date of twenty-five years ago. It was evident that Desmond had never gratified the curiosity of this anxious friend.

Bawn was very apt to jump, rightly or wrongly, to a conclusion, and by the time she had folded up all the papers and replaced them in a box she had made up her mind that Luke Adare was the person who, for his own selfish ends, had whispered away her father's good name, blighted the lives of both sister and

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friend. Arthur a murderer and banished, and Roderick Fingall dead, the inheritance had devolved upon Luke as the eldest of the Adares.

"And this frail creature," she said, studying Mave's portrait again, "this was a tool easy enough to work with. Had you been a brave, true woman, ready to stand up in his defence and fight the lie with him, he might have been able to hunt down the liar and clear himself before the world. But you quailed and deserted him, you coward! Luke was the villain and you were the fool!"

The greater part of that day Bawn spent riding alone over the prairie, revolving and maturing her project as she went, considering the details of it and the dangers and difficulties it might include. That evening she walked up to Mrs. Desmond in the drawing-room and said in a tone of simple friendliness:

"Jeanne, I have made up my mind to let you have the house."

Jeanne was amazed. She had made her demand, well aware she had no right to make it, and without expecting to find her audacity so quickly rewarded.

Bawn continued: "I am going to St. Paul in the morning to speak about it to Dr. Ackroyd."

Mrs. Desmond was instantly alarmed. She did not like the interference of Dr. Ackroyd, who would make it a matter of business.

"Why need he interfere between us?" she said. "Cannot we make our own arrangements? You are of age."

"I wish to consult him," said Bawn quietly. "It is not long since he was my guardian. And you forget, Jeanne: it will be necessary for me to find some shelter for myself when I leave the place to you."

"This is very provoking of you," cried Jeanne, "to talk as if I wanted to turn you out. Why can we not all go on together?"

"Let that be; it is my affair," said Bawn. "I have other plans for my future."

"Now what plans can she have?" thought Jeanne, looking round the handsome room, and running over in her mind all the goodly possessions and advantages she was gaining by Bawn's generosity. "It must be that she means to go to Europe and figure as an heiress at the fashionable places." And Jeanne thought, with an impatient sigh, of how admirably that part would have suited her, if she had just been twenty or thirty years younger and had not acquired the passion for making money.

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CHAPTER V.

A WILFUL WOMAN.

THE next day Bawn made a journey into St. Paul to consult her guardian.

Dr. Ackroyd had been her father's oldest friend in Minnesota, and the only man who had ever approached to anything like intimacy with him. At a time when the doctor had been hardly pressed by pecuniary troubles Desmond's generosity had laid the foundation of his ultimate prosperity—a fact which he had never forgotten.

"Doctor," said Bawn, walking into the snug room where he and his wife were sitting, "I have come to talk to you on business. You know I am a woman of business capabilities now—twenty-one years of age last month."

The doctor nodded. "Yes, yes; she has found it all out. I was her guardian a month ago, Molly, but now she will be for taking the bit in her own teeth, no doubt."

"I have a pretty good fortune, haven't I, Dr. Ackroyd?"

"As pretty a fortune as any young woman in America, I should say at a guess; and that is saying much. Come, now, what do you want to do? Trip away to Paris, and all the rest of it?"

"And quite natural too, Andrew, at her age, and with such a fortune and such a face!" said Mrs. Ackroyd, a motherly old lady, with whom Bawn was a favorite.

The same thought was present in the minds of husband and wife as they looked at Bawn's fine, fair face, with its grave sweetness and a certain majesty of womanly dignity which in her most thoughtful moments sat on her brow. At such moments her coil of golden hair looked like a royal crown. Now, as she gazed into the fire, seeing something which they did not see, they easily fancied her in brilliant rooms, shining in white satin or some such raiment, with crowds of adorers hovering round her. They knew the sort of thing that happens, well enough. Many a lovely young heiress sails from America and gets turned into a countess or a marquise before many summers have poured their choicest flowers into her lap.

"Yes, I have been thinking of going to Europe," said Bawn, "though not to Paris."

"It is the gayest place and the prettiest," said the doctor. "Of course there are the summer resorts—"

"I was not thinking of gayety, nor even of prettiness," said

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Bawn; "though the place I mean to go to is, I believe, beautiful enough. But if it were the ugliest place on earth, and the dullest, as it probably is, I should want to go all the same."

She spoke musingly and looked into the fire, seeing in the burning wood fairy glens, and mountains with giddy paths from which a false step might hurl a man in an instant—mountains with lonely hollows of their own, and secret paths dark enough to overshadow a human being's life.

The doctor gazed at her in astonishment. "Come," he said, "I give it up."

"Doctor," said the girl suddenly, looking at him straight, "did it ever strike you that my father had had a great trouble in his life, one that must have been more than the ordinary kind of trouble?"

The doctor's face changed. "I always thought it," he said gently.

Bawn turned red and then quite white. "It is true," she said; "and the journey I want to make has reference to that trouble."

She paused and hesitated.

"My dear," said Dr. Ackroyd, "if you have anything to say to me in confidence, my wife will go away."

"No," said Bawn firmly, stretching out her hand to the old lady, who was regarding her with deep concern. "I can trust you both, if you will bear with me."

Mrs. Ackroyd stirred in her chair with good-natured emotion and a little curiosity, and, wiping her spectacles with the hand that was not in Bawn's grip, put them on, as if they would help her to see well into whatever was going to be laid before her.

Bawn went on speaking, white to the lips, but with firm voice and calm eyes:

"My father left his country, you know, as a young, quite a young man. Well, he left it under a cloud. Some enemy had whispered away his good name and blighted his life. He had friends, and there was a woman who had loved him and was to have married him; and they one and all—good God! can you believe it?—they one and all cast him out of their lives, withdrew their faith and their friendship from him, and sent him across the world with a broken heart and spirit—poor heart that nothing could ever heal; noble spirit that is free from pain at last!"

Grief brimmed over Bawn's sad eyes as she finished. She suddenly covered her face and sat drowned in tears.

Her friends did not worry her with questions and consola-

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tions, only suffered the floods that had opened to wash themselves away; and the girl said presently:

"There, that is over. You are very, very good to listen to me."

"Now," she continued, with a light leaping into her eyes and determination straightening the quiver of her lips, "I know that he had an enemy who slandered him, or all this could never have happened. He himself believed that he was the victim of circumstances, but I do not believe it. Certain notes and papers have been put in my hands to read, and I have formed my own conclusions from them. I shall never rest till I have sifted the matter to the bottom—in as far as it can be sifted," she added wistfully, "at the end of thirty years."

"Ah! that is it," said the doctor with a smothered sigh. "And, my dear child, I don't want to contradict you—I feel with you intensely—but how, if at the time he found it so impossible to clear himself, how do you dream of being able to do it now?"

"Not by walking into the country, into the houses of those people, and saying, 'You are my deadly enemies. I am Arthur Desmond's daughter, and you calumniated my father. Confess your sins, or I shall—I shall go back crestfallen where I came from!'" said Bawn, with lips relaxing into a little smile. "No; that is not my plan. I think I have been studying to acquire the guile of the serpent during the last few days, and I have laid a little plot which I cannot put into execution without the assistance of a friend."

"Well?" said the doctor, looking at her inquiringly. "Continue."

"I intend," pursued Bawn, "to go to the place—a secluded spot it was; and I believe, I have been told, it is not the sort of place that changes much—a glenny and mountainy place such as we read about but do not see here."

"I know," said the doctor, nodding, and instantly seeing pictures in his memory; for he, too, was an exile and loved Scotland.

"I shall go there," said Bawn, "not in my own name and character, but as the orphan daughter of a farmer, an emigrant, who, from what she has heard from her father about his native land, has taken a fancy to see it and live in it. She has brought her small fortune—say five hundred pounds, her father's savings—to invest in a little farm such as a woman can manage. In this way I will settle down among those people, as near them as possible, and, without exciting their suspicion or putting them on their guard, will try to get at the long-hidden secret, strive to unearth

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the too-long-buried truth. When I succeed I shall disclose my identity, pour out the vials of my wrath upon the false or good-for-nothing friends, shake the dust off my feet—and come back here to you."

"A pretty romance, my dear, but about as wild and impossible as pretty."

"Do not say so."

"What do you propose to do if you find it beyond your power to get at that long-lost truth?"

"Come back here all the same, only worsted," said Bawn; "but it will be long before I confess myself beaten. A number of people must be dead first."

"And if you find them all already dead?"

"That is not likely," said Bawn quickly. "Not in such a healthy country place, where the people live long. I have thought it all out, and the chances are with me."

Dr. Ackroyd was silent. Wild as the girl's scheme was, he saw she was completely in earnest, and he knew her long enough and well enough to have had experience of a character indicated by the shape of her broad, fair brows and certain expressions of her clear gray eyes and good-tempered mouth. There had always been a simple and intelligent directness about her intentions and a robust fearlessness in carrying them out that made such a proposal from her somewhat different to what it might have been coming from any ordinary impulsive, romantic girl, who would be pretty sure to give up her plan in disgust and dismay after a first tussle with a few uncomfortable obstacles. He admitted to himself that, if any girl could carry out such an enterprise, no better one than this could be found to undertake it. But of what was he thinking? All the strength of his influence over her must be exerted to prevent her entering on such a wild and uncertain path.

He was sufficiently a man of the world to know what had never entered into the saddest dreams that ever flitted through Bawn's golden head—to be well aware that there existed a possibility, if not a likelihood, that Arthur Desmond had been really guilty of whatever crime or transgression had been laid to his charge. During all the long life that he had spent in this new country Dr. Ackroyd had met with a great number of men who in their youth had blundered into evil, and had either come out here of their own free will or been sent by their indignant friends to begin life afresh where their past was unknown. And why might not Desmond have been one of these? He would prefer to believe, with Bawn, that the man who had lived here so

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stainless a life and suffered so deeply had been guiltless from the beginning, and the victim of malice or a mistake. But the entire faith of Bawn's heart could not make its way into his. Not only did he see the probability of failure for her enterprise, but feared that she might be met by some overwhelming testimony to his guilt—guilt long expiated, and perhaps for ever forgotten had not her rash and loving hand rooted it out from the past which had buried it. Might not even such a bright and strong creature as this be felled by such a blow?

These thoughts trooped quickly through his mind, and Bawn watched the changing expressions of his face.

"Well," she said quietly, "you are not going to oppose me?"

"My dear," he said, "I will oppose you with every argument, with all the persuasion, I am capable of compelling to my aid. Had this occurred some time ago I should have been in a position to forbid you absolutely to carry out so wild an intention. As it is, you are your own mistress. I cannot control your actions. I can only beseech you to take an old man's advice, and *let the dead past bury its dead.* Your father is at rest; the waves of time have rolled over his sorrow. You need never come in contact with any one who knows anything of his story. In any other plan for your life, in any indulgence you can imagine, I will help you to the best of my ability; but I cannot see you act in a way which I believe would be the ruin of every prospect you have in the world."

"I have no prospect," answered Bawn sadly. "What could I do with my life while this shadow rests on it?"

"Your idea is over-strained. By and by you will form new ties—"

"Never!" said Bawn solemnly. "Even if I wished it, and it were likely, never could I till this cloud is cleared away."

The doctor was startled and silent. He had not been told what was the nature of the wrong thing of which Desmond had been accused, and the look in Bawn's eyes at this moment suggested that it was something even worse than he had imagined. But he spoke cheerfully.

"Pooh!" he said; "you are in a morbid humor. Put off the consideration of this matter, for a time at least. You will change your mind; you will give it up."

"I will never give it up," said Bawn, her soft lips closing and tightening with resolution. "The wish has gone too deep. There is nothing else to live for in my life."

This was the beginning of a struggle which lasted for two months between Bawn and her ex-guardian, and at the end of

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that time Dr. Ackroyd felt himself obliged to lower his colors and let the girl have her way. Rather than allow her to follow it without help or protection of any kind, he was forced to yield and take the affair into his own hands. Step by step she gained upon him; bit by bit she got all her will. His first concession included the proviso that he was to be allowed to bring her across the ocean himself, and that, before he suffered her to go seeking her fortune in that unknown spot towards which her desires were carrying her, he was to pay a visit to the place as a tourist, take note of how things stood there, gather information about the people, and make up his mind as to how far her plan for coming among them was safe and practicable. To all this Bawn uneasily consented at first, fearing much that such protection and precaution might excite attention and frustrate her aims. Fate in the end decreed that she was to go her wilful way and perform her pilgrimage according to the programme she had at first marked out for herself. A dearly-loved child of Dr. Ackroyd's was discovered to have fallen into a dangerous state of health, and he found it impossible to leave her. Bawn must either go alone or not at all. She chose to go.

"You can put me on board and give me in charge to the captain," she said; "and when I land, if I find any difficulty, I can telegraph to you, and you can telegraph to your English friends, whom I will not go near if I can help it. This will surely be protection enough for a steady young woman like me, of the class to which I shall belong. Nobody will mind a simple farmer's daughter. How many poor girls come out to America every day to earn their bread under circumstances so much worse than mine! If I were travelling with you I should be always betraying myself; and if, as you say, 'the world is so small,' somebody would be sure to see me who might meet me afterwards and find me out."

Her friends felt themselves unable to restrain her. After all, their own child was their first consideration, and Desmond's daughter was impatient to be away. Jeanne was married, and Bawn felt herself pushed bodily out of her home. There was nothing more for her to do here except to procure an outfit of very plain clothing to suit the station of life she had chosen, to make some money arrangements transferring a few hundred pounds to an Irish bank, and, leaving her fortune in Dr. Ackroyd's hands, to say good-by to the dear old home and to the beloved grave where peacefully her father slept.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SECULARIZED GERMANY AND THE VATICAN.

THERE can be little doubt that in this queer world of ours very great men, and very wise men too, sometimes say extremely foolish things, or, at all events, have exceedingly silly things attributed to them; and in one or other of these categories must be classed the famous saying for which Prince Bismarck has the credit, that "he never would go to Canossa." Of course he never would go to Canossa; how could he? To go to Canossa implies previous excommunication, and excommunication implies previous membership. As a Lutheran, it is true, the prince is presumably a baptized Christian; and if the rite were validly performed, and if no mortal sin has ever cut him off from a state of grace, he belongs to the soul of the church; but so long as he remains in even unconscious schism he cannot belong to the body. Powerful as his highness undoubtedly is, he can neither claim the privileges nor incur the penalties of the humblest Catholic in his dominions. A mosquito which has been annoying a shepherd, and trying to divert his attention from the flock, might as well vow it would never return to its place in the sheepfold; an urchin who has been amusing himself by throwing stones at the steam-cars might as naturally vow that he never would return to his duty as conductor; or—if these images be unworthy the dignity of the great chancellor—the Emperor Nero might as reasonably have announced his firm determination never to return to the true faith of a Christian, as Prince Bismarck that he never would seek absolution from the censures of excommunication. If, by the grace of God, his highness should ever desire reconciliation with the church, not penance but baptism, conditionally imposed no doubt, must be the sacrament employed. There is no need of hair-shirt or of pontifical authority. A penny catechism and the nearest priest will be sufficient for the exigency. The mediæval struggle of the investitures was a question of the internal economy of the church, and endured through centuries. The Kulturkampf of Prince Bismarck has been from beginning to end the device of an alien power to overcome the church itself, and has perished in its own foolishness.

Perhaps, however, the prince was talking a little at random—or metaphorically, let us say—and all he meant to convey was that, having once attempted to force the church into action con-

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trary to her conscience, he had no intention of leaving off until the conscience of the church had given in. If that were his meaning—as there can be but little doubt it was—he had far better have gone a few ages still further back for the metaphor addressed to another illustrious persecutor, and have announced his fixed determination to go on kicking against the pricks as long as any pricks remained for him to kick against. For if his highness had studied history with that diligence and generality with which he is anxious to inoculate the Catholic clergy, and more especially "the epoch-making events" and "motive-tendencies" of the different ages, he might have learned for himself, without illustrating for the thousandth time in his own person, that whoever attempts to coerce the Holy Father may cause temporary bitterness to the church, but will chiefly succeed in permanently undermining his own authority; that whoever, in short, falls on the stone of Peter will be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder. The gnat is brushed away from the face of the shepherd; the idle boy runs from the train as soon as he has flung his stone; the Emperor Nero—but really the Emperor Nero is altogether too grand for the occasion; and what remains but a few cuts and bruises and drops of blood, and perhaps a general laugh at the wantonness and the defeat of the mischief?

For, indeed, were it not for these same scars and bruises, for the misery, spiritual and temporal, inflicted upon the faithful of Germany by these fantastic tricks before high Heaven, for the parishes left pastorless, the priests imprisoned, the bishops exiled, one could do little else than laugh at this latest, idlest, most useless, and most aimless attack upon the liberty of conscience. The very battle-cry of the persecutors—the Kulturkampf—betrays the genuine spirit of "priggishness" which animates that which does duty for a soul in the breast of every persecutor; and the business was conducted from beginning to end in a spirit worthy of its inception. The campaign commenced with the expulsion of the order of the Jesuits. And why the Jesuits? one asks with surprise, not having yet become acclimatized to the atmosphere of happy inconsequence pervading all the proceedings. Why dismiss, in the name of culture and education, the community which, beyond all others, has maintained a reputation for educative ability and cultured intellect? Well, it is difficult to suggest a reason. Perhaps his excellency was experiencing a little reaction after his successful "flutters" with Austria and France, and that personage who is always ready

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with some attractive work for idle hands took the opportunity to make the suggestion. Or possibly the prince, not having as yet the novels of M. Gaboriau for his recreation, was suffering an indigestion from perusing the works of Eugène Sue or the late lamented Mr. Charles Kingsley, wherein the Jesuit is for ever at work forging wills, upsetting families, caballing against governments, or varying these useful and creditable occupations by acting, with the permission of his superiors, in the capacity of Anglican clergymen and retaining at the same time a "dispensation from holding" the Immaculate Conception or the infallibility of the Holy Father. For our own part, we believe that the prince acted upon none of these profound considerations, but upon another principle of about equal value—namely, the principle upon which the late Lord Beaconsfield used to be fond of talking about ordering the British fleet to move up into the Dardanelles: not, as the event made clear, that any particular object was to be gained by his vessels entering those mysterious waters, but that the phrase carried with it a delicious ring of high diplomacy, and would stand for an excellent sample of a vigorous foreign policy.

The Jesuits expelled, wider measures were to be taken, and a brand-new minister with a brand-new broom came forward to sweep all the school-rooms of a brand-new empire. Humanity was to be enlightened at last. All the ignorance of the miserable clergy who had preserved the light of learning as far back as Christian learning could reach was to be swept away. The dark-minded church to whose influence was due the foundation of half the schools and far more than half the universities of Europe was to be taught something at last, now that a Prussian minister had arisen to teach at once the true theories of religion, of education, and of medicine. For ordinary students the common curriculum still sufficed; but Catholic theologians must spend three years beyond the common course in studying—everything except theology. The arcana of German philosophy were to be revealed to them, and they were to understand the mysteries of Hegel and of Fichte. Psychology was to tell them all about the plastodylic soul, and they were to be learned in all the ways, not of virtue, but of Virchow. History was to unfold to them, not her simple facts, which were of little value to a German philosopher, but her most recondite teachings as to her "historic moments" and her "inner developing forces," and the ecclesiastical student was to be assiduously trained in the use of every weapon in the whole German armory for darkening counsel by

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words without knowledge. Meanwhile the means by which he could maintain himself during the prolonged period required for these useful acquirements was a problem to be considered; and as a contribution towards its solution the minister shut up the cheap boarding-houses to which the Catholic clergy had hitherto resorted.

Such was the mellifluous invitation which Dr. Falk, like another Dr. Dulcamara, issued to the Catholic clergy; and yet, strange to say, the ears of those whom he addressed remained impervious to its sweetness. Somehow the church persisted in thinking that she knew as much about the proper education of her clergy as the Prussian state—a notion fundamentally opposed both to German philosophy and to Prussian officialism. Then the strife began in earnest. The empire offered certificates upon its own terms. The church refused to allow other hands to interfere with the training of her own ministers. The state declared it to be illegal to ordain uncertificated candidates. The bishops refused to acknowledge secular authority in spiritual matters. What followed? Parish after parish beheld its pastor driven away by the government. Bishop after bishop went first to prison and then to exile. Thus at one time all the archbishoprics and bishoprics of Prussia were lying without an occupant, either through death or banishment, except those of Kulm, Osnaburg, Ermeland, and Hildesheim. For years the prince persisted in this cruel and idle crusade, until at last it dawned upon his highness, who is an acute man and can sometimes take in a novel idea when it is very plainly and persistently placed before him—say for a decade of years together—that the only fruit he was reaping or likely to reap from this useless struggle was the opposition of the Catholic party in the Reichstag. Thereupon there came a change. The drum of Dr. Dulcamara ceased to beat, and Dr. Falk himself had disappeared from view. Then the chancellor looked over his spectacles at the Vatican and vowed he never would go to Canossa. The pope gave it to be understood that there was no question of Canossa in the matter. The church desired neither secular dominion over Germany nor spiritual submission from Prince Bismarck, but simply the right of educating her own ministers in her own way. Then the prince went a step further. Supposing the full requirements of the ecclesiastical laws were not insisted upon, could those laws be so far recognized that notification of appointments could be made to the state? Of course they could, provided that such notification in no way interfered with the education of the clergy or

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the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy Father; and such, in fact, was the response of the Vatican. Then the storm began to abate; the chancellor's teacup sank to a much-needed rest, the exiled bishops were brought back, the state payments were resumed, the Crown Prince of Germany paid a personal visit to His Holiness; and the greatest mess made by the greatest statesman of the age was, partly at least, wiped up.

But though the quarrel thus forced by the chancellor upon the church in Germany has been perfectly gratuitous and absurd, yet there is a historical aspect of the case, from which it might be inferred that a fundamental antagonism exists of necessity between the modern empire of Germany and the Vatican, inasmuch as the former is the secularized form of the sacred empire which in former times acknowledged the Vatican for its supreme head; and Prince Bismarck himself holds the office once belonging to the Prince Archbishop of Mainz. It will well repay us, therefore, to look back to that empire as it existed at the close of the last century, and to trace the series of extraordinary events whereby the relations between Germany and the Vatican have been modified so profoundly.

"It was not strange," says a well-known Protestant writer, "that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that the end of the Church of Rome was come. An infidel power ascendant, the pope dying in captivity, the most illustrious prelates of France living in a foreign country upon Protestant alms, the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting-houses for political societies, or into theo-philanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination. But the end was not yet." And then Lord Macaulay, with singular perspicacity, goes on to compare the Roman Church with the Grand Pyramid, which, according to Arab tradition, alone of all human buildings sustained the weight of the waters of the Deluge; and to enumerate the European institutions which the Revolution had laid in ruins or swept bodily from the face of the earth. Indeed there is, perhaps, no more startling lesson to be learned in history than in the total transformation which well-nigh every social and political organization, save one, appears to have undergone through the action of the Revolution. It is difficult to believe that during the last hundred years there have been more territorial and constitutional changes in Christendom than during the entire millennium which preceded them. For a thousand years

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backward we see the two great powers—the empire of the church and the empire of the false prophet—locked in deadly strife, the heretical dominions falling one after another beneath the power of Islam, the Catholic dominions preserving their freedom and at last breaking down the long-dreaded and once irresistible foe; we see dissensions break 'out hither and thither, and provinces and kingdoms agglomerate and dissever; but the great outlines and landmarks remain ever unchanged, and to go back a century is well-nigh equivalent to going back a millennium. Less than a hundred years ago the heir of St. Louis was still seated on the throne of Capet, to all appearance without possibility of subversion. Less than a hundred years ago German archbishops were petty sovereigns in their own right and made treaties with Great Britain to supply the British government with men for foreign service. Less than a hundred years ago the Red Sea was closed to all "infidel" travellers, and the most tremendous penalties, both in this world and the next, were denounced by the Sublime Porte against any Turkish officer who should allow a Christian vessel to approach the port of Suez—"the privileged route," as the sultan expressed it, "of the holy pilgrimage of Mecca." Less than a hundred years ago England was not in dread of every accidental change amongst foreign nations for fear of her magnificent and suicidal empire of Hindostan; while Russia was a more or less insignificant and more rather than less barbaric power, confining herself pretty much to annoying her neighbors in the East of Europe, and interfering little or not at all in the general comity of nations. But, above all, two great institutions bore every mark of the most venerable antiquity—the pope still retained the oldest sovereignty in Europe, and still obtained recognition as the mediator amongst Catholic princes; the Holy Roman Empire remained the venerable structure founded a thousand years before by Charlemagne and Leo.

To study the organization of this latter community, and to trace the fate of its various elements during the century now passing away, is to read the very anatomy of history in its innermost operations. For the ancient empire of Germany was a kind of political sacrament. It expressed the spiritual authority ruling through the temporal power; and the process to which it has been subjected in the crucible of the Revolution has been of separation and reconstitution of the two authorities independently of each other.

The contrast between the great empire of Germany which came to a close in 1806 and that which arose in its place sixty-

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five years later is in many respects so violent that no slight difficulty may be found in recognizing any connection between the two. In the former constitution the secular power was based, as we have said, upon the ecclesiastical authority, and assumed to a very great extent an ecclesiastical form, while even the military organization was subject to ecclesiastical as well as military direction; in the latter the ecclesiastical element has absolutely disappeared, and the civil power rests entirely upon the organization of the army. In the former empire a variety of states of greater or lesser importance were united by relations of great complexity; in the latter the whole mass of minor states are placed in the simple relation of regiments under a single commander. In a word, the conception of the former empire was a kind of republic of Christendom with an elective head, subject alike, in general and in detail, to the jurisdiction of the church; the conception of the latter is simply an absorption of the German nation into the army of Prussia.

Yet notwithstanding the opposition in their most distinctive features, the two constitutions undoubtedly possess an essential and clearly demonstrable connection; and it may shed no little light upon the political relations even of other European countries if we trace shortly how far the empire which William erected upon the defeat of Napoleon III. is identical with that which Francis laid down upon the triumph of Napoleon I. For if, following the natural method by which the mind connects the present with the past, we gaze backwards through the vista of the present century, each scene presented is full of interest. First, at the present moment we have before our eyes an enormous but most compact military organization, wherein each citizen is a soldier, each state the section of an army, and the monarch himself literally an imperator or commander-in-chief. Next, but a few years ago, we see a multitude of states with no central executive, but with two great rivals threatening to seize it. Then, again, backward from 1866 to 1815, we behold a chaos of disconnected atoms, of which the very confusion tells the tale of former unity. Next we come upon that fantastic vision, that anomalous congeries of disjointed states, that dream or idea of Napoleon—the Confederation of the Rhine. Then, further again for a brief period of three years, we come upon the mediatized Diet, the mutilated form of the Holy Roman Empire, with its broken pillars and tottering foundations, foreboding its total and speedy fall. Lastly, that same empire rises up before us as it existed a hundred years ago, and as it had existed for century

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beyond century, if not with all harmony of outline, at least with all variety of detail, and we trace each portion of the ruins to their original position in the majestic pile. It is not, therefore, so much the history as the framework of the former and present constitutions of Germany with which we are concerned, and we shall only require to photograph, as it were, the organization as it existed in the days previous to its overthrow, and then to show its successive states of decline, decay, dissolution, revival, and reconstruction.

The structure of the Holy Roman Empire was unquestionably one of the most complicated political creations ever presented to mankind. Originated by Charlemagne and Pope Leo III., and more fully regulated by the Golden Bull of Charles IV., it received its most distinctive definition in the Diet held at Frankfort towards the close of the sixteenth century, and may be said to have preserved its form unchanged till the days of Napoleon. Its great fundamental principles of combining territorial representation with the independence of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and of guaranteeing the freedom of the members by rendering the executive elective, were sufficiently complicated in themselves; but the action of the principles became even more intricate through the modifications imperceptibly introduced in the progress of time. One feature, however, marked the whole history of the empire in general, and every detail in particular, from first to last, and that was the precedence of the ecclesiastical over the civil authority of corresponding rank. A somewhat similar usage prevailed in England during Saxon times, when a bishop, assisted by an ealdorman, sat upon the secular judgment-seat. And even to this day in the British House of Lords, which affords a faint copy of the ancient College of Princes in the Diet of Germany (as the House of Commons, or Communes, parallels the College of Free Towns), the bishops take precedence of all secular barons, and the Archbishop of Canterbury of all peers whatsoever.

This principle of ecclesiastical precedence was carried out even in the military organization of the empire, which was altogether different in itself, and had a different history from its civil constitution. And as the military element is much less complex than the civil, and as it, moreover, predominates largely in the ultimate issue, we cannot do better than to trace first its growth and transformation.

The military system which prevailed down to the fall of the Empire was inaugurated about the year A.D. 1500, when the

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ancient provinces were formed into circles, the forces of each circle being theoretically placed under the command of an ecclesiastical and civil director, although practically, as we shall more clearly see in dealing with the constitution of the Diet, the temporal prince often united both characters in his single person. Thus the Archduke of Austria, in view of the primacy of his house, was always considered an ecclesiastical as well as secular personage, and was sole director of the military circle comprehending not only his own archduchy, but also the Austrian dominions of Carinthia, Carniola, Styria, Switzerland, the Grisons, and the Tyrol. So the Elector of Saxony was sole director of his circle of Upper Saxony, and the King of Spain of his duchy of Burgundy until the detachment of that province by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648. But the rest were all subject to double rule. The Archbishop of Salzburg and the Elector of Bavaria presided over the military circle of Bavaria, the Bishop of Bamberg and the Margrave of Baireuth over that of Franconia; and the circles of the Upper and Lower Rhine, of Suabia and Westphalia, had each an ecclesiastic as well as civil dignitary at their head. Incongruous as this subjection of the military to the spiritual power may seem to a modern conception—and certainly what the history of England would have been if the Protestant bishops had exercised direct power over particular regiments demands a flight which may well take one's breath away—yet it is difficult to see in what other way any effectual restraint can be placed upon the multitudes now in arms, when one nation will go to war at an instant's notice for the imaginary succession of a phantom prince to a foreign throne, and another considers the invasion of an unoffending country to be fully justified by the supposed requirement of a scientific frontier.

However this may be, the ecclesiastical superintendence of the army was an essential element of the spiritual empire, and with the dissolution of that empire came to a natural termination, when the supreme jurisdiction over the forces of each state reverted directly to its particular sovereign. In this position matters remained until the Germanic Confederation was brought about, when a new and a most peculiar organization was effected. The scattered kingdoms of Germany were formed once more into a single federation, each state preserving its own independence and retaining command of its own little army; but the united forces of the community were placed under the direction of the General Diet, which, however, could exercise no direct authority over them, but could merely authorize some one or

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more particular states to take command of the general forces in order to carry out the decrees of the Diet, or, as it was called, to perform federal execution. An arrangement of this kind was exactly adapted to afford plenty of opportunities to a statesman possessed of many iron generals and very few and extremely elastic principles. By the war of 1863 Prussia succeeded in obtaining the command of the forces as executor of the Diet in the case of Schleswig-Holstein, and, on the ground of vicinity to the seat of war, graciously took the lead out of the hands of her Austrian rival. By the war of 1866 the centre of imperial gravity was fairly shifted to the north, and a new confederation was formed with Prussia for its informing power. Finally, by the war of 1870, the whole forces of the late Diet, those of Austria alone excepted, became subject to the command of the King of Prussia, and the victorious commander-in-chief of so many kings and princes was naturally raised to the rank of "imperator." To peruse the titles of the German regiments is to trace the course of the absorption of Germany by Prussia. East and West Prussia, with Pomerania and Lithuania—Prussia proper, in fact—form the first two corps; Brandenburg, the homestead, so to speak, of the kingdom, having the third corps to itself. A separate corps also is supported by each of the states of Hanover, Saxony, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse. Schleswig-Holstein, with the Hanse Towns, make up another regiment; while the remainder are furnished by Silesia, Thuringia; Westphalia, and the Rhine. The whole list is a powerful sermon upon the prince's favorite text of "blood and iron." So much for the military organization.

In the civil constitution of the former empire the Diet consisted of three distinct bodies, a College of Electors, a College of Princes, and a College of Free Towns, of which the first—namely, that of the Electors—though much the smallest, was by far the most important in rank and influence. According to the theory of the empire, seven personages alone made up the sacred number, but after the Reformation had commenced its inroads an eighth elector was added to the college. Of the seven original members the three principal were ecclesiastics—namely, the Archbishop of Mainz, chancellor for the entire empire; the Archbishop of Trier, chancellor throughout the old Roman province of Arles; and the Archbishop of Köln, chancellor through the Italian dominions. Of the other four electors, all being laymen, each discharged some feudal duty towards his sovereign: the King of Bohemia being grand cup-bearer, the Count Palatine

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of the Rhine high-treasurer and vicar-general of the empire, the Duke of Saxony discharging the office of grand marshal, and the Marquis of Brandenburg that of the grand chamberlain, just as the emperor himself, when about to receive the imperial crown at Rome, held the stirrup of the Holy Father. Yet, notwithstanding the feudal duties thus exacted, each elector was none the less a sovereign prince, and exercised within his own territories the same rights and privileges as the emperor enjoyed throughout the entire dominion.

Although the hereditary and not the elective principle regulated originally the devolution of the crown, yet the latter was adopted for a basis as early as the eleventh century, and was ever afterwards preserved with the greatest care and scrupulosity. Even when, as not unfrequently happened, the choice of the electors fell upon the legitimate heir for generation after generation, his hereditary character was considered as a mere incident and not as the essence of his tenure. "It is agreed," says the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, writing in the seventeenth century, "that the imperial power should not accrue through hereditary right, as the custom had hitherto been, but that the emperor's son, even if he were right worthy, should acquire by election rather than succession. But if he were not worthy, or if the people in making an emperor did not wish to have him, the people had the matter in their own power." And similar sentiments were expressed in yet plainer language, if possible, in the address to the emperor when the crown was conferred. To preserve the integrity of the electoral process recourse was had to the strictest regulations. Within a month of the emperor's decease the grand marshal was bound to convene the electors within a further period of three months for the purpose of solemnly electing a "King of the Romans"—for the full title was not bestowed till the coronation had been performed by the Holy Father. Frankfort was the legitimate and usual place of meeting, though the ceremony was occasionally held at Aachen and elsewhere. A retinue of not more than two hundred followers was allowed to each elector, and so great was the jealousy of alien interference that throughout the whole period during which an election might last no other prince or potentate, of rank however exalted, was permitted to reside in the city.

In the second college, that of the Princes, a similar division existed to that in the College of Electors; the house being composed of two distinct benches, whereof the ecclesiastical always took precedence of the secular principality of corresponding rank.

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During the sixteenth century the former house was made up of one archbishop, three prelates, twenty-one bishops, ten abbots, and the grand-masters of the orders of the Teutonic Knights and of Malta; while the civil bench was composed, nominally at least, of about sixty members of the ranks of dukes, margraves, landgraves, princes, and counts, but included incidentally both electors and foreign and domestic kings. By the theory of the law each principality was represented by an immediate tenant of the crown holding either a secular or spiritual benefice, but in practice all sorts of influences were at work to amalgamate and occasionally to divide the seats, and gradually to render the franchise rather a personal privilege than a territorial appanage. Marriage, succession, alienation, and, above all, secularization, all combined to destroy the simplicity of the organization, and sometimes to introduce elements altogether foreign to the country. Thus for several centuries the emperor himself had a seat on the ecclesiastical bench in right of his archduchy of Austria, while the King of Prussia (or Elector of Brandenburg), besides his seat (fourth in rank) on the ecclesiastical bench, which he held as representing the grand-master of the Teutonic Knights, held also the forty-second ecclesiastical seat in right of Minden, and four secular seats for Camen, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, and Further Pomerania. So also foreign kings became involved in German affairs, not for any consequence to the nations they ruled, but because of their accidental possession of a German principality. Spain was represented there at one time, not because Spain ever formed any part of the empire, but because its king held the duchy of Burgundy; Sweden became mixed up in German wars through Hither Pomerania, Denmark through Holstein-Glückstadt, England through the electorate of Hanover. A whole chapter of clues to the interference of one country or another in the general disputes of Europe may be found in the constitution of the German College of Princes.

As for the College of the Free Towns—twenty-four on the Rhine bench and thirty-eight on the Suabian bench—we cannot now say more than that it also betrayed its ecclesiastical origin in the fact that every free town was, originally at least, an episcopal city; and the relations are well worth studying between this college and the great mediæval association of the Hanseatic League—a league which we may yet see revived in another shape by the international organization of labor.

The first severe blow given to this unique and venerable structure came from within. At the dawn of Protestantism,

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Albert, Grand-Master of the Teutonic Knights, apostatized from his vows in A.D. 1525, and, taking the whole appanage of the order for his private possessions, married the daughter of the King of Poland. This was the origin of the famous margraviate of Brandenburg, from which was developed first by the deglutition of bishoprics the kingdom of Prussia, and afterwards, by the agglutination of whole states, the modern empire of Germany.

Yet, though the seeds of decay were already implanted, the stately fabric remained fair and sound to view up to the very close of the eighteenth century. Traces of dissension no doubt were to be found, as when the Protestant electors withdrew during the Mass of the Holy Ghost preceding the act of election, and when assistant bishops had to be appointed to certain offices because their official incumbents were incapable of discharging the religious duties appertaining to them. But it was a strange hand which brought the august structure into ruin. Throughout the entire millennium which elapsed from the coronation of Charlemagne that venerable edifice remained unchanged, and yielded only to the earthquake of the Revolution; and the preamble of the treaty of Campo Formio, betraying even in its twofold date the revolutionary impress, marks, as it were, the exact spot of time when the mediæval spirit passed from European statesmanship and the spirit of modern politics took its place. Every line in that preamble is pregnant with silent instruction.

Four gentlemen of high distinction, though leaving no mark whereby posterity may recognize them, are required to represent the "Emperor of the Romans and King of Hungary and Bohemia"—the Sieur Louis, and Sieur Maximilian, and the Sieur de Gallo, and the Sieur Ignace, each with titles dating back for centuries and offices covering half a page. And then comes a single line bearing a single name filling a single office: "And on the part of the French Republic, Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Italy." No dramatist was ever more concise. Three years later came the coronation of Napoleon, and the compensations necessitated by the treaty of Lunéville—compensations, that is to say, granted out of the possessions of the church to the states which had lost territory through the wars of the Revolution. This was the process embodied in the famous Act of Mediation drawn up under Napoleon in 1803, whereby the distinctive features of the three colleges were in great measure obliterated, the ecclesiastical privileges and those of the free towns almost wholly swept away, the territorial representation

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so altered as almost to become personal, and the whole mediatized Diet to bear somewhat the same resemblance to the Diet of the former empire as exists between chess-men when set out in array and the same pieces when huddled together in a box. No human power could now avert the final crash, which yet was hurried on by the acts of its own members. In 1804 the emperor, in a document wherein the crown of Charlemagne quotes as a precedent the action of the crown of Napoleon, raised his own archduchy to the imperial rank, violating thereby the fundamental rule of equality among the states; and two years afterwards he dissolved the Empire of Germany, laid down the title, and released all princes and people from their oath of allegiance, reserving only his new-created rank of Austrian emperor.

The sequel of those dissociated states was curious enough. Out of the broken columns and fragments of the ecclesiastical empire Napoleon reared up his Confederation of the Rhine, still preserving the hierarchical form of a College of Kings and a College of Princes, and still retaining a survival of hierarchical connection in the presidency of the Archbishop of Ratisbon; but the principle of election had wholly given way to the nomination of a dictator. That organization it doubtless was which suggested to the mind of Napoleon the fatal idea of a general confederation of European states, with the pope at their head, under the hegemony of France, which dominated all the rest of his career, and which resembled the image set up by the conqueror of another holy city, with its head of gold, and its body of brass, and legs partly iron and partly clay. This idea it was which led to his ill-fated marriage with a daughter of his Austrian enemy; which caused him to confer upon his little son the title of King of the Romans, borrowed from the disrupted empire; which led him, against his will, to lay sacrilegious hands upon the holy pontiff, and finally to destroy his fortunes in the snows of Russia in his frantic attempt to restore the monarchy of Poland. Thence came the curse of the excommunication, the thunderbolt of Moscow, the catastrophe of Fontainebleau. The huge image was struck upon the feet by an invisible hand, and the gold and the silver, the brass and the clay, were shattered into a thousand fragments.

From this point the history of the states of Germany passes from the civil into the military form. After the exile of Napoleon, France, to use the exquisite formula of diplomacy, "re-entered the limits of 1793," or, in the more brutal language of the world, was forced to give up the foreign possessions she had

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eized, and amongst them the German dominions. Part, therefore, f the gigantic task performed by the statesmen assembled at he Congress of Vienna in 1814 was the reconstitution of Germanic kingdoms into a single confederation—a work which, indeed, would probably have been beyond the strength of any to ccomplish, but that every nation of Europe was well-nigh exhausted by the incessant wars of a quarter of a century. The arrangement here concluded may seem in some respects complicated, and unquestionably had the effect of rendering the German nation almost a nullity in Europe, but at least it lasted for nearly half a century. In that confederation, as the old elective principle was already lost, so now the hierarchical element utterly disappeared, and the territorial basis of representation was changed into a plurality of votes proportional to the importance of the state. The events by which the feeble tie thus created was broken at last, and how one kingdom after another became absorbed in the army of Prussia, has been already narrated; and thus we see the various steps by which the old ecclesiastical elective republic (for a republic it was in all but name) of the south has been transformed into the secular military empire which owns Prince Bismarck as its uncontrolled dictator.

What may be the ultimate issue of these curious relations between Germany and the Vatican is a point too difficult for discussion, for it is part of that larger question which looms more and more quietly, and yet more and more sullenly, every year upon the political horizon: What is to be the relation of the spiritual to the temporal authority throughout the world? Still, so far as the experience of sixteen years will carry us—and that is but a very little way—the antagonism between the empire and the Vatican, which one would have naturally inferred from the creating of the former, does not appear necessarily to exist; and the issue of Prince Bismarck's gratuitous attack undoubtedly tends to confirm that impression. The empire would seem to be a kind of jolly giant, very fierce, a trifle stupid, but by no means radically ill-natured; and as for the Vatican, that most diplomatic of courts has been accustomed to deal with giants ever since it came into existence. It is possible, no doubt, that the revolution may yet break out in Germany with tenfold the violence with which it ever raged in France, as Heine, if we remember rightly, foretold long ago; and after the wreck of that storm perhaps the lines of the old Holy Roman Empire, with their elective principle and independent head, may suggest the outlines of a plan for the re-edification of Christendom. But at present there

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is no question of the kind. The jurisdiction claimed by the Holy Father is purely spiritual; the jurisdiction demanded by the emperor and the prince is wholly secular. So long, therefore, as the latter require nothing contrary to faith or morals, so long there is no reason why, past history notwithstanding, perfect accord should not be maintained between secularized Germany and the Vatican.

AT THE THEATRE.

IF anywhere, it is at the theatre that human nature shows its motley side. There the world gathers to see itself as in a mirror held up to nature. Youth and age, riches and poverty, gaze with riveted eyes upon the mimic scene. Sympathy plays with nimble fingers upon the gamut of the human heart, ringing her changes from the deep bass of woe to the shrill treble of mirth. Eyes moisten and hearts beat faster over the sorrows in the play. The world, there looking upon its own picture, trembles and weeps, laughs and applauds, and forgets its real existence in the fiction of the moment. At the door of the theatre black Care hastily dismounts from the weary shoulders he bestrides like the Old Man of the Sea, and Sindbad forgets all about the odious burden waiting for him outside when he sees the effigy of his demon on the shoulders of Sindbad in the play.

How the human heart responds to the touch of nature, and this brief panorama of life stirs it to its depths! A queer compound this human nature of ours! See this vast audience with bated breath hanging on the words of the actors! With mouths agape and eyes a-wonder they stare at the painted scene, all the reality of life absorbed in the narrow compass of the boards the players tread. Observe that man with the iron-gray beard in the sixth row of the parquette; he is weeping—yes, it may look odd, but he is actually weeping over the sorrows of the neglected young wife in the play. Hers is the old story—a selfish husband whose love cools and whose indifference grows day by day. Her tender young heart lies bleeding and bruised under this brute's feet. The tears stand in the eyes of the man in the parquette when he sees how bravely, patiently she bears her humiliation, hoping so hopelessly to win the errant love back again. The roses fade from her cheek; the lithe young form grows

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slighter and old; she wilts like a sweet flower that, hidden away in a damp, dark place, gets no blessed sunshine, and so she droops day by day for the lack of the warm love that would bring color and life back to her faded eyes. The man in the parquette grows indignant at the conduct of that brute of a husband trampling under foot this tender, beautiful love, so precious, so pure, so true! In his burst of indignation he grips the arms of his chair! Between his clenched teeth he mutters how he would like to strip that brute to the waist, and bind him to a public whipping-post, and lash him till the flesh is raw, crying out at each stroke: "This for the wife-killer!" For was not the husband in the play killing his wife by inches? Do not neglect and indifference kill as well as blows? So the man in the parquette would execute summary vengeance on the man in the play. But not so fast, Mr. Indignity; this is all make-believe, sham brutality, sham sorrow, sham killing, sham everything. Whence this hot indignation over shams? Are you shedding precious tears of sympathy over shams? Not a bit of it, Sir Critic. This is no sham at all. Of course the picture is not the thing itself, but it represents one of the saddest realities of life—the waning of the light of affection, leaving life blank and dark. The brute in the play is an excellent portrayal of the brute in the parquette, the very man we saw just now weeping over these fictitious sorrows. Do you notice that the man in the parquette is alone? At home sits a silent woman, whose heart this man's selfishness has long ago buried, and sealed the grave with a great, heavy stone to make sure that there may be no escape from this living tomb. Yes, he is just such another animal as the brute in the play, whom he would lash at the public whipping-post while he weeps over the sorrows of the young wife in the play. Brute No. 1 doesn't recognize his own picture in brute No. 2, or he wouldn't be so zealous to mete out chastisement to his representative in the play. He weeps because in the play he sees clearly enough the brutality of the husband, whose blind selfishness stands out well defined. The skill of the playwright has wrought the plot so cleverly that the husband's cruelty is brought out in full contrast with the wife's wrong. The man in the parquette sees the young wife's heart laid bare, its anguish, the deadly, sickening blight of a lost affection, its courage, its hope, its patience, its sweet devotion under its heavy sorrow. His sympathies are aroused, his pity excited, and there is nothing in his heart to interfere with their outburst. But at home—ah! that's a different thing. There all that the playwright makes so evident

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is hidden from his dull eyes. At home there are a thousand-and-one things happening at every moment to fret his temper, a thousand-and-one others to absorb his attention and make him forgetful of that silent woman, who bears it all with such sweet endurance; and so he neglects her and acts the part of the brute in the reality, while he grows indignant enough to throttle the brute in the play! So vice believes itself virtuous, and grows so false that it grows blind.

But this man is not the only one who weeps. Over there in the front row of the dress-circle, to the extreme left, with a dainty laced handkerchief held to her eyes, sits a dainty damsel, distilling from her sweet eyes pearly drops of sympathy. Her virgin heart is moved, and in the glow of her pity she would take the young wife in the play to her tender bosom, that they might mingle their tears together. Ah! if she could but peep into the future, that dark, silent, and unknown sea stretching its vast expanse before us all, perchance she would behold the vision of a young wife in reality whose cheeks would show the faded rose and the tear-stained courses of sorrow. Is the same fate awaiting her out there in that dim, shadowy time to come when she, too, shall be a young wife? Will the pitiless storm of life rain its fire— But there, draw the curtain over the scene. Are there not enough dreadful realities in this grinding world without borrowing them from the unborn future? Cassandra, hold thy tongue! Presto! but here's a funny fellow just come in! A merry smirk lurks about the corners of his mouth as he gyrates on two toes, jingling his bells. Motley's his name, and his quirks and his quips, and merry good-humor and pinches of wit, like flashes of light make rainbows on the tears of the weepers. Dry your eyes, sweet friends; here's cause for merriment. Heyday! Life's a holiday; put aside your burden, put out of your hearts that dull load of care! Forget and be merry! How easily we are moved to either side of nature! And the fool in the play whisks off the stage, leaving us in great good-humor with ourselves and the rest of the world. What a rollicking, jolly thing is life! Like a going to the fair on a holiday. Ribbons are flying, bells jingling, bands playing, the crowd flowing forward and the crowd flowing back, with here and there a strain of song from the throats of some happy, jolly dogs out, like the rest of us, for a holiday and a going to the fair. Plenty of sunshine and the bluest of skies, and the balmiest air ever breathed by merry, holiday lungs! What a glorious, glorious thing to live! Light

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hearts, bright eyes, and the blood dancing in the veins to the merriest tune of life! A great alchemist is the fool in the play! How he changes the dull, sombre metal of sorrow into the bright, glittering gold of enjoyment!

Presto again! the scene is changed as if by magic, as they always do in the theatre. So it is in life: one play is scarcely over before another begins. A gloomy, chill, heavy room, its walls of massive, solid masonry, looks blankly out upon the audience. Above the huge doorway a visorless helmet between two crossed swords stares blindly. How oppressing is the atmosphere in this room! A vague feeling of terror seizes upon us, and such an unspeakable silence falls upon us that each one can hear his heart thundering in his ears! Some dreadful deed is being perpetrated! There seems to be murder in the air. Yes, there the assassin comes with stealthy step, a brawny man with a fierce, red beard, and, horrible! he holds a bloody dagger in either hand. His face is ghastly with fear, and his eyeballs bulge from their sockets! How noiselessly he glides over the damp stones, keeping his protruding eyes fixed upon the doorway he has just come through! So intent is he that he does not see the dark-haired, dark-browed woman standing in the middle of the room watching and waiting for him. She lays her hand on his arm; he starts back, lifting the blood-stained blades as if to strike, but, recognizing her, hoarsely whispers, "I have done the deed; didst thou hear a noise?" How breathless and silent the audience now! All that vast throng spellbound with the horror of the deed. A pin dropped could be heard all over the house. Everybody is on the edge of his seat, with neck craned, eagerly leaning forward, lips parted and eyes dilated! Murder has been done, most sacrilegious murder, and this is the murderer before them, his fatal daggers yet dripping with the hot blood of his victim—a venerable, silver-haired man of benign aspect, and this man's guest! The horror and the terror of the deed has seized upon the audience. But this is only a sham murder, we say; that blood sham blood—it is all sham terror, sham horror. Again you are wrong, Sir Critic; no sham ever held the human heart in that way. It is a faultless picture of an awful reality, which the great heart of humanity realizes under the master-brush of genius. It is the same old story of human nature, this time burned up and consumed in the red-hot crucible of ambition—the demon that has led more than one to murder and infamy, and consumed him to ashes. Nothing that is human is foreign to the human heart, and the oft-repeated tale of love and hate, of sorrow

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and wrong, of life and death, will always hold their fascination and mystery as long as that heart beats with the pulse of life. That which misrepresents life is only sham. Exaggeration and burlesque or false sentiment never strike deep roots in the soil, and soon wither away. But the true and natural sentiments, whose life is deep-rooted in the universal heart of man, can never perish, for they are the realities of life and find an inexhaustible fountain-head wherever nature flourishes.

And the players there—what about them? In a few short hours they have lived a whole lifetime! Then off go paint and powder, doublet and hose—all the tinsel paraphernalia of the show is laid away, for the play is over. Yes, the play on the stage is over, and the play in the world begins again. For actors and audience there has been an intermission in the drama of life. As the curtain in the theatre goes down, the curtain rises again in the world, and the throng that has been witnessing that brief tale of love, ambition, mirth, and hate turn once more into the busy world to act their parts of love, ambition, hate, or strife. As each one goes out he finds his Old Man of the Sea waiting for him. There is no escape from him, that relentless, dogging old demon, and at best you can only get a respite from his torments. So each one accepts his burden and marches home to play his part as best he may. Behind the curtain the players hasten away from the painted scene and step into the street with the audience who have just been witnessing their representation of life's vicissitudes. The real play for all begins again; the interlude is over and the curtain of life goes up once more. Look at the crowd as it empties itself into the street. There goes the man we saw weeping in the parquette. Can that man shed a tear? Who would suppose so to look at him? His face is stern, hard, selfish. He is going home, where a lonely woman sits patiently awaiting him. He has no sympathy, no tears for her. He doesn't see the purple pain in her heart, nor the dreadful gashes the daggers of his neglect have made. There just back of him comes the sweet face of the young girl we saw weeping so sympathetically at the sorrows of the young wife in the play. You can see that she has been weeping, but she is smiling now as she looks up into the face of the young man by her side. Their play is begun again. What will be the end of this beginning? On she goes with the crowd, one of the many to take her small or great part in the world's play, where each shall play his part well or ill until the curtain shall fall upon the last act and the play be over.

My lord who strutted the stage-boards with bright, bespan-

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gled doublet and brave plume dancing in his gay cap shall lay them aside, and the beggar shall put off his rags, and they shall pass out together. His majesty the king shall lay aside his paper crown and tinsel sceptre, and his fool shall lay aside his bauble, and they shall pass out together. For the play is over, and the sombre curtain has rolled down from above, hiding the deserted scene where motley life had so bravely trod the boards.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

EVERY Catholic writer who has been sufficiently successful to make him hopeful of earning a living by his pen must undertake to solve a difficult problem. He must face an unknown thing to which the position of choosing between two roads in an unknown country is comfort itself. He must conclude to write as a Catholic, openly and squarely, choosing, as Mrs. E. G. Martin has done in *Whom God Hath Joined* (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), subjects dear to his heart, entwined with his daily thoughts and inextricably part of his life, or he must, as Christian Reid used to do, put aside much that he seems almost forced to utter, because he knows that, though he may write like an angel, he will lose his audience if he offend its prejudices.

The experienced author knows very well that he must look to the non-Catholic book-buyers for his income. Catholics sometimes say in print that there is an immense crowd of Catholic readers waiting to buy the book of a Catholic novelist of merit, but nobody believes this. For instance, we are safe in saying that Christian Reid's profits from *Morton House* were much greater than from *Armine*. One was a delightful novel, but one that might have been written by Mrs. Oliphant, let us say, with some literary differences. *Armine* is also a delightful novel, but seriously Catholic; it could have been written only by a Catholic.

The Catholic who would make a living income by the profession of literature—and letters in the United States deserves to be called a profession—must cultivate reticence and reserve, and acquire the "colorlessness" of the public-school plan, or choose subjects which he sees through an artificial medium formed of the prejudices of his readers. This being the literary situation, Mrs. Martin's courage in offering a thoroughly Catholic novel

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to the general public is remarkable. The readers of "Katharine," which now appears under the name of *Whom God Hath Joined*, will at once understand that there is no compromise with non-Catholic prejudice in that book, no reticence for the sake of making Protestant readers feel comfortable, and no artificial medium to soften the rays of truth. There has been only one change in "Katharine" to fit it for its new readers. The baptism of Marlow's child—one of the strongest situations in the novel—has been left out.

It will be wonderful, indeed, if *Whom God Hath Joined* succeeds with the great body of novel-readers. In the first place, it is too serious, and it has an evident motive. In the second place, it has not enough of what is called "human sympathy." Mrs. Martin concerns herself too much with souls. Novel-readers do not care about souls. They do not care whether a heroine's soul is saved or not, or whether the hero has any soul or not. Mrs. Martin's seriousness, her having a perceptible motive, and even her Catholic bias, might be overlooked if her novel was somewhat *risqué*. If there was a delicately-managed bit of impropriety—as there is in that very successful novel *East Angels*—we could understand why Mrs. Martin should address herself to the general reader. As it is, the pure, strong style of the book—it ranks as among the best specimens of English style written by man or woman for many a day—the true and heart-felt feeling, the logic of the narrative, its high morality, will not make it sell. Mrs. Martin must turn to Catholics to find readers for it. And to such of them as appreciate a good novel, and are willing to make the author's sacrifice in writing less of a sacrifice, we earnestly commend *Whom God Hath Joined*.

An historical romance which is neither historical nor romantic is a sad example of bad judgment. Sometimes people are inclined to forgive the doubtfulness of the history in romances —as they do in Sir Walter Scott's—if there be interest, brilliant color, and dramatic movement; but when the history is doubtful, and the doubtfulness of it does not flavor the story with pungent spice, a romance of that kind has no reason to give for its existence. *Constance of Arcadia* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) has a good name. It calls up associations at once picturesque and tender. It is suggestive of romance and of times in which an author could find dramatic contrast and gorgeous color. It is anonymous, too, which is in its favor. And yet the author has contrived to make a very dull narrative, full of absurdities about the Jesuits, written with a very solemn air. It is not necessary

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to warn anybody against them, for the character of Constance is too uninteresting to excite interest. Her mother-in-law, Henrietta de la Tour, is another puppet, and Charles and Claude de la Tour are, like Charnacé, only names without anything but the author's assurance that they ate, drank, talked, and thought, to justify their place among human beings.

Constance de la Tour is the wife of Charles, who was lieutenant-governor of Arcadia when Arcadia was liable to be seized at any moment by Charles I. of England or Louis XIII. Constance is a Huguenot from La Rochelle. She loved in France the Sieur Charnacé, but Charnacé was a Catholic and she refused to marry him. She took Charles de la Tour, a canny Frenchman, who was making a fortune in Arcadia in the fur trade. De la Tour was strictly a man of business, an Arcadian Vicar of Bray. And Constance begins to ask herself whether she would not have done better to have married the "Papistical" Charnacé, when the latter appears in Arcadia. Charnacé has been sent out by the superior of the Jesuits. He is, it seems, a Jesuit of the "short robe." So soon as he hears that Constance is alive—he fancied that she had died during the siege of La Rochelle—he, in his cheerful "Jesuitical" way, thinks on means for destroying Constance's husband.

"He would not," writes the author, "be too scrupulous. It was surely an accusation of the enemies of the holy church, emanating from the great adversary, that he himself" (Charnacé, not the devil), "in obeying his superior, was willing to do evil that good might come. Is not all evil in the motive? The motive is good—the greater glory of God. Does not this holy end make holy the means needful to reach that end? The life, or at least the liberty, or at least the carnal prosperity of La Tour must be sacrificed—for the good of the church, the state, the holy Hundred Associates who were to plant Catholic colonies, and also for the spiritual good of La Tour himself."

Charnacé, having convinced himself in this manner that it is his duty to ruin Constance's husband, goes to "his priest, Fra Cupàvo, and receives the sacrament." This confessor is a Jesuit, too, but, according to the author of *Constance*, he is also a friar. Later Charnacé, in spite of his piety, shoots off the lobes of his confessor's ears, who looks on the sieur as his "master." This condition of affairs has evidently been evolved from the inner consciousness of the author. Charnacé longs earnestly to dispose of De la Tour, that Constance might perhaps, under his influence, become the founder of a house of religious. Both Charnacé and Constance die—Charnacé very suddenly—without having

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spoken the affection they feel. After this the singular Jesuits, who call one another "Fra," begin to conspire to get Charnacé's fortune, which he has left to Constance's son, who is to be in charge of a Huguenot guardian. The Jesuit "friars" arrange that a very charming widow shall declare that she is Charnacé's wife; and on the head of this are written these exceedingly silly sentences:

"Jean Cupàvo [Charnacé's confessor] did not, however, in his mourning altogether lose his wits. 'What is to become of the governor's property?' asked the priest. 'Is our mission of St. Ignatius to exist only on paper?' To be sure his excellency left no will or wife, but with the church all things are possible. Was it possible, also, that the church would avenge the father confessor for the loss of the lobes of his ears, which he had borne without a wrinkle or apparent disturbance of temper? Silent grudges have often borne an important part in the great crises of history. Why not in Arcadia?"

De la Tour, for reasons of a pecuniary nature, finally marries the widow, who

"Accordingly, at the suggestion of her confessor, mingled in her husband's cup of the wedding-wine powder of relics of *Saint* Brébœuf, the Jesuit father who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois. And, after that, neither she nor the friars had reason to suspect Governor La Tour of heresy!"

It is a pity that the author of *Constance of Arcadia* should have written such a book. His enemies have reason to rejoice.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has taken advantage of the popularity he has acquired, by writing book after book in rapid succession, each better than the other. His *Kidnapped* (Cassell & Co., limited) is a De-Foe-like narrative of the adventures of a Scotch youth, David Balfour, who was kidnapped and cast away, who suffered on a desert isle, lived among Jacobites in the Highlands, and who begins another series of adventures at the end of the book. The characteristics of this story are manliness and an exact comprehension of the Highland character. The dialogue between David Balfour, a Presbyterian, and Alan Stewart, whose conceptions of Christianity may be described as "Highland," shows a keen perception of the motives of that strange people, whose fidelity and bravery are proverbial:

"Troth and indeed!" said Alan, speaking of a hated Campbell, "they will do him no harm; the more's the pity. And barring that about Christianity"—David had reproved him for the "un-Christianity of blowing off so many words in anger"—"barring that about Christianity (of which my

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opinion is quite otherwise, or I would be nae Christian), I am much of your mind."

"Opinion here or opinion there," said David, "it's a kent thing that Christianity forbids revenge."

"Ay, it's well seen it was a Campbell taught ye! It would be a convenient thing for them and their sort if there was no such a thing as a lad and a gun behind a heather bush."

The Highlands were in process of conversion, however, by various catechists sent from Edinburgh, some also appointed by local dignitaries. One of these was accused of highway robberies. And of him another catechist says:

"It was MacLean of Duart gave it to him because he was blind. 'But perhaps it was a peety,' says my host; 'for he is always on the road, going from one place to another to hear the young folk say their catechism, and doubtless that is a great temptation to the poor man.'

"We had no sooner come to the door of Mr. Henderson's dwelling than, to my great surprise (for I was now used to the politeness of the Highlanders), he (another catechist) burst rudely past me, dashed into the room, caught up a jar and a small horn spoon, and began ladling snuff into his nose in most excessive quantities. Then he had a hearty fit of sneezing, and looked around upon me with rather a silly smile.

"'It's a vow I took,' says he. 'I took a vow upon me that I would nae carry it. Doubtless it's a great privation; but when I think upon the martyrs, not only to the Scottish Covenant but to other points of Christianity, I think shame to mind it.'"

Kidnapped is a novel without a love-story running through it, and it is the more to be commended for that. The old Germans held that there was a great deal to be done in life by their young men before they should "turn to thoughts of love," and David Balfour is an exemplification of this opinion, for which modern society would be better and more manly. *Kidnapped* is decidedly the most popular novel of the month.

An American political novel does not entice the cautious reader of light literature. One knows rather well what to expect by this time. The caucus, the convention; the point-lace candidate admitting plebeian voters into his house; the agonies of his wife when the "heeler" expectorates on her carpet and brushes against her *bric-à-brac;* Saratoga, high white hats, big gold chains, and German and Irish slang borrowed from the newspaper reporters—all this we have had, and all this is considered to be an epitome of American political life. Mrs. Myra Sawyer Hamlin, in *A Politician's Daughter* (D. Appleton & Co.), has introduced us to new scenes. She takes us to a Massachusetts country town. A Boston snob—of the kind fortunately growing less

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common—who fancies that the fact that his great-grandfather worked hard to live around Plymouth Rock gives him a patent of nobility, walks home with Miss Harcourt, the politician's daughter, from church. His name is Arthur Bradley, and he carries a tightly-rolled umbrella after the English fashion:

"The avenue to Elmholm was a long, winding walk, quite an eighth of a mile in extent; but, arrived at the great iron gate, solidly guarded by two lions, young Bradley paused, charged with his umbrella the turf at his feet, and began rather awkwardly: 'You know—you see—you will understand, my dear Miss Harcourt, how impossible—how utterly impossible—it is for me to go further. My party principles, my personal feelings, my family and education are so opposed to your father's political attitude that I should compromise my dignity by even entering the gates. It must have seemed very strange to you that I have so repeatedly excused myself from accepting your invitations, especially as I have been unable to conceal from you or myself the unbounded admiration I have for you. You are the only attraction which holds me in Terratine. Coming here transiently on business, I have been held here week after week in the hope of a casual meeting with you, and I have been rewarded here and there, as you know—first by Mrs. Allen in allowing me to take you out to dinner, and then by other kind people who have given me impersonal social opportunities. And here, at the end of six weeks, I cannot go and I have no right to stay. You know what my family is—"

It is understood that the sentiments expressed in this speech, which is suddenly cut short by Miss Harcourt, are quite proper to a Bostonian whose ancestors have grown in grandeur, like Becky Sharp's, because their descendant has concentrated his mind on them, and for no other reason. They seem to mean insufferable conceit to the outside Englishman or American who is not a Bostonian. But we all have our weaknesses. The Philadelphia matron who would die rather than visit persons that live west of Broad Street and north of Market; the Baltimorean who positively cannot bow to vulgar people without a pedigree from the Cecils; the New York maiden who must drop all acquaintances who cannot afford to join the proper dancing classes—all smile at the pretensions of the Bostonian. Probably there was caste in early Rome when the third generation of the somewhat dubious and tarnished gentlemen who founded that ancient colony refused to know anybody not descended from the Sabine women.

Miss Harcourt has no amiable tolerance for the Bostonian's belief in his family. She sacrilegiously declares that she does not entirely understand what his family is. He answers that "they have been cultured gentlemen; they have been educated men;

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they have never been in politics." Then Miss Harcourt makes a speech that, if delivered on the stage, would "bring down" the gallery. She asks if the gentlemen of '76 had kept out of politics, what would have become of the republic?

Miss Harcourt bears herself in a spirited manner throughout the novel, rejects a typical politician's son, and marries Bradley. After this she was, we presume, translated alive to the heights where the Boston Brahmins sit on high and meditate on their great merits. *A Politician's Daughter* is a clever story, sketched rather than filled out. There are some good satirical hits, and some speeches worth remembering. The style is interesting but careless; it is evidently the work of a woman of refinement, whose observation of life is quick but not far-reaching.

George Manville Fenn's *Double Cunning* (Appleton & Co.) is a sensational novel, nothing more. *Katharine Blythe*, by Katharine Lee, is a harmless and flavorless story of the kind that English writers turn out by the hundred every year.

Señor Juan Valera is one of the modern Spanish novelists who, from a literary point of view, deserve recognition from the world. He knows and loves Spain; he has a delightful style, crisp and with a sub-acid, humorous flavor; and he knows how to tell a story. *Pepita Ximinez* (Appleton & Co.), translated into English, is the best known of his works. Señor Valera has written a long explanatory preface to the American edition of this work, in which he explains how it came to exist. He knows what life in the United States is, for he was till recently Spanish minister at Washington. Señor Valera's preface is like a heavy stone tied to the tail of a light and ascending kite. It is too heavy for it, and the kite would fly through the air all the more gracefully without it. The preface contains some wise sentences, more absurd ones, and several replete with that delicious Spanish humor with which *Pepita Ximinez* is seasoned, and which is obscured, but rendered nevertheless, as well as is possible, in the English translation.

It seems strange that Señor Valera had thought it necessary to study the religious mystical literature of Spain in order to create a pastoral like *Pepita Ximinez*. It would be a very charming book if it were not for an episode which will prevent it from having a place in the family library—an episode which was not needed and which spoils a story as *naïve* and reflective of the Andalusian life as any of Fernan Caballero's, and with a higher literary finish. Señor Valera pretends in his preface that he intended to do a number of high-sounding things in writing *Pepita*

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Ximinez. He has, after all, taken a young theological student, fervent, pure, docile, but without a religious vocation, and showed how, during a vacation at home, he fell in love with the young widow, Pepita, and married her. A Catholic reading the story feels that Señor Valera knows his hero and his hero's surroundings. Being a Catholic himself, though, he confesses, not a very devout one, Señor Valera does not shock our sensibilities by any of those exasperating misrepresentations that make absurd books touching on the life of Catholics and written by non-Catholics. It is a pity that Señor Valera did not leave out one objectionable scene and keep his preface for his biography. We cannot recommend *Pepita Ximinez* because of that one scene in which the student succumbs to temptation. It spoils a fresh and true pastoral comedy. The old dean is an excellent specimen of the Spanish priesthood, and the student himself is a witness for the inspiring power of the Catholic Church and the wisdom of her discipline. Señor Valera very superfluously supplies *his* lesson in a high-flown paragraph:

"What is certain is that, if it be allowable to draw any conclusion from a story, the inference that may be deduced from mine is, that faith in an all-seeing and personal God, and in the love of this God, who is present in the depths of the soul, even when we refuse to follow the higher vocation to which he would persuade and solicit us—even were we carried away by the violence of mundane passions to commit, like Don Luis, almost all the capital sins in a single day—elevates the soul, purifies the other emotions, sustains human dignity, and lends poetry, nobility, and holiness to the commonest state, condition, and manner of life."

The absence of that cynicism—to be expected from a man of the modern school of literature—which would deny the dignity and solemnity of the priestly vocation is a consolatory characteristic of Señor Valera's work. The letter of the old dean, Don Luis' preceptor, in which he says that a theological student of "more poetry than piety" had better not become a priest, is worthy of Cervantes.

Aphrodite (New York: Gottsberger) is a romance of ancient Greece, without any particular merit. It is translated from the German of Ernest Eckstein by Mary J. Safford.

It gives us great pleasure to describe *Flights Inside and Outside Paradise by a Penitent Peri* (George Cullen Pearson; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) as utterly unworthy of a complimentary adjective that can be applied to a book, except that it is short. An air of frivolous vivacity, generally forced, makes it resemble the European letters of N. P. Willis at his worst. It has

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been pronounced by several journalistic reviewers as a valuable book on Japan. The writer might have made it valuable; but, as he considered the condition of his own stomach while in Japan more interesting than anything else, he has given the result of this preoccupation in a sprightly way. This sprightliness, however, is applied to other objects occasionally—for instance, to a relic of St. John the Baptist at Genoa, and to indulgences. Some reflections on page 285, supposed to be made by St. John, are not only in bad taste, but without one grain of the comic salt which is supposed to make them piquant. The author tells us that M. Blanc, late proprietor of the gambling establishment at Monaco, was

"An extravagant believer in the benefits to be derived from the purchase of indulgences; but he was a trustful man, and so he put the entire sum at the disposition of the prince, who, it is said, did not expend the money to the entire satisfaction of the propagators. Madame Blanc, in her widowhood, also set aside a like amount for the same pious purposes, but, like Mrs. Squeers, she allows no one to administer this cure for sick souls but herself. Protestantism, not so readily providing for immediate and facile absolution from peccadilloes, was, and I believe is still, forbidden in the principality; only that form of religion which can give the most extended indulgences being allowed."

This is a specimen of "smartness." The book is not immoral; it is only vulgar and flippant.

A very refreshing and honestly written book is Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson's *George Eliot and her Heroines*. It is refreshing because it comes at a time when the worship of George Eliot is reaching a point at which it becomes a "craze." People are beginning to put Mrs. Cross on a pedestal higher than Shakspere's, and an unreasoning crowd acclaim as supreme an author who had great merit as a keen observer of human life around her, but whose gloomy, barren, and, we cannot help suspecting, affected philosophy distorted much that ought to have been beautiful into failure.

It would be silly to pretend that George Eliot was not a great literary artist because her opinions, her objectless altruism, her determination to show that most marriages are disastrous, and her ponderous self-consciousness interfere with the value of her work. But we rejoice that a clear-thinking writer, basing her conclusions on Christian teaching, has pointed out the flaws that exist in the composition of a literary idol whose worship, unstinted and unreflecting, must have an ill effect on minds and

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morals. Mrs. Woolson sums up the tenets of the creed which Mrs. Cross taught, more or less veiled, in all her writings:

"Perhaps the fundamental principles of her belief cannot be more clearly and briefly indicated than by giving the words of a personal friend, in his report of her conversation: *

"'Taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words *God, Immortality, Duty*—she pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law.'

"Or, in our own words, there was, according to her creed, no supreme Creator, demanding right conduct from his creatures, and himself furnishing the instinctive sense to determine what right conduct is; no life beyond this, to supplement our existence here, to atone for its suffering and to recompense its steadfast adherence to duty; no comprehension of duty, except as a generous impulse we may chance to feel to extend aid and comfort to fellow-creatures as hopeless as ourselves—creatures who have no home in any other world, and, like the butterflies, are fashioned but for a day, and that a day, not of warmth and bloom and fragrance, but oftener of searching blasts, sullen skies, and frozen fields."

Of the heroines of George Eliot, Mrs. Woolson truly says:

"They do not die; they do not plunge wildly into sin, suffer stout martyrdom, or surrender proudly to fate. They simply live and live on. What was a leaping flame becomes a lingering smudge. There are no graves for us to weep over, no consoling visions of a translation to the stars."

Dorothea, admirably depicted by the touch of genius, fails miserably; Romola floats away into self-sacrifice that seems to hold no compensation for her; Maggie, in the *Mill on the Floss*, owing to a crooked view of morality, suffers horribly; Gwendolen becomes a wreck; Savonarola, a shadow in her hands, fails miserably; Tito, the most masterly of her characters, falls little by little; Grandcourt, Lydgate—all pass before us disconsolate, unsatisfied, unconsoled.

Mrs. Woolson's critique is thoroughly comprehensive and very sound in both an ethical and literary sense. It is a distinction, and a valuable one for her, that she has not let herself be carried away from her honest conclusions regarding George Eliot and her works by the uncritical estimate which a great part of those who form public opinion have made of the works of a woman of genius who deserves a place as a novelist beside Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Austen rather than near Thackeray or

* F. W. H. Meyers, in the *Century Magazine*, November, 1881.

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Balzac, and as a philosopher to be ranked among those that tried to pull down while the Light that enlighteneth the world shone full upon them. Fortunately, generations to come will "skip" her theories, as they have forgotten the purpose of *Gulliver*, and read her novels for the stories which, once read, can never be recalled without admiration and wonder at such potency and vividness of imagination and expression.

We are so ready to pounce on the non-Catholic who, through carelessness or ignorance, makes a mistake in statements concerning the church, that it would be unfair not to praise the honesty of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement in doing all in her power to make her *Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) correct in every detail. Mrs. Clement has had the volume revised by a hand entirely competent—that of Miss Katharine E. Conway, a lady whose writings are well known to the public, and whose position in literature is well established. Miss Conway is in every way qualified to make *Christian Symbols* worthy of its dedication to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston. The purpose of the work is fulfilled religiously and artistically.

"It has been undertaken," writes the author, "to satisfy a want often felt personally by the writer and often expressed to her by others. Those who go abroad and travel in Christian lands meet at every step, through town and country, in the broad light of day and in the mysterious gloom of sacred places, symbolic forms which are known in a general way to represent the mysteries and facts of the Christian faith, but which fail to recall them in anything like a distinct and accurate manner."

That the "intelligent" traveller needs such a book the remarks overheard in any church or picture-gallery are sufficient evidence. This book will be the means of making the general ignorance of "Christian symbolism" less dense. It is excellently arranged.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MONOTHEISM THE PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF THE CITY OF ROME. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Father Formby attempts to prove that monotheism was the primitive religion of Rome, established by Numa Pompilius, who learned both religion and law from the Hebrew nation and the books of Moses during a visit which he made to Palestine. Father Formby is a very original, learned, ingenious, and instructive writer. His thesis respecting Rome and Numa is sustained by very plausible reasoning, which to a certain extent, we think, may safely be called probable. We will not venture an opinion on its conclusiveness. The whole subject is one upon which we prefer to await the final verdict of a consent of competent scholars.

The discussion of his special thesis has led the author to enunciate his opinions upon the more general topic of God's providence toward the heathen world, and the survival of monotheism in the midst of polytheism in the pagan nations. He takes a more generous and favorable view of the religious and moral state of the ancient pagan world as a whole than the common one of Christian writers. We concur with his views in this respect, and admire their philosophical breadth as well as their conformity to real facts and authentic history. Although he adheres to some traditional notions of chronology which are now becoming obsolete, yet his general ideas are easily reconcilable with recent and improved science and exegesis. The work as a whole and in many parts, whatever we may think of its most particular thesis, is one of great interest and value. We could wish to see its thesis proved and adopted, if that be possible.

DURING THE PERSECUTION. Autobiography of Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the original Latin by G. R. Kingdon, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

This book enables us to look back three hundred years through a time-telescope, and to realize vividly the dangers to which a priest was exposed in England during the persecution waged by Queen Elizabeth. Father Gerard was a veritable "Jesuit in disguise," who was not terrified by the acts of Parliament framed for the extirpation of Roman Catholics. Not rashly did he undertake his dangerous mission, but with remarkable prudence and unflinching courage. He was many times suspected of being in league with the Papists, but he adroitly contrived to throw the burden of proof on his persecutors. The priest-hunters constantly pursued him, and great was the ingenuity he displayed in his frequent hairbreadth escapes. Ultimately he was captured, and suffered the agony of the torture three times while in the Tower, whence he escaped in a most extraordinary way.

The work of the translator is worthy of special commendation. In this narrative of a heroic priest there is much that is intensely interesting as well as profitable reading.

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STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. I. Centuries I.–VIII. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1886.

Dr. Parsons has prepared a series of historical abstracts from the best authorities which students and intelligent laymen will find readable and useful. The topics are such as have a polemical bearing in regard to dogma, discipline, church polity, etc. The author's work in the second volume will be much more difficult than it has been in this one. If it is accomplished in an equally successful manner with that in which he has executed the first part of his task, the entire collection of studies will make a most valuable addition to the library of English historical works.

S. THOMAS ET DOCTRINA PRÆMOTIONIS PHYSICÆ, seu responsio ad R. P. Schneemann, S.J., aliosque doctrinæ scholæ thomisticæ impugnatores. Auctore P. F. A. Dummermuth, Ord. Præd. Sac. Theol. Magistro, et in Collegio Lovaniensi ejusdem Ordinis Stud. Reg. Parisiis: apud editores ephemeridis *Année Dominicaine*, via dicta du Cherche. Midi, 19, 1886.

The above work will not fail to interest all serious theologians. Its author is regent of the Dominican Studium Generale at Louvain. Since the study of St. Thomas, owing to the exhortations and patronage of Pope Leo XIII., has been restored to the high and honorable position it formerly occupied in Catholic schools, many have eagerly inquired as to who have been the faithful guardians of his doctrine. Defenders of certain theological systems, taking up under a new form old and celebrated controversies, have presented themselves as the true interpreters of the teaching of St. Thomas. But this is an honor which the Dominican Order, quoting the words of Pope Leo XIII. in his immortal encyclical, *Æterni Patris*, claim as peculiarly their own ("Dominicana familia quæ summo hoc magistro Sancto Thoma jure quodam suo gloriatur"). Particularly in the very important question of grace and free will is it desirable that the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor should not be erroneously interpreted. It was to prevent any such evil result that the author undertook the above-mentioned work, and all competent to pass a judgment on it will agree that he has performed his task in a masterly manner. The work evidently is not addressed to the laity; but ecclesiastics whose taste or whose professional occupations lead them to a more profound study of theology and sacred science will find in it a true light thrown on a profound question. *

KING, PROPHET, AND PRIEST; or, Lectures on the Catholic Church. By Rev. H. C. Duke. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

These lectures of Father Duke give a clear and forcible explanation of the nature of the church, whose mission is identical with that of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was King, Prophet, and Priest.

The author knows generally how to reason with Protestants without repelling them, which is the chief excellency in controversy. He treats of the most important of all religious questions—the office of the church. It is of little use to treat of isolated doctrines of the church, unless the divine authority of the church be satisfactorily explained. The conversion of Protestants depends more upon their understanding this one point of Catholic doctrine than any other. Father Duke's lectures explain this point thoroughly, and their publication will do good service to the cause of truth.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF R. SOUTHWELL, S.J., WITH LIFE AND DEATH. New edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The title-page of this volume is misleading, for it does not contain the complete works of the poet and martyr, but only his poetical works. The present publication is, in fact, a reprint of the edition edited by Mr. Turnbull and published by Mr. John Russell Smith in 1856. Mr. Turnbull's preface, however, has been omitted and another one written in its place. The bibliographical portion of the life found in the former edition is not to be found in the present. The appendix has been placed in its more natural position at the end of the volume. The pedigree of the Bellamy family, although it is referred to on page xvi., is not to be found. With these exceptions the two editions are the same. We may add, however, in commendation of this volume, that it is very well printed and sold at a very low price.

THE OSCOTIAN. Bishop Ullathorne: The Story of his Life; Selected Letters, with Fac-simile; four portraits of his Lordship; views of Coventry Church and Oscott College. London: Burns and Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The Oscotians have made the "Bishop Ullathorne number" of their magazine a worthy companion to the Newman and Manning numbers of the *Month*. The bishop's career before he settled down quietly in Birmingham—first as a sailor-boy, and then as an Australian missionary—was eventful almost to a romantic degree, and furnishes some attractive and entertaining as well as edifying materials for a biographical sketch. It is interesting both for young and old, and boys and bishops may peruse it with equal pleasure and profit.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH RHETORIC: Precepts and Exercises. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., author of *The Art of Oratorical Composition*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

In all our institutions of learning increased attention is being given to the study of the English language. Formerly an acquaintance with the great Latin and Greek models was considered sufficient to make one a good scholar in his own language; but, while we do not believe that the value of the ancient classics has been overestimated, we nevertheless see the great necessity of giving all our students a special and thorough training in the English language. Every one ought to know the rules of his own language better than those of any other. Next to the English grammar and dictionary comes rhetoric.

Father Coppens, S.J., the author of the book before us, has spent nearly thirty years in teaching, and over twenty years in teaching English. He is distinguished as a professor of rhetoric. Teachers, when they examine his *Introduction to English Rhetoric*, will pronounce it one of the best if not the best text-book that they have ever seen. His *Art of Oratorical Composition* has been extensively used in our colleges; but this book will find its way not only into colleges, but also into academies for young ladies. In "the first part of the work many matters are explained and exercises suggested" which are suitable for young pupils.

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AN ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE CREATION TO THE FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE IN A.D. 476. With maps, plans, etc. By Rev. A. J. B. Vuibert, S.S., A.M., Professor of History in St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. Baltimore: Foley Bros. 1886.

This history has been written to serve as a text-book in academies, colleges, and generally for more advanced pupils in schools.

Originally intended as a revision of Fredet's *Ancient History*, the author was obliged to abandon this attempt and compose a history which should embody modern researches and be free from the defects and deficiencies of the older work. Father Vuibert brings to the task his own practical knowledge of the needs of students, based on an experience of nearly twenty years in teaching history and the classics, careful research and sifting of the best and latest authorities—Rawlinson, Grote, Merivale, Lenormant, Cantù, and others—well-marked divisions, clear arrangement, and a pleasant, animated narrative.

It is manifestly necessary, yet very difficult where so many subjects are treated of, to unite brevity and clearness, comprehensiveness and condensation, details of facts, dates, and names, with a smooth, continuous, and interesting narration. This new work, however, combines these qualities in an eminent degree.

Without anticipating the public judgment, we think it will come to be regarded as the standard text-book and merit very general adoption.

The other integral and accidental parts of the book—maps, plans of cities, index and dictionary of proper names—add very much to its value and usefulness.

THE LIFE OF DOM BARTHOLOMEW OF THE MARTYRS, RELIGIOUS OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC, ARCHBISHOP OF BRAGA IN PORTUGAL. Translated from his Biographies, written in Portuguese, Spanish, and French, by Lady Herbert. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Dom Bartholomew of the Martyrs was a holy prelate of the sixteenth century, who, like St. Charles Borromeo, was raised up by the Spirit of God to promote ecclesiastical discipline. He proposed the most useful reforms in discipline and morals decreed by the Council of Trent under Pius IV. His influence over the fathers of the council was such that he was looked upon as a "mouthpiece full of burning wisdom, zeal, and prudence." The assembled prelates used to say, "The school of the Archbishop of Braga is the best school in the world." After the close of the council he devoted his energies to the utmost in carrying out in his diocese the law and spirit of the Council of Trent. He deserves to be compared with the canonized bishops of holy church. The translator of this biography deserves more thanks than we are able to express for giving us this beautiful and edifying life in our own language.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. A Novel. By Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Holt & Co. 1886.

This is Mrs. Martin's first novel, and it was originally published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD under the title "Katharine." It is a psychological study, based on experience and observation, very true and very acute. The title indicates that the one salient moral lesson inculcated by the story is the paramount necessity of obeying conscience and the law of God at

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whatever personal sacrifice, specifically in respect to marriage. The manner in which the Catholic Church, and it alone, lays down this law in the name of Christ, is brought out with distinctness, and also the more general lesson is inculcated throughout the story that only the Catholic religion can satisfy the reason, the conscience, the heart, the personal and social needs of men.

Mrs. Martin has a fine metaphysical and analytical mind, besides other qualities and the practice of literary composition, which fit a writer to make an artistic and readable work of fiction. We were best pleased, in reading this story, with the earlier part of Katharine's history. The thoughts, sentiments, mental and moral processes educed out of the large portion of our present American generation, during its transition from the religion of the past to something better or worse in the present or the future, are well described in the instances of Katharine and several other persons, by one who is competent and skilful in this kind of delineation.

We believe that the author has already attained a very considerable fame by this first effort, and we heartily wish her success in future works of the same kind.

ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLISH. By G. Washington Moon. London: Hatchards, Publishers. 1886.

This is a criticism, and a severe one, of the English of the "Revised Edition" of the Old Testament. The author, who is well known as a purist in language, accuses the revisers of "violations of grammar, ungracefulness of style, and infelicities of expression," and insists "that gross and flagrant errors abound in their work"; and we think he establishes these accusations in the volume before us, though we consider him hypercritical and even captious at times.

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to avoid every error in language in so vast an undertaking, but some of the errors Mr. Moon points out seem inexcusable, and many of them are extremely inconsistent.

Much has no doubt been gained in accuracy of translation in the recent revision, but not a little has been lost in the strength and purity of language which were the chief merits of the old King James Version.

THE REAR-GUARD OF THE REVOLUTION. By Edmund Kirke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

History has not sufficiently honored the brave men west of the Alleghanies who fought so well for liberty during the war of the Revolution. It was these men who fought and won the battle of King's Mountain, which turned the tide of the Revolution and prepared the way for the surrender of Cornwallis. These men rushed of their own accord to the rescue of their country, without pay and without hope of reward. Their greatest hero, John Sevier, lies now in a forgotten grave, without headstone or inscription. With the life of this man, and of two others, his comrades, Isaac Shelby and James Robertson, the book is principally concerned. These three, in the words of the author, "unknown backwoodsmen, clad in buckskin hunting-shirts, and leading inconsiderable forces to battle in the depths of a far-away forest, not only planted civilization beyond the Alleghanies, but exerted a most important influence in shaping the destinies of

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the country." The work of these men is depicted from their settlement of the Watauga Colony to the close of the Revolutionary war. A most graphic account is given of their struggles with the Indians, and the wonderful manner in which they frustrated the English plans, which included an attack from the rear by the allied Indians and Tories at the time when the Southern seaboard was to have been descended upon. The men of the rear-guard of the Revolution deserve to be held in grateful remembrance. It is well that a history should be written which does them a tardy justice. The book is written in a very engaging manner, and the descriptions of some of the skirmishes and of the battle of King's Mountain are very vivid. At times sudden transitions from the past to the present tense somewhat mar the evenness of the work.

HENRY GRATTAN: A Historical Study. By John George MacCarthy. Third edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1886.

Every Irishman loves the name of Grattan, and remembers with gratitude the great services he performed for his country, yet very little is specifically known about him. His services were too eminent and their results too lasting ever to fall into obscurity, but about the man himself little is known; the mind's eye forms no clear portrait of him. Indeed, his life has yet to be written. The book before us, though it gives us some idea of the man, is but a mere outline sketch, too brief to be satisfactory. It is a pity that Mr. MacCarthy has not written a fuller biography. After speaking of how little is generally known of Grattan himself, he says in his preface:

"In order to find out for myself the manner of man Grattan actually was, to get a clear conception of his individuality, to judge whether he was honest or a humbug, to know what he aimed at, what he failed in, what he succeeded in, what were his virtues, what were his foibles, what were his faults, how he looked, spoke, and worked, what was his private life, and what, on the whole, was the true tenor of the man's existence in this world, I had to ransack, and get ransacked, the dustiest shelves of a dozen libraries in Cork, Dublin, and London, to read scores of books long since out of print, and to seek traces of him through all sorts of old memoirs, magazines, newspapers, and parliamentary reports. I now respectfully submit the result of this investigation."

After this amount of research we wonder that the author contented himself with making a mere sketch. The sketch is very well done, it is true—so well done that we wish the same hand had given us a full-length portrait.

THE IRISH QUESTION, as Viewed by One Hundred Eminent Statesmen of England, Ireland, and America. With a sketch of Irish History. New York: Ford's National Library. 1886.

This book contains a great number of letters from prominent Americans to the editor of the *Irish World* expressing their sympathy with Ireland in the struggle for Home Rule; Blaine's speech delivered at Portland, Me., last June; a verbatim report of Gladstone's great speech, April 8 last, together with his second speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill; Parnell's speech, and other interesting matter.

The O'Connell Press Popular Library is issuing in a very cheap form standard and popular works. The last volumes of this library that we have received are the *Vicar of Wakefield*, by Oliver Goldsmith, *On Irish Affairs*,

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by Edmund Burke, and *Poems* by Gerald Griffin. Each volume is very neatly printed and is small enough to be easily thrust into the pocket. Good literature at a low price is always a great boon. The Library is issued by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, 1885. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1886.

CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION. No. 5. 1885. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1886.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, for the Three Months ending March 31, 1886. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1886.

THE JUDGES OF FAITH: Christian *vs.* Godless Schools. By Thomas J. Jenkins. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1886.

HENRY GRATTAN: A Historical Study. By John George MacCarthy. Third edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1886.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE. By W. A. O'Connor, B.A. Second edition. London: John Heywood. 1886.

SKETCHES OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. By Michael Brophy, ex-Sergt. R. I. C. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

TECHNIC. By Hugo L. Mansfeldt. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

LAND LESSONS, IRISH PARLIAMENTS, AND CONSTITUTIONAL CRITICISMS. By Clio. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1886.

CATHOLIC ALMANAC, Archdiocese of St. Louis. 1886.

MANUAL OF THE SODALITY. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1886.

THE SODALITY MANUAL. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

GOLDEN SANDS. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York: Benziger Bros. 1886.

PRECES ANTE ET POST MISSAM PRO OPPORTUNITATE SACERDOTIS DICENDA. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Bros. 1886.

RELIGION IN A COLLEGE: What place it should have. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong. 1886.

THE ALLEGED BULL OF POPE ADRIAN IV. A Lecture delivered by Rev. P. A. Yorke. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. Report of Superior Council of New York to General Council in Paris. New York: Donovan & Londrigan. 1886.

LONDON OF TO-DAY: An Illustrated Handbook for the Season. By Chas. Eyre Pascoe. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.

STUDIES IN MODERN SOCIALISM AND LABOR PROBLEMS. By T. Edward Brown, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

A HYMNAL AND VESPERAL FOR THE SEASONS AND PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1886.

THE TIMES PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1886. London: George Edward Wright. *Times* Office, Printing House Square.

WARD AND LOCK'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO, AND POPULAR HISTORY OF, DUBLIN AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1886.

We have received from Cassell & Co. the following numbers of their National Library: POEMS, by George Crabbe. VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, by William Shakspere. HAMLET, by William Shakspere. PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ALCIBIADES AND CORIOLANUS, ARISTIDES AND CATO THE CENSOR. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB. THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS, and other short Pieces, by Jonathan Swift. RELIGIO MEDICI, by Sir Thomas Browne, M.D. NATURE AND ART, by Mrs. Inchbald. VOYAGERS' TALES FROM THE COLLECTION OF RICHARD HAKLUYT. ESSAYS by Abraham Cowley. It will be seen that this Library contains most excellent reading put into very cheap and very convenient little books.

ERRATUM.—In article "The Borgia Myth," on page 14, last line, for *steeds* read *steers*.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

ELEMENTS fraught with danger are entering American society and rendering the solution of the social problem extremely difficult. How shall those elements be treated so that strength may be found where weakness is feared, and support where danger appears? How shall they be assimilated to the body politic and assist in the development of the ideas which underlie our structure of government. Socialism and anarchy may be driven beneath the surface by the severity of justice, but law alone cannot destroy Socialism nor answer its questions. Capital and labor, both powerful in organization, have grappled for the mastery, and the consequences of the struggle outreach any calculation. How to reconcile them and save society is a very serious problem. The moral degradation, the disregard of God and duty, the increase of those crimes that destroy confidence in men, the spread of infidelity and its attendant evils, are forcing thoughtful men to look about them for means of salvation. Education of the masses at public expense has been placed in our plan of government as a panacea for all our social ills, the enemy of crime and of pauperism. In accordance with these ideas millions of dollars are annually spent upon buildings and in salaries, and the energy of the government is directed to the support of the free public schools. The results are such that men are beginning to ask if the benefits compensate the outlay. Educators are finding defects in the system and are seeking for remedies. The Catholic Church, speaking for her own children, boldly

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asserts that the defect is a radical one, and that the education, which is becoming entirely secular, lacks one of the essentials necessary for the complete development of manhood, without which no harmony can exist in society—namely, religion. To ameliorate the social condition, to lift man up to virtue and keep him out of vice, to teach him his relations to his fellow-men, religion is necessary, and, for the Catholic, Catholicity. The church loudly proclaims that the world is fast dividing itself into the camps of Christianity and infidelity. Society's salvation is in Christianity; it is inseparably connected with the Redemption effected by the Son of God. Society's manhood is hidden in the child, and the education which draws it forth and develops it must be impregnated with and informed by Christianity; in a word, it must be Christian. All that can be said upon the absolute necessity of religion in education has been so often repeated that it seems foolish to recur to it again. The truth must be constantly told in order to repel falsehood, and the grounds upon which Catholics base their objections to the public schools need to be kept in view in order that non-Catholic Christians may finally accord us justice and sacrificing Catholics may be encouraged to strain every nerve to supply the defects and save their children to the church and to God.

Let us consider education in itself and then examine what religion has done for it. What is education? What does it mean? As the word itself implies, education is the drawing out, the development, the cultivation, the polishing of all the faculties of man, and the disposing of man to use these faculties for the best interests of man and society. It is a development of man's most generous instincts, an expansion of his most legitimate wants, a cultivation of his dispositions for good, a curbing of his inclinations for evil. Education makes or unmakes the man; it is the mould in which his character is cast. Man has mind, intelligence; education trains the faculties of mind to grasp the truth. Man has heart; education trains the faculties of the heart to cling to the true and the good. Man has a body, and education is to train the physical faculties to maintain a sound body as a necessity for a sound mind. Education, then, is the training of the entire man, soul and body. In a word, it gives to a man's whole nature its completeness and perfection, so that he may be what he ought to be and may do what he should do. How false, then, the theory of the education that devotes all attention to the mind and neglects the soul, forming intellectual giants with depraved hearts!

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Where will education seek for the principles by which the heart will be developed in the virtues necessary to control the intelligence and guide its knowledge? We know that the source is religion, and religion finds its highest expression in Christianity. Whence have I come, whither am I going, why am I here? are questions of the soul. Education must answer them and assist man in working out the ends of his existence. Science and the world cannot answer satisfactorily. Christianity alone, which is the voice of God, tells man that he is from God and that his life should be spent in God's obedience.

Man, then, demands that education assist him to work out his destiny; that his faculties be trained to interweave in his life the two ideas of God and himself; that he be led by his intelligence to know God, and by his heart to love God, and thus attain to the highest and best results of his manhood.

All men have recognized this religious necessity in the education of youth. The pagan between the lines of his favorite authors read of the gods of Olympus. The Hebrew children were guided by the laws of Moses as the basis of education. Among them was the proverb that even the building of the temple should be suspended that the children might be educated in the law. The Mohammedans used the Koran, and the first Christians the books of the Gospel, as school-books; the early settlers in these colonies recognized the necessity of religious schooling, as their church schools attest. Our theorists of to-day acknowledge its necessity, but they differ as to what religion means in this connection. Some consider it an abstract science which ought to be taught in the home, in the Sunday-school, in the church—as if the knowledge of God had no place in public instruction, but was fit for certain places only; others would make it that grain of spirituality given by a few moments of Bible reading, or by the moral influence of the Bible upon a teacher's desk; others those broad principles of general morality which are pagan as well as Christian, and which teach a shallow and senseless Deism.

But with all this no consistent Christian can be satisfied. Religion is not an abstract science confined within a limited and determined sphere, but a universal science, the science of sciences, to be found daily and hourly in the course of study, imparting a sweetness to all; not found in one book but in every book, forming the heart of a child, correcting his young intelligence, developing the trend of young dispositions; in a word, showing him the true source of the beautiful, the good, and the true, finding God's

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footprints everywhere in creation. It is the eye of all the sciences looking to the great end of all things—the glory of God and the salvation of man. It is the source of public and private virtue. Law and order rest on the moving sand, if religion enter not into the character of the youth called upon to sustain them. Irreligion breeds a licentious manhood, disrespectful to legitimate authority, restless under law, shifting with every wind, and finally destructive of society.

Religion tells education man's destiny; it points out man's duties and man's wants; it opens up the field and guides the hand that cultivates. The child is a man in miniature, with soul and body made to God's image and likeness, destined for eternal happiness which is purchased by fidelity to God's laws. The child has a character to be formed; that character must be Christian. He has an intellect which demands truth, a heart wanting to love truth, passions to be restrained, virtues to be developed. The child is clay in the potter's hand, wax ready for impressions. He is ready for the mould in which his manhood is to be cast; and as that manhood should be Christian, the mould must be Christian. The child must be fed on Christian food, that he may be able to stand in presence of creation and interrogate men and things, know the world and its past, and build up for the future a social fabric of virtue by which he may be saved, and with him society. For the Christian child nature bears the imprint of God, and every force in nature ought to be made to bear with it some conception of the unseen power hidden under its veils. His great want is God, a knowledge of God's laws and obedience to them, by which vice is eradicated, virtue inculcated; by which he becomes an obedient child, a virtuous parent, an honest workman, a conscientious citizen.

Government requires that its citizens be educated in their duties. Republics demand that they be able to read and write in order to exercise the franchise. But every government needs, first of all, that its citizens be honest, good, pure. It needs that the masses be educated, but as Christians. It is useless to put tools in the hands of miners unless you give them means of discriminating the true metal from the base. Religion does this for man. Neglect religion in teaching youth, and what security for law, for life, for property? What avail guarantees? Duty and loyalty are high-sounding names, but vain, dead, if not arising from religion. Neglect religion and you forge links which time and chance will unite in producing revolutions which will upheave

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society and finally destroy it. If you place keen weapons in a vicious man's hands you breed Catilines and Robespierres.

Intellectual culture, even in its highest development, cannot subdue the passions nor enable a nation to attain its destiny. The sound mind requires a sound heart to preserve the nation from the passions of men. Greek and Roman masters are the models in modern education, but the arts and sciences did not save Greece and Rome when immorality invaded their homes.

Our government needs patriotism, but patriotism founded upon morality. Authority, obedience, justice, are the virtues upon which a good government is built, and who can teach and sanction them except religion? Where are these citizens, these patriots, to be formed? In the schools. If virtue, then, be essential for good citizenship, if morality be necessary for true patriotism, and if morality and virtue find their teacher in Christianity —and what Christian can consistently deny it?—how in the name of common sense exclude it from the school which is instituted to form it?

Religion in modern education is like a foreign language, studied or omitted at will. But it requires more than culture of mind to make morality; it requires virtue, it requires Christian life, which will make a man love the government because God wills it, and not from any fear of dungeon or in accordance with theory or self-interest, prompting one thing to-day and another to-morrow. It is certain that Christian education alone can rear a people Christian. Education without Christianity will rear a people without Christianity, and a people so educated will soon become anti-Christian.

All this calls for Christian morality, and society for its own preservation must see that these virtues be taught, and public education which forms the members of society must incorporate in its teaching that which will supply this necessity.

Leading minds in every age have recognized the necessity of religion as an essential factor in education. De Tocqueville, who understood our institutions as well as any man, recognized this when he wrote:

"Where virtue and reason prevail the most popular form of government may exist without danger; where religion does not rule it is useless to proclaim religious doctrine. You may talk of the people and their majesty, but where there is no respect for God, can there be much for man? You may talk of the supremacy of the ballot, respect for order, denounce riot, secession; unless religion be the first link all is vain."

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And Bonaparte, that great reader of men and society, exclaimed that "society without religion is like a ship without a compass, uncertain as to whither it is going."

Plato, who reasoned so well, said that "ignorance of the true God was the greatest pest of all republics."

And Robespierre, a short time before execution, was forced by truth to utter: "The Republic can only be established upon the eternal basis of morality."

Public education which moulds society, which builds the republic, must be based upon religion in order to found a republic upon morality. Statesmen have recognized this.

Ex-Governor Clifford said: "Moral culture and discipline ought to be an essential part of every system of school education."

President Seelye has said:

"It is not the illiteracy of any people, but their immorality, it is not their knowledge but their virtue, on which either their destruction or their salvation hinges. But the morality of a people is not secured by teaching them moral precepts. Men are not made virtuous by instruction in virtue. We have yet to see a moral renovation of society accomplished by the teaching of morality, however pure. Without a question the great moral reformations of society have been wrought by religion."

Guizot, the great French Protestant historian, has said:

"In order to make education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious; national education must be given and received in the midst of an atmosphere religious. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or hour. It is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere."

Disraeli, the English prime minister, said:

"I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing government that can long prevail founded on the neglect to supply or regulate religious instruction of the people."

Derby, a leading statesman of Great Britain, said: "Public education should be considered as inseparable with religion."

Gladstone, the great leader of the English Commons, said: "Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious."

Huxley, the leader of English infidelity, said: "If I am a knave or a fool, reading or writing will not make me less so."

Horace Mann, the great patron of common schools, said:

"If the intellect, however gifted, be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splen-

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did as he is a more dangerous barbarian. We are fully persuaded that the salt of religious truth can alone preserve education from abuse."

In the *Church Quarterly Review* of July, 1881, are these words:

"The ignorance of the three R's is not the cause of crime. The real cause is our depraved nature—our anger, greed, lust; and these will break out into crime under favorable circumstances, both among the literate and illiterate, unless they are brought into subjection by religious training."

Men, then, are agreed; government demands; society, the family, the child, the soul, all cry out for religion as the basis, the life of every system of public education. And, for the Christian, religion means Christianity; and for the Catholic, Christianity means Catholicity.

There are men who will ask if this does not mean to go back to ignorance and the darkness of the middle ages. We answer that in those days there may have been ignorance of science, but men knew God. Better the ignorance of science with a knowledge of God than the ignorance of God with a knowledge of science. Better the faith of the middle ages, with all their ignorance, than the enlightenment of to-day with its denial of God. St. John Chrysostom says: "Learning is of relatively small value in comparison with integrity of soul. We must not give up literature, but we must not kill the soul."

Those men who fear religion in education forget that truth is not darkness, Christianity is not ignorance, and that when we clamor for religion in education we are calling for true knowledge, for that true light which enlightens every man coming into this world; we clamor for the torch to guide our footsteps through the mazes of science; we are seeking for a staff to support our limbs; we are demanding manna to strengthen our souls in the desert of life.

We simply ask that Christ be in our life, and especially in the school, where character is formed. We ask that Christ be in our life to teach us morality.

The most glowing pages of history are those that tell of the labor of religion in education. In the beginning of the Christian era Christianity had to contend with the paganism of the tyrant emperors, and in education it had the schools of the empire to battle against.

In the days of St. Mark, in Alexandria, under the shadow of the bishop's cathedral the first Christian schools were established. Entering Alexandria he found the classics of Greece and Rome in the schools, the science of numbers from Egypt, the Hebrew scriptures translated into Greek because of the

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beauties contained therein. He brought to the schools the books of the Gospels, the traditions of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Apostles' Creed—which contained more true philosophy than all the books of Greek and Roman sages—and the chant of the church; and these were the first class-books of the Christian schools. Clement, Origen, Tertullian are the names of some of the great masters of those early Christian schools, where the literature of the pagans was studied side by side with the literature of Christianity. As we look back to those schools can we wonder that the young Christian student found the story of Ovid and the Golden Age insipid when compared with the glowing imagery of the prophets painting the kingdom of the Son of Jesse, the Saviour of man?

Can we wonder that the Christian student laid aside the sweetly-flowing verses of Horace and Virgil, and the elegant periods of Tacitus, and the glowing story of the gods, to fill his heart with the sweet lessons of the Incarnate Word, the God made man? During the first three centuries schools were established at Jerusalem, Edessa, Ephesus, Smyrna, and Antioch. These were the beginning of the episcopal seminaries, where the young clerics were taught the liberal arts and the science of theology. In those days there were also the priests' schools, established in each parish under the charge of the parish priest, where the children of the poor received their education free. The Council of Vaison in 528 obliged pastors to found such schools, and to this may be traced the origin of parochial schools. Then came the monastic system, which trained the monks, like bees, to cull the honey from the flowers of literature and store it for future generations. Prominent in that system were the Benedictines in 552, the source of the schools of the middle ages. The monastery had its interior schools, where the subjects of the order were instructed; its exterior schools, where the poor children of the neighborhood received not only their education gratuitously, but were even fed and clothed. And yet men talk of free schools as an institution of this age of ours.

"The praise of having originally established schools," says Hallam, "belongs to some abbots and bishops of the sixth century." Anglo-Saxon records tell of Theodoric, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent by the pope in 668 to propagate schools in the Anglo-Saxon church. In the beginning of the eighth century we find the schools of England under Egbert remarkable for art and science. In council at Aix-la-Chapelle in 789 bishops were commanded to establish free public schools. The Third General

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Lateran Council, 1179, renewed the order. In Rome, in 1078, a school of liberal arts was placed beside every episcopal school. Through the "dark ages" every bishop had his seminary, every monastery its exterior school, every priest obliged to sustain free parochial schools, as we may see from the Synod of Mentz in 800, Council of Rome in 836, and Lateran Council in 1178. In 1245 the General Council of Lyons spoke of it. In the eleventh century the monastic system began to decay, scholasticism arose, and with it arose the universities of Paris, Padua, Salamanca, Bologna, Oxford. Here it is good to remember that Huber, a Protestant, has said:

"Most of the Continental universities originated in entire dependence on the church. This new intellectual impulse sprang up not only on the domain and under the guidance but out of ecclesiastical schools." Ranke adds: "A sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on in the bosom of the Catholic Church for a series of ages. The vital and productive elements of human culture were here mingled and united."

No man can justly dispute the claims of Christianity—and remember, Christianity was then the Catholic Church—to the education and civilization of Europe, even that of the barbaric hordes who swept across the Continent. No scholar can ignore the popes who during all these long ages were the nursing fathers of Christian science, whether in maintaining free schools for the poor or in establishing and supporting the universities; sending an Augustine to the Angles, a Patrick and a Palladius to Erin, a Boniface to Germany, a Cyril and a Methodius to the Slavs.

We may be pardoned for alluding in a special manner to the work of the church in Catholic Ireland when the Green Isle was the land of schools and scholars, "the refuge of civilization and literature—learned Ireland," as Usher says. St. Patrick established a university at Armagh, which in the ninth century had over seven thousand students, representing all the countries of Europe. St. Finian taught at Clonard, "whence issued," says Usher, "a stream of saints and doctors like Greek warriors from the wooden horse at Troy." The church of Ireland during the sixth and seventh centuries was the leader in education. No country at that period could boast of such pious foundations or of religious communities for education equal to what adorned that land. When the rest of Europe was in barbarism Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Clonard, and Lismore had their masters of philosophy and sacred science, whose learning had passed into a proverb.

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The Irish schools sent forth their scholars to civilize Saxon and Teuton and Gaul, and teach them their letters. Camden says: "Moved by the example of our fathers for a love of reading, we went to the Irish, renowned for their philosophy." These were the glories of her learning in the days when Ireland was free.

And these are but fragments of the work of the Christian Church in education. What might be said of the epochs of Bede, of Alcuin, of Alfred the Great, of Charlemagne, of Leo X., Gregory the Great, Benedict XIV., and Louis XIV.? They stand forth in letters of gold to give the lie to any man who would assert that true science has anything to fear from religion. They cry out that Christianity has developed the Christian idea in man, that it has been an active principle permeating every walk in life, individual, social, and national; that it has produced an atmosphere of faith, moulding simple, strong, and able characters; that it preserved the literature of the ancients, and clothed art, sculpture, painting, and architecture with immortal glory; that it has laid stone upon stone in those universities and schools which made the cities in which they were, and which repeat in undying tones: Christianity built us, and we have educated the world!

Theorists of to-day would have us forget the past, divorce religion from science, and give us, instead of Christian schools, their methods for secular education. Greece and Rome tried that system, and the republics are long since in ruins. Secular education made men mere machines of the state, mere nationalists, and when the crisis came the social structure had no morality to sustain it; its eloquence, art, and philosophy all failed, and Greece and Rome fell, leaving the lesson that science is not morality, that mind-culture alone "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," that religion alone can save the state. Secular education, as it is called, has had time even with us to prove itself, and what is the result? Are our citizens better? Is virtue more prevalent? Does vice find no place in public life? The crimes that cover the columns of our daily papers are the crimes of educated men, not those of ignorance. The disregard of authority, parental and national; the tendency to deny God's existence, to scoff at his sacred revelation; the infidelity, communism, and socialism of the age; the lack of reverence for all that has been considered sacred; the immorality of society, that might shame a Sodom and Gomorrah—these are the fruits of secular education, of education divorced from religion.

Secular education has made religion an abstract science and

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left it to chance. It has reduced science to abject materialism. It has taught the lives of statesmen, of warriors, of men of fame, but has omitted to tell the heroism and virtues of the Christian martyrs and saints, and has spoken of the great Redeemer, Christ, as an ordinary hero. It has sent into society a discontented and grasping youth who think that shrewdness is perfection, that material prosperity is the end of life; averse to manly labor, ready to sit in judgment upon everything and everybody, even God himself; creating shallow, conceited sceptics, more learned in law than the judges, more theological than the theologians; hating restraint, disregarding parental authority, and becoming in so many cases the masters of intellectual vices. And yet they have had the Sunday-school, the home, and pulpit influences, and these are the results.

Secular education cannot be neutral—it will at least make men indifferent; and religion is a thing too important to have men indifferent about it. Indifference leads to irreligion, and how can we, who believe religion to be our life, accept it? Men who love Christianity and fear God may well shudder at the future of society if the theories of scientists are to be allowed to drive religion from our education.

To the Catholic education is a question of principle as to the union of religion and science in public instruction. His guide in faith and in life is the old Catholic Church which, amid the revilings of centuries, still asserts the doctrine of Jesus Christ that man is from God and for God; that the best citizen for a state is the man who is faithful to his God, whose morality is not only exterior but interior; who obeys authority, not for self, ambition, or fear of punishment, but because it comes from God. She asserts that her children need more than secular knowledge, and she warns educators against the fallacies that strip their vocation of its usefulness by removing it from the refining influences of Christianity.

Conscience is our imperative monitor, and conscience tells us that knowledge of the sciences with ignorance of God and of the soul is a curse and not a blessing; that as our forefathers, the early Christians under the Roman emperors, gladly gave their lives rather than sacrifice to false gods, so we will gladly make all sacrifices necessary to preserve the inheritance of their faith; that as our fathers, under English monarchs, proudly refused the food and clothing, ay, and the life, offered rather than yield, so we will be true to our religion, which can alone make true men of us.

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How much longer will Christians be deceived by the idea that a republic of freemen necessarily depends upon one mould in which all its character must be formed, and that that mould is the public-school system, which excludes religion, and which must not be opposed under the penalty of treason to American institutions? What the republic needs is men, and the education that develops the best manhood is its best friend:

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, nor spires and turrets crowned:
No! men, high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain:
These constitute a state."

The strength of manhood is in virtue which springs from faith in Christ, whose maxims are to guide in the development of true character. Christianity is divinely commissioned to teach all nations, and insists that the child be taught according to the Gospel.

Religious men and women, consecrated to education, receive the blessing of Mother Church, and teach science and literature in an atmosphere of religion in the church schools. America need never fear those schools. They are not rivals but co-workers in the education of the people. Patriotism is taught there side by side with the Commandments of God. Inseparably intertwined are country and God. Love of America and her republican institutions is inculcated from the first primer lesson. In times past Catholic valor was not wanting when the freeman's blood was demanded that the country might live. When the crisis comes—and it comes to every country—no stronger power will be ready to sustain the people than that springing from schools where men are taught to be virtuous and upright according to the Gospel of Christ. To socialism, anarchy, the tyranny of capital, and the cry of oppressed labor the Catholic Church answers with the teachings of her divine Founder, which alone can regulate society and save it from ruin; and she demands that society, in justice to itself, educate her children at least in those saving precepts.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

AFLOAT.

"I WAS a madman to let her go," muttered the doctor, taking off his hat and wiping his troubled brow. "I ought to have had her committed to a lunatic asylum first."

"I don't see how you could, dear," said his mild, literal wife, "as she is not mad. People would have thought you were plotting for her money."

The doctor groaned. "There is no help for spilt milk," he said. "So wilful though so sweet a specimen of womankind I never knew. She has turned me round her finger like a skein of worsted. God send it may not yet be the breaking of our hearts; for if anything happens amiss to Bawn we can never hold up our heads again."

That triumphant young woman, having looked her last through tears at her receding native shores, had now seated herself in a convenient nook on deck with her face oceanwards, and was regarding the boundless, glistening vista before her with a strange and solemn delight. It was her first introduction to the sea. Most of us behold that great wonder first from afar off, then we make acquaintance with it piecemeal; some blue, sand-skirted bay becomes dear to us, or we learn to worship it from purple clad cliffs, with the gulls riding on the green waves beneath at our feet. But Bawn had suddenly been lifted from her forests and prairies, and flung, dazzled and amazed, upon this illimitable world of waters. As the view became wider and the ocean became more and more a living, all-absorbing presence to her mind, regret, courage, hope, loneliness, confidence, all of which had been shaking her and inspiring her by turns, alike vanished and were forgotten, and she sat breathing in long, deep draughts of salt air and delight, enjoying her young existence with the joy that is the inheritance of sea-birds.

She had planted herself in a corner, so that her back was to the other passengers on board, whose tramp, tramp as they took their walk up and down the deck, and the occasional sound of whose voices, fell on her ear but did not disturb her privacy.

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She was right in the front of the vessel, all her being going willingly forward with it, her face set outward towards the horizon of sea and sky behind which lay the secrets she had tasked herself to penetrate and the lands she had never seen. The books with which the doctor had supplied her were untouched. Who could read in a world of such ever-shifting, ever-shimmering enchantment? Leaning well forward, her firm, white chin set in the pink hollow of her hand, she let the hours go by without once turning her head to see how it fared with the humanity behind her. The only person who for a minute engaged her notice during those first morning hours was a man who had got further even than herself into the very end of the vessel, and, mounted on a heap of ropes, gazed for some time out seaward through a glass. She observed that it was a straight, well-built figure, and that the profile had a clean-cut outline. Long before he had done gazing through his glass Bawn had forgotten him and was again looking out, out far, with fascinated eyes at the glittering, ever-shifting boundary lines of the realms of light towards which the great heart of the steamer was straining and panting. As he turned to spring from his vantage-ground of coiled ropes the man glanced towards the figure that had sat so persistently motionless during all the first hours of the voyage—hours when people are generally so full of fidgets and so eagerly speculating on the chances of desirable acquaintance among fellow-passengers. Evidently this person, young or old (her back had looked young, though muffled in a shepherd's plaid scarf and broad-brimmed black straw hat), desired to become acquainted with no one, for she deliberately set her face from all. It was not for the purpose of seeing what that face was like that he had scaled the height of the rope-heap, but, having glanced at it once, he stopped a moment, gazing, and then, though she had not been conscious of him at all, involuntarily lifted his hat before he sprang lightly back on the deck.

At evening he noticed her again, thinking: "I wonder how much longer that girl will be able to sit still? Will she keep in that one position for eight or nine days to come?"

On the instant the wind carried off her hat and a quick hand caught it, and Bawn stood facing her fellow-traveller sooner than he had expected, her smooth gold head laid bare, its locks ruffled with the breeze, and her fair cheeks dyed a rich damask, partly with surprise, partly from the flame-colored reflections in the air.

"Thank you greatly," she said with unaffected gratitude, receiving her hat from his hands.

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"You must take better care of it."

"Yes; if it had gone what should I have done? I have not another," said Bawn gravely, and then smiled as the image of herself sitting on deck hatless for the rest of the journey rose before her.

"I shall tie a string to it for you. On board ship and on the top of a mountain there is nothing else of use. Allow me. I know the right place to fasten it," taking the hat from her hand.

"I have never been at sea before," said Bawn, "and so I could not know."

Bawn was standing in the red glow of the sun, heavenly fire in her gray eyes, her face gleaming in cool tones against the rose-dusk of the sky, like that of some fair saint set in an old jewelled window. Her new acquaintance was not observing her, busied with his good-natured exertions.

"There!" he said, lifting his glance, "that will—" He stopped short, gazing at her in surprise.

"Good heavens, how beautiful! And who sent her off to cross the ocean alone?"

"That will hold," he went on quickly, as Bawn took the hat and put it on her head, suddenly remembering that she had resolved to make acquaintance with nobody, and had been specially counselled to keep young men at a distance.

"They will always be wanting to do things for you, my dear," good Mrs. Ackroyd had said; "but if you allow them it will end by their getting in your way, so that you won't know how to get rid of them." And Bawn, thinking with a shudder of Jeanne's cousin Henri, the only young man she had ever come much in contact with, had believed she should find it very easy indeed to prevent them from coming within miles of her. But this person was not like cousin Henri.

She made her hat fast, and with a great effort checked the pleasant, sociable feeling that had been growing on her, threatening to loosen her tongue and make her feel at home with this stranger.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she said in a voice that sounded suddenly cold, and then, making him a bow the manner of which was never learned on the prairie and must have come to her by inheritance, like the sheen on her hair, she withdrew into the shelter of her corner again and resumed her old attitude of solitary reserve.

He felt his dismissal to be a little abrupt, and yet, continuing

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his walk about the deck as if nothing had happened, the man was noway displeased at it.

"What a brute I was to stare at her like that!" he reflected. "If I had seen another fellow do it I should have knocked him down. Had she not curled herself up in her corner after it I should no longer feel an interest in her. I wonder how long it will be before she allows me to speak to her again?"

The next morning, before going on deck, Bawn provided herself with books and some knitting. Her chief desire at present was to pass unnoticed and unquestioned on the voyage, as there was danger to be dreaded from even the most harmless intercourse. Some one might come to identify her as her father's daughter, and make her known to some other who might probably cross her future path in that yet unknown region towards which she was so eagerly travelling. She thought of her friend of the evening before, and decided that to no one's curiosity would she make the slightest concession, beyond a statement of the fact that she was a farmer's daughter from Minnesota and alone in the world. The man was a gentleman and would hardly ask questions; but things leak out in conversation, and she knew herself well enough to be aware that the most difficult part of the task she had assumed would be the concealment it was bound to entail. For though she owed no confidence to any one, it is so much more pleasant to be frank.

She had scarcely got the needles arranged in her knitting before she perceived that one of the many pairs of passing feet had stopped beside her, and there was her friend of the evening before, cap in hand, regarding her with as much deference as if she had been a queen.

"It is cold to-day, and it is going to be colder. Will you allow me to open your rugs and make you a little more comfortable?"

Bawn looked at him kindly, and for a moment was so inconsistent as to be glad to hear any voice breaking on her solitude; but the next she remembered that here was a possible enemy, who, after some time, if he got encouragement, might, voluntarily or involuntarily, become aware of her identity. Before she had had time to make up her mind whether to repulse him or not he was stooping over her rugs and shaking them out. "You had better take this chair," he said, bringing one forward. "You will soon get tired of your camp-stool."

Spreading a rug over the chair, he bade her sit on it, and wrapped the warm woollen stuff about her feet. All this was

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done so quickly and easily that she felt dismayed to observe how soon her power of keeping people at a distance had deserted her, another person's power of service having put it to rout. Prying and officiousness she had prepared herself to deal with, but genuine good-nature is not easy to repulse. Feeling at once the improvement in her condition, she felt bound to admit it with thanks.

"I am glad you have books," he continued, picking them up to place them beside her. The *Count of Monte-Christo* and *Hiawatha* were two of the volumes bought almost at random by Dr. Ackroyd at the book-stall. "*Hiawatha*—ah! I meant to have gone out to that country, had not business called me home sooner than I expected. Have you read the poem, or do you know the Dakota country?"

Bawn bit her lip. She had a strong misgiving that farmers' daughters of the class to which she wished to belong did not read poetry, yet how could she deny her acquaintance with the poem, every word of which had been read to her by her father lying under the forest-trees?

"My home was in Minnesota," she said, "and I have seen the Falls of Minnehaha; and—yes, I know *Hiawatha* pretty well."

The words came forth reluctantly. How lamentably she was breaking down at the very beginning in the acting of her part! Should she ever learn to conceal or evade the truth? But the stranger was not thinking of her, but of the book.

"I read it long ago," he said, "and everything concerning the Indians always possessed an interest for me. I must read it up again. Have you any objection to hear a little of it now while you work?"

Bawn breathed a silent sigh and pricked her finger. Was this man going to make her acquaintance in spite of herself? Oh! if he were only like cousin Henri, how easily she could snub him; but, as it was, she could not think of any form of denial which would not seem like downright rudeness on her part in return for his politeness.

"Do not let me fatigue you," she said, making one great effort to discourage him, but he only answered, smiling:

"It will be a new kind of fatigue, that will savor of rest. My limbs have been well exercised of late, my tongue not at all. If I do not bore you—"

"No," said Bawn with unwilling truth, and keeping her eyes on her work.

"If I do not look at him at all," she thought, "perhaps there

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will be less danger of his remembering afterwards what I am like."

The reading began. An earnest, deep-toned voice took up the rhythm of the poem and gave forth the words as if they were set to music, and a mist came over the listener's eyes as the sound of the familiar lines awakened painful memories in her heart. She had wanted to forget everything but the future; and was this a good or an evil spirit that had crossed her path and baffled her intentions? Sometimes she missed the sense of what was read while enjoying the melody of the voice and the pure intonation of the words, uttered with an accent a little foreign to her ears. Of course he was a foreigner. Had he not spoken of being called home on business? The certainty of this brought a feeling of relief to the girl as she listened. If he was only an Englishman returning from a trip to New York, not having been as far as Minnesota, never having met with or heard of her or hers while on American soil, what reason had she to imagine that discovery of her identity by those from whom she wished to conceal it could ever overtake her through his agency? None, if she could only be wise and control her too candid tongue. Whatsoever she represented herself to be, as that and nothing else must he accept her. Considering this and the extreme unlikelihood that, having parted on reaching Great Britain, they should ever meet again, Bawn felt the anxious strain upon her mind relax and her heart rise high within her. She raised her eyes fearlessly, and for the first time took accurate note of her companion's appearance. The blue cloth cap which had replaced the hat he had worn last evening was pushed back a little, showing the whole of a broad forehead, the upper half of which looked white above the sun-tanned brownness of the rest of the face. His crisp, dark hair would have been curly if not so closely cut, and he wore a thick brown beard that did not hide a somewhat large and sensible mouth. His eyes were deep-set under strong brows, and almost sombre in color, though readily emitting flashes of fun. It was altogether a practical and keenly sympathetic face, with humor lurking in all its little curves. Just now a slight languor, expressive of his enjoyment of the rest he had spoken of as desired by him, lent him a character not always his own. Seeing that her observation was unnoticed, Bawn studied him with care for some moments and made up her mind that he was worthy of her interest. A pleasant and most unwonted feeling of the suitability of their companionship grew on her, and as she plied her needles she glanced at

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him again. This time his eyes met her stolen investigating glance.

"Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dakota maidens,"

he was saying as he raised his dark eyes to take an equally stolen and investigating glance at his silent and industrious auditress. She said she had come from the Dakota country, she had stood beside the Falls of Minnehaha; and some analogy between the fair face that looked up at times and out to sea beyond him with an expression in the wide, gray eyes that he could not fathom, some fancied resemblance between this present maiden and the Laughing Water of the woods and prairies, had doubtless occurred to his mind and caused him to glance at her, unexpectedly meeting her gaze.

Bawn, aware of all the cool observation that had been in her own gaze, reddened, and said quickly: "I have been thinking."

"Yes?" said her companion, glancing away, planting himself more firmly on his elbow, and speaking in the most matter-of-fact voice. "So was I. You were going to tell me—"

"Nothing."

"I beg your pardon. Look! Did you ever see anything so marvellous as the sun on the wings of yonder flight of birds?"

"Wonderful!" said Bawn, shading her eyes with her fair hand, not yet browned and reddened by farming labors as she could have wished it to appear. "How fast they go! They will be there long before us."

"There? Where?"

"Oh! anywhere. Great Britain, I suppose." She was unwilling to name Ireland, lest in the very tone of her voice as she pronounced the word he should hear her whole history.

"Are you so very anxious to have the journey over?"

"Yes," said Bawn, fervently wishing she could fly after those birds and reach her destination at once, escaping perilous *tête-à têtes* with strange and possibly inquisitive people.

"I do not feel at all impatient," said her friend with the blue cap; "though, if I were properly alive to consequences, I ought to be, for I am bound to be in London on the morning of the eighth day from this."

"Why, then, not have sailed on an earlier date and given yourself more time?"

"Why not, indeed, except that Fate plays us curious tricks? I thought to have done so, but, owing to an accident, I arrived

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at New York in great haste only at the last moment before this steamer sailed. However, I am of a philosophic turn of mind, and I said to myself, 'I will take this disappointment as a stroke of good luck. Who knows what may turn up on the way to make glad that I was disappointed?'"

A satisfied smile brightened on his face as he spoke, and, though he was looking out to sea and not at her, Bawn felt that he meant to convey that he was already grown pleased with the existing state of things, and, partly at least, because he had found a companion in her. She could not reflect his contentment. Why need his voyage have been inconveniently delayed only, it would seem, for the purpose of embarrassing her?

One grain of comfort she did extract from his statement, however. "He is not Irish, at all events," she thought, "and, once I land in Queenstown, will, in all human probability, never cross my path again." Reflecting on this, she unbent her fair brows a little and consented to become a trifle more friendly.

CHAPTER VII.

ACQUAINTANCES.

WHEN lying awake in her berth that night Bawn, reflecting on the swiftness and pleasantness with which her day had flown by in the society of the person in the blue cap, acknowledged to herself that she had very foolishly departed from her original plan of making acquaintance with no one on board, allowing no one to intrude upon her privacy. She was running a great risk in permitting herself a friendly intercourse with this individual. True, she had been very careful, had given him no clue to her identity. He did not know her name—not even the name she had chosen to bear during her stay in Ireland—and she now made a firm resolve that she would not betray it to him. He had certainly not shown any curiosity, though on one occasion she fancied he had given her an opening to mention her name, possibly wishing to know it as a matter of convenience. She was well aware that she had passed over the opportunity, and that he had noticed it, and it hurt her that she had been forced to be so secretive. But then had she not entered on a course which would necessitate the utmost secretiveness? Bawn sighed as she thought of how ill she was in this respect fitted by nature to play the part she had undertaken, but reflected that she must

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make up by determination for what she lacked in other ways. In arranging her plans she had never calculated on the likelihood of her caring much for what others might think of her, being fully persuaded that the loneliness and singleness of her own purpose would be sufficient to carry her through every difficulty. And now already she winced because she had not been able to be perfectly frank with an acquaintance of forty-eight hours.

"Well," she thought, "the only way to avert this danger is to keep him at a distance. It will be but a matter of a few days. To-morrow I must begin by staying away from deck all day."

And, having settled the affair in this way, she slept profoundly.

When the morrow arrived it was hard to keep to so unpleasant a line of conduct as that on which she had decided. The sun shone, the breeze was pleasant. Down-stairs she felt in prison, but still she stayed below in the places inaccessible to gentlemen. She appeared at table in her place beside the captain, and at lunch her friend of the blue cap hoped she had not been ill, and told her how delightful it was on deck to-day. Bawn was obliged to admit that she was not ill, but stated her intention of resting in the ladies' cabin all day. Her friend looked surprised.

"You are not ill now," he said. "I never saw any one look more healthy, more undisturbed by the sea. But if you begin to stay down-stairs you will make yourself ill."

"I hope not," said Bawn serenely, and passed into the prison to which she had condemned herself.

The day passed wearily. All the unpleasantnesses of the sea now forced themselves upon her. Her companions were sick or unmanageable children who could not be trusted long on deck, and a few of those women who, no matter how good the passage, are always grievously ill on a voyage. She tried to pass the time by making herself useful and agreeable, but when evening came she felt jaded and depressed for want of the abundance of fresh air to which she had been always accustomed. As soon as it was quite dusk she concluded that she must breathe freely for a little while before settling to rest for the night, and went boldly up on deck.

It is too late for *Hiawatha*, at any rate, she thought, as she leaned over the ship's side and rejoiced in her freedom. The stars crept out one by one, the phosphor-tracks gleamed on the water, the breeze was wild and fresh, and the watery world boundless around her. Her heart widened within her, and her

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nervous little fears took to themselves wings and flitted away into the night. How foolish she had been to feel afraid of any creature! A certain power within her—that power of heart and brain which gave her temper its buoyancy and strength—had been suffering cramp all day, and now recovered its vigor, so that she was able to turn with a quiet smile on hearing the now well-known and importunate voice at her side.

"I ask your pardon," said the Blue Cap, "for trying to interfere with your good resolves this morning. I had no idea you were sacrificing yourself for the benefit of others. I heard one lady singing your praises to another just now, telling how you had been acting as a sister of mercy all day."

"I did not stay for the sake of others, I am sorry to say," she answered quickly; "I was thinking only of myself."

"I fear I bored you yesterday with *Hiawatha*," said the Blue Cap. His tone was penitent, but Bawn's quick ear detected a something which suggested that there was a sly gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke. It seemed that she was making matters worse. Not having been clever enough to pretend to be ill, nor yet to allow it to be supposed that charity towards the sick had altogether influenced her, she had led him to suspect the truth and to imagine himself formidable enough to frighten her out of his presence.

"No," she answered, "you did not bore me," thinking how very much pleasanter yesterday had been than to-day, and of how ungrateful she certainly was.

"Thank you. After that I may venture to ask you to take a turn up and down the deck. A little exercise before sleeping will be quite as good as a little air."

"I dare say it will," said Bawn readily, and, feeling as if she was making some amends for her bad treatment of a friend, she accepted his arm and threaded with him the groups of other peripatetics, feeling unaccountably at home with this stranger in the crowd.

"How clear the stars are to-night!" he said. "That is one of the best things about being at sea, one gets such a fine view of them all round; and if one only had a powerful telescope—"

"Yes," said Bawn gladly, "how I wish we had!" And by the sound of her voice her companion knew that his choice of a subject of conversation was a lucky one. It had not been made without deliberation, and had been selected among others that occurred to his mind as being furthest off from this world of cares and dangers, secrets and sorrows, and less likely to scare

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away his reticent fellow-traveller from his side. That this lonely girl, with the frank, true eyes, had some good reason for wishing to keep her own counsel and to pass unknown through the crowd was evident to him; and though he wished to cultivate her acquaintance, and, if possible, make her voyage more pleasant for her, he was anxious also that she should not feel embarrassed by his companionship. Therefore he did not ask her where she had been and whither she was going, how much she had seen of this beautiful and interesting world and what particular part of it she was now expecting to see, but suddenly placed a ladder of escape from such questioning at her feet, and mounted boldly with her to the stars.

"I suppose you understand something of astronomy," he said. "I used to know a little, but I confess I am beginning to forget it."

"I don't know much more than the names of the planets. I am a farmer's daughter, and astronomy can hardly be expected of me. Some of the constellations seem like old friends when I look up at them."

The Blue Cap here overcame a temptation to draw out the farmer's daughter a little, even to the extent of ascertaining what portion of this wide earth her father farmed, and he felt that he had gained a victory over her distrust of him when he heard her make even so vague a statement as to her circumstances.

"When I was a youth," he said, "I used to think I would like to have a star of my own, a country-house among the cool fields above, and a sort of celestial estate, which I could manage in my own way, without so much trouble as one is obliged to take thanklessly enough here."

"Rather a solitary state of grandeur to live in."

"Oh! I did not mean to be there alone. I was to rejoice in the love of some angelic being, an inhabitant of the star, who was to be as far above mere ordinary women as my star was above the earth."

"You are not so romantic now," said Bawn, smiling.

"No; I was thinking a little while ago, just before I saw your head appear above the stair yonder, that those dreams of mine were a long way off, and that it made me very old to remember them; and also," he added, as if half to himself, "that I am now fain to be content to mate myself among the daughters of men."

Bawn said nothing, but the query naturally arose in her mind, Had some charming daughter of men already taken possession of his heart, and, while speaking like this, was he thinking of her?

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And for the first time it occurred to Bawn to think of him as a person with a story of his own, with a home, with pursuits, occupations, loves, and friendships. He was no longer only a troublesome shadow haunting her to her sore annoyance and perplexity, but an individual who interested her and had the power to make her forget herself and her own affairs. On the instant she felt that she would have liked to ask him some questions, but, being so resolutely uncommunicative herself, upon what pretext could she look for anything approaching to confidence from him? She remained silent with the surprise of these new thoughts.

They continued their walk mutely, each wrapped in reflection. The stars waxed brighter overhead, the night-breeze blew freshly against them. Most of the passengers had gone down to rest; a few sat clustered in dark groups or tramped up and down deck like themselves. The watery world lay dark, restless, and mysterious around, and Bawn experienced the pleasant feeling of comradeship—a feeling which gradually grew on her.

"I have been thinking," said the Blue Cap, "how very wide apart our thoughts have probably flown while we have been walking the last three lengths of the deck. Your hand was on my arm, but who shall say where you were carried in the spirit?"

"Or you? I shall never know where you have been, nor you where I have been."

"I will tell you, if you give me the slightest encouragement, all that I have seen and said during the last five minutes."

"That would hardly be fair, for I am not willing to be equally communicative."

"You have guessed rightly; I should look for some return. But then a very small fragment of your thought would purchase a large proportion of mine."

"Well, then," said Bawn, "part of my thought—not the whole nor even a large share of it—was this: I wondered to perceive how two utter strangers like you and me could become so friendly, enjoy each other's company, exchange thoughts, and all the while remain perfectly ignorant of each other's lives, past and future, and content to be so; and that, having made acquaintance, we should immediately afterwards pass out of sight of each other and be thought of no more. You see I have not met many strangers, or I suppose such a thought could not have dwelt on my mind."

"Life has often been compared to a journey," said the Blue Cap, "for the reason that people meet and part thus at all points,

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exactly like fellow-travellers. Now, my thought was simpler than yours; for I was trying to—merely trying to—think of you as a farmer's daughter, and, for the life of me, I could not do it."

"I told you the truth," said Bawn quickly.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Not the whole truth. My statement was correct, and that is all."

"What an extraordinarily beautiful radiance has that phosphor-light upon the water!"

"Yes; but I am tired. It is time for me to go below."

He turned at once and led her silently to the top of the stair. As Bawn stood on the steps and looked up to bid him good-night, her face appeared fairer than ever in the fresh twilight of the starry night.

"By what you said just now," he said, looking at her attentively, "did you mean to hint that perfect oblivion of each other must necessarily descend upon us once we touch our mother-earth again? Why should the sea be so kind and the land so harsh? Is there any reason why we should not continue to be friends?"

"Every reason," said Bawn decidedly, as she disappeared out of the starlight into the well of shadow gaping for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS.

THE next morning Bawn made up her mind that she would not be a coward any longer. She fancied she had given the gentleman to understand that she wished to remain unknown, and therefore might feel herself secure. After what had passed he could never press her for information about herself. Upon these terms she was willing to be friendly and might accept the pleasure of his companionship occasionally.

Going on deck, she found that he had already prepared a comfortable seat for her, and he soon installed himself at her feet.

"Shall we return to the Indians?" he said, looking about for *Hiawatha*.

"No," said Bawn, fearing that this might lead to more personal talk concerning her home and native State.

"You dislike the Indians?"

"I have known much about them that is noble," she answered

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evasively, and then closed her lips and fastened her eyes upon her work.

"I suppose you have been to Paris?" said Bawn suddenly, raising her head and looking at him calmly. She had made up her mind to dash into any subject that would lead far from her own future and past. Paris would do. A man would be sure to have plenty to say about Paris.

"She is going there, perhaps," thought the Blue Cap, "and I wonder in what capacity? American women sometimes make the Grand Tour alone, and I have heard that even charming young creatures will do so in case they have no male relations to travel with. Perhaps she is going to be a governess there; but no, in that case she would have professed more knowledge of astronomy. She may be a princess in disguise travelling to meet her friends, who will bring her out in Paris to the delight of their world. She has been warned to avoid all young men as dangerous, and therein lies her mystery. Yes," he said, pushing back his blue cap and showing a broad forehead, the uncovering of which increased the look of strength and reliability which belonged to his face—"yes, I do know Paris as well as most foreigners of my age. And for one who has friends there what a charming place it is! You will find it a delightful entrance to the European world."

Bawn bit her lips to prevent words of explanation crossing them. Why should she tell him that she was not likely to see Paris or to mix with any gay world? If he persisted in disbelieving that she was a farmer's daughter, and chose to think of her as a young lady *débutante* on her way to Paris, why, let him do so, and it would be all for the best. That he should be himself a frequenter of gay cities seemed to lessen the chances of their meeting again.

"I wonder have I hit the mark?" thought the Blue Cap, watching furtively the humorous smile that gleamed in Bawn's eyes as she resolved to mislead him. "What affair is it of mine that I should trouble myself about it? If I were only sure that her circumstances were safe and happy, and that a pleasant future lay before her, I certainly should not let curiosity disturb the serenity of my mind."

The breeze was fluttering round Bawn, ruffling the hair about her temples and ears, bringing a rosy color to her face, and sometimes carrying her skeins of silk a little way out of reach, to be captured and returned to her hand by her watchful companion. It happened that a small white handkerchief also fluttered forth

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from her lap and was whirled into the Blue Cap's face. Catching it as it made a sudden wheel round and tried to escape over the ship's side, he was about to return it to its owner when a very distinct word of four letters caught his eye, embroidered in the corner. "Bawn" was daintily and flowerily stitched on the delicate bit of cambric in the place where ladies mark their names.

"Is it your Christian name?" he asked eagerly. "Come, there is no confidence in that. I will forget it again, if you like. But let me know it for a few moments. What a curious, uncommon name is Bawn! Perhaps the famous Molly Bawn was your ancestress?"

"Yes," said Bawn placidly. Yesterday she would have been distressed at this slight accident, but, having accepted the rôle of a *débutante* on her way to Paris, she was rather pleased than otherwise at having been detected as the owner of a lady's pocket-handkerchief. It was testimony to the fact that she was a wealthy demoiselle travelling (unavoidably) alone to France, where her friends waited to receive her, and behaving with proper reserve towards chance acquaintances by the way. This was precisely the impression which the sight of the bit of embroidered cambric produced on the Blue Cap's mind, and as Bawn, after a stolen glance at his reflecting face, assured herself of the fact, a sense of the humor of the situation grew on her and a sly, repressed smile curled her lips.

Her companion saw it and fancied it told him she was not sorry to be found out, after all; that she had been willing to tease him. And now he felt willing to tease her.

"Now that I know your Christian name," he said, "I am bound to tell you mine. It is Somerled—almost as strange a one as yours. After this we shall be more comfortable. It is a great advantage to have a name to call one's friend by."

"Strangers do not call one another by their Christian names, especially when one is a man and the other a woman."

"But we are hardly strangers, are we? On board ship friendships spring up so rapidly. And then you and I, being each solitary, are thrown upon one another more than in an ordinary case. However, this is, of course, subject to your approval. I will not pronounce that pretty name of yours without your leave, not even with a 'Miss' before it—for you see I have come to the conclusion that you are not married."

"'No, I am not married," said Bawn, with a look of extreme surprise that the question could have occurred to any one.

"I thought so by your fingers," said Somerled, smiling with

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great satisfaction. "It is always pleasant to know that one has guessed aright. I do not like to think of how I should have felt had I been told that I must address you as Mistress Bawn."

"What difference could it have made, after all?" said Bawn demurely.

"Ah! who knows? What difference could it have made? It is impossible to answer such a question. Somehow I should like to think that when I meet you again in Paris there will be no devoted husband hovering round you. I would like that our open-air, breezy friendship might continue undisturbed by any new element."

"Why do you think we shall meet in Paris?"

"Because I have friends there and I sometimes visit them. I know I shall find you out, radiant in satins and laces, perhaps with your head already turned by flattery. Indeed, I shall then perhaps have only the past to live upon. For I shall find so many newer friends gathered round you that I shall scarce get a word."

Bawn was silent, suddenly carried back to the evening when Dr. Ackroyd had concluded that she was bent on coming out in Paris as an American heiress. "What do you want to do with your fortune?" he had said. "Trip away to Paris, and all the rest of it?"—declaring the French capital to be the gayest and prettiest place for her. Suppose she had been able to put all memory of her father's wrongs out of her mind, and to do as the good doctor and his wife had thought but natural she should do? She might have been now really on her way to the pleasantest city in the world, under suitable protection, and likely to meet this young man, as he expected, in those brilliant *salons* of which she had so often heard tell. And suppose that after months and years he were to prove that he really valued her friendship as much as he now appeared, perhaps pretended to do, and suppose, and suppose—! For a few moments she saw herself surrounded with these fair circumstances, and thought that, had they been realized, she could have been glad at the prospect of meeting this blue-capped Somerled again. Such a position, which had been so possible to her and was now so impossible, appeared to her for a minute sunned by such happiness as she had never yet imagined. But it was only for an instant. The dark forests of her old home rose sombre and forbidding out of the background of her thoughts, and in the well-known leaf-strewn hollow which they shaded she saw the lonely grave that held all that had been dear to her in life, and which appealed from its solitude and silence to

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the fidelity of her nature. Those dazzling scenes which were so familiar to her new friend, and which she could imagine so well, were not for her; that gay and brilliant Bawn whom she had seen just now moving light-hearted through the crowd was only a phantom of herself, an impersonation of the most volatile side of her nature. No, the world of Paris must live on without her, as it had always done, and, alas! was but too well able to do. She had bound herself to live on the shady side of life, under the gloom of mountains, in the shadow of concealment, with the sorrow and wrong-doing of the past always present to her mind.

"Do not look so grave," said Somerled. "Have I been too familiar in my manner of talking to you? If you are displeased tell me, and I will vanish for the day."

"No," said Bawn, brightening. "You need not go. I fear I should now feel lonely if altogether left to myself."

This speech was the result of her reflections, which had just proved to her how completely apart their future paths must lie, and how utterly unlikely it was that they should ever meet again in this world.

He glanced at her gratefully, with that bright smile which always looked so good as well as gay.

"And what about the cross children and the sick ladies?" he asked. "With them you could not have been lonely."

"It is far pleasanter here."

"Even with me as a drawback?"

"Even with you as a drawback."

"For the life of me I cannot bring myself to be sorry I missed the boat I ought to have sailed by, though for your sake I ought to regret it. I have seen several charming persons gazing at you with benevolence, and looking daggers at me. That old gentleman with the flowing beard, for instance, is dying to oust me from my position as your knight and to step into my shoes. Had I not been here he would have spread your rugs and carried your camp-stool."

"That prosy old gentleman who worries the captain with questions all dinner-time?"

"The very man. I see you might have found him almost as much a nuisance as myself."

And so the day wore away, and the Blue Cap, as he walked up and down deck that evening at dusk, told himself that the gold-haired young woman with the broad brow and firm mouth, whose peculiar look of strength, humor, and sweetness had fasci-

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nated him, was really surrounded by no unpleasant mystery, but was only as reticent and dignified as maidens ought to be.

He wished he could ask her plainly to tell him her name, antecedents, and real position in the world. At first he had fancied that she had a downright fear of his acquiring any such information concerning her, but now it seemed to him that she only took a sly delight in withholding it. He concluded that it did not matter to him at present how silent she might be, but resolved that before they left the steamer he would persuade her to be more communicative. He remembered with a little vexation that she had shown an utter want of interest in his affairs and no curiosity even to learn his name. That they should part in this state of ignorance and indifference was not to be thought of. Three days of almost hourly companionship with this girl had made him feel that he did not want to lose sight of her. And yet he acknowledged that there was in her a certain power which would enable her to baffle him, if she pleased.

While his mind was still occupied with these reflections he saw Bawn come forward as if to meet him, walking with a quick step and seeming to have some word of importance on her lips. But no, she had not seen him, though she paused at the ship's side close to the spot where he stood. At this hour he was generally down below and she was resting in the ladies' quarters, and she evidently had not expected to see him. He noticed that she held in her hands the little, delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief which he had picked up and restored to her in the morning, and saw her deliberately tie it up in a knot and drop it into the sea. He watched her with surprise. Was it for having accidentally revealed to him her Christian name that she thus punished the otherwise unoffending bit of cambric?

The truth was that Bawn, having unwittingly allowed it to get among her new and plain belongings, and having used it unawares, had now resolved to get rid of it, considering that, though it had served her this morning by setting her fellow-traveller's speculations on a wrong track, yet it was an undesirable possession for a person of the class to which she wished in future to belong. And meanwhile the young man, observing her, felt his former wonder at her great desire to remain quite unknown revive, and did not venture to speak to her as she turned away without seeing him and went straight down-stairs again for the night.

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CHAPTER IX.

ENEMIES.

"WHAT a nice sort of hotel this steamer makes!" said the brown-faced, dark-eyed man who called himself Somerled. Again it was early, bright morning, and he was sitting idly watching Bawn's white hands plying their knitting-needles. "I should have no objection to go on as we are going for ever, or at least for ever so long—that is, if we could only stop at some port now and again and have a good walk. A man wants to stretch his legs occasionally, but otherwise—"

He broke off abruptly, and, as Bawn did not answer, began to whistle softly an air which she knew well, one of the Irish melodies with which her father had early made her familiar. As the strain stole across her ear, memory supplied the words belonging to it:

"Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storms, and snows:
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes."

"Are all American steamers as nice as this one?" asked Bawn, interrupting the whistling at the end of the first part of the melody.

"Well, the only other one of which I have had any experience was not at all nice. It was an emigrant-ship, and perhaps you do not know all that is included in those two words."

"You came out to America in an emigrant-ship?"

"I have succeeded in getting you to ask me a question at last," said the Blue Cap, smiling genially.

"You need not answer it unless you please. My organ of curiosity is not a large one."

"I have noticed that you are a remarkable woman. But I am willing to be questioned. I have been hoping you would ask me many questions about myself."

"I cannot do that, because I am not anxious to make confidences on my own part."

"As I have said, perhaps more than once, I am well aware of it. At present I am not disposed to molest you. I own I should be glad (as, I think, I have also said before) if a large amount of

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confidence on my side were to purchase even a small scrap of yours. But that shall be just as you please. It is a breach of good-breeding to ask personal questions, nevertheless I tell you plainly I shall not be willing to shake hands and say good-by to you when this voyage is over without knowing where and by what name I am to find you again. I do not make friends and drop them so easily as that. I should not say so did I not perceive that you have made up your mind that I am a gentleman."

"Were I not satisfied on that point, I should not sit here day after day talking to you."

"Then, having accepted me as a friend, why be so exceedingly reticent with me?"

"You always speak of our being friends, while in reality we are only chance acquaintances."

"But life-long friendships are begun in this way."

"Must I tell you downrightly that there are reasons why we can never be friends after we leave this vessel?"

"I will not believe it without explanation," he answered after a slight pause, and in a low voice whose earnestness contrasted with his hitherto gay, careless manner. A slight flush had risen on his brown cheek. Bawn grew a little paler, but silently continued her work, her heart throbbing with the consciousness that the thing she most dreaded had happened.

She had drawn on herself the notice of a person who might want to know too much about her and thus increase the difficulties in her way. Reflecting on her curious position, she asked herself why she could not tell him the little tale about herself which she had prepared for the enlightenment of those with whom she must come in contact after reaching her destination—inform him that she was the orphan daughter of an Irish emigrant, who was bringing her father's savings to Ireland to invest them there in a farm, which she intended to work by her own exertions? Why could she not narrate this little story to one who was at once so interesting to, and so greatly concerned about, her? Partly because she found it easier to annoy than to deceive him explicitly in words, and partly because she would not be driven into laying her future open to an interference which might possibly thwart her plans. As she quietly reviewed her position and strengthened her resolve to remain unknown, the Blue Cap's look of disturbance gradually disappeared, and, quitting her side, he walked away to a distance and leaned over the vessel's edge. Presently she heard him whistling the second part of the air

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which she interrupted, and to which her memory again supplied the words:

"Let Fate frown on,
So we love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art,
'Tis death where thou art not."

Then he went and talked to one of the sailors, and half an hour passed before he returned to her.

"You have not told me yet about the ship," said Bawn, with a conciliatory smile. "I do wish to know how you came to be there, and I am willing to pay for the information with any little experience of my own that you will think worth listening to."

"Good!" said Somerled. "That makes me feel better. I have been savagely cross for the last half-hour. How I wish I had a longer story to relate to you! It will be told too soon. I simply went out to America with some hundreds of emigrants, that I might know by experience how they are treated on the way; we hear so many complaints of the sufferings of the poor on their voyage out to the New World. And I had reasons for wanting to know."

"I see; reasons like mine, that are not to be told."

"Exactly. Not until I see my way more clearly towards selling them at a profit."

"I can guess yours easily enough. And so you made common cause with the poor. Mr. Somerled, I will shake hands with you without waiting for the moment of leaving the ship."

"Even though we are only chance acquaintances," he said, with a brilliant change of countenance, taking the firm, white hand that had suddenly dropped the needle and outstretched itself to him. Bawn's eyes were turned full on him, glistening with moisture and overflowing with a light he had never seen in them and thought he had never seen anywhere before.

"I shall always remember you as a friend," she said, carried away by enthusiasm, and with a kind of radiant solemnity of face and manner.

"Will you? Perhaps among your dead?"

"If you knew how precious are my dead," she answered, with a sudden darkening of all her lights, "you would be proud to be admitted into their company."

"That may be, but I would rather be in the company of your living," he said, dropping her hand which he had held. And Bawn, wishing she had been less impulsive, picked up her needles again and became busier than ever with her work.

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"I want to hear more of your emigrants," she said presently, as serenely as ever. "How were they and you treated, and what have you been doing for them?"

"To the first question I answer, 'Badly.' To the second I must admit, 'Not much.' I hope, however, to be able to say something about the matter in Parliament one day."

"Are you in the English Parliament?"

"You are surprised at the suggestion that so dull a fellow could hope to get admittance there. But sometimes it is easier to please a nation than a woman."

"Do you expect to please a nation?" asked Bawn, elevating her eyebrows slightly.

"Not exactly, perhaps, though I expect to get on pretty well with that small section of one which will be made up by my constituents."

"And the nation will go down before you afterwards?"

"Perhaps less than that may content me, though I have my ambitions. However, I am not in Parliament yet. And now, having confessed so much, it is time for me to receive some small dole from your hands."

Bawn's face fell. "What can I tell you? I have seen a prairie on fire; I have spoken to an Indian chief—"

"All my experiences pale before adventures like those," said the Blue Cap, trying to read the changes in her face.

A great change had come over her, for, in thinking of her past, events of one sad night had suddenly arisen before her mind.

"I have aroused painful memories," said Somerled, gazing remorsefully at her colorless cheeks and troubled eyes.

"You would drive me back upon them."

"Do you mean that you have experienced nothing in your past but what is painful?"

"I do not say that," she said, brightening up again. "But what is there to tell about happy days? They slip through our fingers like soap-bubbles, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. How can we tell what has made the days so happy or the soap-bubbles so beautiful? Common things—mere 'suds,' as the washerwoman calls them—catch a glory from the sunlight and vanish. And when they have vanished what has any one to say about them?"

Somerled sat gazing at her with a slight frown, observing how cleverly she always contrived to give him a ready answer without enlightening him at all, to talk so much and convey to him

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so little. Without saying more he got up and walked away, and after a while she saw him down at the other end of the deck playing with some children, hoisting the little ones on his shoulders and setting the bigger ones to run races along the deck. She heard his merry laugh among theirs, and noted the fact that her disobligingness had not the power to annoy him. Why, she asked of her common sense, should she allow herself to be bullied or wheedled into running risks for the sake of momentarily gratifying the curiosity of an idle and inquisitive fellow-traveller? She would not do it. Let him stay among those children and their lady relatives (there were one or two pretty girls among them) for the rest of the voyage. His doing so would certainly be an unexpected relief and advantage to her.

Having finished playing with the children and conversing with their mother and young aunts, the Blue Cap pulled a book out of his pocket and threw himself on a bench to read. What he read was a very unsatisfactory chapter, and all out of his own head. He did not like that girl, after all (his reading informed him). There was too much mystery about her, too deeply rooted and watchful a reticence for so young and apparently simple a woman. She must have some strong, almost desperate, reason for closing her lips so firmly when he tried to beguile her into speaking, for changing color so rapidly at times when he pressed her, as if she feared he would perceive the very thought in her mind.

He turned the pages of his book impatiently, and owned that he would give much to see the thoughts lying behind that wide, white brow, which seemed expressive at once of the innocence of the child and the wisdom and courage of a woman experienced in life. What was the story, what were the scenes in the background of her youth which were accountable for that sad look starting so often unawares into her eyes? With what sort of people had she lived, and whither and to whom was she travelling now in the great, giddy world of Paris? Well, what did it matter to him? He had no intention of falling in love with her. He had never fallen thoroughly in love in his life, and he was now thirty years of age. Two or three fresh, pretty faces of girls he had known floated up from his past and smiled at him as he made this declaration to himself, and yet he persevered in the avowal. He had liked them, flirted a little with them, been very near falling in love with them; but either he had been too busy setting his little world to rights, or they had lacked something that his soul desired, for he had certainly never as yet given the

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whole heart of his manhood into the keeping of any feminine hands.

As yet he had not seen the woman to whom he could give up his masculine liberty; and still, while he emphatically stated this to his own mind, he distinctly saw a vision of Bawn sitting knitting at his fireside, the light of his hearth shining on her fair face, into which color and dimple would come at the sound of his voice, and his care and protection surrounding her with a paradisiacal atmosphere. When, at the end of his chapter, he found this picture before his eyes, he flung away his book in something like a passion, and got up and tramped about the deck.

No, he was not going to fall in love with a nameless, secretive, obstinate-tempered, wilful woman. His wife must be open as the day, transparent in thought, and with all her antecedents well known to the world. She must be of a particularly yielding and gentle disposition, and have exceedingly little will of her own.

CHAPTER X.

MISLEADINGS.

"Do please tell me more about Paris," said Bawn, with a sweet beseechingness in her eyes and voice, and her lips curling with the fun of leading him further and further astray in his speculations concerning her. "If you knew how impatient I feel to see it!"

"Which is true enough," she thought, "only I am not at all likely to gratify my desire."

"It is not the place for a person of your disposition."

"How is that?"

"The French are a nation not remarkable for frankness."

"And you think my natural reticence may increase in Parisian society! Now, that is not kind. I have heard the French character charged with untruth rather than reserve. I have told you no falsehoods, and I might, if I would, have satisfied your curiosity with a dozen."

"True. That is something. How many days have we yet got to live?"

"On board? Four, perhaps, or five, I think."

"Four will finish the voyage for those who land at Queenstown."

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"In what part of England is Queenstown?" asked Bawn demurely.

"It is in Ireland—the first British port at which we touch. But for you and me, who are going on to Liverpool, there remain five whole days to enjoy each other's society."

"Do not let us quarrel away our time, then," said Bawn persuasively. "Five days would be very long if we were to keep making ourselves disagreeable to each other all the time."

"Five days are but a short space for happiness out of a lifetime," said Somerled brusquely, with an ardent, angry glance at her downcast eyelids.

"Yes, they would be," she said quietly, "but let us hope that few lives are so unhappy as not to possess a larger share of happy days than that."

She heard him shift in his seat impatiently, but, being busy with a dropped stitch, she naturally could not see his face.

"Do you intend to travel on to Paris alone? I hope there is no offence in a gentleman's asking such a question as that of a lady. The journey from Liverpool to Paris will be a troublesome one. Perhaps you will allow me to give you some hints for its safe accomplishment."

"Certainly," said Bawn, raising her eyes and looking at him straight, while she controlled the corners of her lips with difficulty. "There will be no one to meet me at Liverpool."

"I will write out a little memorandum of what you are to do after you have got out of my reach," he said. "I suppose, as we shall both be going on to London, you will allow me to escort you so far."

"If I step into one car there is no reason why you should step into another, unless, indeed, you want to smoke—"

"We call them carriages in England."

"That is nicer. Carriage sounds so much more like a private conveyance."

The Blue Cap was silent. His imagination played him a sudden trick, and showed him a certain well-known private conveyance drawn by certain favorite horses, within which were seated a man and a woman, and the man was taking the woman by a certain well-known road to his home, as his wife. The man who held the reins was himself, and the woman was this golden-tressed, aggravating, unimpressionable Bawn.

"In London I shall certainly have to bid you good-by," he grumbled.

"Until we meet again in Paris?"

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"So likely that I should find you!—asking about the streets for a person of the name of 'Bawn.'"

"Is Paris as nice a place as they say for buying pretty things—clothes and jewelry I mean?" said Bawn in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"Oh! yes; first-rate for all that kind of thing. And so this is what your mind has been running on for the last ten minutes?"

"Why should it not?"

"Why, indeed? For no reason. Only I fancied you were not the kind of woman to let your mind get totally absorbed by clothes and jewelry."

"Men are never good judges of the characters of women."

"Probably not."

"In my case you have had ample material from which to form your conclusions. Why should a young woman come all the way from New York to Paris, if not to attend to her wardrobe and general personal decoration? Have you not heard that American women pine for this opportunity from their cradle upwards? Now, I feel sure that the very first morning I awake in Paris" (she paused, thinking that such a morning would probably never dawn, or that, if it did, the hour was so far away as to be practically nowhere in her future) "I shall make a rush to the shops before breakfast, just to see what they have got for me. And I shall probably spend the half of my fortune before I return to my hotel."

"I am really disenchanting him now," she thought. "How disgusted he looks!"

"Your hotel! Do you mean to say that you intend to stay alone at a hotel?"

"I certainly did not intend to tell you so. You betray me into forgetting myself."

The Blue Cap looked pale and displeased, and Bawn bent over her knitting and bit her lip, thinking with a sting of regret that she would rather he had not obliged her to shock him so much.

"Do you not know," she said, "that American women go where they please and do what they have a mind to?"

"I have heard a great deal that I do not like about certain females of your nation. But I did not expect to see them looking like you."

"Why?"

"Why? why? Your face, your manner, your gestures, your

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slightest movement, all express a character directly opposite to that which you are now making known to me."

"It is always so with us," said Bawn gravely. "Our appearance is the best of us. We are not half worth what we look."

"So it seems, indeed. With your peculiar brow and eyes and glance, I did not expect to find you harboring the sentiments of a French grisette."

"My stepmother was half French," exclaimed Bawn.

"Your stepmother! That does not give you French blood, I suppose," he said impatiently.

"Neither it does, when I think of it. But might it not have taught me French ways?"

"And opened up the path to Paris for you."

"You are so quick at guessing that I need to tell you nothing."

"And so you have been dreaming all this time about clothes and jewelry," he reiterated contemptuously. "When you were sitting looking out to sea, as I first saw you, with a peculiar expression in your eyes which I had never observed in any eyes before and yet seemed to recognize when I saw it, I must conclude now that you were merely pondering the fashion of a new necklace or the color of a gown."

"You recognized the expression of all that?" said Bawn in a tone of keen amusement. "This leads me to think you have sisters, or cousins, or a wife—"

"I have no wife" (crossly).

"How fortunate for her! A man who would fly in a passion because a woman gave a thought to her dress would not be a pleasant husband."

The Blue Cap scowled. "I hope you may get a better one, madam."

"I devoutly hope so—if ever I am to have one at all, which is doubtful."

"I dare say you would rather continue to go shopping about the world alone."

"I admit that I find liberty very sweet."

"So I have concluded. Do not imagine that I could desire to deprive you of a fragment of it."

Bawn laughed gaily. "Oh! no," she said. "Your ideal woman (who lives in the clouds, by the way, and will certainly not come down to you) will never know the color of the gown she has on. But seriously, Mr. Somerled, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first began to talk to me? You spoke of the pleasure of meeting me in gay *salons* of Paris,

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and you did not suppose I should walk into them in my travelling dress?"

"And seriously, madam, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first allowed me the privilege of talking to you? Then you had the face of an angel, with the thoughts of an angel behind it. You have still the face—"

"But the thoughts, translated into words, have proved to be the thoughts of a—"

"Milliner."

"I thought you were going to say 'fiend,' but it is the same thing, since bonnets and gowns are anathema."

"How shall I make you feel that you have bitterly disappointed me?" he said, looking at her with a mixture of anger and tenderness.

"It is," said Bawn gravely, "silly in a man to expect to meet an ideal woman—that is, an angel—in every female fellow-traveller he may chance to encounter."

While she said this her gray eyes took an expression he failed to read, and a pathetic look which he could not reconcile with her late conversation crept over her mouth. Perhaps the thought arose almost unconsciously in her mind that, under other circumstances, she would have been pleased to have encouraged that delusion of his with regard to the angel that might possibly live in her.

Yet when she lay down to sleep that night she congratulated herself on her success in lowering the inconvenient degree of interest which this stranger had so perversely taken in her. Why could he not have devoted himself to the children and their pretty aunts, who always seemed so pleased to speak to him, and so saved her the trouble of baffling his curiosity? For that curiosity alone was the cause of his devotion to her she was resolved to believe, electing to deny that any genuine liking for herself strong enough to influence him could have sprung up within the limits of so short an acquaintance. And then certain looks and words of his which gainsaid this belief occurred to her memory, insisting that here was a good man who was wanting to love her if she would let him. If such was indeed the case, then had she so bound herself to a difficult future that she could not turn on her steps and allow herself to be carried on to a happier destiny than she had dreamed of?

Ah! of what was she thinking? Forget her father and her determination to clear the stain of guilt from his beloved name? Confess the whole story to this stranger, merely because he had

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assumed the position of her guardian for the moment; because he had eyes that could charm, now by their grave tenderness, and now by their electric flashes of fun, and was also the owner of a sympathetic voice and a thinking forehead? Was she to own that by merely putting forth his great powers to attract he had been able to overturn all her plans, and that she was ready to await his disposal of her heart and fortune? Oh! no--not even if he, being the gentleman she took him to be, could continue to interest himself about her, once he knew of the cloud that rested on her father's memory.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHRISTIAN UNITY *VERSUS* UNITY OF CHRISTIANS.

AN article on "National Christianity in America," by President Thomas G. Apple, D.D., LL.D., of Franklin and Marshall College, which appeared in the *Independent* of August 5, has been read by us with great interest and pleasure. The writer is in favor of Christian organization. Although he does not argue that the different religious bodies of Protestantism should be consolidated so as to form one church organization, if this were possible, he nevertheless thinks there may be an effective union reached somehow.

We are interested in the various tendencies to union among non-Catholic Christians, because we have dreamed that as soon as Protestants aimed at unity the question would be settled practically where it is to be found. Moreover, we do not wholly misunderstand evangelical Protestants, having ourselves once in all sincerity believed as they do, and, knowing their difficulties, have not forgotten to pray and labor for them as well. The question is, How is this unity to be found? God's grace assisting, there are many ways of finding it. Lacordaire found it by the study of socialism, Overbeck by treading the paths of art, Hurter by the road of history, Cardinal Newman by patristic learning, Haller by political science, Brownson by philosophy; but we have thought that the way in which we found the truth might be the way in which others similarly constituted and environed would, if the evidence was put before them, see it also.

One key for the solution of the question of unity may be

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found by comparing the apostolic church, as we have it described in the New Testament, with the churches existing at the present day. The first Christians, after the coming of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, "were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and prayers" (Acts ii. 42). "The doctrine of the apostles," since Christ had promised that the Holy Ghost should teach them and bring to their minds all things whatsoever he had said to them (St. John xiv. 26), was, unless we deny that the Paraclete was the Spirit of Truth, an unerring rule of faith. What a bond of unity was the doctrine taught by the apostles! The teaching of the apostles to whom Christ had said, "He that heareth you heareth me, but he that despiseth you despiseth me" (St. Luke x. 16), could not be departed from, though it was no substitute for the interior personal guidance of the Holy Ghost, but was coincident and correlative with it. The two were not in conflict, and there could be no better evidence of the personal guidance of the Holy Ghost than harmony with this teaching. This is what the first Christians had—external as well as internal witness to the truth. Religion is nothing if not personal; yet the church is not personal, as Emerson, Frothingham, and Abbott would make her; nor is she merely an association of individuals having only the interior guidance of the Holy Ghost, as the numerous sects affirm; nor national, as Anglicans, and such men as Schelling, Dr. Döllinger, and Bishop Reinkens, would reduce her; nor racial, as the Greeks, Slavs, and others tend to make her; but she is that body of Christians who, together with the interior guidance of the Holy Ghost, have the external teaching of the apostles, with whom Christ promised to abide till the consummation of the world. With us this definition of the church solves the question of unity. "The doctrine of the apostles" is the work of the Holy Ghost, who abides for ever with them, as Christ promised he should (St. John xiv. 16). If, therefore, the unity of the apostolic church is what Protestants are aiming at, it must be reached by following the doctrine of the apostles revealed by the Holy Ghost, and which the Holy Ghost alone has power to perpetuate. If merely human organization is the only thing to which they may aspire, what is to prevent their divergence from the truth as a body? So whatever other advantages may be derived from such a unity, immunity from error cannot be one, and we know that they do not think so and have never intimated such a thing.

Organization merely human, like the sticks in the fable, may, however, produce many of the benefits which they look for; and

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Catholics do not ignore this fact, but merely human unity cannot supply what is the desideratum of all Christians—the unerring, divine teaching of the apostles. Why can it not supply it? Because the Holy Ghost gave it, and the Holy Ghost alone is able to perpetuate it. Having shown that Christian unity differs fundamentally from unity of Christians, and expressed our views on Christian organization in general, and our great interest in the movement, we will proceed to discuss the method of organization which President Apple proposes. He says:

"The United States has taken the lead in the establishment of a great free republic. It now remains to organize a national Christianity in this great republic. The history of Christianity clearly reveals its tendency to nationalize itself. Whilst it is catholic in spirit—an interest that will, in the end, bind all nations in one common brotherhood—yet in working out this result it adapts itself to the order of human life. As nationality is one of the integral forms in which humanity comes to expression in history, Christianity becomes national in Christianizing the nations. Even in those ages when the centralizing tendency of the Roman hierarchy was in the ascendency, a decentralizing tendency manifested itself in the national churches of modern Europe."

President Apple does not take into consideration whether the human is capable of producing the divine or not. (We don't believe in this evolution.) This is our first objection; and, secondly, if by Christianity he means schismatical or Protestant Christianity when he says that "Christianity becomes national in Christianizing the nations," this evolution is correct, but of apostolical Christianity it ought to be said in Christianizing the nations it Christianizes nationality. What he calls "the centralizing tendency of the Roman hierarchy" is evidence of this. We would like to ask him what Christianity was foretold by Isaias the prophet when he said: "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; and the Gentiles shall be wasted with desolation"? (Isa. lx. 12).

We have had enough of national Christianity; we want something higher.

President Apple also says:

"The question now is, whether we cannot have a national Christianity without a national church in the strict sense of the term—that is, a form of organization in which Christianity shall exert its full moulding power upon the national life without the entangling alliances that accompany the union of church and state in the Old World."

Neither individuals nor states can be moulded by Christianity

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against their own will. We do not see the wisdom of this proposition. Never could we wish for a better field for Christian work than we have already got in this country. Faithful and zealous apostles of Christianity can reap a harvest of souls for the kingdom of heaven here, if anywhere on earth. We can do more for Christianity by exerting ourselves to the utmost to have the state, as it now is, enforce its present good laws and pass and enforce more good laws, than by trying to establish any new relationship between the state and Christianity. We are in favor of keeping to the political organization that has come down to us from the founders of our republic—we wonder that it was founded so well; at the same time we are good Catholics *ex corde*, loyal to every proposition of the *Syllabus* of Pius IX. of happy memory, and to the encyclical *Mirari* of Gregory XVI., and have no confidence in any Catholic who is not, but we know who are the proper authorities to interpret these documents. Bismarck says that there is no man in all Europe that he can get along with so well as with His Holiness Leo XIII. We Americans are perhaps more attached to our government than any other people on earth, and with good reason, because we have the fullest liberty without prejudice to law and order. Catholic Americans are unanimous in the opinion that we have at present the best possible political system for our people.

President Apple says further on:

"It is high time, for instance, for the churches of this country to express a judgment on the subject of marriage and divorce, on the observance of the Sabbath, and other matters of a similar character which pertain to both church and state."

We do so wish that the churches would do this. Of what avail is it, for example, to complain because the state permits divorce, if Protestant ministers perform adulterous marriages? The church that sanctions such marriages is more to blame than the state. Why blame the state for permitting what the churches are continually doing? If all Protestant ministers and Christian magistrates would refuse to perform unlawful marriages the evil of divorce would disappear.

Why not develop the resources of churches before appealing to the state? We have a live state, let us have a live Christianity. Christian unity has given the world a live Christianity.

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I.

CONSTANTINE IN THRACE.

The Emperor Constantine, the day before he reaches Byzantium, projects the building of Constantinople upon its site, esteeming that site the fittest for the metropolis of a Christian Empire, or, more properly, of a Christian Caliphate, one and universal, to be created by him. He resolves, that task completed, to be baptized.

HA, Pagan City! hast thou heard the tidings,
Rome, the world's mistress, whom I never loved!
Whilst yet a boy I read of thy renown,
Thy Kings, thy Consuls, and thine Emperors,
Thy triumphs, slow but certain, in all lands,
Yet never yearned to see thy face. Thy heart
Was as my heart—averse, recalcitrant.
I left my charge; I clave that British sea;
I crossed the snowy Alps; I burst thy chain;
I drowned thy tyrant in the Tyber's wave,
Maxentius, him whose foot was on thy neck:
I sat lip-worship'd on thy Palatine Hill,
But well I knew that to that heart of thine
Nero's black memory was a welcomer thing
Than all my glories. Hast thou heard the tidings?
The Cross of Christ is found! By whom? Not thee!
Thou grop'st and grovel'st in the gold stream's bed
Not there where lies the Cross! I, Constantine
The Unbaptized, am cleaner thrice than thou—
I found it through my mother! The Cross is found!
  I left thee: I had heard a mighty voice:
Eastward it called me: there Licinius reigned,
Ill-crowned compeer and of my rivals last,
Who made the inviolate Empire twain, not one:
One crown suffices earth. Licinius fell:
I saw him kneeling at his conqueror's feet:
I saw him seated at his conqueror's board;
I spared him, but dethroned. New tumults rose:
Men said they rose through him. Licinius died;
'Twas rumored, by my hand. I never loved him;
The truth came out at last: I let it be.
  He died: that day the Empire stood uncloven,

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One as in great Augustus' regal prime,
One as when Trajan reigned and Adrian reigned—
Great kings, though somewhat flecked with Christian blood:
Whom basest Emperors spared the best trod down;
I judge them not for that: not yet had dawned
That day when Faith could be the base of Empire.
The Antonines came later; trivial stock,
Philosophers enthroned. Philosophers!
I never loved them: Life to me was teacher:
That great Cæsarian Empire is gone by:
'Twas but the old Republic in a mask,
With Consul, Tribune, Pontiff rolled in one;
A great man wrought its ruin, Diocletian:
The greatest save those three who built it up:
He split his realm in four. Amid the wreck
What basis now subsists for permanent empire?
Religion. Of Religions one remains:
Who spurns it lives amerced of all Religion.
The old gods stand in ivory, stone, and gold,
Dozing above the dust-heaps round their feet:
The Flamen dozes on the altar-step:
The People doze within the colonnades:
The Augurs pass each other with a smile:
The Faith that lives is Christ's. Three hundred years
The strong ones and the wise ones trod it down:
Red flames but washed it clean—I noted that:
This day the Christian Empire claims its own.
The Christian Empire—stranger things have been;
Christ called his Church a Kingdom. Such it is:
The mystery of its strength is in that oneness
Which heals its wounds, and keeps it self-renewed.
It rises fair with order and degree,
And brooks division none. That realm shall stand:
I blend therewith my Empire; warp and woof
These twain I intertwine. Like organism
Shall raise in each a hierarchy of powers
Ascending gradual to a single head,
The Empire's head crowned in the Empire's Church.
The West dreamed never of that realm twin-dowered
With spiritual sway and temporal: the East,
I think, was never long without such dream,
Yet wrought not dream to substance. Persia failed:
Earlier, the Assyrian and the Babylonian;

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Colossal statues these without a soul.
The Alexandrian Empire later came
And more deserved to live. A nobler fault
Was hers, a bodiless fragment shaped of cloud:
The Conqueror lacked material; he had naught
To work on save the dialectics keen
And Amphionic song of ancient Greece.
His dream was this—an Empire based on Mind,
The large Greek Mind. Mind makes a base unstable:
Large minds have ever skill to change their mind:
Then comes the fabric down. He died a youth,
A stripling; ay, but had his scheme been sound
'Tis likely he had lived. Religion lives.
Perhaps a true Faith only could sustain
A permanent Empire's burthen. Mine is true:
If any speaks against it he shall die:
'Tis known long since I brook not bootless battles.
The Church had met in synod, for a man
Had made division in that "seamless robe"
Regal this day. Arius schismatic stood
For what? A doctrine! Fool! and knew he not
The essence of Religion is a Law?
Doctrine is but the standard o'er it flying
To daunt, to cheer; daunt foes, and cheer the friend.
What was that Hebrew Church? A sceptred Law
Set up in Saul, and, when that strong man died,
Less aptly in the Shepherd with the harp.
The Church had met in synod at Nicæa,
Nicæa near Byzantium. There was I:
The Church in synod sat, and I within it.
Flocking from every land her bishops came;
They sat, and I in the midst, albeit in Rome.
My title stood, "Pontifex Maximus."
They came at my command, by me conveyed.
A man astonished long I sat; I claimed
To sit "a bishop for the things without."
Amid those bishops some were Confessors
Maimed by the fire or brand. I kissed their wounds:
None said, "What dost thou 'mid the Prophet Race?"
They saw I honored God, and honored me.
Day after day went on the great debate,
And gradual in me knowledge grew. 'Twas strange!
I, neither priest nor layman; I, that ne'er

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Had knelt a Catechumen in the porch;
I, patron of the Church, yet not her son,
Her Emperor, yet an Emperor unbaptized—
I sat in the synod. At the gates stood guards:
Not all were Christian: two, the best, were bold:
One from Danubius winked at me; and one
From Rhenus smiled at me. The weeks went by,
And in me daily swelled some spirit new:
I know it now; it was the imperial spirit.
The imperial spirit—ay! I at the first
Had willed the question should be trivial deemed,
And license given, "think, each man, what he will."
The fires had burned too deep for that: I changed:
I sided with the strong, and kept the peace:
Rulers must take my course, or stand o'er-ruled.
That was my triumph's hour: then came the fall.
I made return to Rome. Twelve years gone by
My sword had riven the Western tyrant's chain:
Since then the tyrant of the East had perished:
The world was echoing with my name. I reached
The Gate Flaminian and the Palatine;
I looked for welcome such as brides accord
Their lords new-laurelled. Rome, a bride malign,
Held forth her welcome in a poisoned cup:
Mine Asian garb, my ceremonious court,
Its trappings, titles, and heraldic gear,
To her were hateful. Centuries of bonds
Had left her swollen with Freedom's vacant name:
A buskined greatness trampled still her stage:
By law the gods reigned still. The senate sat
In Jove's old temple on the Capitol:
My fame Nicæan edged their hate. The priest
Shouldering through grinning crowds to sacrifice
Cast on me glance oblique. Fabii and Claudii
Whose lives hung powerless on their Emperor's nod
Eyed me as he who says, "This man is new."
One festal morning to some pagan fane
The whole Equestrian Order rode—their wont—
In toga red. I saw, and laughing cried,
"Better their worship than their horsemanship!"
That noon the rabble pressed me in the streets
With wrong premeditate; hissed me; spat at me;
That eve they brake my statues. Choice was none

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Save this, to drown the Roman streets in blood
Or feign indifference. Scorn—twelve years of scorn—
Changed suddenly to hate. A fevered night
Went by, and morning dawned.
My Council met;
Then came that fateful hour, my wreck and ruin.
Fausta, my wife, hated her rival's son,
Mine eldest born, my Crispus; hated her
The glory and the gladness of my youth,
By me for Empire's sake repudiated,
The sweetness of whose eyes looked forth from his.
She lived but in one thought—to crown her sons,
My second brood, portioning betwixt those three
My realm when I was dead.
My brothers holp her plot. She watched her time:
She waited till the eclipse which falls, at seasons,
Black on our House was dealing with my soul;
Then in that Council-hall her minions rose;
They spake; they called their witnesses suborned,
Amongst them of my counsellors some the best;
They brought their letters forged and spurious parchments;
And showed it plainlier thrice than sun and moon
That he it was, my Crispus, Portia's child,
Who, whilst his sire was absent at Nicæa,
Month after month had plotted 'gainst him, made
His parricidal covenant with Rome:
The father was to fall in civil broil,
The son to reign. Their league the day gone by
Had made its first assay.
That hour the Fates
Around me spread their net; that hour the chains
Of Œdipus were tangled round my feet:
I stood among them blind.
The noontide flamed:
I, in full Council sitting—I since youth
A man of marble nerve and iron will,
A man in whom mad fancy's dreams alike
And fleshly lusts had held no part, subdued
By that Religion grave, a great Ambition;
I self-controlled, continent in hate itself,
Deliberate and foreseeing—I that hour
Down on that judgment-parchment pressed my seal:
That was my crime, the greatest earth hath known;

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My life's one crime. I never wrought another.
'Twas rage pent up 'gainst her I could not strike,
Rome, hated Rome! I smote her through my son,
Her hope, the partner of her guilt. That night
My purpose I repented. 'Twas too late:
The ship had sailed for Pola. Tempest dire,
By demons raised, brake on our coasts! Five days,
And in his Istrian dungeon Crispus died.
I willed that he, but not his fame, should perish;
Therefore that deed was hid. With brow sun-bright,
Hell in my heart, I took my place at feasts:
At last the deed was blabbed.
My mother loved—
My mother, Helena, the earth's revered one,
Cybéle of the Christians termed by Greeks—
Loved well my Crispus for his mother's sake,
Wronged, like herself, by royal nuptials new,
And hated Fausta with her younger brood.
She brake upon my presence like a storm:
With dreadful eyes and hands upraised she banned me:
She came once more, that time with manifest proof
Of Fausta's guilt. The courtiers had confessed it;
My brothers later; last the Accursed herself.
Two days I sat in darkness: on the third
I sent to judgment Fausta and her crew:
That act I deem the elect of all my acts.
They died: at eve I rose from the earth and ate.
But fifteen months before, I at Nicæa
Had sat a god below! No more of that!
'Twas false, the rumor that by night, disguised,
I knelt within a pagan fane, and sought
Pagan lustration from a pagan priest,
And gat for answer that for crime like mine
Earth held lustration none.
I built great fanes,
Temples which all the ages shall revere:
Saint Peter's huge Basilica; Saint John's;
I roamed from each to each, like him who sought
A place for penitence, and found it not;
Then from that city doomed—oh! to what heights
I, loving not, had raised her!—forth I fared,
Never thenceforth to see her. Rome has reigned:
She had her thousand years. Unless some greatness

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Hidden from man remains for man, her doom
Approaches—dust and ashes.
I went forth:
I deemed the God I served had cast me off:
The Pagan world I knew my foe: the Christian
Thundered against me from a thousand shores:
There was a dreadful purpose in my soul:
It was my mother saved me! She, keen-eyed,
Discerned the crisis; kenned the sole solution.
In expiation of my crime she sped,
A holy pilgrim, to the Holy Land:
She spread her hands above the sacred spot,
As when the Mother-Beast updrags to light
The prey earth-hidden for her famished young:
Instinct had led her to it: she dug and dug;
She found the world's one treasure, lost till then,
That Cross which saved the world. With lightning speed
The tidings went abroad: I marched: last night
I raised mine eyes to heaven. I ne'er was one
Of spirit religious, though my life was pure,
Austerely pure amid an age corrupt:
I never was a man athirst for wonders;
My fifty years have witnessed three alone:
The first was this—while yet Maxentius lived,
My army nearing Rome, I marked in her,
Though bond-slave long, a majesty divine;
She seemed earth's sum of greatness closed in one:
Some help divine I needed to confront her:
That help was given: I looked aloft: I saw
In heaven the God-Man on His Cross, thenceforth
My battle-sign, "Labarum." Yesternight
Once more I saw it! He that hung thereon
Spake thus: "Work on, and fear not."
Those two Visions,
The first, the third, shine on me still as one:
The second was of alien race and breed.
New-throned in Rome, I doubted oft her future:
One night I watched upon Mount Palatine,
My seat a half-wrought column. It had lain
For centuries seven rejected, none knew why,
By earlier builders: in more recent times
Ill-omened it was deemed, yet unremoved.
The murmur from the City far beneath

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Induced oblivion. Sudden by me stood
A queenly Form, the Genius of great Rome;
Regal her face; her brow, though crowned, was ploughed
With plaits of age. She spake: "Attend my steps."
Ere long I marked her footing the great sea
Eastward: I followed close. Then came a change:
Seven hills before me glittered in her light:
Save these the world was dark. I looked again:
On one of these she stood. Immortal youth
Shone splendid from her strong and strenuous face;
And all her form was martial. On her head
She bore a helm, and in her hand a spear
High-raised. She plunged that spear into the soil;
Then spake: "Build here my City and my Throne,"
Then vanished from my sight. High up I heard
The winnowing of great wings. The self-same sound
Had reached me while that Goddess trod the sea:
'Twas Victory following that bright crest for aye.
Morn broke: I knew that site; it was Byzantium;
So be it! There shall stand the second Rome,
Not on the plain far-famed that once was Troy,
A dream of mine in youth.
Byzantium! Ay!
The site is there: there meet the double seas
Of East and West. The Empire rooted there
Shall stand the wide earth's centre, clasping in one—
That earlier Rome was only Rome rehearsed—
The Alexandrian and Cæsarean worlds:
Atlas and Calpé are our western bound;
Ganges shall guard our Eastern. To the North
Not Rhenus, not Danubius—that is past—
But Vistula and far Boristhenes;
Tanais comes next. Those Antonines, poor dreamers,
Boasted their sageness, limiting their realm:
They spared Rome's hand to freeze her head and heart:
An Empire's growth surceased, its death begins:
Long death is shame prolonged. Let Persia tremble!
Rome's sole of Rivals! Distance shields her now:
My Rome shall fix on her that eye which slays:
She like a gourd shall wither. O my son,
That task had been for thee!
Ha, Roman Nobles!
Your judgment-time approaches! Shadows ye!

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Shadows since then are ye. Those shades shall flit:
My city shall be substance, not a shadow.
Ye slew the Gracchi; they shall rise and plague you:
Ye clutched the Italian lands; stocked them with slaves;
Then ceased the honest wars: your reign shall cease:
Again, as when Fabricius left his farm
To scourge his country's foes, Italian hands,
The hands of Latium, Umbria, and Etruria,
In honorable households bred, made strong
By labor on their native fields, shall fence
Their mother-land from insult. Mercenaries!
Who made our Roman armies mercenary?
Slave-lords that drave the free men from the soil!
Your mercenaries bought and sold the realm!
In sport or spleen they chose Rome's Emperor!
The British hosts chose me. I, barbarous styled,
I Constantine decree that in the ranks
Of Rome the Roman blood, once more supreme,
Shall leave scant place for hirelings ill to trust:
The army to the Emperor shall belong,
Not he to it, henceforth.
On these seven hills—
The seven of Rome, with these compared, are pigmies—
I build earth's Empire City. They shall lift
High up the temples of the Christian Law,
Gold-domed, descried far off by homeward fleets,
Cross-crowned in record of my victory.
To it shall flock those senators of Rome,
Their Roman brag surceased. Their gods shall stand
Grateful for incense doles diminishing daily,
If so they please, thronging the lower streets,
These, and the abjects of the Emperors dead;
Ay, but from those seven hills to heaven shall rise
The Apostolic Statues, and mine own,
Making that race beneath ridiculous.
Above the Empire which that city crowns,
Above its Midland, Euxine, Caspian seas,
Above its Syrian Paradises lulled
By soft Orontes' and Euphrates' murmurs,
Above its Persian gardens, and the rush
Of those five Indian rivers o'er whose merge
The Emathian sadly fixed his eastward eyes,
Above all these God's Angels, keeping watch,

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From East to West shall sweep, for aye sustaining
My Standard, my "Labarum"!
It shall last,
That Empire, till the world herself decays,
Since all the old Empires, each from each devolved,
It blends, and marries to a Law Divine.
Its throne shall rest on Right Hereditary,
Not will of splenetic legions or the crowd;
Its Sovereigns be the elect of God, not man:
Its nobles round their Lord shall stand, sun-clad
In light from him reflected; stand in grades
Hierarchal, and impersonating, each,
Office and function, not the dangerous boast
Of mythic deeds and lineage. Age by age
Let those my emperors that wear not names
Of Cæsar or Augustus, but my name,
Walk in my steps, honoring the Church aright:
The Empire and the Church must dwell together
The one within the other. Which in which?
The Empire clasps the world; clasps then the Church;
To shield that Church must rule her. Hers the gain:
I, who was never son of hers, enriched her
Making the ends o' the earth her heritage:
I ever knew 'tis poverty not wealth
That kindles knave to fanatic: silken saints
Like him of Nicomedia, my Eusebius,
Mate best with Empire's needs. When death draws nigh,
I, that was ever jealous lest the Font
Might give the Church of Christ advantage o'er me,
Will humbly sue for baptism, doffing then
My royal for my chrysome robe. Let those
Who through the far millenniums fill my throne
In this from me take pattern. Wise men choose
For wisest acts wise season.
Hark that trump!
The army wakens from its noontide rest:
Ere sunset fires its walls I reach Byzantium.

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A MAN OF HIS TIME.

No period of history has been more frequently discussed than the golden age of French literature. Sévigné's *Letters*, Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, Saint-Simon's *Memoirs*, and a great number of works at least as famous as these, have drawn a picture of the reign of Louis XIV. so complete and minute in detail that, as we read, we seem to live in the throbbing, feverish pulsations of that time. So vivid is the picture that the extraordinary brilliancy of all that surrounded the court of the *Grand Monarque* is as dazzling to our eyes as if its gay pageants were still passing before the world, and we are well-nigh bewildered at the exhibition of so much wit and sparkle, such genius, beauty, and grace. Then, as we read on, the show ceases to charm us. The moral turpitude underlying what at first was most alluring and fascinating becomes apparent. Society is rotten to the very core. The condition of the poor is little better than that of the beasts of the field. Mme. de Montespan is virtually Queen of France; the high offices of church and state are held by her favor; the royal dukedoms are bestowed on the king's illegitimate children. The *salons* of Paris are swarming with bewigged and powdered abbés; Cæsarism having invaded the sanctuary, ecclesiastics are transformed into courtiers. Still the church is not completely stifled; there is power, earnestness, and religion at work even in France. St. Vincent de Paul is laboring with the zeal of an apostle at Saint Lazare; Bossuet and Bourdaloue are denouncing with fearless eloquence the sins of king and court. If there are preachers, there are penitents too—such as La Vallière at the Carmelites, such as De Rancé at La Trappe.

It was an age of extremes, just as this is an age of compromise. The same awful strength that prompted men to abominable wickedness, when once the tide had turned led them to do most heroic acts of penance. No sooner were men's consciences awakened to the sins of their past lives, and to the perils that surrounded them, than they unflinchingly cut off every tie that bound them to the world, and fled into the desert. Penance, silence, solitude is the perpetual refrain of these lives. The very violence of the disease which infected society suggested violent remedies, and this is perhaps the reason why the asceticism of

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that time is tinged with a certain rigor that reminds us of Jansenism divested of its malice.

Armand-Jean Bouthillier de Rancé was all through his checkered career a representative man, and we have chosen him as the subject of this paper because his life is an epitome of most of the characteristics of his time. He was born in Paris the 9th of January, 1626. His father was a man of the world, ambitious for his children and for their advancement in life. Armand-Jean was his second son, the godchild of Richelieu, who gave him his own name. From his infancy the boy was surrounded with honors; his family was not only allied to the noblest in France, but he was the pet and darling of two queens, the queen-dowager, Marie de Médicis, and afterwards of the regent, Anne of Austria. M. de Rancé had incurred the displeasure of the regent by his unswerving fidelity to the unfortunate Marie de Médicis, and the first-fruit of his restoration to favor at court was the bestowal of a canonry of Notre Dame on his eldest son, François. This was soon followed by a dowry to his daughter, Claude-Catherine, and by many other signal benefits. The little Armand-Jean was meanwhile giving signs of remarkable intelligence and of a capacity considerably above the average. His father had destined him for a military career, having settled that François should receive as many ecclesiastical honors as could be obtained, and become a priest. Armand was accordingly taught to dance, to ride, to fence, and to shine in all those accomplishments which were then thought necessary for a Knight of Malta. But of these projects not one was to be realized. François fell ill, and from the first it was recognized that his malady, although of its nature a lingering one, would prove mortal. If he died from ten to twelve thousand *livres* of ecclesiastical revenue would be lost to the family. M. de Rancé's worldly wisdom was equal to the occasion: Armand should be a priest, and heir to his brother's preferments. With all speed he procured for him the tonsure at the hands of the Archbishop of Paris, and when, less than two years afterwards, the Abbé François died, Armand was solemnly installed canon of Notre Dame in his place. He was eleven years old. In a short time his brother's remaining benefices were also transferred to him with the consent of the king, and thus the boy was not only canon of the great metropolitan cathedral, but abbot of La Trappe and of two other monasteries, as well as prior of Boulogne, near Chambord. In 1635 he had come into the possession of the abbey of St. Clementine, in Poitou, and, at an age when he

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was still unable to render the least service to the church, was in the enjoyment of about fifteen thousand *livres* of ecclesiastical revenue.

It is impossible to exaggerate the evils which made such a condition of things not only possible but a matter of every-day occurrence. The abuse was so general, and was moreover countenanced by so many persons of merit, that M. de Rancé could not be expected to be very scrupulous in accepting such advantages for his son. But the church had from time to time, under several popes, remonstrated against the holding of abbeys *in commendam*, and had repeatedly revoked them. If she at any time tolerated the practice, it was less a concession to men's weakness than an ostensible proof of the humiliating bondage in which the state held her. She had ever opposed the holding of more than one such benefice at a time, in spite of the frequent practice.

If anything could justify the choice made of Armand de Rancé as the recipient of these contraband favors, the extraordinary promise and brilliancy of his intellectual faculties might have afforded some excuse. It was clear to all that his career would be no insignificant one. His memory was no less remarkable than his other gifts; what he had once learnt he never forgot, and he was studious in proportion to his grasp of mind and capacity. Greek was the language he preferred to all others, and in which he loved to clothe his thoughts. He was only twelve years old when he published an edition of Anacreon with Greek scholia and dedicated it to Richelieu. The work was of such recognized merit, and was considered such a marvellous production for a boy of his years, that the cardinal proposed to confer on the author yet another abbey *in commendam*. But Père Caussin, the king's confessor, represented to Louis that to heap benefices on the head of such a child was to pervert the property of the church to a wrong use. Nothing could justify it, not even the most extraordinary talents; and, after all, who could tell what the boy would turn out? The king, informed by Richelieu of the very high order of the young scholar's attainments, replied that the boy already knew more Greek and Latin than all the abbés in the realm.

Père Caussin, wishing to judge for himself whether such were the case, wrote to M. de Rancé, expressing a desire to make the acquaintance of his son. The next day the learned young abbé got into his carriage and drove to the Grands-Jésuites, in the Rue Saint Antoine. He was shown into the library, where the Père

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Caussin soon joined him. After a few civilities the Jesuit began to draw his visitor out on the subject of his studies. He handed him a Homer and begged him to translate some passages at any place the book might chance to open. Not stopping to read out the original text, Armand began without hesitation to give the French rendering, and in such perfect language that one might have supposed he was reading a French author. This so astonished the listener that he thought the boy must be translating from the Latin in a parallel column. So he turned over several pages and threw the abbé's gloves over the Latin part to hide it. Armand went on as before, and the Père Caussin was not only convinced of his learning and merit, but was completely won over to him. Embracing him with effusion, he exclaimed:

"My child, you have not only the eyes of a lynx, but a still more discerning mind!"

Nevertheless no more honors were conferred upon the boy for the present, and that was a good thing.

Thus the years of his education sped on, full of literary achievement. Aristotle was studied with avidity; then for a time the fantastic theories of astrology fascinated a mind bent on investigating every real or pretended science it came across. In 1643 Armand finished his course of philosophy and began his theology. He was just seventeen. "I hope soon to be a great theologian," he wrote priggishly to his former tutor, M. Favier. "In eight months I shall have got through my scholastic theology, and during the sixteen more which must elapse before I can be a bachelor I shall devote myself to the reading of the Fathers, the councils, and ecclesiastical history! . . . As soon as ever I can I shall begin preaching."

With the self-sufficiency of extreme youth, he criticises St. Thomas, and proposes to give his opinion on the disputes then going on between M. Arnauld, representing Jansenism, and the Jesuits. Being, however, advised to follow the lectures given by some learned Carmelites of Charenton, he is gradually convinced that St. Thomas is an inspired writer; and is probably also set right with regard to Jansenism, for the Carmelites were noted for their fidelity to the Holy See, and we hear no more of the subject.

Without ceasing to be a student, De Rancé now began to have other interests besides study; and as it was his nature to throw himself heart and soul into everything that interested him, his life began to be a sort of wild medley of the most incompatible pursuits. Fencing, shooting, hunting, theology, and preaching—he

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had a taste for them all. He would sit writing the most erudite thesis on the Blessed Trinity, showing the wide difference that exists between the Christian doctrine concerning the Three in One and the theory of Plato and other philosophers of antiquity; then, throwing himself upon his horse, he would ride to hunt, dressed in the most fashionable costume. He had long thought it would be a fine thing to have vast congregations listening with bated breath to his sermons, and he actually asked for and obtained permission to preach. Then he soon began to shine as a preacher, as he had shone as a student. But hunting was perhaps, after all, what he most cared for. Often he would pass whole days and nights in the forests, bareheaded, worn out with fatigue, watching in some hiding-place for a stag or a wild boar. Brimful of life and energy, he never stopped to consider whether his recreations were altogether suitable for a canon, an abbot, a prior, and a preacher. This kind of life was little calculated to nurture in him devout aspirations for the priesthood, and, although it was an understood thing that he was to receive holy orders, he put off the final step as long as he could. At last, however, his relations urged him to make no further delay. The road to fortune lay solely in this direction. The Archbishop of Tours, his uncle, was anxious to have him as his coadjutor; but the prelate was already old and infirm, and if he died before Armand was ordained the post would be lost to him, with the right of succession.

Armand was not so utterly steeped in ambition and the love of pleasure as not to feel his extreme unfitness for the new responsibility he was about to take upon himself. St. Vincent de Paul was forming young ecclesiastics at St. Lazare, and had already grouped around him all that was most distinguished for piety in the great French metropolis. Gently but surely he was building up what the corruption and decay of centuries had been gradually destroying. To him De Rancé went, conscious of his own deficiencies, and put himself into the hands of "le saint M. Vincent," as all Paris even then called him. At St. Lazare he made a retreat of twelve days, learnt how to meditate and to examine his conscience, had himself taught the ceremonies of the church, and began to wear a clerical dress.

In quaint old pictures of the lives of the saints, where every incident is told by symbols, a flower rudely outlined sometimes shows how a grace was coming to the soul, and afterwards everything is changed in that life. A grace had now come to De Rancé, and if it did not at the time change the whole tenor of his way, it was perhaps the first of all his chances. This grace was

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his intercourse with St. Vincent de Paul, who first startled him with regard to the unseemliness of his life and to the unlawfulness of a plurality of benefices, showing him the consequences of an abuse like this. De Rancé was softened and humbled by all he had seen and heard at St. Lazare, but he was not prepared to make a sacrifice that would cloud over the prospects of his whole career and probably bring him into bad odor at court. He would try what good intentions without much personal discomfort would do. Still, he had been made thoroughly uneasy, and from this moment, although he returned in a measure to his old pursuits, there are occasional rifts in the clouds indicative of something within him at war with his other restless, impatient, undisciplined self. He continued to study everything that came in his way, and in the midst of all his history and geography, his heraldry, painting, chronology, and controversy, was ordained priest, the 22d of January, 1651. He was to have said his first Mass with great pomp and display in the church of the Annunciades, in Paris; but during the elaborate preparations he disappeared, and went off quite alone to a monastery of Carthusians, where he offered the Holy Sacrifice in perfect solitude, to the discomfiture of all his friends. Strange to relate, this solemn event, earnestly and thoughtfully as he had celebrated it, fixed no permanent landmark in his life; his studies, amusements, and dissipation went on as before. In 1654 he took his degree of doctor at the Sorbonne, his father having died the preceding year. He was now in possession of his patrimony, the barony of Véretz, a large and beautiful estate in Touraine, and of two magnificent houses in Paris. The Abbé de Rancé was one of the richest and finest gentlemen in France. When he went to court or to brilliant entertainments he usually wore a purple doublet of some costly material, silk stockings of the same color, a rich lace cravat of the most fashionable shape and pattern, long hair well curled and powdered, two enormous emeralds as sleeve-buttons, and a diamond ring of great value on his finger. In the country he carried a sword, wore a fawn-colored coat and a black silk cravat with gold embroidery.

After a time he threw aside his books and gave himself up to idleness. From morning till night there was no break in the ceaseless round of pleasures, entertainments, visits, day-dreams, and extravagances of every kind. Here and there a friend was brave enough to administer a rebuke. "You might do better than this," said one day the Bishop of Châlons; "you are wanting neither in talents nor in understanding." But remonstrances

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were in vain; by this time the world had taken such hold of De Rancé that nothing short of a moral earthquake could break the silken bonds with which he was bound. The earthquake came in this wise:

Mme. la Duchesse de Montbazon was one of the reigning beauties of Paris. Witty, graceful, and charming, of her the ambassador of Queen Christina said that, having seen all that was considered beautiful in the French capital, it was as if he had seen nothing till he had been presented to the Duchesse de Montbazon.

Her *salon*, the most brilliant and seductive of the gay capital, was the resort of all the *beaux esprits* of fashion and celebrity. Among the guests that assembled there—and there was not one who was not distinguished—De Rancé was the moving spirit, enlivening every entertainment with his sparkling wit and that keen delight in enjoyment which is almost enough in itself to make others enjoy. His remarks were the Attic salt of the most lively conversations, and his manners were thought polished even in that age of exquisite politeness.

Véretz was at no great distance from the country-seat of the Montbazons, and here, as in Paris, there was a continuous round of amusements, of which De Rancé was still the life and soul. In the spring of 1657 he went to Paris, but in a short time the Duchesse de Montbazon was seized with a malignant fever. De Rancé hurried to her bedside, and the sounds of music and revelry are still ringing in our ears when we hear him pronouncing the solemn words, "Not an instant to lose—death, repentance!"

At length the scales had fallen from his eyes. "There is no hope of your recovery," he said to her, "and but little time; do not put off your reconciliation with God a single moment." The third day of her illness, having procured the dying woman the last sacraments, he left the house in order to take a little rest, and returned towards evening.

On his way up-stairs he met her son, M. de Soubise, who told him that his mother had just died.

There was something so appalling in the swift end of a life in which the thought of death had never found a place, in the sudden passing away of a soul in the midst of balls and fêtes, of recklessness, and perhaps of worse still, that De Rancé was struck down to the earth as by a blow.

He at once left Paris and shut himself up at Véretz. In his account of this period of his life he says that his mind was full

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of darkness and confusion; that he wandered about his great, gloomy corridors a prey to grief, remorse, and desolation, alone with the terrible reproaches of his conscience. The world was as hateful to him now as it had been attractive before, and, looking back on the past, one horrible phantom after another rose up to paralyze him with fear. In how much he had sinned none but his confessors ever knew, but his repentance and heroic, life-long penance are matters of history. Here at Véretz he spent whole days in the forest, seeing and speaking to no one, and in the evening would sit plunged in reverie by the empty fire-place while the wind swept moaning through the trees in the park and rattled the window-frames.

One day, sitting thus, he cried out with tears of repentance: "*O pauvre Abbé de Rancé, où serais-tu maintenant, si tu étais mort dans ce temps-là!*"

For three months he remained in this state of misery, then, taking with him one servant, and travelling in the simplest manner, so as to attract no attention, he returned to Paris and begged hospitality of the Fathers of the Oratory. Here he made a general confession of his whole life, after which he put himself for direction into the hands of Père de Mouchy. That which caused him the most poignant regret was the unprepared and unworthy manner in which he had been used to offer Mass, and so intense was now his contrition for this that he imposed on himself the penance of abstaining from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice for six months. Then he consulted his director as to the kind of life he should adopt for the future, but the advice of the Père de Mouchy that he should strive to render himself worthy of his holy calling only partially satisfied him.

There was that in De Rancé prompting him to do greater things than these—an intense longing for something beyond; as yet he knew not what, much less could he define the want. The Oratorian referred him to several priests noted for their enlightenment, but they were no help to him.

By this time it had become known that he was in Paris, and one day two ladies of fashion having paid him a visit to invite him to return to their receptions, he began to feel that it would be dangerous for him to remain longer in such close proximity to his old haunts. All undecided as he was, he made up his mind to return to Véretz.

At the Oratory he had put his conscience in order, but it did not seem likely that he would be helped on much further by the Père de Mouchy, and on the road to Véretz he made a halt at

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Port Royal in the hope that Arnauld d'Andilly might give him the key to his vocation.

De Rancé's connection with the Port-Royalists has been too persistently misrepresented by them not to need a word of explanation here. It is quite admissible that the Abbé de Rancé at this period was attracted by the severe and rigorous tone adopted by the self-styled hermits of Port Royal, and by the long penances they prescribed, before it might be hoped that the sinner was reconciled to God. Nevertheless he never bartered away his liberty to them, and, in spite of all their advances and his esteem for M. d'Andilly, he never linked himself in any way to the Jansenists as a party. When a decision had to be made, and it became a question of showing his colors, he proved himself to be what indeed he had ever been—a submissive and devoted son of the Catholic Church.

M. d'Andilly, however, was for a time the chosen director of De Rancé's conscience, and the penitent corresponded with him from his retreat at Véretz. He consulted him as to the books he should read, as to his rule of life, and never left his solitude, even for the most indispensable journey, without first obtaining permission from Port Royal. This might have led to another Babylonian captivity as dangerous as the toils of the world had been, for the Jansenists did all they could to maintain absolute power at Véretz. None but Jansenistic priests and Jansenistic books were admitted there. But this state of things only lasted as long as De Rancé chose that it should last. He was no more pledged to Jansenism than he was to Quietism, and the more the Arnaulds strove to tighten the reins the more did De Rancé show himself to be independent of them. Still, even when he broke away from their direction, he continued for a long time to keep up cordial relations with M. d'Andilly, and it was not till much later that he began to perceive the real spirit of hostility to the church which animated the party.

Three years had passed away since the death of Mme. de Montbazon, and the life at Véretz, hidden as it was, full of pious aspirations, of study, and of good works, began to seem too luxurious to a mind thirsting for penance and a deeper, holier solitude. It was a life worthy of a Greek philosopher, but scarcely one to satisfy a penitent such as De Rancé. He consulted the Bishop of Châlons on the subject of giving up his benefices, and was told that he could not lawfully retain them.

The Jansenists made one more effort to influence him and to allay his scruples, but without success. There were to

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be no more half-measures, and, above all, there should be no sophistry.

It would lead us far beyond the scope of this paper were we to follow De Rancé through all the difficulties he encountered from his family and from others before he was allowed to divest himself of all his benefices save one, to effect the sale of his beloved Véretz, to make over his houses in Paris to the hospital of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, to distribute his fortune among the poor, and to retire to La Trappe. Nor, interesting as the study would be, may we follow him through the mazes he had to thread from the moment when he exclaimed with horror, "*Moi, me faire frocard!*" at the bare suggestion of his becoming a monk, to the moment when we see him, stripped of all his pride, humbly craving admission at the novitiate of Perseigne.

His first plan was to go for a time to La Trappe—the one abbey he had retained—and there establish some kind of reform. As yet any idea of taking the religious habit was as remote from his intention as it had been in the days of his worldly life. He was still in doubt as to the future, a desert in which to pray being his only desire. But he was still commendatory abbot of this monastery, and the very title was a mark of corruption.

For more than a century the abbots of the Cistercian monastery of La Trappe had been ecclesiastics living in the world, recognizing no obligations in return for the revenues which the abbey was bound to make over to them.

It will be easily imagined that such an irregularity could not have taken place without serious detriment to the monks, who by degrees came to have nothing of their state but the name and the habit. In 1662 La Trappe was virtually a ruin. The divine office had long ceased to be recited, the doors of the monastery were allowed to remain open day and night, the cloisters were accessible to men and women of the world, and the filthy condition into which the house had fallen was only equalled by that of the church. The walls of the sacred edifice were crumbling away, the pavement was unsafe, the roof let the rain in, and the altars were in a deplorable and unseemly state.

It was comparatively easy to remedy these material evils, but the reform of the monks themselves was a task that needed all De Rancé's firmness, patience, and courage. Not only would they listen to none of his remonstrances, but they even threatened to take his life if he did not abandon his plans of reform. They had degenerated into little else but a band of lawless brigands, the terror of the country around. Crimes of every sort lurked in the

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shadow of their forests; robbers and assassins took refuge within the very walls of the sanctuary.

The difficulties to be overcome before even the first principles of religious life were re-established in the community would have daunted a spirit less determined than De Rancé's, for neither entreaties, menaces, nor exhortations were of any avail. His friends besought him to have some regard for his own safety, and to abandon a task that seemed hopeless from the beginning. But these motives were not likely to have much weight with De Rancé, and when he had exhausted all other resources he appealed to the king.

If the monks of La Trappe had lost all fear of God, they had a most craven fear of Louis XIV., and this step of their abbot's produced an instantaneous result. Their threats gave way to the humblest submission, and De Rancé at once profited by the favorable moment to put the monastery into the hands of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance. Six religious were sent from Perseigne to introduce the Reform, the old monks, also six in number, obtaining permission to live within the precincts of the monastery, or to retire altogether on a pension of four hundred *livres* each.

Thus, then, was the first step gained; the second led the abbot himself into a new path. For months he had been living the life of a Cistercian in all its austerity, and with the practice of religious life his aversion to the religious habit gradually vanished. The old repugnance had now and again to be combated, but during these months of struggle it had become clearer and clearer to him that the solitude to which he felt himself called was none other than the solitude of La Trappe. His final resolve was taken one day after Mass, during his thanksgiving, while the monks were singing Sext in the office of the Blessed Virgin. Suddenly the words of the psalm fell like rays of light into his soul: *Qui confidunt in Domino, sicut mons Sion: non commovebitur in æternum qui habitat in Jerusalem.*

The news that the Abbé de Rancé, the learned doctor of the Sorbonne, the cultivated man of letters, the luxury-loving worldling, was about to put on the humble habit of St. Bernard and bury himself in a living tomb for the rest of his days, was a scandal to his friends in the world. The consent of the king for transforming the abbey *in commendam* into an abbey regular had been obtained, and De Rancé had already begun his novitiate at Perseigne, before many would believe in the miracle. Even the vicar-general of the Reform could hardly credit the seriousness.

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of his intention when he applied to him for admission into the order. But to all his objections De Rancé replied: "It is true I am a priest, but I have lived in a manner unworthy of my office; I have possessed several abbeys, but instead of being a father to my religious I have squandered their goods and the patrimony of the Crucifix. I am a doctor, but I am ignorant of the very alphabet of Christianity." The year of the novitiate was passed in the exercise of the most humble offices. No work, however repugnant to nature, seemed hard to him when performed in the light of fraternal charity and expiation for past sins. His favorite maxim was this: "The higher a man is placed in authority over others, the more should he humble himself in the spirit of charity to those under him." There were two breaks, however, in this year of novice life, the one occasioned by a severe illness brought on by his excessive austerities; the other was an order from the prior of Perseigne to proceed into Champagne and settle a dispute that had arisen between the relaxed members of a religious community and those who had voted for the Reform.

On the 19th of June, 1664, the bulls authorizing the profession of the Abbé de Rancé arrived from Rome, and a day was fixed for the ceremony. But before finally binding himself by vows he announced solemnly that he saw nothing in the so-called Strict Observance approaching to the primitive Cistercian spirit, and that it was his intention to revive that spirit at La Trappe. The declaration was like a thunder-clap both to the prior of Perseigne and the vicar-general. They disapproved of any attempt to restore the ancient order of things more completely than had been thought prudent in the Reform actually existing; and yet in refusing to profess the Abbé de Rancé they saw that they would be depriving Citeaux of one who was perhaps destined to be its chiefest support and ornament in that century. After some deliberation they replied that he would be at liberty to do the best he could with his own monastery; but they were convinced that he would find no one to second him in his views, and that probably, finding his plan impracticable, he would be content to abandon it. De Rancé accordingly pronounced his vows (26th of June, 1664), and, after being consecrated abbot by Mgr. Plunket, Bishop of Ardagh, in Ireland, proceeded to take possession of La Trappe.

It would have been impossible that a man so distinguished as De Rancé should have passed through this solemn crisis unnoticed by the world he was leaving behind him. The eyes of France were upon him, and friends and enemies were anxiously waiting to see what he would do. They had not to wait long. The kind

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of life introduced into La Trappe by the religious of the Strict Observance was not very austere. On fast-days they dined at eleven; a liberal collation was allowed, and silence was not very strictly observed. There was an hour's recreation every day after dinner, and a walk once a week. The religious might still receive visits in the parlors. Soon, however, after the consecration of their abbot, his fervor communicated itself to those around him; laxity gave way to a relish for penance, and his example was a keen incentive to the practice of every kind of mortification.

By common consent of the religious fish ceased entirely to be an article of their food, eggs were only to be allowed in cases of sickness, meat was altogether prohibited except in serious maladies. Hitherto butter had been used in preparing the various dishes of vegetables on which they dined, but, the abbot having forbidden any butter to be put into his portion of food, the whole community followed his example. With regard to the rule of silence, De Rancé began by allowing his religious to speak once a day; then, as they were very careful to accuse themselves in chapter of every idle word that had escaped them, and of the least imperfection they had noticed in themselves or in each other, the penance he usually imposed for this kind of fault was to keep silence for several days together, thus preparing them for the perpetual silence he purposed to introduce among them. Then when they appeared ripe for such an austerity he decreed:

1. That the community being assembled, either in the refectory, the chapter-house, at conference, or elsewhere, no religious should speak except to the superior presiding.

2. That the religious should have no communication with each other, either by word of mouth, by letter, or by signs, and much less with individuals from without.

It was decreed further that, to avoid every occasion for speaking, no two religious were to be together without necessity, and that a breach of this rule should be considered a breach of silence.

This rule of silence came to be so strictly observed at La Trappe that the effect produced on the guests, always hospitably received there, was like the hush of some vast sanctuary in the desert. At the same time each monk was exhorted to open his heart to his superior as often as he felt the need, and the Abbé de Rancé was always ready to counsel, direct, and encourage his spiritual sons, like a kind father, almost with the tenderness of a mother.

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Manual labor, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, gardening, occupied three hours of the day, the monks going to their work in procession, one by one, headed by their abbot.

But the life and soul of their austerities was the prayer and psalmody with which this desert place was incessantly vibrating. Our Lord's command to "*pray without ceasing*" was here carried out in full.

Gregorian plain chant was the psalmody in use, and De Rancé brought it to such perfection that each word, each note seemed palpitating with life. It was as if angels had joined their voices to those of the monks to make them so plaintively sweet. At night, when they rose to sing Matins, their voices, welling up out of the darkness and the deep silence, swept through the great, dim arches of the church in strains of unearthly beauty.

This picture of the white-robed penitents of La Trappe, bare-headed and with naked feet on the cold stones, making sweet melody in their hearts to God, is pleasanter to look upon than the picture with which we began, with all its pomp and splendor. Both belong to the past, but this lives on.

A QUEEN.

LET happy lovers sing the bliss of June,
When with life's sweetest chords earth keepeth tune,
The growing year's full maiden perfectness
With untried heart and open hand to bless.

Be mine October's deeper grace to sing—
Of golden sunshine daily shortening,
Of empty nests and songs of summer stilled:
With sense of loss each passing hour filled.

Strong-armed and beautiful she comes, like one
That holds the labor of her life undone
So long as from deep fountain of her heart
Life's crimson currents on life's errands start.

To-day a queen; her draperies of gold
And royal scarlet falling fold on fold
About the firm-shod feet so swift to move
On womanly mission of untiring love.

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Smiling she stands and softly sings to rest
With gracious deeds the sorrow of her breast—
The empty nests she never hath seen filled,
June's loving-cup before her coming spilled.

In the sharp air the tired earth lies a-cold—
Gently our queen lets fall her robe of gold:
She heeds not chill nor loss of raiment fine.
Her lessened shadow lets sun wider shine.

She lights 'mid wreck the hazel's trembling rays,
For her blue gentians wait, 'mid untrod ways,
The brown nuts ripen, and pale April flowers
Awake to live the dream of summer hours:

Late blossoming of violets her gift,
Amid decay, the weary earth to lift
To thought of joy beyond the dark to be—
May's tender grace her eyes shall never see.

A queen to-day. To-morrow she shall stand
Rifled by rain and frost; her open hand,
Save her sweet self, scarce holding any gift,
Her scattered gold on whirling winds a-drift.

So softly all the sky and sunlit hills
And leafless woods her gracious presence fills:
So life's loss veiling with love's tender art,
Sweet lips betraying not heroic heart.

To-day a queen with life at her behest;
After—of life and kingdom dispossessed.
Wise spendthrift! whom all loss but readier finds
To give her sunshine to warm wintry winds.

To-morrow we shall look for her in vain,'
Though rest on perfect skies not any stain
Of tears to tell of earth's belovèd dead.
Who love, shall feel their winsome mistress fled.

Then, when upon November, naked, cold,
St. Martin's Summer spreads its cloak of gold,
Soft we shall murmur: Lo! October's wraith
That blessing brings beyond the gates of death.

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"HAS ROME JURISDICTION?"

I.

SOME little time ago two articles appeared in the London *Church Times* under the above heading. The title is so singular, it possesses an air of such startling novelty, that the Catholic reader naturally pauses, if only in mere curiosity, to ascertain what new tactics can have prompted a question so foreign in its wording to the ordinary lingo of Protestant polemics, and particularly to that of the right wing of the Anglican High-Church party, which has always been credited with at least maintaining a respectful bearing towards the claims of the Catholic hierarchy as being the only source and foundation of their own. But a very cursory perusal of these articles will clear up the mystery and supply the solution of the riddle. Defeated at all points, routed along the entire line, their orders discredited, their sacraments exploded, their mimicry of Catholic worship and Catholic practices proved a delusion and a snare by reason of its very barrenness in producing any of those higher phases of the spiritual life without which elaborate ceremonial and orthodox views, even coupled with much of earnestness and refinement, are but as whited sepulchres, the Ritualists have at last reached that conventional straw which is represented as the final and but too deceptive refuge of a drowning man, and in very desperation cry out, regardless alike of their own hopeless condition in this respect and of the invulnerable position of those whom they attack: *Has Rome Jurisdiction?*

To us, who for long years have watched the progress of their gallant struggle for existence and recognition, there is something truly melancholy in this cry; it is as the last and final challenge of a brave and vanquished people, driven from their fair lowlands and smiling pastures into some mountain fastness deemed by them impregnable, but in vain! The cohorts of ever-victorious Rome can follow them even there; her universal dominion and her invincible standards will and must make themselves respected *per totam orbem terrarum*, and the defiant shout of the defeated but heroic fugitives serves but as their death-cry.

Just such is the feeling which possesses a Catholic convert on perusing the articles referred to. The very fact that at this late

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hour every other question has been implicitly abandoned, as is proved by the adoption of this final subterfuge, is in itself a confession of defeat. We grant you, they say by implication, that Parker's consecration was decidedly "fishy"; we admit that the arguments in favor of one visible Rome-headed church as a fulfilment of our Lord's promise, if only it can be shown to have a practical and real existence, are absolutely unanswerable, and that the idea is both comforting and assuring; we know but too well that even the last grand effort of so redoubtable a champion of Anglo Catholicism as Dr. Littledale, in his *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*, has fallen flat and innoxious: but we have gone on too far and too long to surrender easily; we must attack the enemy in his very acropolis, and prove—in our own unique way—that this boasted centre of unity and jurisdiction is but a phantom after all; that no jurisdiction can possibly flow from, or be rightfully claimed by, the Roman pontiff in consequence of the very simple fact—which we, after three centuries of Anglo-Roman controversy, have been the first to discover—that there has been no canonical election to the Papacy possibly for a thousand years, nor *possible* for about four hundred, and that "the Petrine line, if ever a reality," in all probability "ended in the tenth century." *Risum teneatis, amici?*

For ourselves, in sooth, we do not know whether to laugh or to cry! The witness of the church throughout all these centuries, the testimony of history, the recognition of the nations, the common sense of Catholic and Protestant Europe, all are to go to the wall in the presence of this latest discovery of the sages of Little Queen Street! There is no pope, and there has been no pope, possibly since the fourth century, probably since the tenth, certainly since the year 1484!

The above astounding statements have been deliberately put forward not merely by the *Church Times*, but at still greater length by so grave and sober a periodical as the *Church Quarterly Review;* put forward, moreover, with a flourish of trumpets evidently intended to convey the impression that Rome, the great opponent of Anglicanism, is once for all vanquished, her arrogant claims demolished, and her very superstructure undermined, little recking that their boastful shout, *Delenda est Carthago*, is but the presage of their own permanent immersion into the ocean of oblivion.

Three distinct lines of argument are adduced by these periodicals as proving the non-existence of the Papacy, and consequently the downfall of the whole system of jurisdiction flowing there-

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from; all are professedly based upon the fundamental principles of Roman canon law. They are as follows:

1. In the course of the tenth century, during a period of some sixty years, the Holy See was occupied by a series of usurpers infamous alike for the methods adopted to secure their elevation, and in their private lives both before and afterwards. This line of false pontiffs, which was ushered in by the violent deposition of the lawful pope, was maintained by simony, force, deception, and the machinations of three disreputable women, Theodora the elder and her daughters Theodora and Marozia. This period is termed by historians the *Tuscan Domination*, or, in the refined language of our Anglican contemporary, the *scortocracy*. The argument in general is that, during this long series of invalidly-elected pontiffs, the race of validly-appointed cardinals must have died out, and that consequently at the end of this period, there being no legitimately-constituted body of papal electors, the papal office lapsed and came to an end. To make assurance still more sure, further instances of a somewhat similar nature are given in succeeding centuries.

2. The second line of argument, to be adopted failing the one just exposed, may be best set forth in the *ipsissima verba* of the article:

"But, in addition to the two huge gaps in the succession to which we have already drawn attention, there is another of an equally serious kind, and, on the principles of canon law, equally making that succession invalid. We mean the seventy years' residence of the popes at Avignon, from 1309 to 1379. It is canonically the duty of all bishops to reside in their sees, and it is on this very ground of the alleged residence of St. Peter at Rome for twenty-five years that the Roman Church claims him as Bishop of Rome rather than as Bishop of Antioch." (Then follows a quotation from the *Church Quarterly* maintaining that just as St. Peter vacated the see of Antioch on his setting up his episcopal chair in Rome, so did Pope Clement V. cease to be Bishop of Rome and became simply Bishop of Avignon, concluding:) "It is certainly startling, but no less true, *the see of Rome was* ipso facto *void during the long residence of the popes at Avignon.*"

3. The third argument in favor of this novel theory consists in the difficulties connected with the great Schism of the West and the action of the Council of Constance.

The writer of the first article in the *Church Times* commences by laying down the axiom, for which he claims the authority of Bellarmine, that a doubtfully valid pope is no pope at all; and in this category he places all cases of disputed elections—not merely those which he considers "distinctly invalid elections" (of which

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more anon), but those in which the "valid election of the successful candidate has never been fully proved."

"The cases of absolute nullity," says the *Church Quarterly*, "admitting of no dispute, are these: Intrusion by some external influence, without any election by the constituency; election by those who are not qualified to elect; simony, and antecedent ineligibility of certain definite kinds. The cases of highly probable nullity are those of heresy, whether manifest or secret, and whether previous to or after election to the Papacy."

This short quotation is sufficient to afford a plan of the campaign, the details of which simply consist in applying to concrete instances the principles here laid down in the abstract. The names of about thirty popes, reigning during the tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, are either mentioned or referred to in the course of these two articles as having been doubtful or invalid. The *Church Quarterly*, observes the writer, swells the list to yet larger proportions:

"The names reach from Victor I., A.D. 193, to Leo X., A.D. 1513; and within that period, out of the two hundred and three occupants of the papal throne, we find twenty-seven popes whose elections were certainly invalid according to Roman canon law, and thirty-one probably invalid—fifty-eight in all. The causes of the legal flaws in the several cases are as follows: Heresy, eight; probable simony, three; intrusion and simony, four; intrusion, seventeen; simony, four; disputed election, nine; doubtful election, ten; irregular election, one; invalid election, two."

It is claimed that none of the disavowed anti-popes are included in this catalogue, and that the "compiler of this most formidable list gives the documentary authority for the statement which he makes." As we have not the *Church Quarterly Review* before us, we must content ourselves with examining, as far as space will permit, a few specimens of the instances adduced by the *Church Times*—and, indeed, they will be amply sufficient. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length upon each of them; for, in spite of the minute, one might almost say hair-splitting, subdivisions above quoted, we shall see that one and the same reply will serve for most of them.

The writer commences with the year 903, in which he states that Pope Leo V., having reigned only about six weeks, was imprisoned by one Christopher, his own chaplain, who usurped the apostolic throne for himself. He was expelled by the infamous Sergius III., the paramour of Marozia, wife of Alberic, Marquis of Camarino.*

* As regards Sergius III., two of his contemporaries, Flodoard of Rheims and John the Deacon, give quite a different account of his character, describing him as virtuous, pious, and

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"It was under his auspices," according to the *Church Quarterly*, "that the infamous triad of courtesans, the two Theodoras and Marozia, obtained the influence which enabled them to dispose several times of the papal crown. They, or Alberic of Spoleto, son of Marozia, nominated to the Papacy Anastasius III., Lando, John X., Leo VI., Stephen VII., John XI., Martin III.,* Agapitus II., and John XII., the last of whom, a mere boy at the time of his intrusion, was deposed for various atrocious crimes by a synod convened by the Emperor Otho I. in A.D. 963. The whole series, as Baronius declares, consisted of false pontiffs, having no right to their office either by election or by the subsequent assent of the electors."

In the second article the actual quotation from the *Annals* of Cardinal Baronius is given in the following translation, which we have collated with the original, and find, as the reader will see, to be substantially correct:

"What was then the semblance of the Holy Roman Church? As foul as it could be; when harlots, superior in power as in profligacy, governed at Rome, at whose will sees were transferred, bishops were appointed, and—what is horrible and awful to say—their paramours were intruded into the see of Peter: *false pontiffs* who are set down in the catalogue of Roman pontiffs merely for chronological purposes; for who can venture to say that persons thus shamefully intruded by such courtesans were legitimate Roman pontiffs? No mention can be found of election or subsequent consent on the part of the clergy. All the canons were buried in oblivion, the decrees of the popes stifled, the ancient traditions put under ban, and the old customs, sacred rights [*sic*], and former usages in the election of the chief pontiff were quite abolished. Mad lust, relying on worldly power, thus claimed all as its own, goaded on by the sting of ambition. Christ was then in a deep sleep in the ship, when the ship itself was covered by the waves and the great tempests were blowing. And, what seemed worse, there were no disciples to wake him with their cries as they slept, for all were snoring. You can imagine as you please what sort of priests and deacons were chosen as cardinals by these monsters" † (*Ann.*, 912, viii.)

The reader will by this time have gained a tolerable insight into the bent of the argument. It is throughout an *argumentum*

zealous; while the epitaph on his tomb represents him as "an excellent pastor, beloved by all classes." (Cf. Alzog, vol. ii. p. 293.)

* Called also Marinus II.

† The original of this remarkable passage runs as follows: Quæ tunc facies sanctæ Ecclesiæ Romanæ? Quam fœdissima, cum Romæ dominarentur potentissimæ æque ac sordidissimæ meretrices? Quarum arbitrio mutarentur sedes, darentur Episcopi, et quod auditu horrendum et infandum est, intruderentur in sedem Petri earum amasii, pseudo-pontifices, qui non sint nisi ad consignanda tanta tempora in catalogo Romanorum pontificum scripti. Quis enim a scortis hujusmodi intrusos sine lege, legitimos dicere posset Romanos fuisse pontifices? Nusquam cleri eligentis vel postea consentientis aliqua mentio, canones omnesque pressi silentio, decreta pontificum suffocata, proscriptæ antiquæ traditiones, veteresque in eligendo Summo Pontifice consuetudines, sacrique ritus et pristinus usus prorsus extincti. Sic vindicaverat omnia sibi libido, sæculari potentia freta, etc. (*Annales Ecclesiastici*, tom. x. anno 912, viii. p. 577. Ed. Venetiis, MDCCXI.)

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ad hominem, based professedly "upon the principles of Roman canon law." The "pseudo-papacy" of the present day is to be convicted, like the wicked servant in the Gospel, out of its own mouth and by the testimony of its stanchest adherents; Bellarmine is to be cited as a witness "that a doubtful pope is to be esteemed as not a pope," and the inference will be drawn that such false popes could of course themselves, throughout this long period of sixty-odd years, create "none but invalid clerical electors." Thus the whole edifice of "ultramontane Romanism" is to be brought clattering down like the walls of Jericho; popery, that old bugbear of "our pure reformed church," is shown to be but a distended bladder after all; the bladder is pricked—*solvuntur tabulæ risu*—and Anglicanism remains master of the situation!

Well, hardly! We trust that we are not hard-hearted, and a man must be callous indeed who could, without a qualm, attempt to turn the laugh against those who have thus mapped out their plans for the destruction of the Papacy with such winning complacency; but the interests of truth are paramount, and we trust that before laying down the pen we shall be able to show clearly that the truth in the present instance, both as regards the real nature of all these transactions, the genuine history of the times, and the true principles of canon law, has been grossly violated.

To begin at the beginning: The opening scene of lawlessness and violence which represents Leo V. as being imprisoned by Christopher, a priest of that pontiff's household, who usurps the see of Rome for himself, has for centuries been a matter of controversy. So far as we know, the earliest writer who records these supposed events is Vincent of Beauvais in the thirteenth century, who is followed by Platina in the fifteenth, and subsequently by many others, among whom is the illustrious Cardinal Baronius himself. But surely these authorities come very late, and are scarcely deserving of much credit in the presence of the fact that Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, a contemporary of these very events and a bitter and extravagant denouncer of the corruptions of the Papacy in his time,* is entirely silent upon the point. Nor is his the only voice we should have expected to hear raised in lamentation over so great an evil; we have other contemporaneous historians whose reputation for accuracy and impartiality is of a far higher order, such as Flodoard, or Frodoard,

* Of this writer the Abbé Fleury (a favorite with Anglicans) says: "Le style de Luitprand temoigne plus d'esprit et d'érudition, que de jugement. Il affecte d'une manière puerile de montrer qu'il se avoit le grec. . Il mêle souvent des vers à sa prose; il est partout extrémement passioné, chargeant les uns d'injures, les autres de louanges et de flatteries" (Fleury, *Histoire Ecclésiastique*, vol. viii. book lvi. No. 22).

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a canon of Rheims, and John the Deacon, the former of whom simply records the death of Leo and the *subsequent* accession soon afterwards (*mox*) of Christopher.* The testimony of these contemporary writers is corroborated by others who, although living some centuries afterwards, were anterior to the earliest authority on the other side—viz., Peter Mallius, who flourished in the twelfth century, an anonymous writer of Salerno of the same period, and Leo of Ostia in the succeeding century. Neither of these authors know anything of these deeds of violence which are supposed to have ushered in what has been called the Tuscan Domination; and, dark as that period may have been and probably was, utterly unfitted as some of the occupants of the papal throne undoubtedly were for their sublime office, we must not, however, allow things to be represented as worse than they in reality were, nor admit, in such a discussion and with such issues at stake, a class of evidence coming far too late and based upon foundations much too slender to support such a superstructure. Nor, when the evidence is duly weighed, do the charges against several of the other popes in this category appear to be any more worthy of credence. More than one of these "monsters"—Sergius III., Anastasius III., Lando, John X., Leo VI., Stephen VIII. (VII.), John XI., Leo VII., Stephen VIII. (IX.), Martin III. (Marinus II.), Agapitus II., and John XII.—given in the list of the *Church Times*, turn out to be respectable and blameless men. Anastasius III. and Leo VI. were distinguished for integrity and zeal for reform. Even of Sergius III., "infamous" though he be in the eyes of the *Church Times*, there is much to be said. He appears neither to have been invalidly elected nor to have shown himself a monster of iniquity. Almaricus Angerius, an ancient chronicler whose writings are preserved by Muratori, thus records the event:

"Sergius III., a Roman and the son of one Benedict, succeeded the aforesaid intruder Christopher *by canonical election*, and became the hundred and twenty-seventh pope after St. Peter."†

The testimony of Flodoard is still more emphatic. Speaking of his return from exile, he says:

"Thence returned Sergius, who, though long since elected to the highest dignity, had been driven away into exile, and for seven long years remained concealed as a fugitive. Recalled from hence *by the suffrages of the people*, he is consecrated to the exalted office once before awarded to him.

* Flodoard, *Vitæ Romanorum Pontificum*, apud Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores.*
† Ibidem.

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On the accession of this pontiff, the third of the name, the entire world entered upon a period of happiness lasting seven years." *

The witness of Luitprand, upon whom Baronius mostly depends, against this pontiff, is in open conflict with the most ancient and authentic records. It was not, as Luitprand asserts, in opposition to Formosus that he had been set up as anti-pope, but to John IX.; † he was called back to Rome, not, as that historian maintains, by the arms of Albert of Tuscany, but, as we have seen, by the voice of the Roman people themselves, and by them elected to the Apostolic See; ‡ it was not he but Stephen VII. who offered shameful indignities to the dead body and to the memory of Formosus; not he but Duke Alberic of Spoleto was the father of John IX. It must be borne in mind in this connection that Luitprand was a partisan writer of intensely Germanic tendencies, who spared no opportunity of defaming the Italians, and the Tuscan court in particular. When, therefore, we find the assertions of a chronicler of this description conflicting with all other contemporaneous authorities, and particularly with one so grave and impartial as Flodoard, § we may safely refuse to accept the charges as in any way proved.

Space forbids us to continue this investigation in detail with reference to each of the succeeding pontiffs on the list, or we might show that even John X., a relative of Theodora the elder, was not without apologists in his own day, who, though personally opposed to him, admitted his good qualities, while Flodoard speaks in terms of praise of his government both of the archbishopric of Ravenna and of the Apostolic See. And if we are forced to admit that one or two in this series, especially the pontiff who closes the number—the youthful debauchee, John XII.—were a disgrace to the church, no argument can be deduced therefrom prejudicial to the existence of the Papacy or the survival of its jurisdiction. The unmeasured terms in which Baronius, as we have seen, declares that there was nowhere any mention of

* Ibidem. "Sergius inde redit, dudum qui lectus ad arcem
Culminis, exsilio tulerat rapiente repulsam:
Qui profugus latuit septem volventibus annis.
Hinc populi remeans precibus, sacratur honore,
Pridem adsignato, quo nomine tertius exit
Antistes: Petri eximia quo sede recepto
Præsule gaudet orans annis septe amplius orbis."

† Flodoard, *De Rom. Pont.* Epitaph Sergii III.

‡ Ibidem et Johan. Diac. *De Eccl. Lateran.*

§ The Abbé Blanc, in his *Cours d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, vol. i. p. 703, says: "Les critiques s'accordent à reconnaître dans Flodoard, à un degré éminent, les qualités, qui concilient à l'historien la confiance, et dans ses ecrits la source la plus pure pour tous les faits dont il a parlé."

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election by the clergy or of subsequent consent, which contains the pith of the argument adduced by the *Church Times*, has been shown from contemporary authorities, as regards the first instance (Sergius III.), to have been incorrect; and drawn, as all his information was, from the jaundiced and untrustworthy pages of Luitprand, we may reasonably suppose that he may have been equally misled as to the rest.

But let us waive the point. Let us admit to the full the allegations of Luitprand and Baronius, and go so far as to grant to the *Church Times* that all these twelve popes were invalidly elected, or even not elected at all, but were thrust by crime, force, bribery, cajolery, and deception into the papal throne through means of that clique over which the courtesan Theodora and her daughters reigned supreme; does the consequence drawn by the articles under review legitimately follow? Are we driven to conclude that, the see of Peter having been in reality vacant for such a lapse of time, the succession of pontiffs necessarily came to an end by reason of the extinction of the only electoral body capable of perpetuating it? The Catholic, of course, with our Lord's promise before his eyes and divine faith in his heart, will only smile at this question; but we are not dealing with Catholics. Our object is to expose, if possible, to those sincere and well-meaning seekers after truth whom the sophistries and misstatements of such articles as those we are discussing may stagger and upset, that the only merit possessed by these specious compositions lies in the coolness of assumption; that we are not in the slightest degree alarmed at their high-handed and aggressive tone; that we are perfectly willing to meet them on their own ground, to accept their challenge, and to prove that, upon "the fundamental principles of Roman canon law" and of Catholic theology, their fusilade against the Papacy is as futile as it is absurd. *Cæsarem appellasti? Ad Cæsarem ibis!*

Our reply, therefore, to the assertion that the see of Peter must have been vacant through all these years on account of the invalidity of the election of each succeeding pontiff, is simply this: *The invalidity or nullity of the canonical election in each and all of these cases was remedied by the subsequent and ultimate assent, recognition, and acceptance of the entire church.*

That this is so we shall proceed to prove by unimpeachable authorities.

The entire argument of the *Church Times* is based upon the assumption that, inasmuch as under the present organization of the church the Roman cardinals constitute the elective body,

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when a vacancy occurs in the Papacy, should no legitimately-appointed college of cardinals be in existence, no pope can be elected, at all events until the privilege of electing has been formally withdrawn from the cardinals and placed in other hands. And so, failing any such formal revocation during the interval which has elapsed between the accession of Sergius III. and the present time, the sovereign pontificate, wanting a legitimate body of electors, has been *ipso facto* vacant.

To this argument we might reply that it is exceedingly improbable that the election of the pontiffs was at this early date confined to the cardinals, but was still in the hands of the Roman clergy and people, in which case the plea of our contemporary falls to the ground at once. There is, however, some controversy upon this point, more, indeed, in the direction of a later than an earlier period for the introduction of the change,* and we will therefore cede the point. We may also pass over the assumption (for we doubt very much whether the *Church Times* has had the time or the materials for verifying the statement) that *all* the cardinals who had been appointed before the year 903 were dead in 963, the year of the deposition of John XII. and the introduction of a line of reforming German pontiffs. Considering the early age at which many youthful scions of noble families were admitted to the most exalted dignities in those degenerate times, it is quite within the range of possibility that some of the original electors might have been living. But be this as it may, granting that they had all passed away, granting, too, what is merely another assumption on the part of our contemporary, that not a single one of all these twelve popes was validly elected, does the conclusion of that journal legitimately follow upon those principles of canon law to which it appeals?

The great canonist Ferraris treats of a cognate question which has a distinct bearing upon the matter under review—viz., the difficulty that might arise in the improbable contingency of all the cardinals dying during the conclave. He says:

"If all the cardinals (which may God avert!) should die before the papal election has been consummated, theologians are not agreed upon whom the right of electing the pontiff should fall. Many assert that in such a

* Some authorities place it as late as 1562 under Pius IV., others in 1160 during the pontificate of Alexander III. The earliest date would appear to be 1059 (almost at the end of the period under review), when Nicholas II. held a council at Rome, thus described by Natalis Alexander: "Nicolaus II. . . . Romæ concilium habuit anno MLIX., cui CXIII. episcopi interfuere. Eadem synodus . . . decretum de Romani pontificis electione edidit, statuens ut vacante sede cardinales episcopi convenirent, de electione tractaturi, assumptisque secum clericis cardinalibus, communibus suffragiis pontificem eligerent, etc." (tom. vii. p. 12).

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contingency the right would devolve upon the canons of the Lateran Basilica, whose church is, in the strictest sense, the pope's cathedral as bishop of the city and of the world; and some regard this opinion as very safe and probable. Others hold that this right would be vested in an œcumenical council, because the pope is pastor not only of the city of Rome but of the universal church. Others maintain that it pertains to the patriarchs." *

We quote these words of this illustrious canonist, not as having an immediate bearing upon the case under discussion, but because they distinctly show that "upon the fundamental principles of canon law" the absence of a body of cardinal electors, even under the present constitution of the church, is no bar to the filling-up of the vacancy which may be provided for in various other duly-recognized ways. Schmalzgrueber, however, an authority of no less weight, gives a solution directly to the point, and entirely sweeps away the contention of the *Church Times*. He says:

"*Question* 8. Whether the pope becomes truly such immediately on his election by the cardinals?

"*Resp.* A distinction must be made as to whether the election were legitimate or otherwise.

"If the *latter*, the election of the cardinals, since it is invalid, can confer no rights upon the elected. Hence the *acceptance of the universal church* must be waited for, which, should it supervene, *it will remedy the defect in the election* invalidly made by the cardinals, if a condition required by human law alone be wanting; for the church cannot heal the defect of a condition required by the divine law.† But since, from the common consent of theologians, it is credible with *divine faith* that any pope, after he has been accepted as such by the universal church, is the true vicar of Christ and the successor of blessed Peter, there can be no danger of the church consenting to a pontiff who suffers from the defect of a condition required by the divine law." ‡

The rationale of this doctrine, which one would think would be palpable to all who profess to believe in the church's indefectibility, is thus set forth by Suarez:

"Reply to the first argument in No. 1. (The question proposed in the number referred to is—*Whether we can be certain with the assent of faith that such and such a man is the true pontiff and head of the church.* The first argument is as follows: We have said that as, in order that a rule of faith should be of utility, it ought not only to be believed simply *in confuso* but also as something determined, and this presupposes an individual or something which we can behold with our eyes, and in this sense it is called visible; so in the present instance we inquire whether in like manner the

* Ferraris, vol. vii., *Papa*, art. i. No. 44.

† Such as heresy, the absence of reason, and so on.

‡ Schmalzgrueber, *Jus. Eccl. Univ.*, lib. i. pars ii. tit. vi. No. 93.

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true pontiff should be some visible and determined individual, so that we should not only believe that there is a supreme head in the church which has its seat at Rome, but also that he is such and such a man whom we behold with our eyes. This appears not to be so, since God has never revealed it.) To the first argument (here quoted) we reply that this is revealed by God in the same way that it is revealed that such and such an organization is the true church, whence, when he revealed that Peter is head of the church, he equally revealed it in a general way concerning each of his successors, and all that is wanting is sufficient demonstration that this or that is contained under such and such revelation; but such demonstration is afforded by the universal testimony and approbation of the church, which fact is plainly set forth by the example of a similar case, for it does not appear that God ever revealed that the bishop of Rome rather than he of Alexandria is the sovereign pontiff, because this was never stated in express terms, but merely implied *in confuso* when he revealed to St. Peter the dignity and perpetuity of his office, because such revelation manifests itself in, and has for its object, those bishops or their episcopate who hold the succession from Peter after that succession has been sufficiently demonstrated through the tradition and universal consent of the church; but seeing that it must be clearly manifest that sufficient demonstration has been given to place all under the obligation of assent, this demonstration appears to some to be offered when a rightly and duly elected and so veritable pontiff is set forth; and this, indeed, is all that is necessary in order that from the precept of obedience and charity we should be bound to obey such a pontiff, and that no one should rightly be able to disjoin himself from him without schism; nevertheless, speaking as we do on the present occasion concerning the assent of faith, the demonstration will not, perhaps, be sufficiently sure until it be made morally certain that he has been accepted by the whole church and is in peaceful possession of his primatial dignity, and so can place all the faithful under the obligation of believing whatever he defines; *for in such case it is most certainly to be believed that the universal church cannot fall into error in so grave a matter as would be a mistake regarding the living rule of faith, such an error being tantamount to an error in the faith itself.*" *

Hence it is very clear that no such calamity as that imagined by the *Church Times* can ever overtake the church of Christ. He founded it upon a rock—the rock of Peter †—and placed in Peter's see that centre of unity which was throughout all time to be the basis and foundation, the *radix et matrix*, of that visible oneness by means of which his church should be unmistakably distinguished from surrounding sects; and since any aggregation of beings endowed with free-will is liable to become the subject of disagreement and division, he placed that centre of unity in

* Suarez, *De Fide*, disp. x. sect. v. No. 6.

† Tertullian, *De Præscript.*, c. 22. Origen, *In Exod.*, hom. v. No. 4. tom. ii. p. 145 Migne. St. Greg. Naz., *Orat.* xxxii. No. 18, p. 591, ed. Bened. Migne. St. Epiphanius, *Adv. Hæres.* (59), Nos. 7, 8, p. 500. St. Jerome, lib. iii. *Comment in Matt. xvi.*, p. 124. St. Augustine, *In Ps. lxix.*, n. 4.

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one man, the occupant of Peter's see. Were it possible that by the malice of the devil or the wickedness of man, through the violence of tyrants or the intrigues of harlots, that office should cease to exist, the church of Christ would have been shattered to its foundations, the rule of faith destroyed, the light shining in the darkness extinguished, and the gates of hell would have prevailed against the kingdom of God. This we, as Catholics, know cannot be, and those who pretend to argue with us on Catholic principles ought in justice to acknowledge this fact.

So much, then, for the line of popes who occupied St. Peter's chair during the "Tuscan Domination." In the next century, says the *Church Times*, "we have another series of intruding popes, who secured their position by simony—viz., Benedict VIII., John XIX., Benedict IX., and Gregory VI., covering" a period of "thirty-four years." Of course, in view of what we have already shown regarding the revalidation of all such questionable elections by the subsequent assent of the church, it would avail nothing were our contemporary able to prove its assertion relating to these pontiffs—an attempt from which it wisely refrains. Of Benedict VIII. Natalis Alexander says emphatically that "he succeeded to Sergius IV. by canonical election" ("*Sergio IV. canonica electione successit Benedictus VIII.*")* The same historian does, indeed, assert of John XIX., or XX., that he secured the Apostolic See by a large pecuniary expenditure, but he does so on the authority of a contemporary chronicler, Glaber, who is acknowledged as having been biassed, while the contrary is most plainly implied in a letter addressed to that pontiff by St. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres. It is, on the other hand, admitted on all sides that the youthful profligate Benedict IX. was elected through the bribery of his father, Alberic of Tuscany, and that his pontificate was a disgraceful episode in the annals of the Holy See; but he was a true pope: "Son autorité," says Rohrbacher, "fut reconnue et respectée par toute la terre."† The last pope in the list surely nothing but the most inveterate *odium theologicum* would charge with the crime of simony. The scandals connected with the life of Benedict IX. had become intolerable, and his evil example was producing a disastrous effect upon the morals and discipline of the clergy. To obviate these evils he was persuaded to resign and accept a pension of fifteen hundred *livres*. That this very moderate allowance was in no sense simo-

* Natalis Alexander, tom. vii. p. 3. Ditmar, according to Rohrbacher, bears his testimony that Benedict was elected by a majority of the suffrages of the people.

† Rohrbacher, vol. xiii. book lxiii. p. 481.

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niacal is proved by the fact, attested by St. Peter Damian at the time, that the early councils of the church had awarded as much to mere bishops on resigning their sees,* while the exalted personal character of Pope Gregory VI. himself, and the manifestly justifiable motives which prompted his action, render the accusation unworthy of notice.

ALONG THE GREEN BIENNE.

THE most delightful of all thoroughfares in the Jura are the rivers and streams that wind among the mountains, linking one beautiful valley with another. One of these water-courses is the Bienne—the wayward, freakish Bienne—which leads the traveller through a succession of charming valleys, amazing him at every turn with the varied and wonderful beauty of the landscapes. And there is no less variety of temperature. Winter and summer are often found within a few hours of each other, affording great contrasts of vegetation and atmospheric phenomena. In one place the river pours through a wild, picturesque gorge overhung by precipitous rocks, through which the wind rushes howling, with frequent squalls of snow and hail; and the torrent, with emulous roar, dashes over huge rocks which beat the waters into a raging foam, and then, as if by magic, issues with many-tinted hues into a vernal region of richest green, radiant with the sun, girt by mountains, to be sure, but their bases are covered with vines, orchards, and gardens that give out a balmy fragrance delicious to inhale. On every side a beautiful picture meets the eye. Mountains, woods, torrents, verdant glades, woodland chapels, little homesteads sheltered among fruit-trees and gardens, the solitude of the mountains, and the busy hum of the valleys, by turn attract and charm the explorer. To wander on, day after day, through this maze of sylvan beauty, following the deep bends of

> "That many-winding river
> Between mountains, woods, abysses,
> A paradise of wildernesses,"

is the very height of enjoyment to the lover of mountain scenery.

We came upon the Bienne just where its clear green waters

* Darras, vol. ii. p. 59.

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unite, as if reluctantly, with the blue current of the Ain, a little north of Mt. Oliferne of legendary fame. Here, at the meeting of the waters, stands the village of Condes—so called from a Celtic word signifying confluence—a little back from the capricious stream to escape its frequent inundations, its soil full of Roman and Celtic remains. Overlooking it is a votive chapel on the tip of a fang-like prominence called a *molard*, greatly frequented by the river boatmen, who annually celebrate here the festival of St. Nicholas with picturesque effect. Standing around are the druidical heights of Mt. Beauregard, the Montagne du Solier, and other purple peaks, which at dawn and sunset are lit up with floods of living fire, as if once more aflame in honor of the god Belenus.

At Jeurre the valley grows broader, the gloom disappears, the sharp gray cliffs give place to gentler slopes—vine-wreathed—along the grassy meadows. Everything is fresh and verdurous. The Bienne, no longer pent up, is left free to follow its frolicsome instincts, which the people, even in remotest times, feared so much as to erect their dwellings for the most part above its reach. Pensive willows and stately poplars border the stream, which goes rippling merrily along in tune with the boatmen, whose cheery songs may be heard echoed on every side—here, by the washerwomen bleaching their clothes along the verdant banks; beyond, by the goat-herds on the heights; and not unfrequently by the stern, cloud-capped mountains themselves. The latter, in receding, put off some of their gloom. Soft, ghost-like flecks of mist disappear among the pines on the upper ridges. The sun lights up the glades below, where graze the herds. And great patches on the nether slopes are covered with beneficent chestnuts and broad-spreading beeches beneath which the rustic Tityrus might still practise his lay, "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," after the good old bucolic fashion. Forsaken towers lend a melancholy interest to the sharpest peaks, and higher feelings are awakened by legendary chapels with villages piously gathered around them. Lézat, for instance, is perched on the top of a steep mount, overlooking a narrow gorge through which the Bienne dashes swiftly along between tall, jagged cliffs and precipitous mountains, the sides of which are beautifully draped with soft moss and graceful, palm-like fronds, kept vividly green by the oozing moisture of the rocks.

Further on the river is overhung by the village of La Mouille, on the side of a cone, the very apex of which is crowned by the church of St. Eustache—a saint dear to hunters and foresters. This is one of the most ancient churches along the Bienne, and

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in early times the mountaineers were summoned to the Christian mysteries, as at Coldres and other places in the Jura, by the lighting of fires. And at the most solemn part of the rite a fresh illumination was usually kindled for the benefit of those unable to attend by reason of infirmity. The porch of this church affords a view remarkable for its extent and wild beauty.

A little to the north is another peak, on the top of which is the church of St. Isidore, patron of husbandmen, shaded by two immense lindens—the tree of the resurrection. And not far off, on a lofty plateau overlooking the Bienne, stands Longchaumois (a named derived from *chaume*, a coarse grass of these mountains), a town of only fifteen hundred inhabitants, though so ancient as to be mentioned in a cartulary of King Lothaire in 855. It is peopled with herdsmen, hunters, wood-choppers, fur-dressers, carvers, lapidaries, etc., who are grave, intelligent, and noted for their industry, like all the people in the Jura. The streets are full of life and activity, and resonant with sonorous voices. Well-built stone houses bespeak the thrift and comfortable circumstances of the owners, and the spacious, handsomely-ornamented Gothic church testifies to their piety.

In this remote town was born Mannon, or Manno, the celebrated monk of St. Oyan, whose reputation for learning induced Charles le Chauve to appoint him successor of Joannes Scotus Erigena as master of the Palatine school. But after the death of Louis le Bègue he returned to the abbey of St. Oyan, in whose peaceful solitude he composed his treatises on Plato and Aristotle, which not long since were disinterred from the libraries of Holland. And it was here he died in the odor of sanctity about the year 880.

In the neighborhood of Longchaumois linger many customs and beliefs handed down from Celtic times. Around the Fontaine Laurent the witches and sorcerers of former days held their unholy sabbaths. The Ruisseau de la Givre, or Vouivre, is so called from the winged serpent famous in the Jura. The fountain of Trépière (*trois pierres*) and the height of Mirbey are associated with druidical observances, as well as the monumental stone of the Borne des Sarrasins, and the Trou des Sarrasins, a deep cavern in the mountain-side where the people took refuge from the Moors of the eighth century.

The Saracens have left many other traces in this region, such as the Vie (*Via*, or way) des Maures, the Champ Sarrasin, the Château Sarrasin, etc. And associated with their ravages is Maringa, a village on one of these mountains, which derives its

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name from St. Marin, who, more than a thousand years ago, fled from Italy to escape the honors of the episcopate, and took refuge in a cave of this mountain, where he attained such power over the wild beasts that the very bears ministered to his wants. Hermit as he was, he took such a deep interest in the welfare of the peasants that when the country was invaded by the Saracens he came forth from his cell to intercede in their behalf. The enemy seized him and cast him into a fiery furnace, but he passed through the flames uninjured and was finally beheaded, and thus went to join the noble army of

"Martyrs crowned with heavenly meed."

It is in the legend of St. Marin the first mention is made of the ancient town of Moirans, which became the seat of a barony on whose escutcheon is a Saracen's head, surmounted by the cross of St. Andrew—another reminiscence of the Moorish invasion. This town stands at the entrance of a narrow gorge between the Ain and the Bienne, and its former importance is shown by the ruins of two old castles on opposite heights which defended the pass and still bear the marks of more than one attack of the Swiss Calvinists. These religionists took special pleasure in ravaging the monastic lands of St. Claude, to which Moirans seems to have belonged at an early period, for the abbot of that monastery was obliged to mortgage his castle here in 1296 to André Chatard, lord-châtelain of Arbent. It was soon redeemed, however, and the town became a flourishing place under abbatial rule. There were weavers, dyers, tanners, carvers, turners, shoemakers, and other craftsmen, all of whom had their guilds. The abbot himself came here from time to time to administer justice, followed by a train of dignitaries, both clerical and lay, which increased the life and consequence of the town. Standing on the highway of travel to Geneva, it carried on a brisk trade with the people of the neighboring valleys, especially at fair-times, and on market-days, and whenever the abbot held court here. But an end was put to all this prosperity by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, who burned the mills, workshops, and farm-houses, destroyed the crops, laid waste the lands, and carried off the flocks and herds. A more pleasant recollection is that of the benign St. François de Sales, whose statue near the *presbytère* points out the house where he lodged in his apostolic courses through the Jura.

The country around Moirans was once covered with druidical forests, and the stones of the Champ Dolent remind one of the

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menhirs of Dolent in Brittany. It is a place full of folk-lore and tales of fairies and fabulous animals, such as the Drack and the Cheval Blanc—a pale phantom-horse that haunts the old mill at Moirans. And there are many Celtic monuments around Lect, which stands on the side of a mountain at the south. In full view of the old church of St. Pierre is "a dismal cirque of Druid stones," several of which are still erect; and there is a mysterious passage or aisle on a cliff, walled in by great blocks of stone, to which you ascend by a flight of steps hewn in the rock. This now bears the name of the "Fairies' Baume" or Cavern, though suggestive of giants rather than of fairies.

Other places in this vicinity have names more pleasant to the Christian ear, such as the Combe St. Romain, the Champ St. Pierre, the Combe du Saint, etc.—places in which is centred all the charm of these delightful mountain valleys. It was in this region we came upon the *Vie des Pèlerins*—the Pilgrims' Road—so named because it led to the thrice famous sanctuary of St. Claude, where many popular saints once lay enshrined. It was in the same direction our pilgrim feet were tending.

The town of St. Claude is in the very heart of the Jura mountains, surrounded by some of their loftiest peaks. It owes its origin to the abbey of that name—one of the countless monasteries in Europe whose downfall was the result of state interference, such as the sequestration of property, which paralyzed the industries carried on by the monks and diminished their power of usefulness in other directions; and the appointment of commendatory abbots, which introduced a worldly element, leading inevitably to the decay of the monastic spirit. This abbey became famous under three different names. In the fifth century it bore the name of Condat, because established by St. Romain at the confluence of the Tâcon and the Bienne. The next century it took the name of St. Oyan, or Oyand, from one of the holy abbots, whose tomb had become noted for miracles. But in the twelfth century the shrine of St. Claude more especially attracted public attention, and his name gradually superseded the others.

Full of active industry as the town of St. Claude now is, it is difficult to realize what an appalling wilderness the place was fourteen hundred years ago, when St. Romain came here, leaving behind all the comforts of a patrician home at Izernore. Old legends tell of the commotion of the elements at his arrival. The powers of darkness were let loose against him. Terrible storms made the very mountains tremble—storms such as long after inspired Byron's lines, when the red-bearded thunder leaped

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from crag to crag, threatening to annihilate him. But nothing could daunt the stout-hearted saint. He planted his staff beside a spring that gushed out from the mountain-side, overshadowed by an immense pine, and betook himself earnestly to watching and praying in a way that has grown "obsolete in these impious times," as Carlyle says. In a short time he was joined by his brother Lupicin and several others, and a kind of laura was organized, combining the solitary and cenobitic life—the brethren living in separate cabins or cells, but coming together to chant the Psalms after the custom of the East, and for their frugal meals. They spent the day in labor and prayer, and in summer slept under the forest trees. St. Lupicin's couch, however, is said to have been a log hollowed out like a coffin, which he sometimes bore into the chapel that he might peacefully slumber *sub oculis Domini.*

The two brothers were admirably fitted to be a counter-restraint on each other. The gentle nature of St. Romain mitigated the sternness of St. Lupicin, and the firmness of the latter strengthened the holy impulses of the former. When the monks, weary of rigid fasts, took advantage of the plenteous harvests, and the abundance of game in the forests and fish in the streams, and spread a bounteous repast for themselves, St. Romain, grieved at heart, sent for his brother, who appeared suddenly in their midst, and, gazing with astonishment and wrath at the variety of dishes, cast herbs, vegetables, and fish all together into a huge caldron, exclaiming: "There is the mess a monk ought to eat, instead of savory dishes that lead him away from the service of God!" And when those who were weak in the flesh fled back in terror to the world, he comforted St. Romain, and said: "The jackdaws and crows have taken their flight; let us who remain take such food as suiteth the gentle doves of Christ." St. Lupicin, however, was not without tenderness of heart, and he always showed himself compassionate to the sick and the afflicted. He was a man of greater learning than his brother, and was regarded with great respect by King Chilperic, to whom he went on several errands of mercy, such as reclaiming the liberty of some mountaineers unjustly held in captivity. His influence extended even to Rome, where he found means of delivering from imprisonment his friend Agrippinus, who had been governor of Sequania.

The monks of Condat, in spite of the severity of their rule, increased so rapidly that a new monastery, called Lauconne, was founded by St. Lupicin, who became the prior. Around it sprang

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up a village which now bears his name. It is about seven miles from St. Claude, on the slope of a mountain overlooking the valley of the Lizon, not far from the place where St. Marin was martyred. Here the vine is cultivated, which does not flourish at St. Claude. A tower of the old priory still remains, and an interesting church of the eleventh century in which the relics of St. Lupicin, the titular saint, are preserved in a shrine of gilded wood. Clustered around are the well-built stone houses of the village, some of the fourteenth century, peopled by industrious mountaineers, who, among other occupations, turn and carve the so-called *articles de St. Claude.*

A few miles distant is St. Romain de Roche, where the two brothers founded a convent for their sister, St. Iole, who followed them into the wilderness, accompanied by a large number of devout women. No spot could have been more happily chosen for them than this lofty plateau, at once secluded and picturesque, and at that time nearly inaccessible. The convent stood on a broad shelf of the mountain that overhangs a lovely green valley, through which, far below, pours the swift Bienne. It could only be approached from the west, where grew an almost impenetrable forest infested by wild beasts. This convent became so flourishing as to contain five hundred nuns, and still existed in the year 480, but was eventually given up to the monks of Condat. Of their monastery nothing now remains but the church, which stands solitary on the brink of the precipice, surrounded by fragments of tombs and the ruins of the ancient cloister. It contains a beautiful shrine in which is kept a portion of St. Romain's remains, who died here while on a visit to his sister. A procession comes here every year from St. Lupicin—a touching memorial of the tender affection which united the two sainted brothers with their sister, St. Iole.

These three monasteries, Condat (or St. Oyan), Lauconne, and St. Romain de Roche, became centres of civilization in the Jura, around which gathered by degrees the people dispersed in the forests, who preferred to be the vassals of the monks rather than of the turbulent barons who involved them in wars and oppressed them with exactions of all kinds. But St. Oyan, of course, was pre-eminent on account of the size of the abbey, the extent of its domains, and the number of its saints. Charlemagne, whose name always appears wherever there are traces of the Saracens, gave this monastery a large tract of land in the Jura, sixty leagues in extent, at that time overspread with forests where roamed bears, wolves, and other wild beasts, and

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covered with snow a great part of the year. The early monks clothed themselves with the skins of these animals, after the example of St. Lupicin, but never fully exterminated them—perhaps never wished to do so, regarding everything as good, after its kind. We read that, seven hundred years later, the hunter who slew the first wolf of the season brought the tail to the sacristan of St. Claude, who used it to dust the statues of the saints and the carvings of the stalls; and in return the hunter was presented with two loaves of bread and two jugs of wine.

In the course of centuries the cultivation of these lands, and their colonization, rendered the abbey enormously wealthy. In the year 1245 it held rule over a great number of baronies, castles, villages, and parishes, which comprised thirty-seven priories, one hundred and five churches, and twenty-five chapels. King Pepin gave the abbots the right to coin money—the earliest known instance of such a privilege being granted to a monastery. This right was confirmed by the Emperor Frederick in 1175. A spacious abbey was built, more in accordance with the improved fortunes and needs of the monks. It stood on a plateau along the mountain-side, with terraced gardens overlooking the Tâcon, and surrounded by embattled walls flanked with towers, built by Jean de Chalon, ancestor of William of Orange. Louis XI. built the ramparts, of which a portion may be seen on the Place St. Claude. And a castle of defence was erected on a neighboring height.

The sumptuousness of the two abbatial churches was amazing, particularly that of St. Claude, in which stood about thirty rich shrines of sainted abbots and brethren, hung round with lamps of silver and gold and finely-wrought brass. Chief among them were the silver shrines of St. Oyan and St. Claude, set with precious stones. The stalls of the choir were exquisitely carved, the screen was of iron artistically wrought, and along its outer walls were ranged statues of the benefactors of the church, between which were hung chains of silver and gold and other ex-votos of all kinds.

The monks built a hospice for pilgrims, who came here in bands from remote provinces. Alms were constantly given at the gates. Every poor person was daily presented with a loaf, and meals were furnished to those who wished to be received in the infirmary. The parliaments of many cities sent deputations of pilgrims in times of public calamity. And princes came here with great devotion, such as the Dukes of Burgundy, the Counts of Savoy, and the Kings of France and Spain. Louis XI., when he came, made many rich offerings and founded a daily service

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in honor of "Monseigneur St. Claude." There was a special influx of pilgrims at the high festival of this saint. It was joyfully announced on the eve by the peal of trumpets, the beating of drums, the discharge of cannon, the playing of musical instruments, and the united peal of all the bells, as soon as the monks began to intone the "Magnificat" of the Vesper service. The following day the *feretrum magnum*, containing the incorrupt body of St. Claude, was brought forth, preceded by one of the great barons of the province bearing a lighted torch, and followed by another carrying a palm. One holy shrine after another followed—St. Oyan, St. Minase, St. Antidiole, St. Injurieux, St. Olympe, St. Dagamond, St. Aufrède, St. Audéric, etc., etc.—carefully guarded by soldiers as they were borne in solemn procession through the narrow, winding streets, the mountains meanwhile echoing the chanted litanies and pealing bells. In the afternoon the "Mystery of St. Claude" was acted in public, to the great delight and edification of the people.

The wealth of the abbey excited the cupidity of the Calvinists of Geneva, and in December, 1571, they planned an attack in the night. It was, however, two o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and hearing the bell ringing as usual for Matins, and the drums beating to summon the inhabitants to the office, as the custom was here in Advent, they supposed themselves discovered and made haste to escape.

Alas! that we are obliged to say this thrice glorious abbey was finally secularized, and afterwards destroyed by fires and revolutionists, and its shrines and priceless treasures of all kinds —the accumulation of centuries—were almost completely swept away. Of the monastic churches, only that of St. Pierre remains, which is now used as the cathedral. Here is gathered everything saved from the church of St. Claude, including the relics, which were all mingled and confounded, except those of St. Oyan, in the Revolution of 1793. In the choir of this church are some beautiful stalls of the Renaissance, the work of Pierre de Vitry. Prophets, apostles, and the saints of the abbey are carved on the panels, which are overhung by a canopy wrought with great delicacy and beauty. The altar-piece is another boast of the church, painted by Holbein, the friend of Pierre de Vitry, who induced him to come here. It is on wood, and represents the Prince of the Apostles between St. Paul and St. Andrew, with a *gradino* of scenes from the life of St. Peter.

The town of St. Claude has a delightful aspect of mediæval

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times, quite in harmony with its history, though in reality it is chiefly of modern construction, the whole place having repeatedly been nearly destroyed by fire. It is most romantically situated between three high mountains, with two beautiful streams pouring rapidly through it. It is very irregularly built, but this irregularity only adds to its charm by the agreeable surprises it affords at every step. The narrowness of the valley forces the town up the hillsides, so that the streets are steep and difficult to climb, going zigzag around the acclivities, and many of the houses are built on the shelves of the mountains, with terraces and hanging gardens, or wander down into the hollows along the sinuous rivers, or go straying off along the roads that wind through the mountains. The most regular street is the Rue du Pré, the very name of which has a pleasant, rural sound. On every side may be heard the ripple and murmur of running water; everywhere its flash meets the eye, from streams, canals, and sparkling fountains. Of the latter there are eleven, brightening the crossways and cooling the air—quite enough of themselves to enliven so small a place. Some of them have beautiful basins, of which one is adorned with cupids riding on dolphins. The fountain which used to supply the whole abbey with water, and never fails, even in the driest season, is fed by the sacred spring of Bugnon, which is further up the mountain-side where St. Romain first established his hermitage. The public promenade is pleasantly overarched by umbrageous trees, and there are old bridges of legendary interest and picturesque aspect, like the Pont du Diable across the Tâcon, and a fine suspension bridge of modern workmanship across the Bienne.

St. Claude is full of life and industry. Everywhere are mills and factories and workshops, mingling the sound of their turning wheels with the music of the waters; but the various pursuits carried on here lose their usual character of mere vulgar industries, for they do not clash with the religious memories of the place. They have been handed down from monastic times, when the monks themselves practised the mechanical arts and taught them to the mountaineers, such as the art of carving and turning, so common all through the Jura, which has come down from the eighth century, when St. Viventiole, abbot of St. Oyan, founded a school near by, the first in Sequania, at a place still known as the Maison de Jouvent (*Domus Juventutis*), in which the monks not only taught letters, but various crafts, such as carving and the making of all kinds of utensils and furniture, re-

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markable for beauty of workmanship. St. Viventiole himself, a man of great erudition, versed in Greek and Latin literature, sent an armchair of his own handiwork to his friend St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, who thanked him in a playful letter, hoping in return for so commodious a seat that he might be presented with a see. This wish was realized shortly after, when St. Viventiole was appointed Bishop of Lyons. The school he founded here continued in great repute for a long time, and in the ninth century was under the direction of the learned Manno, before mentioned.

Within the last century a fresh impulse has been given to carving and other industries by several public-spirited men of the place, among whom the Abbé Tournier may be mentioned. The first cotton-mill in the Jura was established here by the Bishop of St. Claude in 1780 to give employment to poor girls, And for a like purpose the Annonciade nuns erected a fulling-mill. The art of dyeing, too, has been revived, which was so successfully practised here in the middle ages that the dyers had a guild and cultivated saffron (which was used as a dye as well as a condiment) on two neighboring farms still known as Saffranières. And there are a great number of goldsmiths, watch-makers, lapidaries, cabinet-makers, clothiers, and manufacturers of paper, wire, matches, pottery, etc., so that the whole valley is as busy as a hive. The soil being poor, the people require other means of livelihood than agriculture alone. Carving especially can be carried on at home at all seasons and in the long winter evenings. Hence the immense number of toys, boxes, canes, pipes, rosaries, statuettes, and other objects known in commerce as *articles de St. Claude*, elaborately carved out of bone, ivory, stag's horn, boxwood, and *bruyère*, which is a kind of heather.

Many delightful rambles can be made around St. Claude. There are cool, deep valleys, walled in by mountains and overarched by interlaced branches, making them dim and solemn as the narrow aisles of some vast cathedral. Other paths lead up to groves of pine and larch, or green, sunny pastures along the mountain-shelves where sheep and cattle graze, or grassy dells among the ridges, kept perpetually verdant by the spray of silvery cascades that pour down the mountain-side. Everywhere are wonderful contrasts of color, everywhere green and gold, blue sky, and cool, gray rock, the shining of mountain-tops and the gloom of deep, umbrageous valleys, and changing lights and shadows at every step through hill and dale. One path leads to

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the hermitage of St. Ann, half-way up the mountain—a cavern as large as a church, containing a spring of pure, delicious water. This was used as an oratory in the middle ages, attended by a hermit who was appointed by the abbot of St. Claude. During the religious wars of the sixteenth century this cavern was strongly fortified, and the relics and other valuables of the abbey were brought here for safety. Among the ancient hermits was the Blessed John of Ghent, generally styled the *Érémite de St. Claude*, who, divinely inspired, went on a mission to Charles VII. of France and Henry V. of England. The former received him with respect and more than once profited by his counsels, but the latter treated him with contempt and scoffed at his admonitions. The saintly hermit foretold King Henry's melancholy end, and declared that the English would soon be driven out of France, as was effected shortly after by the holy Maid of Orleans. His canonization was solicited by Louis XI., whose birth he had predicted, but the death of the king suspended the process, and it has never been resumed.

The most charming excursion around St. Claude, however, is up the valley of the Tâcon, which is remarkably wild and picturesque. This stream has its source in a vast cave called the Baume des Sarrasins, whence from two fathomless pools issue ten or twelve cascades, that pour down the mountain-side from one ridge to another with constantly accelerated fury, uniting at the base in one roaring, impetuous torrent that dashes over great, black rocks, raging and foaming as if lashed by the winds. The valley through which it passes is wonderfully beautiful, with fairy-like paths in every direction, amid the gloom of intricate woods and the majesty of towering mountains. Finally, spanned by the Pont du Diable, it empties into the green Bienne.

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"AT LAST, THOUGH LONG."

WE had just experienced one of those general breakings-up that occur from time to time in the history of private families. There had been seven of us children, living with mother though all grown up. Life with us had been a very easy-going affair and not particularly eventful, when suddenly there came a rush of exciting occurrences. One brother got an appointment at Aberdeen, another was ordered with his regiment to the Cape, my eldest sister married, and Herbert, the youngest boy, announced his determination to be a farmer, which, as that is a profession not easily followed in London, would entail our leaving town and settling in some country place, or his making one more absentee from the home-circle. After many discussions and a great deal of that tiresome process known as "talking things over," we decided to leave Kensington and move into Sussex, to a country-place where Herbert could study practical agriculture.

I was away at the time of the actual *déménagement*, and did not put in an appearance at the new home until the others had been there nearly three months. The house was called Broomer's Hill, and was a nice, old-fashioned place with about thirty acres of land around it, situated in the parish of Saxonholt. The surrounding country was beautiful, and the village itself not unpicturesque, and containing between twelve and fourteen hundred inhabitants, mostly agricultural laborers.

There was no squire, properly so speaking; there were several large houses round, but they were all just beyond the boundaries, and undoubtedly the chief man of the place was the rector. He lived in a fine old house near the church, and wrote himself "honorable" as well as "reverend," being the younger son of a peer. The living was a very large one and he had private means, of which, to do him justice, he was not stingy, but was always ready to help those who went to him for aid.

The church itself was an old Norman building, cruciform in shape, with some fine brasses in the interior and one or two interesting monuments. I made a pilgrimage to it with my sisters the first morning after my arrival, and they showed me with glee the Broomer's Hill pew—a spacious affair with red cushions and hassocks, and a perfect library of hymn and prayer books. They gave me a graphic account of the service—how the little clerk

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was always behindhand and came in with a quavering "Amen" when every one else had finished; they were getting used to it all now, they said, but it had struck them at first as very primitive, accustomed as they had been all their lives to the ornate functions of an extreme Ritualistic London church.

Not the church only but the whole manner of life at Saxonholt was new and strange to them, and very old-world in its simplicity.

"You won't have been here a week before every one in the parish will have called on you," said Maude. "They are of a most sociable disposition, besides which they are devoured with curiosity. A real live Catholic is unknown here. I don't believe such a thing has ever been seen, and I am sure that many of them expect you to have *hoofs*, if not *horns*."

"They know, then, that this strange, wild creature is coming into their midst?"

"Oh! yes. Daisy has been at great pains to inform everybody, for the sake of seeing what she calls 'their pained surprise.'"

"Really, Ethel," put in Daisy, "it was amusing when Mr. Chandos (that's the rector) and his wife called the first time. We had said we would be pleased to help with the Easter decorations, and so forth, but that Maude was not strong enough to undertake a Sunday-school class, and mother considered me too young. 'Well,' said he, 'perhaps when your other daughter comes home she may feel inclined to assist us in that way.' 'Oh! no,' mother said, 'I'm afraid you must not count on her aid, as she is a Roman Catholic.'"

"What did they say?"

"They both said 'Oh!' in a shocked voice, and there was quite five minutes' silence before they spoke again."

"Have you been over to Ashly, either of you?"

"Yes, we drove over one day. Does not the prospect of seven miles there and seven miles back rather scare you?"

"No; I have been taking long walks lately in order to get into condition, and I believe I can do fourteen miles easily, with a rest between."

A sister of my father's had become a Catholic many years ago, and when I was born she begged my father to let me be baptized in her faith. He refused then, but later on, when his family became more numerous, he was glad to accept her offer of charging herself with my education on condition that she was allowed to accomplish it in a convent school. At ten years old

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I was placed with the Sisters of Jerusalem, and when, at sixteen, I expressed a desire to be received into the church, neither he nor my mother made any objection, only stipulating that I should in no way allow my religious opinions to obtrude themselves or to clash with family arrangements. When the question of taking Broomer's Hill arose some regret was expressed at the distance I should have to go to Mass; but as it was in every other way desirable, it was decided that I must surmount that difficulty somehow. At Ashly Park, a place about seven miles from Saxonholt, there was a chapel and priest, maintained at the expense of Sir James Ashly; and that was where I intended to go when the weather was fine enough to permit so long a walk. On wet Sundays I must resign myself to staying at home, unless I could induce Herbert to drive me in the dog-cart. My first Sunday was beautifully fine. I started about eight, Mass being at half-past ten. The way was varied and delightful. After a mile or so I left the high-road and struck across an undulating common all covered with the golden glory of the gorse; then through an ideal English village where the cottages lay up round a green, with the church on one side and on the other the blacksmith's forge, and the inn, "The Queen's Head," with a sign-post out in the road, and a portrait of her Majesty Victoria in her robes of state, with sceptre and crown, swaying gently up and down in the breeze; then for nearly two miles through the pine woods where the path was covered thick with soft brown needles and all the air was full of aromatic scents, and then through a white gate into the park.

Oddly enough, both the Protestant and Catholic churches were built in the park, the former a funny little gray stone edifice with high, pitched roof and lancet windows; the latter, only a short way across the fine, springy turf, and well within sight, was modern Gothic, built about twenty years ago by Sir James' father. Each church possessed one bell, and ringing, as they did, within a second of each other, they produced two jerky notes that sounded like "Do come, do come."

The villagers entered at the west gate of the park, and then divided and went off in straggling groups to their separate destinations. The old women with their prayer-books wrapped in clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and the old men in wonderfully-stitched smock-frocks and high silk hats, harmonized as well with the landscape as the smoke-colored Alderney cows that were dotted about in twos and threes; and once when I passed a

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hollow in the ground I saw the broad antlers of some deer tossing above the bracken.

To my great joy I recognized the priest as Father Naylor, who had been for some time chaplain at the convent. He came down to speak to me after Mass, and I went round to his house to rest.

"By the bye," he said, when I had told him where I was living, "there is a co-religionist at Saxonholt I go to see sometimes. You ought to make his acquaintance and his wife's."

"What is their name?"

"Tugwell."

"Tugwell? They have not called on me yet."

"Well, no; they would hardly do that. Mr. Tugwell earns a precarious livelihood as a hedger and ditcher, I believe, and Mrs. Tugwell takes in washing; so perhaps you had better call first."

"I will. Where do they live, and how do they come to be Catholics?"

"In answer to your first question, they live in one of those cottages at the foot of Church Hill; in answer to the second, he is a convert. But you must ask his wife to tell you the story; I can't do it justice, as she can. He doesn't often come to church, as it is too far for him to walk; but he comes at Christmas and Easter in great style in a fly. If you ever drive over, give the old man a lift if you can."

"Do you know a Mrs. Tugwell, Sarah?" I asked our housemaid a day or two after this conversation.

"Well, miss, there's a many Mrs. Tugwells. There's her whose husband works down to the Red Lion, and there's Mrs. Richard Tugwell at the shop, and Mrs. Jim Tugwell does plain sewing, and Mrs. John she's a widder; then there's Mrs. Tugwell, her as washes for your ma."

"I think that must be the one," said I, anxious to stem this torrent of Tugwells; "her husband goes to Ashly Park to church."

"Oh! *her*. That's Nance Tugwell. Yes, I knows *her* well enough, and so does most people, I fancy. She's a deal too fond of giving folks the rough side of her tongue, is Nance. And gossip? My eye! can't she talk!"

"Where does she live? I want to go and see her."

Sarah explained, at the same time adding: "I wouldn't go if I was you, miss. She doesn't care for the quality. None of them ever goes near her."

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In spite of this discouraging remark I started about six the next evening to call on her. I found the house without difficulty. There were three or four of them clustered at the bottom of Church Hill, a winding road cut through high banks of sandstone, overgrown with birch and hazel, and tangled with ferns and creeping plants. The houses were old and built of plaster and wood, with immense thatched roofs. A gate opened into a garden all full of pinks and larkspur, and tall hollyhocks holding up their beautiful cups to catch the dust from the road.

The door stood open and I could see into the kitchen, a good-sized room with a flagged floor as clean as soap and water could make it. A large clock ticked away in one corner, and in the window was a trestle-table piled high with linen which Mrs. Tugwell was ironing. She had heard my step on the gravel and came to the door to meet me—a tall woman, stout too, though not ungainly, and still handsome in spite of the forbidding expression of her face.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Tugwell," I began rather nervously; "my name is Turner—"

"Oh! I know who you are fast enough," was her not very gracious answer; "will you walk in?"

"As you know my name," I said, accepting her invitation, "you very likely know that I belong to the same faith as your husband; and, as we are the only Catholics in Saxonholt, we ought to be friends—don't you think so?"

A loud sniff was the only answer vouchsafed by this very impossible woman, and I was beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable; however, I started again:

"Father Naylor—" when she broke in:

"I'm not a papist, so don't think it, though my husband is—more fool he, says I. I saw you go by on Sunday. 'She's off to Ashly Park,' says I to myself; 'but she'll soon give *that* up.' Dan'l used to do it, but he was fit for naught on a Monday when he'd traipesed all the way over there."

"Your husband is not in, I suppose?" I ventured, thinking Mr. Tugwell might prove less difficult than his spouse.

"No, he's not. He's at work; that's where he is. It's only the gentry who have time to go round visiting and hindering folks, keeping them talking while their irons are cooling!"

"Oh! I beg your pardon; I won't detain you any longer," I said, mustering all my dignity, but feeling wonderfully small. "Good-evening." And I moved towards the door. I suppose her conscience smote her, for she said:

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"You mean well by calling, miss, I'm sure, but you must come some time when I an't so busy. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays I am up to my eyes in the clothes, but Thursdays and Fridays I gets a bit of peace."

I was a good deal teased at home about my unsuccessful attempt to establish social relations with the Tugwells, and we heard such stories about her from Sarah that Herbert gave her the name of "The Dragon." All the village seemed to hold her in wholesome awe, and there were many legends of her prowess and feats of strength. One was how she had returned from market one day to find the colporteur of the Bible Society in her kitchen haranguing her husband, who, from all accounts, seemed to be a nervous, easily dispirited man. With one thrust of her vigorous arm she sent this apostle of the printing-press flying down the path to the gate, pursued by a shower of his own tracts and leaflets. That was his last attempt at evangelizing the Tugwell family, and he was observed, from that time, to avoid the road past her house. Another story ran that she had marched straight into the cottage where John Millam, the brutal blacksmith, was beating his wife, and, wrenching the stick from his hands, had then and there administered the soundest thrashing to him he'd ever had in his life!

One afternoon I met her, wheeling a barrow full of clean clothes.

"Well, miss," she began, "you've not been to see me again? You aren't so wonderful anxious for us to be friends, after all, it seems."

"Indeed yes I am, Mrs. Tugwell; but I was afraid of bothering you."

"Oh! ah! I dare say. There's more ways than one of roasting eggs." And with that she took up the shafts of her barrow again and went her way.

Two days after this I screwed up courage enough to once more beard the lioness in her den.

This time I found her darning stockings, with the cottage all tidied up, and her husband, "Marster Tugwell," seated in the chimney-corner smoking, and nursing his knee. She really seemed pleased to see me, and presented me as "Miss Turner, the young lady as goes over to Ashly Park, Dan'l."

"Please sit down, Mr. Tugwell," I said, "and don't put your pipe away. My brother smokes all the time at home, so I'm used to tobacco."

He was a great contrast to his wife, though he had evidently

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been handsome, too. He was a timid, deprecating old man, very thin, and bent nearly double, with trembling hands whose joints were swollen with rheumatism. His scanty white hair fell round a face wrinkled with age and toil, his features were sharp and clearly cut, his blue eyes mild and singularly gentle, and every line of his person expressed that wonderful, pathetic patience so noticeable in old poor people. It was some time before he spoke, and then only in answer to a direct question from me.

"Will you go to Mass with me next Sunday?" I asked. "My brother is going to drive me, and there will be plenty of room for you, if you like to come."

His whole face lighted up.

"If it an't troublin' you, I should dearly like to," he said.

"Ah! that he would," said his wife; "he don't often get a chance to go, 'ceptin' twice a year—at Christmas and Easter—when I strains a point and has a fly from the George. Seven shillin's is a deal of money; but since he *is* a papist, folks sha'n't say he's too poor to be one properly."

To this somewhat embarrassing remark I replied vaguely by saying: "It *is* a very long way to walk."

"Ah!" he said, "I used not to find it so, but it's too much for me now. I'm an old man—seventy-odd."

"And old as that," put in his wife, "you wouldn't think there was but ten years 'twixt him and me, miss, would you?"

"No, indeed," I answered, looking at her upright, stalwart figure. "Have you been a Catholic long, Mr. Tugwell?"

"Fifteen years next month, missy; and, please the Lord, I'll die one."

"Tell her how it happened, Dan'l," said his wife. "I can see she's dying to know, though she is too pretty-behaved to ask."

He lifted his rheumatic leg slowly with both hands, and crossed it over the other one; then, after two or three pulls at his pipe, he began:

"It was when the duke was building his big church, just after he come of age. He sent out notices that he wanted seven hundred men, and he wanted 'em all from this part of the country, if he could get 'em, bein' like his own people. So all who were in want of a job went to his agent. There was men came from all round, many more than was wanted, but I was lucky enough to get on in the first hundred. It's too far to go from here and back every day, so I used to go there a Monday mornin's and stop till Saturday noon.

"The duke he used to come round himself sometimes when

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we was working, and speak to us; a little bit of a fellow he was, not much more than a boy, but so pleasant and kind in his manner. Well, one day it was give out that there was to be a mission for the workmen. Some priests were coming from Lunnon, and the hours were arranged so that all could attend if they see fit; if they didn't, why they needn't. There was lots of 'em went, and I was one; and the very first sermon that priest preached took right hold of me, and before I knew where I was I see it all. I went to him that day, and many times arter, and he tried to teach me; but I warn't very bright—I never was—only I knowed it was all right somehow, and he teached me as much as he could—"

"He come home one Saturday," broke in Mrs. Tugwell, "and 'Nance,' says he, 'I've joined the church.' 'Why, you great cuckoo,' says I, 'you an't a Methody,' says I. So then he ups and tells me all about it; and I was that mad I could ha' knocked him down. And I found his rosary in his pocket, and I just ups and chucks it into the midden at the back of Marster Home's yard. And I told him what I done when he comes home in the evenin', for 'I an't goin' to have no popish clutter about *here*,' says I. 'Nance, lass,' says he, 'you shouldn't ha' done that; I'll have to get another.' 'You won't bring it to *this* house, Daniel Tugwell,' says I, 'so I tells you frank and free.' Well, he never says nothin' more till the evenin', and then he tells me he'll have to be up earlier than usual the next day. I was surprised, for he generally lay abed a bit Sunday mornin's, and 'What's that for?' says I. 'I am goin' to Mass to Ashly Park,' says he; 'will you come with me?' 'No, I won't,' says I. And when he was asleep I gets up and hides his clothes, and slips out myself, and doesn't come home till past church time and too late for him to go. 'There, my man,' says I, 'you won't talk about Mass to me again in a hurry,' says I. 'Don't you ever serve me that trick again, Nance,' says he wonderful quiet like; and he puts on his things and walks out. Well, it's 'the still sow sups the milk,' you know, miss; and I talks to him all that day about his foolishness. But lor! you might as well ha' preached to a stone; and he goes off to work the next mornin' as full of his nonsense as ever, and leavin' me as cross as you please, when who should come down but Mr. Chandos. 'Mrs. Tugwell,' he begins, 'what's this I hear about your husband?' 'I don't know, sir, I'm sure,' says I, firing up; 'nothing bad, *I'm* sure.' 'Nothing bad!' says he. 'I don't know what you *call* bad,' says he; 'but they tell me he's become a papist.' 'Oh! dear me,' says I, trying to keep

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cool, 'is that *all?*' says I. 'That's true enough. Father Moxon over to Stokesly, where he is workin', has been and converted him.' 'And what does Father Moxon mean by interfering with a parishioner of *mine*, I should like to know?' says he. 'I will not have such doings in Saxonholt,' says he; 'and so I would have you to understand, Mrs. Tugwell,' says he; 'I will not have such things in my parish.' Now, I was as mad as mad with Dan'l myself, but I wasn't goin' to have him ordered about by Mr. Chandos, so 'As to that, sir,' says I, 'you can't help yourself; we live in a free country,' says I, 'and if Dan'l bows down to wood and stone,' says I, 'there's no man can hinder him.' 'Mrs. Tugwell,' says he, 'you've always gone to church regular, and as such you've had a deal of work from the rectory, not to speak of other things, and I expect you,' says he—'I expect you to see that your husband comes to his senses.' Well, a worm will turn at last, as you know, miss, and that was too much for me, hintin' at the work I'd had from him and his, and the drops of broth and things when Dan'l was down with the fever; so I ups, and 'Mr. Chandos,' I says, 'I'm much obleeged for past favors,' says I, 'but, washin' or no washin', I am not your black slave; and as for Dan'l,' says I, 'I don't care if he turns papist fifty times over, and I'll never set foot in your church again,' says I, 'though it's not very often you're there yourself, if you can find some one else to do your work,' says I. Well, he went the color of that candle, and he takes up his hat. 'You're a very impertinent woman,' says he. 'Woman yourself,' says I, and I shows him the door, and from that day to this I've not seen the inside of a church. And, if you'll believe me, I spent the whole of that afternoon in the midden lookin' for Dan'l's rosary, and I found it at last; and I washed it and rubbed it, and I took the three o'clock train over to Stokesly, and I come upon Dan'l all in the midst on his work, and you never see a man so struck of a heap. And 'Here's your rosary, Dan'l,' says I, 'and you'll go to church where you please,' says I, 'and I'll not be the woman to hinder you.' Well, the great soft-head! he bursts out a-cryin', and it was ever so long before I could make him understand. We went to see the priest together that evenin', and I told him just all about it; and laugh! —I never see a man laugh more in my life. 'You'd better let me instruct you too, Mrs. Tugwell,' says he; 'if you don't go to one church you must to another.' 'No, thank you,' says I. 'Once bit, twice shy, your reverence; and I've had enough of the clergy,' says I; 'and if Dan'l there wasn't a great chuffin 'ed he wouldn't take up with such foolery neither. Not to speak of quarrellin'

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with his bread and butter,' says I; 'for there's no denyin' Mrs. Chandos's starched gowns mounts up, and the housemaid's aprons, and if we come to the workhouse I shall know who to thank for it,' says I."

"Why don't you move somewhere nearer a church?" I asked as soon as I had a little recovered my gravity, which was as much upset as Father Moxon's had been; "then you might get the surplices and so forth to wash, and Daniel could go to Mass on Sundays."

They both looked blankly at me, and Daniel shook his head; evidently leaving Saxonholt was too bold a step to have presented itself even to Mrs. Tugwell's independent mind.

"The missis has never been further away than Pelbury," said he, "though I were in Lunnon myself once."

"And a nasty place it is, if all folks tells you is true," said Nance, "with the blacks a-fallin' all the while, and the milk as weak as weak. I was bred and born in Saxonholt, and in Saxonholt I'll die; and if you, Dan'l Tugwell, can't be content to do likewise, why it's a pity, says I."

"Do you work at Stokesly now?" I asked.

"Oh! no; the duke he turned off half the men a year or so after I joined the church, and he's cut 'em down still more since, though he's building still. Ah! we had a hard time just then, for the quality all took their washin' away, and I only got odd jobs. Do you mind that time, Nance?"

"Mind it!" she cried. "Yes, I mind it. It was a bitter bad winter, and we came precious nigh starving; but, thank God! we never went near the house or asked help from any one. But you wouldn't wonder at his being bent, miss, if you knew what we went through, and all along of that great gowk there a meddling with matters he don't understand. If he'd 'a' been content to worship as his father and mother did afore him, we shouldn't have lost the rectory washin'. It's all very well for the likes of you to take fads into their heads, but it don't do for them as has their living to get. What would become of him if I fell sick, I should like to know? And he can't even eat his bit of vittle now like a Christian, but must have this, and mustn't have that, on certain days; and won't let his bread look at the bacon fat on a Friday, but eats it dry—when the Lord he knows we don't pamper our inwards, and it's little else we get sometimes."

"Well, well, Nance," put in her husband meekly, "after all, we have only our two selves to look after, and we've always been fed; we've no cause to grumble."

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"Grumble! No, you've no cause to grumble, but *I* have. You went with your eyes open and walked into a pit, but it's hard on her as you've dragged in with you. As you've made your bed, so you must lie on it, Dan'l Tugwell; but the toad that's put under the harrow has a right to complain!"

When I left the cottage the old man walked to the gate with me.

"Don't you mind what she says, missy," he said; "she wouldn't have said that much if you hadn't ha' been a Catholic too. She always stands up for us to the others, but it's been a bit hard on her, and you can't wonder if she complains now and then. She's been a good wife to me; her tongue 's her only trouble. Come again, if you please, miss; she's taken a fancy to you, I can see."

Poor old Tugwell! "Her tongue 's been her only trouble!" but what a trouble only a shrinking, sensitive nature like his could know.

"Did you never feel like giving up, Daniel?" I asked him once.

He shook his head. "It's been mighty hard at times, miss. The men used to badger me at first, but they left that off. And I never minded the going short; there was things that more than made up for *that*. It was through the missis I used to feel it most. I won't deny she made me nigh despairin' sometimes, for she's never left off nag-nagging me, but somehow, poor soul, I believe she'll be sorry for it some day. And though I liked her for standing up to the parson, it don't seem right of her not to go to church, and so I've told her times and again."

At home they took a great interest in this couple. "Why, the man is a martyr—a positive martyr," exclaimed Herbert when I repeated the above remark to them. "Fifteen years' nagging is considerably worse than wild beasts, *I* think. Does he ever scold back?"

"No; she told me he never gave her a hard word."

"More fool he. If he rounded on her sometimes she would be all the better for it."

"Perhaps; but he is not that sort of man. His is the gentlest, most patient temper I've ever met."

My brother Herbert was a very good-natured fellow, and also, perhaps, not a little glad to miss the service at Saxonholt, so he used to contrive to take me to church in his dog-cart very often, and we always took Dan Tugwell on the back seat. He would come down to the gate in a clean white smock, with a flower pinned in the breast of it, a bird's-eye handkerchief round

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his neck and another in the crown of the wonderful beaver hat that had been his Sunday head-gear ever since his wedding-day, for which occasion it was bought. His wife would follow him, scolding all the time as he slowly and painfully clambered into his place. But poor old man! how happy he was in church. One got a faint idea of the "beauty of holiness" when one stole a look at his face during Mass.

In the summer he had plenty of work in the hay and harvest fields, and in the autumn we took him on to do odd jobs in the garden. I used to go and have five minutes' chat with him sometimes, for I found that a little time devoted to him brightened the whole of his day.

"He do think a wonderful deal of you, miss," his wife said to me once, and I really think, without vanity, that she herself was not indifferent to me.

I came in from a walk one afternoon towards the end of November, and went in search of Dan. I found him in the kitchen garden, hard at work as usual. The house was on a hill, and the ground sloped down to flat meadows, at this time under water, for the floods were out.

He rose from his stooping position over the celery-trench he was weeding, straightened his back with a hardly suppressed groan, and stood, his knotted hands crossed on his spud, and his bent figure silhouetted against the waste of water where the sun was dying away in a sea of crimson splendor.

"Well, Dan," I began, "I've come to say good-by to you for a little while. I am going away to-morrow to stay with my brother in Aberdeen."

"I don't rightly know where that is, missy; is it far away?"

"Yes; I shall be travelling all day, and all night nearly, after I leave London."

"Beant you afraid to go so long alone?"

"Why, no; my brother will meet me, you know. It is not like going among strangers."

"Ah! that's it. If one has a brother or a father waitin' it takes away the fear, don't it?"

I knew what he meant, but I was shy of talking to him on such a subject, he was so ignorant, and yet so much wiser than I.

I gave him some muffetees I had knitted for him.

"Why, bless your pretty heart!" he said, "they be a mort too fine for me! You'll go round and see the missis before you go?"

"I've just come from there. She was getting your supper

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ready, and you had better be quick home, and not keep it waiting, or you'll get scolded, perhaps."

It was the end of January when I came home. After two months' absence there was, of course, much home and village gossip to be told me.

We sat round the fire in my room until late on into the night; then, in a momentary silence, Maude said:

"O Ethel, poor old Daniel is dead!"

"Dan Tugwell?"

"Yes; he died three days ago, very suddenly. He is to be buried on Friday. Mr. Chandos has been very nice. He came to see Herbert about it, and said he was sure Dan would choose to be buried in the churchyard among all his people, and he asked Herbert if he thought Father Naylor would read the service there, as it was Protestant ground. Herbert drove over to Ashly, and Father Naylor said the ground had been consecrated centuries ago, and he had no reason to believe desecrated since; and he thanked Mr. Chandos for his courtesy, and said he would come."

Herbert and I went to the funeral. There were a few, very few, mourners at the grave, and when all was over Father Naylor and I walked down to the cottage with Mrs. Tugwell.

"Come in," she said, drawing the key from her pocket. Everything was in its usual place, but the whole room looked bare and desolate, and seemed to have undergone a change.

"He was sitting there," she said, pointing to the chimney-corner, and speaking as though she were talking to herself rather than to us. "He had been telling his beads, and I had been going on at him, as I always did, when suddenly he gets up and comes over to where I stands. 'Give us a kiss, Nance,' he says in his old voice just like his courting days. I was too took aback to speak rough to him, and I—oh, thank God!—I kissed him. And he sat down in that chair with a little gasp, and died."

Father Naylor tried to comfort the poor woman a little, but she seemed almost in despair, and at last he had to go.

"Come to me or send for me at any time, if you want help, as Daniel would have done, Mrs. Tugwell," he said as he went away. "Try and persuade her to have a neighbor in; she ought not to be left," he whispered to me.

Although she had made enemies with her unkind tongue, there were several good-hearted women who would gladly have stayed with her; but she would have none of them, neither would

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she listen to me when I wanted her to come to Broomer's, for that night at least.

"Leave me in peace," she said at last, and as I closed the door I heard her cry: "I didn't mean it, Dan'l—not one word of it."

We woke next morning to a white world. Such a snow-storm broke over England that night as had not been known for fifty years. Every line of rail was blocked, and train after train stopped, some in cuttings where the half-frozen passengers shivered for hours before help came to them. London was like a city of the dead, all traffic stopped and the roar of the streets silenced.

In country-places the snow drifted, hiding the high-roads and completely obliterating lesser tracks, and the wind swirled and blew it into wreaths, piling it high above the roofs of lonely cottages, and burying sheep and cattle in a soft white shroud.

Many strange stories were told of people snowed up in distant farm-houses till the thaw released them after three weeks' imprisonment. More than one poor shepherd perished on the Downs near Saxonholt, and we were all frantic with anxiety about the fate of Toby Scult, our diminutive cow-boy, till we found him, after eight-and-forty hours' search, in the pen with the sheep, lying close up against an old bell-wether, and as warm as toast.

It was, as I have said, three weeks before the thaw set in. Long before then it was known that Mrs. Tugwell was missing, had not been seen since the day of her husband's funeral.

Gradually the snow melted away, excepting on the hill-tops and in the sheltered hollows. Then they found her close by the church-door in Ashly Park, with Dan's brown rosary grasped in her frozen fingers.

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PROVINCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

WERE Sir Roger de Coverley to come to life to-day I am inclined to believe he would consider society in the nineteenth century a very interesting study, and some of its problems peculiarly puzzling, so various are the outgrowths of the civilization over which he speculated with mild cynicism and the gallantry of his period, and so many the forms and fashions we have revived from his generation in our pursuit of novelty without in every case a corresponding sense of the eternal fitness of things. I fancy that our quaint old friend would find himself oppressed by some of the most brilliant scenes in Belgravia. The region below Half Moon Street and nearer to the Strand and Charing Cross might appeal to his senses with something like familiarity, outwardly at least, but Mayfair would be a sorrowful pilgrimage to him. Sir Gorgius Midas would startle him; all his preconceived ideas of even mushroom splendor would fail him here, while the *haute noblesse* of Park Lane and Carlton Terrace would afford him the material for profound philosophies too deep to utter. We can fancy that he might direct his steps hopefully towards the suburban places where at least Nature, in her loyalty to the forms and colors she first assumed, would welcome him with the green fields and blue skies which are as much of his time as our own; while were he to wander down into the provinces of England remote from this chaotic London his traditions might receive few shocks.

To assert that the English people cling to social prejudices, to forms of thought and feeling about every-day life, is almost superfluous, but journeying through the southern and western part of England the fact that this is the case becomes at times startlingly apparent; the incongruities are often surprising. People of the most modern influences and necessity for novel action cling to early traditions, and preserve customs, and have the spirit of the past with the letter of the present, in a way that makes one appreciate and understand where the Pilgrim Fathers procured that firmness of spirit and dogmatic will which made them persecute while they declared it their intention to protect.

Country life in England has many phases, from the state of splendid informality of a large country-house where there are thirty or forty guests and fifty servants, to the town or over-

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grown village where a certain amount of caste feeling dominates the community and the rules for society are as fixed as those of Mayfair—nay, more so, since they are subject to none of those fascinating vacillations which are like the caprices of a beauty whose every phase has its own charm, and whose whims have the grace of an artistic decision. Vibrations such as sway the social atmosphere of "passionate Brompton" are welcome to the dwellers in provincial England. They accept modern innovations in a staid and resolute manner, recognizing no power to please in the subtleties which make terra cotta effective to-day and tiresome to-morrow. They are anxious to look prosperous and fashionable, but the variations of "temperament" are little known.

With the life in a conservative country-town I have to deal at present, and it seems to me that the best preface I can make is to say that it is, in all its essentials except that of human nature, radically different from life in a corresponding place in America. We take, for example, a town in one of the southern counties—a market-town, something between the fascinating Casterbridge of Mr. Hardy's novels and the Barchester of Mr. Trollope's enchanting chronicles. Leaving the railway-station at such a place, we encounter immediately the newest features of the town. Radiating from this point are some circles of brand-new villas, stucco and brick dwellings, with a "smart" look about them, not to be called pretentious—for architecture in England is generally too solid to be thus characterized—but perhaps "genteel" in appearance; houses, set back a little, with bow-windows at either side of a pretty doorway, and latticed panes in the casements above, with here and there a dormer roof or gable end showing. Nothing especially quaint, and hardly to be called picturesque. New bricks and mortar are what the dwellers within dearly love; new colors, new-looking gardens, freshly-sprinkled gravelled walks, bright paint, and a well-laid strip of pavement.

A green or common exists in this region of the town, traversed with foot-paths and circled by a low hedge, with gates here and there and admitting the foot-passengers who enjoy this approach to what may be called a square. One or two churches dominate this district. *The* church—a new one, perhaps, but governed by English law and rubric—stands at a little distance from the green, tribute to the modern prosperity of the people in the villas round about; while further up the hilly road to the right is the dissenting chapel, which assembles a large number of towns-people, and is as defiantly prosperous as "Salem

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Chapel," in Mrs. Oliphant's story, in the period of Mr. Togers' supremacy.

Perhaps a certain chill of disappointment settles down upon the American visitor who has journeyed south for the sake of finding quaint forms in architecture as well as manners, on beholding so much of to-day in the looks of things near to the station; but he need only turn his steps up the first narrow street back of the smart-looking terrace confronting him, with its twinkling windows and solid style, and the England of the seventeenth century is before him. In the town of which I write the High Street * was full of quaint picturesqueness, such as made one feel, on leaving the new town, as though an unexpected slide in a magic-lantern had been pushed in. Houses which were built in the reign of Charles I. were converted into shops with as little injury to their original form as possible. The butcher sold his wares in a building where it was said that the Protector held one of his few genial merry-makings, and William of Orange had supped in the place where the baker now cooked delicious-looking loaves and sold buns by the score to the parish-school children.

Midway in the High Street a circular space was devoted to the market on Thursdays. Here was a huge town cross, which formed an attractive centre for indifferent-mannered people, in smock-frocks or corduroys, who were more interested in local topics and the aspect of the weather than the sales more active minds were busy over in the porch of the Town Hall. Such figures moved about on market-days with leisurely *abandon*, affording fine types for the curious observer of the English countryman of narrow boundaries and limitless traditions. They gave a piquancy to the scene and their animation fitted well with their utterances in dialect. Deep in their hearts a belief in science and symbols, and brought up on oath few could have denied their faith in such witchcraft as lay in the evil eye or the virtues of nails buried at cross-roads or bones dipped in wax and melted before a fire. Radiating from this centre were small streets intersecting the heart of this lovely country like adventurous foot-paths which had outgrown their original intention. The houses bordering these were for the most part very quaint in form, with bulging upper stories and strangely-devised interiors. The High Street wandered on past the town cross, widening as it neared the open country, and presenting certain digni-

* The High Street of an English town corresponds to our "Main" or principal business street.

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fied landmarks. A large old manor-house, shut in by a brick wall, held its own in spite of the poverty of certain places in its near vicinity—houses which had mouldered into decay, and whose original grace was forgotten in the presence of poverty and indifference to anything but the need of walls and roof for a shelter and a door-yard for the fast-increasing families. Perhaps such a house gave the strongest emphasis to the conservatism of the place. It was too well known to suffer any loss of dignity through its surroundings, and the maiden lady who resided there bore her title of "Honorable" with as much respect as though her house, with its quaint proportions dominating a poor part of the street, its garden and orchards dipping downwards to the river, were set in the midst of a stately park.

From this point the country spread itself with luxurious undulations, dotted here and there with houses belonging to the "county" families. The roadways, of gracious width and bordered by most fertile lands, wound up and down, while the landscape presented every variety of the southern English country, the Tors rising bluely in the distance, and the river, which had its source further north, flowing in and out of the meadow-lands, past the quaint old mill, curving about a bank of pollards; or below the farm-lands of the country, its ripple or its rush giving character and variation to the scene. Here in due season the otter might be hunted. Here were fords and pools, craggy bends in the little river that could tell stories of many an exciting day-break chase of the old "fishmonger," as the otter is called, while on every side, up hill and down dale, the fox has a skurrying time of it as soon as the hunting season sets in.

Naturally, as a Catholic, one of my first interests in the remote little town of which I speak was my church; and well do I remember the setting-down which I received from my landlady on inquiring its whereabouts—the only *church* to her being the recognized one of England.

"Oh! the *chapel* you mean, ma'am," understanding at last—"the Catholic chapel," and proceeded to give me the various directions by which I found myself led and misled up and down some country-looking streets, finally to a lane where stood the little building devoted to our Lord's service.

It was a Sunday morning, and I had been told that the service took place at nine o'clock, and I pushed open the little, worm-eaten door of the church to find myself in the most cheerless of all sacred edifices. It was, perhaps, the size of one of our smallest and poorest Catholic churches, say in the far West or in some

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northern districts of New York State, and where any attempt even at cleanliness had been made certain traces were left conspicuous from the fact of their making a contrast to the very rough and very dingy main part of the building. About six people were seated here and there in the broken-down pews; a very feeble, venerable priest was officiating. Fortunate for me, thought I, that the service is the same and may go on, no matter how meagre or how unsuggestive the surroundings; and I responded, of course, in my heart, feeling everything as tangible and real as in the cathedral in London. But the poverty, indeed the squalor, of the place, the extremely feeble looks of the aged priest, and the apparent indifference of the people struck me as being almost unnatural even for a poor parish; since the town was large, and if the Catholics within it were not prosperous, at least in numbers, they might have maintained the church in better order. Wishing to discover something about the week-day Masses, I presented myself a little later at the priest's house, to be received by the most deplorable-looking old woman, who led me into a scantily-furnished parlor, listened to my inquiries, and answered at once: "Week-days? No, indeed, miss, it is more than he can do to say the Mass on Sunday." And so, indeed, it shortly proved; for the old man, whose failing health had made it so long almost impossible for him to keep up the duties of his situation, and yet who had, from desire to administer to his little flock, kept his feelings from the bishop, died suddenly about two weeks later. I knew that in the neighborhood a well-known Catholic nobleman had his own chaplain and private chapel, also that several rich Catholics in the county attended elsewhere; yet this little chapel had to be maintained, and a very brief search brought to light many who, for want of special encouragement or instruction, had been remaining away from their duty, but who professed themselves glad enough to attend the services were they recommenced. Such matters proceed very slowly in England. The bishop was absent at the time, and only by a fortunate chance did any one appear in the actual town itself ready to take an interest in the religious growth of the place.

We had passed and repassed very often the quaint old manor-house of the town, and knew only that its present occupants had but recently taken up their abode within its walls. A doorway opened in the garden-wall sometimes and revealed a lady and gentleman, a happy party of young children and scampering dogs, while glimpses were obtained of a fine old tree on the lawn, of a garden in the rear, and sounds as of a perfect rookery in the

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taller tree-tops. At an evening party, soon after the old priest's death, I remember hearing it mentioned that the people from the manor-house were expected; and, sure enough, Mr. and Mrs. H—— were announced. It chanced to be my good-fortune that Mr. H—— took me down to supper, and a little conversation brought to light the fact that he was one of those Catholic converts to whom the Whitehall had given special fame. He had been a clergyman of some distinction, holding one of the finest livings of the English church, but his conversion had been slow and sure. If not "with the rushing of a mighty wind," it had come from deliberate daily convictions which either preceded or followed an investigation leading him directly into the Church of Rome. Of course his living was abandoned, but, fortunately for his family, much of his fortune was a private one, and he had felt happier in coming down to B—— to live in the old manor than in remaining in the midst of parishioners he had dearly loved and who were now mourning him as one led astray.* His wife was bitterly opposed to his conversion, as she told me that very evening, but of course she could not, or would not, interfere with what her husband considered the only lawful and godly thing for him to do.

I can hardly remember all that passed between us about the little church, but I know that it resulted in a decision to do something, and that at once. A day or two later the H——s drove me to a convent situated charmingly two or three miles from the town. The order was an enclosed one—the motive Perpetual Adoration—but I believe only two houses of the especial order exist, and in the convent to which I refer several ladies of noble English families had vowed their lives to the service of God.

We saw the prioress sitting in a little parlor, and talked to her across a large window-space from which the grating was removed, and where we might have shaken hands with her. Her dress was spotless white, of a soft, heavy serge, and I think that, but for their very evident contentment with their lot, the nuns of this convent would have afforded any amount of suggestion for the picturesque and romantic to outsiders. The grounds of their house were very old; there were alley-ways and certain cypress walks, up and down which the white-robed sisters took their exer-

* I would like to mention that since then a large number of Mr. H——'s former parishioners, under his instruction, have become Catholics. A significant fact connected with his conversion was that when his living came to be sold, so great was the dread of disestablishment that it was hard to find a buyer!

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cise daily, and on one or two occasions sang together sweet-toned chorals, rehearsing for their daily service, to which outsiders came, sitting within the grating. The prioress was a woman of decided views and much kindly common sense. She said she believed it could readily be arranged for their chaplain to officiate Sundays and holydays at our church; and this being the final agreement, we set to work to improve the condition of things in the chapel and to form a choir.

I think some of us well remember with much deep satisfaction those wintry days in the little church. The cold weather passed so rapidly that we had no particularly dreary experiences, and when the bloom of February appeared we were able to begin to dress the altar with wild-flowers, and by St. Joseph's day it seemed as though the woodlands and the hedgerows fairly teemed with blossoms. Well do I remember sitting with Mr. and Mrs. H—— on the steps of St. Joseph's altar, waiting for the boys whom we had sent out in the country-side for a fresh relay of flowers; and I can see them now coming up the dimly-lighted aisle, fairly staggering beneath their load of blossoms, for the daffodils were out, primroses were plenty, and the violets lay in great purple clusters amidst the green boughs the boys were bearing. We thought St. Joseph fared very well that day, and I am sure he must have been lonely for years in that neighborhood. The altar-linen and the boys' cassocks were mended, and our choir, who had done well in all Lenten services, made glad all hearts on the feast-day morning; and it was very soon after this that Mrs. H—— and her husband took a memorable journey, on which occasion she received conditional baptism and made her first communion, returning to the manor-house a far happier woman than she had been for many a day. All this time the chaplain of the convent was officiating; but things were looking very prosperous, the congregation had greatly increased, and the bishop promised a regular priest, who came in course of time. But for that one winter and spring time it was almost like building up a house of God in the wilderness, and I am sure that it made the service and its requirements dearer than it had ever been before to the few who were there constantly and working so harmoniously together.

The opposition to Catholicism which I found in such places was like that which our Calvinistic brethren might harbor. It was downright bitter and severe. The very priest to whom I refer told me once that sooner than walk on the same side of the street with a Catholic priest during his own Protestant boyhood,

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he would go a decided distance out of his own way; and the first time a Catholic entered his father's house as a guest he refused to be one of the party at the dinner-table. Such places as the town of which I write cannot in any way be compared to an American place of the same size and importance, so far as our church is concerned. Within an area of fifteen miles two private chapels were maintained. Consequently, the town chapel appealed to a very small number of people. It was not a manufacturing place—at best scarcely more than two hundred people ever attended service—but I have heard from it since that it is flourishing and vigorous. There is a school-house now. I doubt not but that they have also enlarged the church itself. Rumors of a fine boys' choir and other such matters have come to my ears, and I know that the priest is an Oxford man with an income of his own; but can anything ever make it seem so dear to us as it did when, having done all that hands and feet could do to prepare the table of our Lord, we few could kneel together, uniting prayers and the homage of grateful hearts for the light which was slowly but surely growing there where once it had so nearly come to darkness?

The country teemed with romance, nearly every great house having its story. On the principle that a ghost-story is rarely out of place, I will mention one or two household traditions which came to my immediate knowledge. Dining at a town place one evening, we commented upon a portrait in the library of the house, and which represented a beautiful woman in the prime of life and wearing upon her neck a collarette of diamonds with a pendant of amber-colored stones. Our host informed us that the picture had a singular history, which he good-naturedly related. In the beginning of the century the heir to the estate was seated one evening in his dressing-room, thinking of no more emotional subject than the new kennels being built for his hounds. His mind was entirely absorbed with practical details, and he was startled from a very prosaic reverie by a knock upon the door. Thinking it was his valet, he answered "Come in" without moving from his position or allowing the interruption to break his chain of thoughts. As no sound of an opening door occurred, he turned his head, and in the firelight behind his chair saw distinctly the figure of a beautiful woman wearing a collarette of diamonds and a singular-looking pendant of yellow stones. The young man started, but, as he said later, was by no means alarmed. He could not imagine who his visitor might be, and as he moved forward to address her she made an appealing gesture with her

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hand towards the pendant at her throat, and vanished. So unexpected and apparently useless was the apparition that he could only conclude he had been dozing unawares; but late in the same evening, as he was going upstairs to an old study in which some diagrams of former kennels were kept, he again encountered this strange presence. The lady stood at the end of a long hall and very distinctly beckoned to the young man to approach. He followed this time, overcome with awe-struck curiosity. She retreated, still beckoning to him, and vanished behind the study-door. He entered the room to find it vacant. The next day he related these strange occurrences to the only other person in the house at the time—an old clergyman who had been his father's tutor. The reverend gentleman seemed much struck with what he had to say, and informed him that in his boyhood a robbery had taken place at G—— House, and some valuable East Indian ornaments belonging to his grandmother, together with her portrait, were stolen. Search had been made, but the only clue to either picture or jewels had been the fragmentary confession of a man arrested for another crime, and who in dying had murmured sentences which were taken down, and on being produced read as follows: "Picture left in the west room. Could not break spring of locket." As he had admitted to having taken part in the famous robbery at G—— House, these dying words were supposed to relate to that affair; but a search in the west room for the picture proved unavailing. The father of the young man who had seen the apparition had always supposed that the robbery was planned by a cousin of his who had some covert design in securing the jewels. But circumstances were not strong enough against him to warrant his arrest. The young man, roused to the keenest interest by what had taken place, determined to make a thorough study of the west room, and the result was that the wall between the study and this apartment was taken down. In so doing a secret panel or sliding door was discovered, and behind it the missing picture together with a small box containing the East Indian jewels. Why or how they had been deposited there no one could ever tell; but the owner of the house carried the pendant at once to London and had the spring of the locket opened by an expert jeweller. A faded piece of parchment, on which something in cipher was written, was disclosed. But, like most of ghost-stories, the end was shadowy and mysterious. No one had ever succeeded in deciphering the writing or in determining as to its origin. There it lay while we were talking, locked in a small cabinet in the library at

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G—— House, perhaps some day to be clearly understood. The picture was restored to its former place, and in spite of many suggestions of the supernatural no one had been found who could substantiate any story of the strange lady's further appearance. Connected with another house in this vicinity was a weird tale, which, however, had become like a commonplace fact to the neighborhood. Charles I. had passed a week there shortly before his downfall, and on the eve of his execution he is supposed to revisit the place and walk, holding his luckless head in his hand, up and down a certain corridor where it is said the master of the house denounced his king.

Society in such a town has two distinct phases. Some of these are too subtle to define, but for the most part they represent rules and prejudices which form governing influences and which are respected by all the people as traditions too sacred to be disturbed. The "county" families rarely visit in the town. They have their own gatherings in their fine mansions, detachments of visitors from town, gatherings from the county, all forming a little world of their own. While the town society pursues the even tenor of its way with varied entertainments, all more or less formal in character, the winter season having a fair show of dinner-parties, afternoon teas and dances; the more purely bourgeois element and the people who are generally known as Dissenters form a certain distinct set apart from the upper town society, and having a world in which the festivities are sociable and decidedly hilarious. Some of the town-people, of course, visit among the county families, but the exceptions are few: a leading barrister, a clergyman or physician, an army officer or naval commander, some lady of blue blood residing in the town, being eligible for county invitations; while to the American mind certain caste distinctions afford endless variety for study. To understand the *raison d'être* for some of their closest distinctions was very difficult. There were some families who seemed to be accepted without any analysis at all or any discussion, although, from what I used to hear, they did not impress me as being of pedigree or position, according to English social rules, to warrant such reception. Whether it was that in a weak moment they had been taken up and could not be discarded, or that they had some claim to recognition too subtle for the American mind, I could not understand. Nevertheless the fact remained of their undoubted position among the elect ones, and I used to think their cases must cause an additional heart-burn to the waiting souls who hovered on the debatable border-line be-

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tween the leading town-people and the second-rate bourgeoisie. It would be hard to find a more agreeably social community than the better class formed in this little town. The dinner-parties given among them were delightful. They combined the latest novelty in fashion with something of the substantial home-life of an older generation, and were in some respects better than the more stately entertainments to which one went driving five or six miles, sometimes in the wet and darkness, recompensed only by the sense that the invitation and the entertainment were distinctly to one's credit. The hour of dining was quarter before eight; every one appeared in full evening toilet; there was evident the usual reticence among the young girls present and the comfortable affability among the dowagers, while the men talked politics and local affairs agreeably enough; and there was sure to be good music and a comfortable hour of conversation on congenial topics among the ladies in the drawing-room. The five-o'clock tea-parties brought together the most agreeable elements in the town society. The young girls were fond of long walks, and would come in fresh from such exercise to discuss all sorts of things over a genial fire, and perhaps to flirt a little with the young men, who might have spent their morning in the hunting-field and were ready enough for this hour of light-hearted amusement. The drawing-rooms in which such gatherings took place had all the charms, as I recall them, which belong to an English home; there was a sense of being chaperonized, with no special restraint. And if I ventured to be critical with anything, it would be of the limited point of view so often found in regard to the art and literature of the world beyond their ken. Here conventional rules which may have been laid down five-and-twenty years ago still govern feelings and ideas, in spite of the agreeable fact that Mudie furnished the town with plenty of current literature twice a week, and nearly everybody went to London during the spring exhibitions. An older, quainter, and perhaps more entertaining little circle belonged to the place and suggested at all times such towns as Cramford to my mind. Small card-parties were here given, the invitations coming upon pink note-paper, with sometimes a suggestion that there would be "a little music." We usually went to these at about eight o'clock in quiet evening-dress, many of the ladies coming with the escort of a maid or man-servant carrying a lantern, and I do not think I would have been startled by the appearance of a sedan-chair. If it rained we often wore waterproof cloaks, as it was not expected that we should always hire a "fly." Little bits of finery,

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like hats or laces, might be brought in a paper parcel; and at one house to which we often went, and where we were always most agreeably entertained, we used to pin on such last touches in a large, roomy bed-chamber, with a four-post bedstead hung in damask, and a dressing-table with a large mirror that reflected our anxious faces and the sober gayeties as well as the vast corners of the candle-lit room. To have worn anything very new in style at such gatherings would have seemed a trifle out of place, for I remember that flowered silks of quite an antique pattern, large, solid-looking jewelry, and Honiton laces appeared decidedly in keeping. We would go down-stairs to the drawing-room with a peculiar air of formality, where we were received cordially, but with a dignity of manner fitting the occasion; and we had a little light refreshment before going to cards. On such occasions no men-servants appeared, but the things were handed about by the brightest, neatest of maids, who bloomed like spring flowers in the large, old-fashioned, stately house. Our hostess was a genuine Mrs. Battle in regard to whist; but, cards over, her cheerful voice was lifted again, and we always had the most bountiful sort of a supper. They always had a dish called "jannet" at these parties, which was very delicious and tasted as if it had been spiced in some Oriental country a long time ago. When we came to leave I think we all felt sorry and wished for another invitation soon again. The atmosphere of these parties was so home-like yet so quaint, and the flavor of everything so unlike anything we had ever experienced in America, that it was to us like being set down in the middle of some interesting, old-fashioned novel to partake of it. It often rained so that going home one could see the lanterns swaying over the wet pavements—curious little flames of light that seemed to suggest large, damp fireflies; but somehow we always liked that method of escort better than driving, and the friendly good-nights exchanged here and there among us had a piquancy of their own, whether uttered in the soft, quiet rain of the winter or under the clear, star-lit sky. Everything connected with such entertainments appeals to me now in retrospection so agreeably that the very prejudices which baffled and amused me at the time seem to have gained a dignity of their own. I recall the discussions over Mr. So-and-so's marriage with a girl of "no family at all"; the question as to whether it would be possible to call upon her; the horror expressed as to Mr. ——'s will disinheriting his daughter Jane; the question whether Admiral —— would ever be reconciled to his wife, as among the various topics

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under discussion at the present time, and the figures in the pictures suggested rise to mind like characters in some story, and a dozen plots such as Trollope would have used to admirable advantage are suggested by the incidents of their every-day lives. For be it known that in the social condition of things in England lies a mine of wealth for any novelist of the day. Every tradition suggests a set of circumstances for a writer of any ingenuity to weave together, and the merest externals of society in a provincial place such as I describe make up the outlines of a picture which the story-writer can use without the necessity of resorting to any tricks or sensational incidents, or unexpected dilemmas and developments.

While the system of home-education is still popular, even among the middle classes, in England, school-life is carried on much more admirably of late years than during the first decades of this century. Boys are sent to the grammar-schools of the towns in which they live, and may compete there for scholarships in the great public schools of England, whence they go on to the universities; and if the schools for girls fall short of corresponding ones in America, there are decided advantages for the gentler sex in special studies. Painting and music are liberally open to all, while the board-schools are beginning to find their way among the masses of people, even in the provinces.

The general method of life, or what I may call its routine, in a provincial English town, corresponds nearly to our own. The root of difference lies in the whole system of feeling—the point of view with which, so to speak, an Englishman is born, and which he accepts as a general thing without a murmur. The fondness for home-life noticeable among high and low in Great Britain might well be imitated on this side of the water, where the young people of the present day are always anxious to fly away from the parent nest and try their own wings in a new atmosphere. One thing further to be remarked in the provinces is the admirable manner in which domestic service is viewed. The girl who would go into a shop or factory in America regularly prepares herself for household work in England, and by doing well dignifies the labor she undertakes. The positions of mistress and maid, if more clearly defined in England than in our country, have the inestimable advantage of being so regulated that the mistress provides a real home for her servant, and the maid is conscious that she increases her own self-respect by doing her duty to her employer. I have heard it said, and it

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seems to me with admirable justice, that the middle classes of England, the wives and daughters in a provincial town such as I have been describing, formed the real backbone of England's well-being. The nobility have their rights and their excellent qualities, no doubt; but the middle classes, the professional and solid business people of the country, form its standing-ground and certainly uphold its position socially among the nations of the world.

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.*

THE appointment by the Holy See of Mgr. Agliardi as diplomatic representative to the court of Pekin marks an important era in the history of the Chinese missions. The exclusive protectorate exercised since the treaty of 1860 by France over all the Christians of the Celestial Empire had become an anomaly to the other European nations and a cause of offence on the part of China. A government engaged at home in making war on religion acted in queer character abroad while masquerading as the special champion of the faith. For a long period all Christians seeking to travel into China did so on the passes of the French consuls; and thus, in the course of time, Frenchmen and Christians have come to be identified in the Chinese mind, the latter being held responsible for the actions or the hostility of the former. How disastrously this arrangement works has been revealed in the massacres of last year, which were directly provoked by the military operations of France in Ton-kin. In the interest of the church and for the sake of the Chinese Christians it had become necessary that a change should be made, and the Pope has acted at last.

How every resource of patience was exhausted, and how every tenderness was shown for French feeling, is demonstrated by an elaborate account of the negotiations published in the *Osservatore Romano*. The initiative came from Pekin as far back as the month of May, 1881, when Li Hung Chang first sent a letter to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, touching the question of re-establishing diplomatic relations between China and the Holy See. Chang expressed much solicitude for the safety

* *Missiones Catholicæ Ritus Latini cura S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide.* Descriptæ in annum MDCCCLXXXVI. Romæ: Ex Typographia Polyglotta S. C. de Propaganda Fide. 1886.

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of the Chinese converts, and urged that in their interests the Pope should send to Pekin a nuncio, for whom he promised the honors and the station accorded to the ambassadors of sovereign states. At that time the idea was not entertained by the Holy See, or at least not acted upon. Last year's persecution, however, induced the Pope to address a personal letter to the Emperor of China, to which a respectful answer was returned. As a consequence of this correspondence, perhaps, Mr. Dunn was, in January last, made the bearer of another letter from the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to Cardinal Jacobini, asking that Mr. Dunn be received as a special envoy empowered to open negotiations for the establishment of closer and more formal relations. At the same time the viceroy took occasion to say that this step was not suggested by any European power, but was spontaneous on the part of China. Under these circumstances the Holy See felt that, while all due regard should be paid to the claims of France, this offer of the Chinese government could not well be rejected.

These facts were communicated to the French ministry, together with the assurance that the representative whom the Vatican proposed to send to Pekin would always respect the rights of France and cordially co-operate in mutual assistance in the East. The French government at once raised objections, and requested that the papal representative at Pekin should have no diplomatic standing, but be of the same character as the apostolic delegate at Constantinople. This would have been equivalent to a rejection of China's offer, since the very object desired, according to Li Hung Chang's letter, was a fully-accredited ambassador and direct relations with the Holy See. Finding that France persisted in her stubborn attitude, the Holy Father yielded to the feelings of France by the appointment of Mgr. Agliardi as diplomatic representative to the court of Pekin, with instructions to examine the situation in China and report thereupon to the Holy See.

These momentous proceedings forcibly call attention to the present state of the missions in China, and lend considerable additional interest to the account which we find in the volume devoted to the missions under the care of the Propaganda Fide, and compiled from the reports of the missionaries. While not so strictly accurate and full as one could desire, yet, by a little study, a tolerably fair account can be drawn from the badly-arranged facts flung together between the two covers of the book.

The first province on the list is that of Chan-si, into which the

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Jesuits introduced Christianity some time during the sixteenth century, though the mission is now in charge of the Franciscans. Chan-si was separated from the Pekin diocese by Alexander VII., and in 1696 it was, in conjunction with Chen-si, erected into a vicariate-apostolic by Innocent XII.; in 1762 the region of Hu-quang was added to it, but in 1838 the last-named was separated and erected into an independent diocese, the provinces of Chan-si and Chen-si being divided and formed into two vicariates by a decree of February 5, 1844. The present vicariate covers an immense area. The number of inhabitants is 17,000,000; number of Catholics, 14,980; catechumens, 2,500; churches and chapels, 10; European missionaries, 7; native priests, 9; schools, 31, pupils 1,250; college, 1, students 40; seminary, 1, seminarians 18; orphans, 578.

In 1839 the vicariate of Chan-tong was erected by Gregory XVI., including within its bounds the quondam pro-vicariates of Hu pe and Hu-nan. This mission has been often and grievously afflicted by persecutions. By a decree of December 22, 1885, Chan-tong was divided into northern and southern vicariates. In Northern Chan-tong the population numbers 29,500,000, of whom Catholics are 15,000; catechumens, 6,000; there being 14 European missionaries; 9 native priests; schools, 36, pupils 200; seminary, 1, seminarians 22; orphanages, 5, orphans 600; number of churches not stated. The slimness of the school report is perhaps owing to the severe persecutions recently suffered.

On January 2, 1882, the vicar-apostolic of Chan-tong, who was then Bishop Cosi, nominated the Rev. John B. Anzer, of the College of Steyl, Holland, pro-vicar of Southern Chan-tong, then in his own vicariate; the idea was to more thoroughly organize the work in a district which had been scarcely touched. The College of Steyl has undertaken to supply this mission, and several young priests were sent out a few months ago. By the decree mentioned above, on December 22, 1885, the province was formally erected into a vicariate-apostolic, with Right Rev. John B. Anzer as incumbent. There are 2,000 Catholics; 2,264 catechumens; 5 churches; 26 chapels; 1 seminary with 12 seminarians; 25 schools, and 2 orphanages. No other statistics are given. The vicariate is in a disorganized condition from persecution.

The Christian religion was introduced into the province of Chen-si in 1640. Its fortunes varied with the alternate favor or persecution of the Chinese emperors. By a decree of February

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5, 1844, a vicariate was formed of Chen-si, Kan-su, and the adjoining Tartar regions. On May 21, 1878, Chen-si was separated from the Tartar regions and the district known as Ku-ku-noor. It extends from the Mon-ku desert on the north to Hu-pe and Su-tchaen on the south; from Chan-si and Ho-nan on the east to Kan-su on the west. There are 10,500,000 inhabitants; 21,300 Catholics; 107 churches and chapels; 8 European missionaries; 14 native priests; 8 schools, 50 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians; 2 orphan asylums.

The vicariate of Emoi was separated from that of Fo-kien on December 5, 1883. It includes the Formosan peninsula; Fo-kien bounds it on the southeast, whence it extends towards the northwest to the provinces of Chuan-cheu and Chiang-cheu. The continental part of the vicariate is under the Chinese government; the peninsula of Formosa below Keelung is occupied by French troops. There are 4,500,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics, of whom about 1,000 are in Formosa; 7 churches and chapels; 11 European missionaries; 3 native priests; 3 schools, 20 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians.

The vicariate of Fo-kien, erected in 1696, included Nankin, Tche-kiang, and Kiang-si, the last two being separated into independent vicariates in 1790, and the first-named divided in 1838. Emoi was cut off from Fo-kien, as we have shown above, in 1883. There are 18,000,000 inhabitants; 30,355 Catholics; 114 catechumens; 37 churches and chapels; 12 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 12 schools, 60 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians.

In the year 1622 the Jesuit Fathers penetrated Ho-nan and planted the seeds of Christianity. They had a very difficult work, whose fruits, so far as this world goes, were often trampled out by persecutions. In 1774 a firmer footing was obtained, and, in spite of great and persistent afflictions, a nucleus of the faithful was formed. Until 1843 the Catholics of Ho-nan were subject to the spiritual authorities of Nankin; then the province was raised to a vicariate in 1869; and on August 28, 1883, Ho-nan was divided into two vicariates known as Northern and Southern Ho-nan.

In Northern Ho-nan there are 9,000,000 inhabitants; 1,067 Catholics; 6 chapels; 3 European missionaries; 3 native priests; 2 schools, 18 pupils.

Southern Ho-nan comprises 20,000,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics; 45 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 12 native priests; 20 schools, 100 pupils; 1 seminary, 17 seminarians.

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Solicitous for the needs and safety of the Catholic English soldiers, Gregory XVI. insulated Hong-kong and erected it into a prefecture-apostolic, which it remained until 1874, when it was raised to a vicariate. It includes the island of Hong-kong and the adjacent islands; including on the continent the districts of Fung-koun, Sing-gan-hien, Hay-fou-hien, and Hai-cha-hien, with the exception of the city of Quei-tscheo-fou. The islands belong to England; the rest of the vicariate lies in the Chinese Empire. There are 3,000,000 inhabitants, speaking Chinese, English, and Portuguese, or a mixture of the three; 6,600 Catholics; 27 churches and chapels; 11 European priests; 3 native priests; 19 schools, 118 pupils; 1 seminary, 12 seminarians. A Catholic journal, the Hong-kong *Catholic Register*, a very small four-page sheet, is published in this city.

It is conjectured that the Christian religion was introduced into Hu-nan about the middle of the seventeenth century; at least records of the date of the reign of the Emperor Kan-si, of the Cin dynasty, would lead one to suppose so. From the first the faithful of this province suffered severely, persecution following persecution with steady rapidity. Last year's affliction came near extinguishing the few remaining sparks in Northern Hu-nan, but as fast as the missionaries fell at their posts of duty others took their places, and are laboring now to repair the ravages of the enemy. In 1856 Hu-nan was separated from Hu-pe; and on September 19, 1879, the province was divided into two vicariates, Northern and Southern Hu-nan.

Northern Hu-nan numbers 10,000,000 inhabitants; 100 Catholics; 6 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 1 school, 10 pupils. In Southern Hu-nan there are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics; 10 churches and chapels; 3 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 4 schools, 81 pupils; 1 seminary, 24 seminarians; 1 orphanage.

In the year 1636 Antonius de Govea, S.J., introduced the faith into Hu-pe. For a long period it was included in the vicariate of Chan-si; but in 1870 Pius IX., by his brief *Christianæ rei procurationi*, separated Hu-pe from Chan-si, and divided it into three distinct vicariates—Northwestern Hu-pe, Eastern Hu-pe, and Southwestern Hu-pe.

Northwestern Hu-pe contains 9,000,000 inhabitants; 8,000 Catholics; 26 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 18 native priests; 9 schools, 310 pupils; 1 seminary, 12 seminarians; 1 college, 12 students; 2 orphanages with 28 boys and 68 girls.

Eastern Hu-pe has 9,000,000 inhabitants; 16,000 Catholics; 42

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churches and chapels; 16 European missionaries; 14 native priests; 16 schools, 525 pupils; 1 seminary, 54 seminarians; 1 college, 24 students. There are various other institutions, orphanages, industrial schools, etc., but no statistics are given of these. We may remark that the same is the case with other vicariates, as regards orphan asylums at least.

In Southwestern Hu-pe there are 9,000,000 inhabitants; 3,500 Catholics; 13 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 2 schools, 82 pupils; 1 seminary, 31 seminarians.

The vicariate-apostolic of Kan-su was a part of the Chan-si vicariate until May 21, 1878, when it was erected into an independent vicariate. It includes the province of Kan-su, the Ku-ku-noor region, and the wandering Tartars. Missionaries have been sent into the unknown interior as far as they can go, even beyond the scope of imperial authority. There are a multitude of mixed dialects spoken within the limits of the vicariate, but they are broadly divided into these three languages: in Kan-su proper, Chinese; in Ku-ku-noor, Sifoh; in Tartary, Turkestan. There are 21,500,000 inhabitants; 1,500 Catholics; 9 churches and chapels; 5 European missionaries; 3 schools, 32 pupils; 1 seminary, 10 seminarians.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century Matthew Ricci, S.J., preached the Gospel to the Chinese of the province of Kiang-nan. Pauli Siu, the reigning emperor, admired the zeal of Ricci and his companions, and the good results of their labor. Thousands of converts were made, and the Christian religion placed upon a firm foundation. In 1660 the vicariate-apostolic of Kiang-nan, or Nankin, was formally erected, and Ignatius Cotolendi named its bishop. In 1690 Alexander VII. instituted the diocese of Nankin, and made it a suffragan see of the archbishopric of Goa; and Innocent XII. united to it the provinces of Kiang-nan and Ho-nan by his constitution of October 15, 1696. Alexander Ceceri, consecrated titular bishop of Macai, February 5, 1696, was the first to occupy the see of Nankin; and with the death of his last successor, Cajetan Pires-Pereira, a Portuguese, at Pekin in the year 1838, the see became practically extinct. After his death apostolic administrators continued to rule the see until 1856, when the Holy See entirely suppressed it. Then the province of Kiang-nan was erected into a separate vicariate and confided to the care of the Jesuits. The vicariate comprises the whole civil province of Kiang-nan and two sub-provinces, Ngan and Kiang-sou. There are American and European military posts at Ou-hon, Nan-king, Tcheu-kiang, and Shang-hai, the

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very gates of the province. There are 50,000 000 inhabitants; 101,206 Catholics; 606 churches and chapels; 81 European missionaries; 30 native priests; 667 schools, 11,237 pupils; 2 seminaries, 27 seminarians; 1 large and 3 small colleges; 2 large orphanages at Shang-hai and many smaller ones throughout the provinces.

The Rev. Matthew Ricci did not confine his labors to spreading the faith in Kiang-nan; he also pushed into Kiang-si. In 1696 Innocent XII. confided this region to the care of Alvaro Benevente, whose work was very fruitful. But he soon died; persecutions fell thick and fast; no successor was appointed, and the martyred missionaries' places were voluntarily filled by priests from other provinces. About 1790 Kiang-si was placed under the spiritual charge of the Right Rev. D. Carpena, vicar-apostolic of Fo-kien, by the authority of Pius VI.; and it remained a suffragan of Fo-kien until 1838, at which time, with the approbation of Gregory XVI., the Propaganda Fide named the Right Rev. Alexius Rameaux vicar-apostolic of Kiang-si and Tche-kiang. On his death in 1845 Kiang-si was separated from Tche-kiang, and the Right Rev. Bernard Laribe, the dead vicar's coadjutor, was named vicar-apostolic. In 1879 Leo XIII. divided the vicariate of Kiang-si into two distinct parts, the northern and the southern.

There are in Northern Kiang-si 14,000,000 inhabitants; 13,007 Catholics; 1,368 catechumens; 49 churches and chapels; 10 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 40 schools, 260 pupils; 1 seminary, 16 seminarians; 4 colleges, 200 students; 5 orphanages, 1,579 orphans; 2 hospitals.

Southern Kiang-si is very fertile, being traversed by innumerable streams. There are 11,000,000 inhabitants; 3,753 Catholics; 1,440 catechumens; 25 churches and chapels; 3 European missionaries; 5 native priests; 16 schools, 140 pupils; 1 college, 28 students; 1 orphanage, 77 orphans.*

Kuang-si was evangelized in the seventeenth century. Despite the many bitter persecutions, the seeds of the faith were never completely destroyed, and, though often separated from the outside world, the children of the church, here as elsewhere in China, kept up the tradition of their fathers and the practice of their religion. In the year 1853 the Very Rev. Father Guillemin, then prefect-apostolic of Kuang-tong and Kuang-si, sent the Rev. Father Chapdelaine into the western extremities of the province of Kuang-si, and there he found abundance of neo-

* By a decree of August 14, 1885, this vicariate has been again divided, and a new one erected, called East Kiang-si, comprising the prefectures of Koan-si-fu and Kieg-tchang-fu.

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phytes. With two native Christians as companions he penetrated as far as the city of Si-lin-hien, where, notwithstanding the jealous vigilance of the mandarins, he found about 80 Christians living. Several missionaries were, from time to time, sent into Kuang-si from Kuang-tong. On August 6, 1875, Pius IX. separated the mission from Kuang-tong and erected it into a prefecture-apostolic, with the Very Rev. Father Jolly as incumbent. It is nominally subject to the Chinese emperor, but the real rulers, most of the time, are the Miao-tse and Tchang-ko tribes. It has a number of difficult languages and a confusing variety of dialects. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 1,013 Catholics; 10 churches and chapels; 11 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 5 schools, 70 pupils; 2 seminaries, 20 seminarians.

In 1850 Kuang-tong, Kuang-si, and Hai-nan were united into one prefecture. In 1875 Kuang-si was separated from it and erected into an independent prefecture; at the same time Hai-nan and Heung-shan were given to Macao, while the vicar-apostolic of Hong-kong obtained three districts of the territory, San-on, Kwai-shan, and Hoi-fong. There are in Kuang-tong 25,000,000 inhabitants; 28,076 Catholics; 100 churches and chapels; 41 European missionaries; 5 native priests; 101 schools, 1,000 pupils; 1 seminary, 25 seminarians; 1 college, 20 students.

How long back the Christians from the older evangelized field of Su-tchuen penetrated Kuy-tcheou is not known; but it must have been at an early date. In 1708 Cardinal de Tournon, legate of the Holy See in China, consecrated Claud Visdelon a titular bishop and made him vicar-apostolic of Yun-nan and Kuy-tcheou. He died in India in 1737. From that time forward the Christians of these regions endured a stormy existence, suffering many persecutions. In 1849 Kuy-tcheou was made a separate vicariate, with the Right Rev. Bishop Allrand as incumbent. The Franco-Chinese war had a disastrous effect upon this mission; but in spite of the obstacles in its way the Christian religion has steadily gained ground. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 16,892 Catholics; 73 churches and chapels; 26 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 84 schools, 1,081 pupils; 2 seminaries, 20 seminarians; 12 orphanages, 700 orphans.

It must have been under the Emperor Tang that the Christians first penetrated the distant regions of Su-tchuen. At least there are monumental remains which would lead to that conclusion. Certainly there were many Catholics there before 1630, but the atrocities of Tartar war, in ruining the civil state, appear also to have annihilated the Christians. When Bishop

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Pallu, in 1658, visited Su-tchuen he found nothing but desolation. He, however, labored there until his death in 1684. Then Bishop de Syonne was put in his place. Frequent and direful persecutions vexed the church in this province, Bishop Dufierse, among others, being martyred for the faith on September 17, 1815. The number of Christians, however, increased, and it became necessary to separate Yun-nan from the vicariate in 1838. In 1848 Kuy-tcheou was set apart; in 1856 Su-tchuen was divided into northern and southern parts; in 1858 the three present divisions were made, Northwestern Su-tchuen, Eastern Su-tchuen, and Southern Su-tchuen. In the three Su-tchuens there are 45,000,000 inhabitants; 84,079 Catholics; 120 churches and chapels; 78 European missionaries; 83 native priests; 400 schools, 4,514 pupils; 5 seminaries, 204 seminarians; 2 orphanages, 171 orphans.

Hang-tcheou, the metropolis of the Tche-kiang province, was once, during the old Franciscan missions, an episcopal see, a suffragan of the archbishopric of Pekin. During the sixteenth century missionaries spread the faith throughout the province; in the year 1696 Innocent XII. raised it to an independent vicariate, with the learned Dominican, Right Rev. Bishop Alcala, as incumbent. Subsequently it was united under one administration with Fo-kien and Kiang-si. Fo-kien was separated in 1838, and the others in 1845. The Christians suffered many persecutions in this province; thousands were martyred between 1858 and 1864 during the Tchang-mao rebellion. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 11,480 Catholics; 39 churches and chapels; 9 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 37 schools, 500 pupils; 2 seminaries, 9 seminarians; 1 orphanage, 8 orphans; 1 industrial school.

The Rev. Matthew Ricci, S.J., went to the city of Pekin in 1601, where he won the favor of the emperor, Wang-lie, and the other men of power, for the Christian faith. He established the Pekin mission. In 1688 the episcopal see of Pekin was formally erected, having within its jurisdiction Chang-tong, Eastern Tartary (Leao-tong), the whole province of Tche-ly, the kingdom of Corea, and other adjacent regions. In 1831 the kingdom of Corea was erected into an independent vicariate, and subsequently the other provinces were separated as occasion seemed to demand. On the abrogation of the bishopric of Pekin the territory of the see was constituted a vicariate, and in 1856 the province was divided into three parts, one of which, Northern Tche-ly, contains the city of Pekin. In Northern Tche-ly there

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are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 28,000 Catholics; 166 churches and chapels; 16 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 120 schools, 1,000 pupils; 2 seminaries, 40 seminarians; 9 orphanages, 800 orphans.

Notwithstanding the various calamities which have fallen upon the mission of Southeastern Tche-ly, from wars, rebellions, famines, persecutions, the faith has made no little progress in it, and it ranks among the first in the number of Catholics in proportion to the population. On the north lies Northern Tche-ly; on the south Ho-nan; on the east Ho-nan and Eastern Tche-ly; on the west Chan-tong and Northern Tche-ly. There are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 33,488 Catholics; 462 churches and chapels; 32 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 89 schools, 2,331 pupils; 1 seminary, 7 seminarians; 1 college, 170 students; 13 gymnasiums, 584 attendants.

Southwestern Tche-ly has 10,000,000 inhabitants; 21,000 Catholics; 81 churches and chapels; 7 European priests; 12 native priests; 4 schools, 30 pupils; 2 seminaries, 17 seminarians; about 1,000 orphans.

The first vicar-apostolic of Yun-nan was the Right Rev. Bishop Le Blanc, who in 1702 established the mission. He was succeeded by Bishop de Martillac, who died in Rome in 1755. The vicariate was then attached to that of Su-tchuen, in which state it remained until August 6, 1840, when the vicariate was re-established, with the Right Rev. Bishop Ponsot as ruler. It is the extreme southwestern corner of the Chinese Empire. There are 12,000,000 inhabitants; 11,207 Catholics; 53 churches and chapels; 21 European missionaries; 8 native priests; 40 schools, 200 pupils; 1 seminary, 18 seminarians; 25 orphans.

Let us now recapitulate: In the twenty-nine vicariates and prefectures of the Chinese Empire there are 390,000,000 inhabitants; 485,403 Catholics; 2,460 churches and chapels; 440 European missionaries; 303 native priests; 1,779 schools, 25,219 pupils; 34 seminaries, 666 seminarians. The returns of the sisters, nuns, orphans, industrial schools, colleges, students, etc., are so incomplete that no total can be given, but there are proportionate numbers of all these.

The first thing observable in the careful and accurate survey of the Chinese missions which we have just placed before our readers is not only the number of Catholic converts in China—about half a million—but also, and much more so, the striking way in which they are scattered throughout the territory of the Celestial kingdom. There are Catholics, there are missionaries,

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there are native priests, there are churches, schools, seminaries, colleges, orphan asylums, from Thibet to the Yellow Sea, from Siberia on the north to Annam on the south. Every province has its vicariate—sometimes one province has two or three; every vicariate, with the exception of one, has its bishop. The complete organization is there. The seeds are planted. The 500,000 are scattered among the 400,000,000, fruitfully working at every point, not massed together in one locality. In this respect the condition of China is very much like that of the old Roman Empire in the first centuries of the Christian era. The early missioners of the Catholic Church did not pause to convert every nation they came to; they pushed on, forming colonies of the faithful here and there, until the whole empire was dotted with centres of the cross. They knew the fructifying power of Christ's religion; they knew they had but to plant the seeds and await the time and season of their coming to maturity. And they were justified in their course, for the despised religion of the Galilean grew like a giant and soon overthrew the pagan mummeries of the ancient world. Just so is it in China to-day; only, perhaps, the Chinese Empire is a more extended and more populous field than that afforded by the majestic structure of the Seven-Hilled City. Those huge provinces of the strange kingdom of the far East are as large as the mighty nations that olden Rome chained to the chariot-wheels of her triumphant progress. Mere man, unaided from above, would shrink from the stupendous task of changing the long-settled religion of half a world. It is foolish, it is a strange, fantastic dream, which these deluded missioners cherish. They can do nothing to move that impalpable bulk. But see! The Catholic missioners do not weigh human probabilities, or even possibilities. They have upon them the charge of God himself; they have his Holy Spirit in their hearts. Against the dictates of reason itself they attack, with no weapon but the cross, this uncounted conglomeration of humanity. They stop at no point; they push ahead; they penetrate every nook of the empire, and detached bands stray out into those lost regions of the earth, the steppes of Siberia, the plains of Tartary, the mountain fastnesses of Thibet. In China, from Tche-ly to Emoi, from Hong-kong to Su-tchuen, they establish a network of flawless organization—twenty-nine perfect sees, with rulers in them, with clergy, with people, with churches, with schools. It is magic! How can we explain it except upon the theory that God is in the work? And now that the increasing numbers of the converts, and the exalted station of many—for

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there are high mandarins in the ranks of the Catholic Chinese laity—compel such a signal recognition from the emperor as a request for closer relations with the Holy See, may we not expect to behold something like that old conversion of the Roman Empire in the not remote future?

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MISS VERNON LEE has a great many admirers. She is a lady of a Positivist turn of mind. She shows in her writings much familiarity with the nastiest works of fiction and poetry. She dwells on these with the tenderness peculiar to the new æsthetic school to which she belongs, and in her pages we are taught that Maupassant's *Une Vie*, Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* are oft-recurring topics in the only circles where the highest philosophy is talked. It is rather hard to grasp this high philosophy as taught in *Baldwin: Being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) It has such little body. Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* has doubtless given Vernon Lee—who prefers to pose as a man—the idea of the form of *Baldwin*, as Lander's *Imaginary Conversations* probably gave Mallock the idea of the *New Republic*. Mr. Mallock is bitten by the pruriency that disfigures Vernon Lee's writings, and one of the strongest chapters in *Is Life Worth Living?* is ruined by a quotation from the worst novel written in any language, which quotation in Mallock's book, taken with its context, becomes blasphemous.

If Mr. Mallock and Vernon Lee reflect the opinions of the English "high thinkers," we have reason to conclude that the emancipation from all religious belief which Vernon Lee teaches us to believe to be the *nirvana* of the philosophical æsthete has led to a return to the most horrible forms of pagan vice. The most remarkable thing about Vernon Lee's writings, aside from the constant playing with thoughts forbidden to Christians, is the art by which so large a number of well-formed English sentences are made to cover so little real knowledge. She gives one the impression that she has dipped into hand-books and saturated herself with certain poetry and novels in which the use of art for art's sake is made an excuse for positive obscenity.

It is natural to conclude that a young woman who has written

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in a learned manner on the Renaissance—a large book on the Renaissance—should take the trouble to learn something of the Catholic Church. But she is evidently as ignorant of its theology and its philosophy as Mr. Frederic Harrison, who considers it unworthy of "philosophical consideration"!

Baldwin is in the shape of dialogues. Labored efforts are made to give individuality to the characters, and descriptions of nature are introduced and greatly elaborated. "The Responsibilities of Unbelief" is the first dialogue in the book. Vere, Rheinhardt, and Baldwin talk over the sermon of a Monsignor Russell, whom they have heard preach. They are all unbelievers. All of them have gotten over the "weakness" of believing in God. But Rheinhardt is the most advanced.

"Ladies," Rheinhardt says, "I admit, may require for their complete happiness to abandon their conscience occasionally into the hands of some saintly person; but do you mean to say that a man in the possession of all his faculties, with plenty to do in the world, with a library of good books, some intelligent friends, a good digestion, and a good theatre when he has a mind to go there—do you mean to tell me that such a man can ever be troubled by wants of the soul?"

After Rheinhardt asks this question the author drops into one of those over-worked bits of description held by her admirers to be exceedingly vivid and graphic:

"Beyond the blush and gold (coppery and lilac and tawny tints united by the faint undergrowing green) of the seeding grasses and flowering rushes, was a patch of sunlit common-ground of pale, luminous brown, like that of a sunlit brook-bed, fretted and frosted with the gray and rustiness of moss and gorse, specks of green grass and tufts of purple heather merged in that permeating golden brown. The light seemed to emanate from the soil, and in it were visible, clear at many yards' distance, the delicate outlines of minute sprays and twigs, connected by a network of shining cobwebs, in which moved flies and bees diaphanous and luminous like the rest, and whose faint, all-overish hum seemed to carry out in sound the visible pattern of that sun-steeped piece of ground."

This is a good example of the manner in which some modern writers overlay words with words in the effort to imitate the effects of the paint-brush. Sir Walter Scott's and Cooper's manner of suggesting natural pictures have gone out of fashion, and in return we get this sort of thing. The talkers go on considering the responsibility of unbelief. Now, one of the most fascinating qualities of unbelief seems to most people its absence of responsibilities. But Baldwin tries to make it plain, taking for a text Monsignor Russell's zeal in preaching the faith, that unbelievers

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have resting on them the responsibility of propagating un-faith. Whom they are responsible to does not appear, and Rheinhardt voices the logical conclusion of the religion of humanity, to whom they all belong, when he says: "Upon my word, I don't know which is the greater plague, the old-fashioned nuisance called a soul or the new-fangled bore called mankind."

But Baldwin, who is a wretchedly hypocritical and "talky" prig, tries to convince Vere that he ought to destroy the religious belief of his wife and children:

"Do you consider this as complete union with another, this deliberate silence and indifference, this growing and changing and maturing of your own mind, while you see her mind cramped and maimed by beliefs which you have long cast behind you? This divorce of your minds, which I can understand only towards a mistress, a creature for whom your mind does not exist—how can you reconcile it to your idea of the love of a husband to a wife?"

Vere, in real life, would probably answer that a wife without religion would run the risk of becoming less of a mother and more of a mistress. But in Vernon Lee's hands he only says:

"I respect my wife's happiness, then, and my children's happiness; and for that reason I refrain from laying rough hands upon illusions which are part of that happiness. Accident has brought us into contact with what you and I call truth—I have been shorn of my belief; I am emancipated, free, superior—all things which a thorough rationalist is in the eyes of rationalists; but"—and Vere turned round upon Baldwin with a look of pity and bitterness—"I have not yet attained to the perfection of living a hypocrite, a sophist to myself, of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, icy and arid to our hearts."

Nevertheless Baldwin goes on arguing on the responsibility of unbelievers to communicate the truth that there is no truth, until at the end Vere says: "But you see I love my children a great deal; and—well, I mean that I have not the heart to assume the responsibility of such a decision." "You shirk your responsibilities," answers Baldwin, "and in doing so you take upon yourself the heaviest responsibility of any."

All this is mere juggling with puppets and words. And if there is any evidence needed to show how inadequate this Positivism is for any useful or logical purpose, Vernon Lee's dialogues furnish it conclusively. Another dialogue, "The Consolations of Belief," is almost as serio-comic in effect as "The Responsibilities of Unbelief." Baldwin talks at a young lady named Agnes Stuart, who has been a Christian. Finally "a strange melancholy, al-

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most like a physical ache, came over Agatha." People who have followed Baldwin's limitless flow of talk will understand that this was the kind of ache that afflicted the hapless wedding-guest. "I think you are deserving of envy," answered Agnes coldly. "But I prefer to believe in the goodness of God." This is the most triumphant declaration of belief that Vernon Lee permits any of her puppets to utter. She cannot conceive of a Christian, strong and logical, because she is ignorant of the church, and because her studies of life and literature have been all on the surface. The arguments of these dialogues can unsettle no clear and well-instructed mind. But the allusions to nasty literature, similar to the allusions to nasty vices which made Vernon Lee's *Miss Brown* an indecent book, may help to make thoughts already corrupted more corrupt. Vernon Lee is regarded by a certain class of shallow thinkers and readers as a strong representative of high and refined philosophy and literature. Her work is a constant example of the truth that pretended belief in Neo-Paganism —we say "pretended," for it is plain that these infidels protest too much their disbelief in God—leads to the contemplation of the lowest objects under the most high-sounding names. Priapus looks well in a phrase of poetry; but it is a symbol of things which only the inhabitants of slums and dives dare utter in plain English to their fellows. And in this revival of "culture" we find the morals of Horace gilded in imitation of the gold of his phrases. Progress, with people like the teachers of Vernon Lee, means that we are to go back to the Augustan age, but with no hope that God will come as Christ to save the world.

A refreshing book, which reminds one of the cool air of an early winter night after the artificial atmosphere of *Baldwin*, is the *Meditations of a Parish Priest* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), by the Abbé Roux. The Abbé Roux's *Thoughts* or *Meditations* have excited a sensation among the literary men of Paris, in spite of the fact that he is a priest, and evidently a good priest. The critic of *Pensées* for *Blackwood's Magazine* frankly acknowledges that this prejudice is not confined to the Parisian writers, but he as frankly acknowledges the merit of the work. He says:

"It was the centenary of Petrarch, held in 1874, that first called Roux into notice—a festival celebrated in southern France by the Félibres, that society for the promotion and revival of Provençal poetry, of which Mistral is the outcome and to the present time the chief glory. M. Paul Marieton, himself a young Félibre, a poet in French and Provençal, made the acquaintance of the Abbé Roux, and, struck with his work in dialect, sought to gain closer intimacy with the author. He unearthed him one day in his

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retired nest. 'He appeared to me,' says Marieton, 'like one of the Limousin giants of his *Geste de Charlemagne*, with his strong, square frame, his deep bass voice. His visage, large and tender, sweet and yet rough-hewn, resembled that of those English lords of Henry VIII.'s time, Northern colossi, painted by Holbein. With the gentleness of a child and a poet, he showed me the simplicity of his life; and I departed more moved than I can express.' . . . It was during this visit from the ardent young Félibre that the Abbé Roux diffidently confided to him a large number of copy-books, written in a mighty, firm hand—a hand that would delight graphologists—in which were put down the mile-stones of thought marking the way traversed by this lonely minister of God during his twenty-five years of isolated life. Delighted, M. Marieton at once proposed to publish a selection. At first the abbé demurred. 'You would publish my *Pensées*,' he said. 'Beware! I am not independent enough to seek calumny, for I am not an individual, but a legion; and the good Abbé Roux will bear the mountain of prejudice that weighs on the clergy of all times, and above all of this time. Prudence, my friend! You would have me think that I shall become a personage. I can scarcely hope it. I shall always be an immured. With a proud and timid character one never arrives at anything.' But M. Marieton did not let himself be deterred; and to-day the world can decide whether he did well or not to drag forth this priest from his lonely obscurity."

The greater part of the intelligent world will decide that these thoughts—which are more like points of the most brilliant and concentrated light than anything else, and which are both epigrams and maxims—are new treasures of great worth added to a literature already rich in similar treasures. It is not exaggeration to say that the Abbé Roux possesses the keenness of La Rochefoucauld without his cynicism, the perception of Montaigne without his scepticism, and the sagacity of La Bruyère without his prejudice. Above all, the Abbé Roux is Christian without reserve, without any sacrifice to the literary spirit of the time. And this is a great thing. It is also a great thing to be able, in a trained voice of such quality, to declare that the intellect of the civilized world must listen, that Pan is dead, but that Christ lives, glorified and eternal. The quality of the Abbé Roux's thoughts must be our excuse for making him speak for himself, instead of writing about him. No man has opened the life of the French peasant to us as Abbé Roux has done. The peasants of current French literature are as unreal as the Arcadians of Watteau, with their beribboned perukes and crooks, compared with the peasant as drawn from living models.

"The war of the slaves in Italy, the war of the serfs in France, have bequeathed to history a particularly mournful memory. . . .

"Oh! ye who rob the peasant of his beliefs and his money, stuffing his

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pocket with vile journals and his heart with brutal desires, beware of the reprisals which he will owe you for having put him back into slavery, into servitude."

"The peasant," Abbé Roux says, "passed from paganism to Christianity through a great expenditure of miracles; he would return from Christianity to paganism at a less cost." He continues: "A monster has lately come into existence—the infidel peasant."

Of the influence of a modern kind of thrift on the peasant's mind he gives a vivid example:

"Far away yonder the sky appears all red.

"'It is the sunset,' says the man.

"Wrong! It is his house on fire.

"One of those wretches, so many of whom pass among us nowadays, set a fuse beneath the door, and the house has burst into flames.

"The man darts forward, crying 'Fire!'

"Then he bethinks himself, halts at a reasonable distance, crouches down on the trunk of a tree, listening to see if any one is coming, and wishing that they may come too late.

"The house is insured.

"Meanwhile the alarm bell bleats; people rush from the neighboring villages. 'The furniture? Come!'

"The man stirs not, makes no reply.

"The furniture is insured!

"So burn on in peace, ye cupboards and chests of his ancestors; burn, bridal bed, and cradle lately cold; burn, picture of the Blessed Virgin, patron of the dead wife (alas! he will soon replace her when his house has been rebuilt); burn, military tunic; burn, little frame of his First Communion, souvenirs of glory, of love, and of grief, souvenirs ancient and recent, burn on in peace.

"He is insured!"

The Abbé Roux, withal, has a great love for the French peasants among whom he labors. He sees their faults without anger, only with a certain melancholy patience. He sees that their natural faults have been exaggerated by what is called modern progress. They are bad enough, in spite of the priest; what would they be without him? he asks.

"Our peasants tolerate God well: 'He is not there, if he is anywhere; and besides he demands neither gold nor silver.' On the other hand, they endure but ill the men of God, the pope, the bishop, the curé.

"To tell the truth, they would tolerate their other masters still less, if they dared."

Of the causes which are helping to ruin France, and which the infidel tries to cure by means of atheistical schools, Abbé Roux speaks in no uncertain manner:

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"Absenteeism and Malthusianism are visibly depopulating our country districts. The Natchez and the Mohican have had their turn. The next subject for a book will be 'The Last of the Peasants.'"

. . . . . .

"The petty peasant who wishes to acquire a competency; the peasant in easy circumstances who wishes to found a family; the ex-peasant who wishes to become *monsieur*—Malthus furnishes the law for all of you, does he not?"

. . . . . .

"If the ex-peasant is father to a male child first of all, it is enough. If he has only daughters, he may in time have a son. The tardy son will be the eldest, the only child, to speak rightly. The rest will stir only at his beck and call. He will have as many servants as he has sisters. None of them will get settled, all of them will devote themselves to monsieur their brother and to his wife. If one of them speaks of taking the veil, there is a long suit to argue. The good father is inexhaustible in *whys* and *hows*. 'So you no longer love me,' he sighs. 'Who will counsel, guide, take care of your poor brother?' Then he begins to discourse about the clergy who tear children from their family, and to rage against that 'era of ignorance and fanaticism, abolished by the great Revolution, when the victims of the cloister, etc.' The vocation will be finely tempered in this assault of sensibility and hypocrisy."

One is forced to agree fully with the Abbé Roux that the French peasant, in spite of his "emancipation by the great Revolution," is almost a clod, yet a clod capable of helping good things to germinate, but that when infidel is veritably a "monster, and a shameless one."

It would be easy enough to put a great number of these "Thoughts" in a kind of paraphrase; but they would lose that aroma which has been well preserved in the present translation. We cannot refrain from quoting entire from the fascinating chapter, "Literature, Poets," the Abbé Roux's analysis of the qualities of Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin:

"It is in vain that Eugénie de Guérin praises Maurice; the more she recommends him, the more she effaces him.

"Eugénie never rests from loving; she ardently desires literary glory for Maurice, and, above all, that celestial glory which is preferable. This anguish of a Christian sister is something new in French literature. One admires and loves this sweet, pious Eugénie, devoted in life and death. As for Maurice, he is only insipid and colorless. He has some imagination, no character. He does nothing but flutter about in a fickle or, what is worse, an undecided way.

"Maurice disenchants, even in his finest passages, by a certain schoolboy accent. *Le Centaure* is only a brilliant imitation of Bitaubé, of Chateaubriand, and of Quinet. Eugénie conceals, perhaps ignores, her art, which is exquisite. She appears solicitous of writing well, without, for that reason, believing herself to be a writer."

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The Abbé Roux does injustice to *Le Centaure*, which is most exquisite in its individuality, and which preserves the Grecian spirit in a far greater degree than any of the poems of Keats. But he does no injustice to the character of the poet, who, personally, has only the interest of being loved by Eugénie.

With great regret, only pausing for one more quotation, we take leave of one of the most brilliant books that has appeared, either in French or English, for many years:

"St. Thomas d'Aquinas verifies as though he could not believe, and believes as though he ought not to verify."

John Boyle O'Reilly's latest volume, *In Bohemia*, is one that will force the attention of all discriminating lovers of true poetry. We may criticise Mr. O'Reilly's occasional boldness of expression when his indignation against the existing order of things leads him beyond those limits of phraseology within which writers careful about their theology keep themselves. Beyond this, which may seem like a hypercritical suggestion, *In Bohemia* is warm and cordial, generous and true, and in technical treatment almost perfect. It is consoling to know that a heart beats under the polished rhymes of these poems.

"A Lost Friend" will be an old friend for ever, since it has been given to the world. To many of us it may be a reminiscence; to all of us it ought to be a lesson:

"My friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And ah! the shadow only showed the fair.

"I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

"Alone, of all men, I who knew him best
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

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"At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

"Too late! too late! Oh! could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

"Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end."

Mr. O'Reilly is a thorough republican, and he voices his convictions very plainly. He cries, in "America":

"O, this thy work, Republic! this thy health,
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth:
To teach the peoples to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest with all their fears and hates;
Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own!"

But, above all, even above the passionate poetry of "Erin," when the poet's heart burns with a white heat, beyond the strength, the subtle and deep poetic thought, of "Songs that are not Sung," we prefer "The Dead Singer," in which Mr. O'Reilly has found newer and higher qualities than he showed in *Songs of the Southern Seas* or *The Statues in the Block*. He lacks neither a theme nor a heart. And in this he is unlike most modern poets, who seem to have neither themes nor hearts, but only what is called *technique*. In "The Dead Singer" Mr. O'Reilly adds to the vivid color and human interest of *Songs of the Southern Seas* and the classic sweetness of *Statues in the Block* qualities of deeper thought and poetic insight, which complete the circle in which are all the bays for a true poet's crown.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS OF THE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL, late C. C., Monasterevan, with an Appendix containing some of his speeches on quasi-religious subjects. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

The writer of these sermons died some eighteen months ago in the prime of life. He had been a contributor, both in prose and poetry, to Catholic magazines in Ireland. These beautiful sermons are now for the first time printed, and they are worthy of the memory of one who seems to have been a man of far more than ordinary talent and a most zealous priest. They embrace subjects for the whole ecclesiastical year, a few Sundays excepted. There is much originality of thought in them, a very devout tone, and a literary style which is very attractive. There is hardly any commonplace matter and no slovenly writing to be found in these sermons. Although the style has the finish and elegance of the essay, it also possesses the freshness and unction necessary for a sermon; and there are very many passages of really lofty eloquence.

That one who could write and preach such stately and powerful discourses was hidden in a country curacy and should have died at the age of forty-four are mysterious dispensations of Providence.

The sermons are none of them long, and the book will be of much practical use to the parochial clergy. The speech on education in the appendix is a fine specimen of a philosophical, and at the same time popular, treatment of that question. The publisher's work is well done.

A COMPANION TO THE CATECHISM. Designed chiefly for the use of young catechists and the heads of families. Dublin: M. H. Gili & Son. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Those who have had experience in teaching catechism know that one of the difficulties most often met with is that the children do not understand the meaning of the words they repeat. Very frequently they can give the answer to the question asked them in the exact words of the book, without having any adequate knowledge of what they are talking about—the very words, to say nothing of the idea, being beyond them.

The book before us aims at improving this matter. It suggests a scheme of class-work to the teacher which, if followed and developed, cannot but give the pupils a clearer insight into the subject-matter. The text of the catechism is explained, not simply in reference to the ideas expressed therein, but especially as regards the meaning of words which little people most likely would not grasp of themselves. Thus a great help is given to the inexperienced teacher, by showing how to make the children think and how to have them understand Christian doctrine, when otherwise they would wander aimlessly in a maze of words.

ORPHANS AND ORPHAN ASYLUMS. By Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L. With an Introduction by Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington. Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Publication Co. 1886.

This very interesting book gives a full account of the origin and growth, up to the present time, of the two hundred and twenty-one orphan asylums now in active existence in the archdioceses and dioceses of the United

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States. It is a most valuable work of reference, and is, moreover, likely to exert an instructive and edifying influence on the minds of persons outside of the Catholic Church who may have the good fortune to read its pages.

The introduction treats of the duty which, "as a church, we Catholics have to perform towards the orphans of America," and of "the great question" how it is to be done. It describes the main difficulties with which the work of taking care of the orphan has to contend, and which are well known to observant persons who have had experience in the management of orphan asylums: viz., the defects of the "drill-like training" which has to be made to take the place of "family life"—"that one thing which fits the child for its duties and prepares it to meet the many temptations thrown in its way." The arduous problem, how to put youths who, from necessity in most cases, have to leave the asylum and go out into the world before their characters are formed, in the way of earning an honest livelihood, is earnestly dwelt upon, and valuable suggestions are given in relation thereto, as also to the comprehensive questions, "What shall our orphan asylums be? Where shall they be built? How should they be managed?" In the matter of providing for orphans we have not certain advantages and facilities existing in European countries, where the old apprenticeship system has been retained.

The opening chapter, which is entirely historical and statistical, points out that among the Gentile nations "little, if any, regard was paid to works of beneficence that had the orphan for their object"; and that the Romans, of whom St. Paul speaks as a people "without affection, without fidelity, without mercy," were reproached by Justin for their inhuman treatment of foundlings whom they gathered up into flocks in the same manner as herds of oxen, or goats or sheep. To the kindlier feeling of the Jews for the orphan, brought about, probably, "by their stricter family ties and more exalted notion of religion," justice is done. Then the extraordinary progress of beneficence co-existent with the rapid spreading of the Gospel is explained, as also that bishops considered it their duty to provide for the poor and the orphan. "The noblest epitaph which could be inscribed on the tombs of the popes was their charity to the helpless and destitute, to the afflicted and the orphan." "We read in the Apostolic Constitutions that the widows and the orphans were considered as 'altars for holocausts or whole burnt-offerings in the temple of our Jerusalem'—a text which shows the exalted idea that the church entertained of the charity that had the orphan for its object." The singular statute is mentioned which was afterwards inserted in canon law "*forbidding a bishop to keep a large dog, lest the poor be frightened thereat and driven from his door.*" The progress of the establishment of orphan asylums is rapidly traced, and the check given to it by the Reformation and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property in England and Germany is explained. "The fruit of benevolence that springs from the seed of Protestantism" is, in certain cases, briefly and impartially reviewed. The admirably-conducted and munificently-supported charitable institutions of Holland are praised as they deserve. The writer of these lines, who has visited the Catholic male and female orphan asylums of Amsterdam, is glad to bear testimony to the fact that they effectually carry out in practice one of the recommendations given in the introduction of this book—viz., the ap-

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prenticing of orphans and giving them a home while they are serving their time. A list is given of one hundred different orders or congregations organized for the work of charity to the poor, the sick, the orphan, and the foundling; and brief, interesting descriptive statistics are given, in this and in the last chapter, of the work they have done and still do.

We allow ourselves to point out a slight oversight on the part of the writer of this very interesting work. He uses the word "orphanage" in the sense of a habitation for orphans. It means "the state of being an orphan." There is in English no single word (if we except "orphanotrophy") which is equivalent to the French word *orphelinat*.

The book is got up in good, clear type, and fair style, the only omission being that the name of the particular diocese treated of is not at the head of each page, where it would have been useful for reference.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET'S SCEPTICISM;
THE CURSING PSALM (cix. of King James' Version);
A LETTER TO REV. S. DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D., in answer to his Essay against the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel. By Kentish Bache. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1886.

These three pamphlets are recent re-issues, having been first published about fourteen years ago. The first two are very brief, and it is enough to say that they are clever and acute. The third one is larger and of more importance. We can endorse the numerous laudatory notices it has received from respectable English periodicals. It is, in fact, learned, while very direct and incisive in its style, and quite satisfactory.

Dr. Davidson's criticisms are indeed so unfair, and even trivial—worthy in this respect to have proceeded from Renan—that they are not deserving of refutation. There are extrinsic reasons, however, for taking the trouble of refuting them, which Mr. Bache has done remarkably well. His work is a little masterpiece of its kind.

AMONG THE FAIRIES. A Story for Children. By the author of *Alice Leighton*. A new edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Notwithstanding the Mr. Gradgrinds with their cries of "Facts! Facts! Facts!" it is well that Fairyland is not allowed to become a thing of the past. A child's mind has need of playthings. It would be as cruel to sweep away the fairies as to break all the dolls and toys. In the little book before us the fairies are brought upon the scene through the medium of a child's dream. It is a dream so full of delightful adventures among all kinds of good-natured fairies that it must needs be pleasing to every fanciful child.

SKETCHES OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. By Michael Brophy, ex-Sergeant R. I. C. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Together with considerable information—though given in a somewhat desultory fashion—concerning the formation, work, and methods of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a number of more or less amusing anecdotes and incidents are strung together illustrative of life in the *force*, and depicting the eccentricities of its odd fish. Though the book is put together in a rather haphazard manner, it succeeds in bringing before the mind quite a vivid picture of a constabulary which, in the author's words, "has been, since its first embodiment in the year 1823, made up of a more curiously checkered and miscellaneous class of men than any other police force in the empire, or perhaps in Europe."

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THE

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THE TRUE MAN OF THE TIMES.

THE dominant trait of the man of the times should be attachment to the truth as it is universal. One is attached to the truth by personal conviction because he is an honest man, and because, however it may be reached, there is no religion without personal conviction; and he is attached to it as a race-heritage by tradition: these should hold their place. But the dominant trait of our minds as men of the age should be attachment to universal truth as children of God. Guileless minds embrace universal truth when fairly presented and seen. Catholic means universal. We must not stop short of the universal if we would meet the needs of the times. The grounds upon which live men act, and the motives of their belief, should be such as are applicable to all mankind; otherwise we shall be unable to appreciate or to display the unity of the truth. If there is any defect in the universality of our views our catholicity will not be organic and our unity will be defective; nor can our convictions be imparted outside of a range narrowed by personal, national, or race characteristics. This is the spirit of sectarianism. This is the special fault of Protestantism. None of its varieties has had room for all. Its converts must embrace not only a peculiar doctrine but a peculiar civilization. This malady is constitutional in Protestantism, but Catholics may catch the contagion, at least to some extent. Beware of acting as if the controversy were not purely one of truth against error, but of man against man or race against race. We ought not to confuse the defects or excesses of a race with

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the errors of a sect. If race-traits have intensified religious errors, the cure is not to substitute the traits of another race; the cure of errors which are racial is the application of truths which are universal. Christianity is neither Celtic nor Saxon, if either race seeks to monopolize it; it is both Celtic and Saxon, if both races are willing to be catholicized by it; it is above both races and all races. There can be no doubt that every race of men has a weakness which favors some kind of untruth in religion. But it is equally certain that man, as he is always and everywhere, is made for the truth; if it is presented as it is universal he will develop sooner or later those laws of his reason which attract him to it. For three centuries and more the contraries in religion have been universals against locals, universals against nationals, universals against personals.

Many a man has all his life borne the name of Catholic with just pride whose mind is but now enlarged to appreciate its true significance. This is owing to the surroundings in which he has been placed. Circumstances have brought into prominence the necessity of Catholics emphasizing the universality of the truth which they hold. Nor will this aspect of it weaken personal conviction or the sacredness of race-inheritance. It enhances the value of both. As an influence on the individual the universality of the truth has an essential office in intensifying personal convictions. Right reason, indeed, constrains man to a sincere conviction; but if I know that what I thus believe is approved by human reason, when rightly directed, the world over, it strengthens me. As to my neighbor who is in error, the realizing sense that truth is a universal heritage afflicts my conscience. If I am devoted to the spread of truth I am driven, according to my place and station, to undertake its diffusion and to display its note of Catholicity to others.

What is religion, if it be not Catholic? At best racial or national—Teutonic or Latin, Celtic or Saxon. Or it is less than national, as is now the case with Protestantism: it holds but the fragment of a nation or a caste in a race—as does Methodism or Episcopalianism—till, by the wasting action of time and man's reason, it becomes an affair of little corners of a people, a distinct sect for each neighborhood, finally an affair of individuals of weakened convictions, ending in hesitation, doubt, and general scepticism.

Amidst such surroundings how plain is our policy—a policy, too, forced upon us by the character of divine truth and human reason! It is our duty to say: What! will you affirm one Lord

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and Father of all, and make his religion not one but sectarian? Will you declare all men brethren and deny them a common faith?

A man is a fanatic or is feeble-minded who is content with any opinion in the natural order of truth which is not buttressed by the common convictions of mankind, or who can complacently adhere to a view of revealed religion which lacks the approval of divine, organic, historic Christianity.

We can learn a lesson from the martyrs. Doubtless they were supported by personal conviction—never men more so; such of them as were Jews, also, by a traditional faith founded on a revelation peculiar to their race. But they were primarily witnesses of a truth that was universal. The special mission of St. Paul, and the vision of St. Peter and his message to Cornelius, prove this, and so does the whole history of the apostles and martyrs. Furthermore, what the office of the martyr was in the eyes of the heathen, that was his office by appointment of Providence. And to the heathen world the martyr was primarily a witness of a Mediator and Saviour of all humankind. Little do we appreciate that if universal truth—our dearest birthright—had not been witnessed to by men superior to flesh and blood, nationalism and race, perhaps we should not now have it either as a personal conviction or as a traditional belief of our kindred. Christian truth has come to us sealed in blood, a charter of universal liberty, adorned with the palm-branch of victory. But whose victory? Not the martyr's alone, but his and ours and all men's who love the universal truth. Do we appreciate how much the world owes to such heroic witnesses as Lawrence, Agatha, and Ignatius? The martyr was the expression of an elevated type of universal manhood.

Of all ages of the world this transitional age is most unsuitable for men who are sectarian in their religious views or convictions. God's way now is to break down barriers between races and individuals. Not only men but nations are being born again; they are migrating from their ancient seats and filling the vacant continents, or migrating into each other and mingling together. Providence has chosen America as the most conspicuous theatre of these transformations. More Germans have landed in America in the last five years than sufficed to conquer Italy fourteen hundred years ago. More Celts have settled among us in a single year than sufficed to sack Rome. And there is little friction in this movement; there is no thought of subjugation on the one hand or resistance on the other. The foundations of the deep

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are breaking up without destructive convulsions. Humanity is providentially readjusting its relationships all around. Millions of men are denationalizing themselves every decade; not outcasts either, or the scum, or men of effete nationalities, but the best specimens of the noblest races on earth. The emigrants, taken as a body, are bringing away from Europe more of true manhood than they leave behind. The continents of the New World and the islands of the Pacific are receiving the fairest and mightiest children of the dominant races of the earth. God has made it a virtue for multitudes of men to leave home; and not in driblets of families or to form patches of settlements, not in creeping caravans, but swiftly by those newest instruments of divine Providence, steam and electricity, and in half-millions a year. In a single year over seven hundred thousand men and women of Europe settled in the United States, changing their form of government, their homes and neighborhoods, most of them learning new tongues and from Europeans becoming Americans. So that when you talk of divine truth nowadays, expect that men will square your theories with the spiritual aspirations of all mankind. The universal race of man, and not a particular national family, is now in the thoughts of men who set out to solve the problems of the soul. And, more, God is preparing the human race by the inspirations of his providence for something above natural and human ideals. If you would be a true man of the times seek after that which makes for divine unity.

Since it is the will of God that human virtue should be tested by the most untried liberty in government and the choice of the whole earth for a dwelling-place, we can but expect that men will demand broad views of religious questions—broader, indeed, than some teachers are ordinarily willing to impart. Divine Providence in the natural order is but the forerunner of his providence in the revealed or Christian dispensation. Any method, therefore, of dealing with God—and that is the meaning of religion—which cannot call itself and prove itself universal has little hope of winning the intelligence of this age of transition. Woe to a religion which can be only personal when men are readjusting the essential relations of all mankind with God! Woe to a religion which bears the marks of a particular race in an age of widening international relations! There are processes now at work among men in which sectarianism will be broken up and destroyed.

The religion which has so much as the name of Catholic has an immense advantage in this era. Why else do the sects

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enviously claim that name and reach so eagerly after organic unity? What, then, shall be the advantage of a religion whose name is not only Catholic, but whose organization is world-wide and yet central; whose doctrines are *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus;* whose worship is familiar to all tribes and nations, and whose unbroken tradition is of God's dealing, not with a petty corner of a kingdom or a little island, but with the human race; whose chief shepherd sends his messengers to speak for God as well to China as to Alaska, to Paris and Dahomey, to New York and Patagonia, and to all mankind? No narrow-minded man can expound the doctrines of such a religion in this epoch; it requires one conscious of universal sympathies, be he pontiff, priest, or layman.

We are persuaded that much of the difficulty between ourselves and non-Catholics is just here: they dread that our religion would exclude personal conviction and—what is a most singular delusion—fasten upon them a "system" adapted only to certain races. All do not perceive, some had rather not perceive, that the universal is alone essential with us. Trained themselves in the narrowness of sectarianism, their tendency is to think that sectarianism is a form necessary to religion. Even the better-disposed, those who admire the virtues of Catholics, who praise their wide-reaching charity, their heroic zeal as missionaries, their self-denial in establishing institutions of education and building splendid churches, attribute these virtues to motives purely human. It is *esprit de corps*, they say, which inspires the missionary with heroism. The obedience, the silence, the self-restraint of the religious is owing to disappointment of worldly hopes, or to the security and peace of a cloister enfolding in its gentle embrace spirits too timid for the rough contact of a rude world. This is the way they talk. They admire the discipline of the church, even submission to authority, and are perhaps eloquent in praise. They seek no deep religious motive, but they affirm that their own race is not amenable to such discipline, and that they are willing to forego the advantages of a perfect organization in order to retain their native liberty.

Now, all this is but attributing to peculiarities of race or to the temporary adaptations of Providence what in the innermost springs is due solely to causes in their nature universal and eternal; in other words, to Christian principles. The same universal truths, held in the very same supernatural state of soul, will make an Englishman or an American a Catholic hero just as well as an Italian or a Frenchman, but by different methods. In the one

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case the heroic results of divine action will be developed by methods which consecrate a high degree of personal liberty to the service of God, and in the other by methods which utilize and sanctify external discipline. Personal liberty and external discipline will, in different races, both minister to the same end; the life-giving principle will follow race-characteristics in choice of methods. What is servility in one is Christian humility in another. One may be a martyr in the free spirit of his native race; another just as noble a martyr in the instinctive obedience peculiar to his people; both are equally witnesses for the same principle. If in your investigations you stop at means and methods you will never understand how the Catholic religion is equally fitted for different races. Means and methods are but adjuncts, however men may be attached to them or however prominent they may appear; the efficient cause of religious traits lies in principles sincerely held, needed universally, and efficacious everywhere. The nearer we approach to God the plainer it becomes that the conventional in Religion is of but little force, and the real power is in the universal natural and supernatural motives of conduct.

Now, if Catholics, in explaining or even in publicly practising their religion, lay too much stress on anything but universal and fundamental principles, they will too often confirm the delusions of honest inquirers. There are many practices which are useful to me in my private devotions. Shall I dwell upon them in an exposition of the Catholic truth? They are but the habiliments of religion, useful to me and others, perhaps in a certain sense necessary; for religion must have its clothing. But religion thus viewed is personal, not universal. If I am not careful I may, by my language and conduct, give a sectarian appearance to a faith which is the universal and eternal truth.

For example, will you say that a priest thrown amidst non-Catholics shall have nothing to bend or straighten out in his particular school of theology, the customs of his order, the religious traditions of his race; nothing in practice or demeanor to change for the love of God? To a class of lookers-on a priest means nothing but Rome and the pope, and Rome and the pope mean nothing but the autocracy of an Italian bishop produced by the accidents of time. To them priest, church, and people are but exponents of mere discipline, uniformity, obedience, and, alas! the substitution of authority for conscience. But, we ask you, intelligent Catholic, what does it all mean to you? Tell your non-Catholic neighbor the difference between form and substance

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in your religion; tell him in what manner he may discover in your priesthood and in yourself the marks of the indwelling Spirit of God and the personal conviction of the universal truth.

It is possible for one to mistake the motives which lie deepest in his own soul. We often notice, for example, that the fervor of conversion clothes the whole of Catholicity with the raiment of that particular doctrine which led the way to the entire truth. Was it the sacramental system which gave the initiative to the Ritualist when he became a Catholic? There is danger of his becoming a ritualistic Catholic—that is to say, unduly emphasizing the external channels of grace. Did a man reason his way in by the argument of historical continuity? Such a convert is inclined to despise the difficulties of Quakers and others whose attrait is towards the guide of the inner light. Was one led on by the spectacle of unity and the majesty of the church's authority? Then you may see a tendency to out-Rome Rome itself, clamoring for the decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals as the exclusive motive of doctrinal certainty, and a manifest impatience with legitimate personal independence. Has another been converted by the need of a sin-destroyer, flying to the church's sacramental aids to escape the deluge of vice? Expect the thunders of the judgment from such a one, the extremest views of divine justice; the Mediator lost in the Judge; the sorrows of Good Friday obscuring the joys of Easter morn. Does the convert come from transcendentalism? The danger is that he will unduly emphasize the natural order of things, and will dream that the only business of the Catholic Church is to antagonize Calvinism. So with the "genuine, original article" of old style, born-and-bred Catholicity; seeking to transplant among us a state of things peculiar to the providential necessities of a different land; endeavoring to make the priest not simply teacher, father, and friend, but boss-teacher, boss-father, boss-friend, perhaps boss-politician.

We have seen a sign set up in vacant lots which, it struck us, might apply to the religious world of this age, and especially this country: "Dump no rubbish here under penalty of the law!" We have reference—meaning no contempt whatever—to worn-out and cast-off race or national religious expedients. They may be consecrated by the tenderest religious memories, and may have brought you nearer to God; to another class of minds they may but serve to impede the action of the Holy Spirit, even to make religion odious, becoming hindrances cumbering the ground. It is the universal truths, the fundamental doctrines, and the uni-

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versal and preceptive practices of the church which cannot be hindrances, which must advance the soul towards union with God, and can only be worn out or cast off by degenerate children of heroic ancestors.

If any man objects to anything in your Catholicity, and you are aware that it is not of the essence of your faith or integral to its fulness, he is entitled to know it. Your idiosyncrasy may be good German Catholicity or sound Irish Catholicity, but your neighbor is entitled to know whether it is Catholicity pure and simple. For an active mind the search is not after religious bric-à-brac. To earnest men whatever old custom is without a present significance is but a memorial of the dead. *Sepeliendum est corpus cum honore.*

Universality is a mark of the divine action, whether natural or supernatural, personal or general. The true church is universal. A guileless soul is one which acts from universal principles; as soon as they are presented it receives them spontaneously. The man who has acted on universal principles of the natural order will instinctively accept universal principles in the supernatural order. The man of this age who is true to his vocation and who lives up to the times will render the universal more explicit and make it more emphatic. All true souls aspire after that religion which embraces in one grasp the whole natural and supernatural truth.

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II.

CONSTANTINE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Emperor Constantine at Constantinople, a few days before his death, A.D. 337, revolves his past life and the failure of his design for the creation of an Imperial Church, or Christian Caliphate. He calls to mind several of the causes which have forced him with his own hand to break up the unity of his Empire: but he suspects also the existence of some higher and hidden cause. His career he declares to be finished; yet he suddenly decrees a new military expedition.

A MISSIVE from the Persian King! Those kings!
Their prayers and flatteries are more rankly base
Than those of humbler flatterers. I'll not read it:
Place it, Euphorbos, on my desk. 'Tis well:
The sea-wind curls its page, but wafts me not
Its perfumed fetor. Leave me.
From the seas,
The streets, the Forum, from the Hippodrome,
From circus, bath, and columned portico,
But chiefly from the base of that huge pillar
Whereon Apollo's statue stood, now mine,
Its eastern-bending head rayed round with gold,—
Say, dost thou grudge thy gift, Helopolis?—
The multitudinous murmur spreads and grows.
Wherefore? Because a life compact of pangs
Boasts now its four-and-sixtieth year, and last.
Give me that year when first I fought with beasts
In Nicomedia's amphitheatre;
Gallerius sent me there in hope to slay me:
Not less he laughed to see that panther die;
Laughed louder when I charged him with the crime.
Give me that year when first my wife—not Fausta—
That year, when launching from the British shore,
I ceased not till my standard, my Labarum,
Waved from the walls of Rome. When Troy had fallen
That brave and pious exile-prince, Æneas,
Presaged the site of Rome: great Romulus
Laid the first stone: Augustus laid the second:
I laid the last: 'twas mine to crown their work:
From her she flung me, and her latest chance:
Eastward I turned.

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Three empires to the ground
I trod. My warrant? Unauthentic they:
Their ruling was misrule. Huge, barbarous hosts
I hurled successive back o'er frozen floods:
Yet these, the labors of my sword, were naught:
The brain it was that labored. I have written
The laws that bind a province in one night:
Such tasks have their revenge. O for a draught
Brimmed from the beaming beaker of my youth
Though all Medea's poisons drugged its wave,
And all the sighs by sad Cocytus heard
O'er-swept its dusky margin! Give me youth!
At times I feel as if this total being
That once o'er-strode the subject world of man,
This body and soul insensibly had shrunk
As shrinks the sculptor's model of wet clay
In sunshine, unobserved by him who shaped it,
Till some chance-comer laughs.
I touch once more dead times: their touch is chill:
My hand is chill, my heart.
I thought and wrought:
No dreamer I. I never fought for fame:
I strove for definite ends; for personal ends;
Ends helpful to mankind. Sacred Religion
I honored not for mysteries occult
Hid 'neath her veil, as Alexandria boasts
Faithful to speculative Greece, its mother;
I honored her because with both her hands
She stamps the broad seal of the Moral Law,
Red with God's Blood, upon the heart of man,
Teaching self-rule through rule of Law, and thus
Rendering the civil rule, the politic rule
A feasible emprise. My Empire made,
At once I sheathed my sword. For fifteen years
I, warrior-bred, maintained the world at peace,
There following, 'gainst my wont, the counsel cleric.
What came thereof? Fret of interior sores,
A realm's heart-sickness and soul weariness,
The schism of classes warring each on each,
And all to ruin tending, spite of cramps
Bound daily round the out-swelling wall. 'Twas vain!
Some Power there was that counter-worked my work
With hand too swift for sight, which, crossing mine,

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Set warp 'gainst woof, and ever with my dawn
Inwove its night. What hand was that I know not:
Perchance it was the Demon's of my House;
Perchance a Hand Divine.
I had two worlds to shape and blend in one,
The Christian and the Pagan, glorious both,
One past her day, one nascent. Thus I mused—
Old pagan Rome vanquished ignobler lands,
Then won them to herself through healing laws:
Thus Christian Rome must vanquish pagan Rome,
The barbarous races next: both victories won,
Thus draw them to her, vanquishing their hearts
Through Law divine. What followed? Pagan Rome
Hates Christian Rome for my sake daily more;
Gnashes her teeth at me. "Who was it," she cries,
"That laid the old Roman Legion prone in dust,
Cancelling that law which freed it from taxation?
Who quelled the honest vices of the host
By laws that maimed all military pride?
Who hurled to the earth the nobles of old race,
And o'er them set his titular nobles new
And courtier prelates freed from tax and toll?
Who ground our merchants as they grind their corn?"
Their charge is false; they know it to be false:
The Roman legion ere my birth was dead:
Those other scandals were in substance old;
My laws were needfullest efforts to abate them.
They failed: when once the vital powers are spent
Best medicines turn to poisons. "God," 'tis writ,
"Made curable the nations." Pagan Rome
Had with a two-edged dagger slain herself:
Who cures the dead? To her own level Rome
By equal laws had raised the conquered nations;
Thus far was well. Ay, but by vices worse
Than theirs, the spawn of sensual sloth and pride,
Below their level Rome had sunk herself.
The hordes she lifted knew it and despised her;
I came too late: the last, sole possible cure
Hastened, I grant, the judgment.
Pagan Rome
Deserved her doom and met it. Christian Rome—
'Twas there my scheme imperial struck its root;
Earliest there too it withered. Christians cold

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Cheat both themselves and others. I to such
Preferred at first the ardent for my friends:
Betimes I learned a lesson. Zealous Christians
Have passion that outsoars imperial heats,
Makes null imperial bribes. To such a man
Earth's total sphere appears a petty spot
Too small for sage ambitions. Hope is his
To mount a heavenly, not an earthly throne,
And mount it treading paths of humbleness.
Such men I honored; such men, soon I found,
Loved not my empire. Christians of their sort,
Though loyal, eyed us with a beamless eye,
Remembering Rome's red hand, remembering too
This, that the barbarous race is foe to Rome
And friendly oft to Christ. To Him they rush
Sudden, like herds that change their haunts at spring,
Taught from above. At Rome the Christians gain
A noble here, a peasant there. Those Christians,
I note them, lean away from empires; mark
Egypt in each or Babel. I from these
Turned to their brethren of the colder mould,
But found them false, though friendly; found besides
That, lacking honor 'mid the authentic Faithful,
Small power was theirs to aid me. Diocletian
Affirmed that Christians, whether true or false,
At best were aliens in his scheme of empire,
At worst were hostile. Oft and loud he sware
That only on the old virtues, old traditions,
The patriot manliness of days gone by,
The fierce and fixed belief in temporal good
And earthly recompense for earthly merit,
Rome's Empire could find base. That Emperor erred
In what he saw not. What he saw was true.
I saw the old Rome was ended. What if I,
Like him, have missed some Truth the Christians see?
Men call the Race Baptized the illuminated.
The Race Baptized: To me it gave small aid!
That sin was doubly fatal. It amerced
My growing empire of that centre firm
Round which a universe might have hung self-poised:
The onward-streaming flood of my resolve
It froze in 'mid career. The cleric counsel
Was evermore for peace. The Barbarous Race

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For that cause lies beyond my hand this day,
Likelier perchance to absorb, more late, my empire
Than be in it absorbed.
I missed my spring: no second chance was given:
I failed; none know it: I have known it long.
What were the lesser causes of that failure?
The sophists and seditious thus reply:
"The Emperor caught the old imperial lusts;
He bound his realm in chains." They lie, and know it:
The People, not their Emperor, forged their chains:
The old nobles had expelled the native poor:
Slaves filled their place; these gladdened in their bondage;
It gave them life inert and vacant mind
Unburdened by the weight of liberty.
Slaves tilled the fields. What followed next? Ere long
Stigma was cast on wholesome Industry.
The slave worked ill; the master sought no more
His wealth from grateful glebe, and honest hand
But tribute-plagued the world. The Italians bought
Exemption from the tax world-wide. What next?
Through the whole Roman world, thus doubly mulct,
The o'er-weighted tax crumbled; brought no return:
Then dropped the strong hands baffled. Slowly, surely
The weed became the inheritor of all:
The tribute withered: offices of state
Were starved: and from the gold crown to her feet
Beneath her golden robe the Empire shrank:
Fair was the face; the rest was skeleton;
Dead breast; miscarrying womb. A hand not mine
Had counterworked my work.
"The slave," they say,
"Finds lot more kindly in a Christian state":
That saying lacks not truth. What followed? This,
That freemen daily valued freedom less;
At least the Pagan freemen slaves within.
Slavery with us was complicate in malice:
From rank to rank half-bondage crept and crept
Yearly more high and bound the class late free,
Their burdens waxing as their incomes waned.
Sorrowing I marked the deadly change; heart-sore
I learned my edicts were in part its cause:
The tribute lost, perforce I had replaced it
With net-work fine of taxes nearer home,

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Small but vexatious imposts. Rose the cry,
"No Roman now can move or hand or foot
Save as some law prescribes." The Citizen
Deserted like the soldier. Streets, like farms,
Became a desolation. Edicts new
Hurled back the fugitive to city or glebe,
Henceforth a serf ascript. In rage of shame
Or seeking humblest peace at vilest cost,
There were that voluntary changed to slaves!
A priest made oath to me, "There's many a man
Sir, in your realm, who gladly, while I speak,
Would doff his human pride and hope immortal,
And run, a careless leveret of the woods,
Contented ne'er to see his Maker's Face
Here or in worlds to come." Death-pale he sware it!
What help? I worked with tools: my best were rotten.
Some Strong One worked against me.
Let me compare my present with my past.
My courtier bishops helped me once: this day
The Spiritual Power hath passed to men their foes.
Of late I made my youngest son a Cæsar:
I craved for him the blessing of God's Church:
I sought it not from prelates of my court:
I cast away from me imperial pride:
I sent an embassage of princes twelve
In long procession o'er the Egyptian sands
To where within his lion-cinctured cave
Sits Anthony the Hermit. Thus he answered:
"Well dost thou, Emperor, in adoring Christ;
Attend. Regard no more the things that pass:
Revere what lasts, God's judgment and thy soul:
Serve God, and help His poor." His words meant this:
"That work thou wouldst complete is unbegun;
Begin it Infant crowned."
Three years of toil
With all earth's fleets and armies in my hand
Raised up this sovereign city. Mountains cleft
Sheer to the sea, and isles now sea-submerged,
Surrendered all their marbles and their pines;
And river-beds dried up yielded their gold
To flame along the roofs of palace halls
And basilics more palatial. Syrian wastes
Gave up their gems; her porphyries Egypt sent;

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Athens and Rome their Phidian shapes eterne:
The Cross stood high o'er all. That work was dream!
That city should have been an Empire's centre:
That Empire had existence, but not life:
The child it was of Rome's decrepitude,
Imbecile as its sire. No youth-tide swelled
Its breast one moment's space, or lit its eye:
Its sins themselves had naught of youth within them.
On Rome the shadow of great times was stayed;
The shadow and the substance here alike
Were absent; and the grandeur of the site
But signalized its lack. To the end Rome nursed
Some rock-flower virtues sown in years of freedom:
Music of Virgil thrilled the Palatine:
Great Arts lived on; great thoughts. Pagan was Rome:
Ay, but the Catacombs were under Rome
With all their Christian dead.
That Rome was mine.
I left it for some future man;—for whom?
Old Sabine Numa can he come again
To list Egeria's whisper, or those priests
White-robed that, throned on Alba Longa's height,
Discoursed of peace to mortals? Romulus?
Augustus? These have left their Rome for ever:
With me they left it. Till some deluge sweeps
Her seven-hilled basis, life is hers no more:
Haply some barbarous race may prove that wave:
Haply, that wave back-driven or re-absorbed
Into some infinite ocean's breast unknown,
From the cleansed soil a stem may yet ascend;
A tree o'er-shade the earth.
That Rome I left:
I willed to raise a city great like Rome,
And yet in spirit Rome's great opposite,
His city, His, the Man she Crucified.
What see I? Masking in the name of Christ
A city like to Rome but worse than Rome;
A Rome with blunted sword and hollow heart,
And brain that came to her at second-hand,
Weak, thin, worn out by one who had it first,
And, having it, abused. I vowed to lift
Religion's loftiest fane and amplest shrine:
My work will prove a Pagan reliquary

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With Christian incrustations froz'n around.
It moulders. To corruption it hath said,
"My sister"; to the wormy grave, "My home."
Not less that city for a thousand years
May keep its mummied mockery of rule
Like forms that sleep 'neath Egypt's Pyramids.
Swathed round in balm and unguent, with blind eyes.
That were of dooms the worst.
My hope it was
That that high mercy of the Christian Law,
Tempering the justice of the Roman Law,
Might make a single Law, and bless the world:
But Law is for the free man, not the slave:
I look abroad o'er all the earth: what see I?
One bondage, and self-willed.
I never sinned
As David sinned—except in blood—in blood:
Was this my sin, that not like him I loved?
Or this, that, sworn to raise o'er all the earth
Christ's realm, I drew not to his Church's font?
The Church's son could ne'er have shaped her course.
Again I mete the present with the past.
Central I sat in council at Nicæa:
In honor next to mine there stood a man—
I never loved that man—with piercing eye
And wingèd foot whene'er he moved; till then
Immovable as statue carved from rock;
That man was Athanasius. Late last year
A second sacred council sat at Tyre:
It lifted Arius from Nicæa's ban:
From Alexandria's Apostolic throne
Her Patriarch, Athanasius, it deposed:
Her priesthood and her people sued his pardon;
He was seditious, and I exiled him:
That was my last of spiritual acts.
Was it well done? Arius since then hath died:
Since then God's Church is cloven.
Since then, since then
My Empire too is cloven, and cloven in five.
No choice remained. I never was the man
To close my eyes against unwelcome truth.
My sons, my nephews, these are each and all
Alike ambitious men and ineffectual:

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Since childhood left them I have loved them not,
And late have learned that they conspire against me.
No zeal parental warps my life's resolve
To leave my Empire one, and only one:
Once more a net is round me. To bequeath
To one among those rivals five that Empire
Were with the sceptre's self to slay that Empire,
To raise the war-cry o'er my funeral feast,
And, ere the snapt wand lay upon my grave,
To utter from that grave my race's doom
And yield the labor of my life a prey
To Vandal and to Goth.
Conviction came:
It comes to all; slowliest to him who knows
That Hope must flee before its face for ever:
It came at first a shadow, not a shape;
It came again, a body iron-handed:
It took me by the hand from plausive hosts;
It took me by the hand from senate halls;
It took me by the hand from basilic shrines;
It dragged me to the peak ice-cold; to depths
Caverned above earth's centre. From that depth
I kenned no star; chanted no "De Profundis."
One night, the revel past, I sat alone
Musing on things to come. In sleep I heard
The billow breaking 'gainst the huge sea-wall,
Then backward dragged, o'erspent. Inly I mused:
"The life of man is Action and Frustration
Alternate. Both exhausted, what remains?
Endurance. Night is near its term. The morn
Will see my last of Acts, a parchment writ,
A parchment signed and sealed." Sudden I heard
Advancing, as from all the ends of earth,
Tramp of huge armies to the city walls:
Then silence fell. Anon my palace courts
Were thronged by warring hosts from every land,
Headed by those disastrous rivals five,
My sons, my nephews. Long that strife rang out;
First in the courts, then nearer shrieks I heard:
Amid the orange-scented colonnades
And inmost alabaster chambers dim;
And all the marble pavements gasped in blood,
And all the combatants at last lay dead:

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Then o'er the dead without and dead within
A woman rode; one hand, far-stretched, sustained
A portent—what I guessed—beneath a veil:
She dropped it at my feet: it was a Head.
She spake: "The deed was thine: take back thine own!
Bid Crispus bind in one thy broken Empire!"
Then fires burst forth as though all earth were flame,
And thunders rolled abroad of falling domes,
And tower, and temple, and a shout o'er all,
"The Goth, the Vandal!" 'Twas not these that roused me;
It was a voice well loved, for years unheard,
"Father, grieve not! That deed was never thine!"
Standing I woke, and in my hand my sword.
This was no vision: 'twas a dream; no more:
Next day at twelve I wrote my testament,
Designed, and partly writ, the year before.
I wrote that testament in my heart's best blood:
That Empire, vaster far than in the old time,
That Empire sundered long, at last by me
Consolidated, and by Christian Law
Lifted to heights that touch on heaven, that Empire
This hand that hour divided into five.
This hand it was which wrote that testament;
This hand which pressed thereon the imperial seal:
Then too I heard those shouting crowds. Poor fools!
They knew not that the labor of my life
Before me stood that hour, a grinning mask
Disfleshed by death. Later they'll swear I blundered:
'Tis false! What man could work to save my Empire
I worked. It willed not to be saved. So be it!
When in the Apostles' Church entombed I lie
Five kinglings shall divide my realm. That act,
Like Diocletian's last, was abdication:
How oft at his I scoffed!
They scoff not less
The ripples of yon glittering sea! they too
Shoot out their lips against me! They recall
That second crisis in my vanished years,
When from this seat, Byzantium then, forth fled
Vanquished Licinius. There, from yonder rock,
Once more I see my fleet steer up full-sailed,
Glassing its standards in the Hellespont,
Triumphant; see the Apostate's navy load

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The Asian shore with wrecks. He too beheld it:
Amazed he fled; and all the East was mine.
It was my Crispus ruled my fleet that hour!
That victory I saw was his, not mine:
His was the heroic strength that awes mankind,
The grace that wins, the majesty that rules them:
No vile competitor had he to fear.
Had he but lived! Well spake my dying sister,
Wedded to that Licinius whom I slew,
"God for thy sins will part from thee thy realm."
I heard that whisper as my city's walls
Ascended, daily. Night by night I heard
The tread of Remus, by his brother slain,
Circling the walls half-raised of Rome.
'Tis past!
My Empire's dead: alone my city lives:
My portion in that city is yon Church
Named of the Apostles: there I built my tomb:
In that alone my foresight stands approved:—
Around it rise twelve kingly cenotaphs
In honor of the Twelve Apostles raised;
These are my guards against the Powers unblest:
Within that circle I shall sleep secure.
Thou Hermit of the Egyptian cave, be still!
Regret I then my life, my birth? Not so!
To seek great ends is worthy of a man:
To mourn that one more life has failed, unworthy.
But be ye still, O mocking throngs far off!
Be still, sweet song and adulating hymn!—
What scroll is that wind-curled? Ha! Persia's missive!

I ever scorned that Persia! I reject
Her mendicant hand, stretched from her bed of roses;
She that of Cyrus made of old her boast,
That tamed the steed, and spake the truth; even now
The one sole possible rival of my Rome;
One from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf,
The Tigris to the Ganges; she that raised
In part that Empire I designed but wrought not,
An Empire throned o'er trampled idol bones,
An Empire based on God and on his law,
A mighty line of kings hereditary,
Each "the Great King," sole lord of half the world,

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And, raising, proved my work was feasible!
This day she whines and fawns; one day she dragged
A Roman Emperor through her realm in chains,
By name Valerian. Roman none forgives her!
Dotard at last, she wastes her crazy wits
On mystic lore and Manichean dreams:
I'll send no answer; yet I'll read her missive.

"The Great King thus to Constantine of Rome:
Galerius stole from Persia, while she slept,
Five provinces Caucasian. Yield them back.
If not, we launch our armies on thy coasts
And drag thee chained o'er that rough road and long
Trod by Valerian." Let me read once more:
Writ by his hand, and by his sigil sealed!
So be it! My boyhood's vision stands fulfilled!
Great Alexander's vow accomplished:—Earth
From Ganges' mouths to Calpé's Rock one realm!
Insolent boy! Well knows he I am old:
I was: I am not: youth is mine once more:
To-morrow in my army's van I ride.
Euphorbos! Sleep'st thou? Send me heralds forth!
Summon my captains! Bid these mummers cease!—
The error of my life lies plain before me,
That fifteen years of peace.

NOTE.—The next day Constantine set out on his Persian expedition; he fell sick at Hellenopolis, a city erected by him in honor of his mother, the Empress Helena. He demanded Baptism, and died soon after he had received it.

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IS THE NEGRO PROBLEM BECOMING LOCAL?

An affirmative answer is ventured upon. And the reasons for it will be given in this paper. Of course, in the eyes of the negro himself, the question of his race is not in any wise restricted. In his newspapers, books, and pamphlets, in the pulpit and the rostrum, before judges and magistrates, he struggles for many wants, real and imaginary. Seven millions in numbers, the negroes are determined to make their presence felt. The latest turn is a proposal to organize themselves into a National League. Like the great Irish scheme, it will have a different aim. As for the whites, however, a local question is the negro problem, chiefly affecting the South: not, indeed, all of the former slave States, but only the ones lying between the Potomac and the Gulf.

The States in question are Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Of all the blacks of the Union two-thirds live in these States; man for man are they to-day with the whites.

"Leaving out of consideration the population of the mountain regions —the slopes of the Appalachian range—we may safely say that in every house (including, of course, the curtilage) and on every plantation in eight States there is one colored person living side by side with each white person: master and servant, mistress and maid, child and nurse, employer and employee, in the shop, on the farm, wherever capital and labor or oversight and service meet. From the cradle to the grave the white life and the black touch each other every hour" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 116).

From the census of 1880 two facts are plain. On the one hand the whites are gradually moving from, and on the other the negroes are as steadily and surely moving into, these same States, now known as the "Black Belt." Two great streams of domestic migration are continually carrying in their courses the white inhabitants of the Northern and Eastern States, as also those of the eight States under consideration. These streams are divergent —one, going to the West, throws off a branch to the Southwest; while the other, starting from the "Black Belt," sends its main stream of whites to the Southwest and the branch to the West. Independently of these there is another, a black stream, whose waters are ever bearing the dark-hued children of the tropics southward where the hot sun makes life more attractive and where companionship is more genial.

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Before the year 1900—within fifteen years, that is—it is likely that there will be a chain of States, from the Potomac to the delta of the Mississippi, in every one of which the blacks will outnumber the whites, and in some will even double them. "Where are the boys that have finished school?" lately asked a Southern bishop of the principal of his cathedral school. "Gone away," was the answer, terse and pointed. The lads could do better in the West and North, and left their homes, where the negro problem faced them, to put themselves in a more genial competition in the race of life. Like reasons will lead the blacks to change. In the other States the negro is in a hopeless minority: out of thirty-odd millions numbering not two millions, of which over three-fourths are living in the other six old slave States—Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and Tennessee; the remainder, about half a million, are scattered throughout the rest of the country. For a long time it was thought that trade and commerce and Northern capital would tend to act as a lever in the South for the balancing of the races; but they have left the whites and the blacks decidedly unbalanced, and have proven a poor lever. European emigration was also going to the South, and would crowd the negro out. The wish was father to the thought; but, alas! the sunny land threw back too dark a reflection for the emigrants, who in seeking a colder climate found also fairer surroundings. In fact, since emancipation there has been a falling off of white immigrants. In 1880 there were 28,976 less foreign-born persons in these eight States than in 1860. And all competent judges of the writer's acquaintance will bear this out.

The colonization which is so strongly advocated by Professor Gilliam in both the *Popular Science Monthly* (1883) and *North American Review* (1884) seems to be under way. "For their common good let them be separated, and the African turn or be turned to Africa," are his concluding words to the second article. The African is turning, and is also being turned; but the Africa is at home. He will not cross the Atlantic, whose western waves now wash the new Africa's coast. In the North, New Ireland is spoken of; in the South, New Africa will be its rival. Henry Clay's scheme—and, if we are not mistaken, Gen. Sherman's idea also—will, after all, be realized, with the addition of citizenship and the franchise, with also a difference of locality. A handful of States, if the portents are true, are going to be swallowed up by the negroes; and the rest of the country will mind its business. "This is a white man's country and a white man's government, and the white race will never allow a section of it to be

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Africanized" ("The African Problem," *North American Review*, November, 1884). This simply provokes a smile. As long as the blacks behave themselves nobody will bother them.

To-day the whites are steadily making room for the dark-skinned; to-morrow and the next day they will do the same. Both races only seek more congenial fields. There need be no collision, and if fanatics do not sway the blacks there will be none. There is plenty of room in the North and West for the whites; plenty in the South for the blacks. The natives will find it hard to give up their homes and leave their sunny land; but other people have done so, leaving behind them as beautiful lands as the South. In bringing about these "black republics" climate will have a big share:

"The African, on climatic grounds, finds in the southern country a more congenial home. In many districts there, and these by far the most fertile, the white man is unable to take the field and have health. It is otherwise with the African, who, the child of the sun, gathers strength and multiplies in these low, hot, feverish regions" (*Popular Science Monthly*, February 18, 1883).

Besides, the best cultivators of the great Southern staples are the colored race:

"For the agricultural labor of the South it is impossible to provide any substitute for the African. It is his field; he holds it far beyond all competition, and whosoever seeks to invade it must adopt not only his methods but come down to his level also. The same is true in a less exclusive sense of mechanical laborers at the South. Little by little all of the plain mechanical labor of the South is centring in the hands of the colored people. Long before the abolition of slavery it was found profitable to teach certain trades to slaves. Blacksmiths and carpenters, house-painters and, in some instances, wagon-makers, were to be found among the slaves. Almost every plantation had its rude blacksmith-shop, and a slave presided at the forge and anvil. Some masters paid large sums to have their slaves taught the trade of the carpenter, so far as building could be taught without the knowledge of reading and writing and the laws of mechanics. These men have not been slow to seize upon their opportunities" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 163).

Last year, in the building of St. Joseph's (colored) Church, Richmond, all of the laborers were colored; of eight bricklayers, five were colored; two of the three carpenters were of the sable race, and none but a black hand spread even a trowel of plaster.

The negro question, then, territorially at least, is being narrowed down to small limits. As far as the problem's circumference goes, a few States monopolize it. Is this the state of the question in all its phases, political, educational, social? A little reflection will show that it is. Questions like the labor question,

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prohibition, and socialism agitate the whole country. If it were possible to transfer all the workmen, grog-shops, and socialists to any eight States grouped together, no agitation would disturb the others. Now, from one cause or other, the colored race are settling down in a well-defined locality. There also will they settle their problems. The work entitled *An Appeal to Cæsar* is simply a protest against ignoring this result. In his last chapter the author cries out in a wail of despair:

"Will Cæsar hear? Will the public—the myriad-minded Cæsar—hear? Will any one of influence—the individual Cæsar—hear? The President, the Senate, a national political convention, and the press, one and all at different times this writer addressed in order to catch Cæsar's ear. And Cæsar heard not. Take up any book or pamphlet or article on this question; it is all about the South and the negro, or *vice versa*: the North is invoked as a mighty Cæsar, but the South is the Egypt where the new Antony must be met."*

For us Catholics it has received, we may say, a final decision in the decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore which left the negro's salvation and Christian education specially to the synods of the provinces in which the blacks for the most part live. There are but two such provinces—Baltimore and New Orleans. A handful of sees with slim Catholic populations are affected.

The question once localized, the next step is to understand it fully. A clear result of this localization will be negro rule; not, indeed, such as was seen some fifteen years ago, but one with growth and experience stamped upon it. To-day writers like Professor Gilliam (*North American Review*) and Mr. Grady, of Atlanta (*Century*), cry out: White men must rule! They are simply giving the blacks a watchword: The negro must rule. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. A great deal of gerrymandering is done now to keep the colored people out of positions which, numerically, they would hold. I speak not of their fitness, but of their numbers. Will the negroes, when their turn comes, forget this? They may forget it, for, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the oppressed who forgives, not the oppressor. Man never forgives him whom he has wronged, although he will forgive his wrong-doer. The negro may forgive and forget. And he may not. It is now too late to speak of disenfranchising him. He is a citizen, and will stay one.

With this outlook before the race the negro's warmest friends see only evil and danger if he remain as now. The fears and forebodings of friend and foe alike are a dire arraignment and

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condemnation of sectarianism, which is stronger and more life-like in the South than elsewhere in the United States. In seven of these "black republics" Protestantism has its happy hunting-grounds, while the Catholic Church has a bare foothold. For two and one-half centuries the Reformation has had the colored race under its thumb; and the result is that the very thought of its black *protégés* controlling a few States sends a nightmare of horror, not throughout the land, but in the South, among the very Protestants who made them, mentally and morally, what they are.

The loudest among the prophets of evil thus writes:

"One hesitates to address to any one professing a belief in the doctrines of Christianity anything like a specific argument or appeal in favor of any measure the sole object and purpose of which is the general betterment of humanity. It would seem that one who claimed in any degree to be controlled by the command, 'Do good to all men,' must feel as if an injunction were laid upon him actively and earnestly to promote such a measure as we have discussed (national aid to education). . . . Taken in connection with that mysterious providence which made the greed of man the instrumentality for bringing the colored race to these shores, which appointed for the lot of the negro Christian stripes and tears and woe, but kept for ever green in his heart the faith in that 'year of jubilee' which should bring him deliverance, it would seem that every believer must regard this measure as an opportunity to offer the sacrifice of good works in extenuation of the evil wrought before by those who bore the Christian name and with the sanction of Christian churches" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 402).

—that is, Protestant churches. For the Roman Catholic always condemned the slave-trade, and never was strong in the South.

A diagnosis of the outcome which the "black republics" will offer is beyond the writer's scope and, very likely, power. The popular magazines now and then furnish the views of men who make, or pretend to make, the negro a study. There is smattering enough. It is very sad to notice in these effusions the ignoring of religious influence. Effects, good, bad, and indifferent, are given, and reasons are laid down for them; but, barring some sentimental twang, the divine and eternal standpoint is ignored. "Leave them alone; they are blind," the Master said of such teachers.

Of the remedies education is held up as the chief. It is the Lux, Lex, Dux, Rex of *An Appeal to Cæsar*. Of course it is the popular or common-school education that is all this. The curse which this so-called education is bringing upon white children will be fourfold worse upon the colored, whose morality an Episcopal bishop has called a shame. And particularly so in those

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schools where both sexes attend. Two facts that have come under my notice will serve to illustrate this. At a public meeting held in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, some years ago, the president of one of these "mixed" places of study declared his conviction in the utter depravity of the negro. Fancy the tendency of such a man's care! When once visiting a mixed school of higher grade, I saw a young woman, one of the pupils, about twenty-five or so, with her head and shoulder on the breast of a young man, apparently older and a pupil also. There was one book between them, which the girl was holding open. Neither the woman teacher (colored), nor the large class of both sexes, nor the pair themselves gave any sign of feeling the impropriety of the *mise-en-scène*. And this was a State Normal School; that pair will be teachers in the schools to establish and support which national aid is sought. This is laying the paint on with the trowel, we admit; *qui potest capere, capiat.*

Notwithstanding, it is pretty sure that some scheme of national education will be enacted before long. Sooner or later the "Blair Education Bill," or one like it, will be saddled upon the country. Then the mind will be enlightened in some sections; but the heart?

The principle underlying the demand that the whole country make itself responsible for the education of the negro has been recognized by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In leaving the work of converting the blacks to the ecclesiastical provinces the council localized the responsibility of management; but, by ordering a collection in every church of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it determined the duty of support to be of the whole country. It orders a yearly collection, on the first Sunday of Lent, in every diocese of the United States. In those dioceses where the Association for the Propagation of the Faith exists the whole collection will go to the negro and Indian missions; in the others, one-half only for those missions, and the other half to the Association. The sums for the home work will be given to a commission, composed of the Archbishop of Baltimore and two bishops of sees not affected by the negro problem or the Indian. Once more, the council draws the spiritual "Mason and Dixon's line." Rightly does the council re-echo the whole country's cry. From outside must come the sinews of war in order to educate the negro. He needs, not a partial education, but a Christian education, to receive which both teachers and schools are needed.

Of all teachers the most vitally necessary are priests who will

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"consecrate their thoughts, their time, and themselves wholly and entirely to the service of the colored people" (II. Conc. Balt.) It is simply impossible for the Southern clergy to do this work. The late Plenary Council, while gratefully expressing its thanks for what was done in the past, commands bishops interested to get priests "whose sole duty will be to preach God's Word to those members of Christ's flock, teach their children the principles of faith, and fulfil in their regard the work of apostles" (III. Conc. Balt., No. 238).

A seminary is the first step towards a large body of priests. At present the few exclusively devoted to the negro mission come from England. True, all of them, save one or two, are of other races; still the work was conceived by an English mind and is executed under English direction. The great American church, said a bishop to the writer, ought to be able to do its own work. Moreover, Europeans anxious to be missionaries long for the East. No halo adorns the brow nor glory the path of him who turns his steps to the American blacks. It is not seldom for the negro missionary to find people looking askance at him, and now and then see the index-finger knowingly touch the forehead; but this narrow-mindedness is passing away.

For eight years has this seminary been talked of; it seemed two years ago that it would then be started. At that time the Sulpitian Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, had, in the spirit of the saintly Olier, consented to the zealous desire of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who wished the students of the proposed seminary to attend the lectures at St. Mary's. Just as is done in Rome, Louvain, and other places, the aspirants for the negro missions would go to the grand seminary at the lecture-hours, returning home for studies, special training for their work, and lodging. Besides the decided advantage of the thorough training, friendships would be formed which in the end would greatly help the black mustard-seed. At present the priests of this work are strangers; in the proposed plan they would grow up with the other clergy.

Next come the religious communities devoted to teaching. It is very much to be regretted that no brother of any teaching order is imparting even the rudiments to any black child. Individual brothers are anxious for the work; and the writer has been told that, some years ago, a band of Christian Brothers asked their superiors to send them among the negroes. The complaint, so common nowadays, of the loss of boys after reaching the fourteenth or fifteenth year, is most sadly true of colored boys. God

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help such boys! Their future is blacker than the stain nature gave them. Three white sisterhoods, all Franciscans, are devoted to the colored work. Again, no matter to what races the sisters belong, the communities all hail from England. It is certainly enough to make us all bow down our heads in shame. Both the priests and the sisters on the negro missions have one very great claim on all the clergy: to keep them supplied with subjects. Other religious bodies of men and women serve the ordinary parishes and can get subjects; not so those in charge of the blacks: they must depend on the charity of the clergy, to whom the wretched state of the colored people appeals.

There are quite a number of colored schools attached to the parochial schools, in charge of some seven or eight religious orders. The dioceses of Natchez, St. Augustine, and Savannah have a number of such schools. The system has the advantage of having both schools under the same management—a great boon for the colored people, whose tender spot is thus left intact. Another advantage is the certainty of keeping up a good supply of teachers. The chief drawback is the danger that such schools will be always at a discount—the fag-end of all work. May they grow larger and larger until separate communities are needed!

Lastly, there is no reason why, with the annual collection to help on the work, lay teachers cannot open schools in many places. The local clergy and the examiners of schools ordered by the last council may be able to look after these schools, or, if unable to do so, priests belonging to the negro missions would, I am sure, be placed at the disposal of the bishops for this purpose. After school-hours the parents and friends of the children could be gathered and taught the faith, just as the Protestants have done with the schools built by the "Freedmen's Bureau." Behold an almost unopened field! Over one million colored children go to no school; and this number, instead of lessening, is going up at an alarming rate yearly. Hundreds of Catholic teachers should be thus employed. What sort of schools should we have? Every sort. The only rule is: Whatever Protestants do, Catholics must also do better. The church ought to lead.

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THE COSMOGONY AND ITS CRITICS.

"DID he talk a long string of learning," asks Mr. Flamborough of Dr. Primrose when the latter has described his disastrous deal with Ephraim Jenkinson, "about Greek and the cosmogony of the world?" To this, says Goldsmith's immortal *Vicar*, "I replied with a groan"; and it is quite possible that that groan may be re-echoed by more than one of our subscribers when they read the heading of the present article. There have been so many conflicting interpretations of the Scriptural account put forward, not indeed by Catholic writers, but by men conversant with the sacred text and confessing the inspiration of Holy Scripture; there have been so many theories first devised, then accepted, and ultimately rejected by the representatives of science as to the genesis of the material world; there have been so many reconciliations between science and inspiration, so many repudiations of the reconciliations, and so many refutations of those repudiations, that the only result of attempting to follow such a discussion is for the most part to superinduce a kind of vertigo, and to make the reader inclined to agree with the sentiment of the above-mentioned Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson, "that the world is in its dotage." Nevertheless, reluctant as one may be to enter upon a grave discussion of a topic with regard to which probably nine-tenths of magazine-readers know little, yet these are not the days in which it is possible for any one safely to remain indifferent to that which affects the whole atmosphere of society, or complacently to close his ears when an opportunity is afforded of knowing what objections are urged against our holy faith by those competent to expound them in a clear and intelligible fashion. When, therefore, the president of the Royal Society of England—a man not only at the head of his special branch of knowledge, but practised in literary production, and especially in that most rare and difficult art of rendering the depths of science clear to the unlearned reader—comes forward in the pages of a popular magazine to enunciate the objections raised by the science of to-day to the account of the creation given by Moses more than three thousand years ago, to formulate, in fact, the non-credo of zoölogy and to give his reasons for considering the account of Genesis to be, as he frankly confesses, "a myth," it is well to take the opportunity of listening to the master, that we may not hereafter be deceived or en-

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snared through any false issues raised by less capable exponents. The original occasion which gave rise to the discussion was one of no slight importance, and itself marks another rise in the ever-advancing flood of revolutionary thought.

Some months ago Dr. Réville, a distinguished member of the French Academy, took the first step towards the foundation of that experimental religion which, in the view of some theorists, is destined to succeed our exploded Christianity, by publishing a work intended as a preface to the history of religions, wherein he set forth his ideas with regard to the improbability of any divine revelation having been vouchsafed to primitive man. In the course of this work he not only impugned the veracity of the statements relating to the cosmogony in Genesis, as might have been expected from such a source, but he went on to make remarks upon the probable solar origin of certain myths contained in Homer. Now, it happened, in the perpetual see-saw of British politics, that the publication of the book took place while Lord Salisbury was enjoying his present lease of power, and Mr. Gladstone, therefore, was left to the three great pursuits of his leisure hours—yachting, Homer, and theology. Had Genesis alone been attacked it is possible that the attraction would not have been sufficient; but when the domain of Homer was invaded also the well-worn axe leaped forth as fresh as ever, and Mr. Gladstone plied it vigorously in both directions. Thereupon, as the hydra of old when bereft of one head immediately developed two in its place, so here the president of the Royal Society in London and the ex-professor of Sanskrit at Oxford rose up to join issue with the ex-premier. Then Mr. Gladstone replied to Professor Huxley, and both the latter and Dr. Réville replied to Mr. Gladstone, while a fifth writer in a very able article challenged generally the theories of Professor Max Müller.

We shall not attempt in a few pages to lay down the law upon the exact meaning of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, nor the precise rendering of the Hebrew text, nor of the Septuagint, nor of the Vulgate, nor of the Benedictine translation, nor that of King James or of the Revisers, nor upon the proper method of exegesis, nor upon the accuracy of the theory of evolution, nor upon any one of the innumerable points arising out of the discussion, but shall confine ourselves to the humbler yet not wholly useless task of recording the incidents of this grand tournament with the heroes of scientific lore, interposing every now and then a few criticisms of our own as to the fashion in which the combatants conduct themselves.

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One promise, at all events, may be made pretty safely: that is, that one who follows the discussion will not find it infected with the cardinal sin of dulness. Since the days when the men of Christchurch wrote, as Lord Macaulay expresses it, the best work that ever was written by any one upon the wrong side of a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant, a livelier controversy never spoiled paper than that which has lately been raging in the English periodical press. In so rare a conjunction of intellects of the highest order as is furnished by the series of articles to which we allude, it is natural to expect not only that the characteristic view of each contributor to the discussion will be set out with special accuracy and distinctness, but also that a certain smoothness and literary ease will pervade every movement; and this expectation is by no means unfulfilled. Nothing can show more clearly the change which has come over the aspect of controversial discussion—or at least of controversial discussion of this particular kind as conducted in England—than the tone and address of the writers towards each other. There is a total and most happy absence of acrimony and of imputation; and if one combatant insinuate that another is an ignoramus or fool of the first water, the language is so polished and delicate as to assume rather the form of compliment. Every one seems to be enjoying himself at a hearty game of football; and they trip each other up and knock each other down with perfect courtesy and goodwill. Thus, when Mr. Gladstone observes that "the Mosaic writer," as he oddly calls Moses, had in view moral rather than physical instruction, and was consequently more attentive to the general summary than to particular details—that, in short, his account was intended rather as a sermon than a lecture—Mr. Huxley gaily retorts that evidently the differentia between a lecture and a sermon, in Mr. Gladstone's mind, is that the former must be accurate in its facts, while the latter need not be so; and doubts whether the clergy will be complimented by the distinction. Again, when Mr. Huxley has spent several pages in demolishing Mr. Gladstone's scientific averments, the latter thanks his opponent for his corrections with a smile, and wonders at the small amount he has found to correct. Equally if not more remarkable is the frankness with which Mr. Huxley confesses to the narrow limits of his ascertained domain and the constant revolutions that occur therein. He admits without disguise that the limits of certainty in his branch of knowledge are so narrow as to render the contents almost imperceptible, and quietly classes "the Ptolemaic astronomy and the cataclysmic

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geology of his youth" under the head of science, without for a moment perceiving, apparently, that he thereby pays precisely the same left-handed compliment to its professors as he considers Mr. Gladstone to have paid to preachers of theology. Yet even he would seem scarcely to understand the universal applicability of his remark to all knowledge acquired by man; for—possibly because he has not adopted numbers as his particular study—he makes mathematics an exception to the general rule that if only that of which we are absolutely certain is to be taken as knowledge, its limits are so narrow as almost to disappear. Mathematics, indeed! Mathematics quotha! Ask a modern mathematician to give up his quaternions or his infinitesimals, and see what he will say to you. As well might you expect a stock-broker to give up his telephone or an astronomer his spectroscope. And yet what is the meaning of a quaternion? It is the symbol of an impossible process. What is the basis of infinitesimal calculus? The expression of an inconceivable number.

A notable exception to this general prevalence of fairness and courtesy is found in an article written by Mr. Laing in the *Fortnightly Review*, commenting upon the discussion. According to the account given in Genesis, the earth, says Mr. Laing, was first formed out of chaos, light from darkness, the seas from the land, and the whole surrounded by a firmament or crystal vault solid enough to separate the waters above, which cause the rain, from the waters below, and to support the heavenly bodies which revolve around it every twenty-four hours. And then, after informing us that the Mosaic narrative states that the stars were added as things of minor importance—probably as ornaments or to assist the moon in nights when the lunar orb is invisible—he winds up this curious summary by observing that this is the plain, simple, and obvious meaning which the narrative must have conveyed to every one to whom it was addressed at the time, as it did to every one who read it until quite recently. In this brief compass the ingenious writer has contrived to compress excellent specimens of every kind of error into which a transcriber can fall, beginning with the moderately incorrect, and passing through the wholly false to the palpably ridiculous. It is quite incorrect to represent the Mosaic narrative as stating that the earth was formed out of chaos; it is wholly without foundation to say that there is a word about the firmament supporting the heavenly bodies, or about the heavenly bodies themselves revolving in twenty-four hours. It is totally false to speak of it as describing the stars to be of minor impor-

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tance, or mentioning them as ornaments or assistants to the moon when that luminary is out of an evening. And it is a crowning absurdity to state that these wild misreadings have always been accepted, not by the ignorant or prejudiced or thoughtless alone, but by every one who has ever read the Scriptural account.

In one respect, at least, and that of a most important character, our acquiescence with Professor Huxley is complete. Undoubtedly no one, whatever may be his creed and in whatever difficulties he may be thereby involved, is at liberty to reject a single fact once definitely and sufficiently proved, and that for this simple reason: that to doubt the compatibility of truth with truth is to deny the existence of truth altogether. "Above all things, we must take diligent care," says a celebrated Jesuit writer, "in treating of the Mosaic doctrine, to avoid positively and decidedly thinking or affirming anything which may be repugnant to clear experiments and true reasonings in philosophy or other studies. For since truth must be congruous with truth, the truth of the sacred writings cannot conflict with the true reasonings and experiments of human sciences." And what, then, it may be asked, is a believer in Holy Scripture to do when some fact is clearly ascertained to all appearance hopelessly irreconcilable with the facts related in the Pentateuch? Under these circumstances the first thing necessary is to make sure that the difficulty arises from facts which are immutable, and not from theories which change every day; but supposing this to be the case, then

"Via prima salutis
Quod minime reris Graia pandetur ab urbe."

The very first place to turn is to Professor Huxley himself. In an eloquent peroration, not wholly untinged with a somewhat unaccountable passion, he tells us that his idea of morality is summed up in the saying of Micah: "And what hath the Lord required of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" Now, to a plain man the way out of the difficulty would seem to be indicated with sufficient plainness, one would think, in the final clause of the verse just quoted; but this not very recondite solution appears unaccountably to have escaped the observation of the president of the Royal Society. Still, it is something to find on such unexceptionable authority that there is one verse of Scripture which we may still consider as worthy of respect, and that humility is to be regarded as a scientific virtue.

Coming now to the objections raised by Mr. Huxley to the

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Scriptural cosmogony, it is impossible to refrain from observing that several of them appear to be surprisingly puerile and trivial. Who could have expected the president of the Royal Society to fall foul of the time-honored interpretation of period for day, and to speak as though the substitution had been expressly devised to reconcile the cosmogony of Holy Writ with the discoveries of the last fifty years? Why, St. Augustine was familiar with it; St. Peter was familiar with it; King David was familiar with it. To say that it is more reverent to presume that if the Almighty had made any revelation to man he would have done so in language not inconsistent with the phenomena of nature as known to science, has a very pretty sound; but what is there unreasonable or irreverent in conceiving that a revelation made to man should be made in terms which man could understand? Would matters have been improved if the sacred writer had said "a cycle of darkness and a cycle of light, one æon"? Or would the president of the Royal Society, the high-priest of the interpreters of nature, excommunicate from his fellowship any one who should venture to talk of the phenomena of sunset, or of the egress or ingress of Venus in its transit, and declare that it was a mere evasion to say that any one using those terms could claim authority as a scientific teacher? As well might one say that whoever talks of right ascension and declination must seriously suppose the stars to climb and to fall off from the ecliptic, or that when Sir John Herschel in a magnificent passage describes the rocking and changing of the orbits of the planets and their ultimate return after countless ages to their original position, and ends his description with the striking words, "the great bell of eternity will then have tolled one," he was betraying his untrustworthiness as an authority upon astronomy, because all these transcendent operations cannot certainly be completed in the course of an hour.

Moreover, there is another method by which we may easily conceive enormous intervals of time to have elapsed in the earlier periods, while yet only a single return of darkness and light took place in each period. For suppose that the rotation of the earth about its own axis, instead of being constant as at present, attained its present velocity by degrees of acceleration, just as a railway train does not start at full speed; and suppose that the earth received during each "day," or period of creation, a force increasing its velocity ten times—then on the second day the velocity of rotation would be ten times as great as on the first, and consequently the interval between darkness and the next succeeding darkness only one-tenth as long; on the third day the

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velocity would be ten times as great as on the second, and so forth. Conversely, therefore, the velocity of rotation ultimately attained on the seventh day would be ten times as great as on the sixth, and the sixth day itself would be ten times as long as the seventh, the fifth day ten times as long as the sixth and one hundred times as long as the seventh, the fourth day a thousand times, and the first day one million times, as long as the seventh—that is, as the "day" with which we are familiar. In the same way we may observe that if we conceive the axis of rotation to have been originally inclined at a variable angle to the plane of the orbit, all kinds of cosmic phenomena will result which at present require immense intervals of time for their explanation. And this would correspond with the regularity of the seasons mentioned in Scripture as established after the Deluge. Not, indeed, that these suggestions are offered as explanations of the Mosaic narrative, but simply as illustrations that the language of Genesis may be difficult to follow, not from its inaccuracy, but from the truth of its knowledge.

In connection with this point it may be well to note the strictly astronomical manner in which that great primary condition of the exertion of human intelligence, the measurement of time, is here described. For what are the means by which that most difficult problem is effected? By the sun and moon primarily, by the stars secondarily. And how are the sun and moon here described? As animals, as gods, as different species of creatures? Not at all; but as the greater and lesser of the principal lights of heaven relatively to the earth, the motion of which gives to us our measure of time; the stars, as secondary measures, being parenthetically mentioned also, and every part being the handiwork of God. And, again, in what manner are these movements utilized for dividing time to man? The revolution of the earth gives the year, and the rotation of the earth the day, the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit the seasons, and the conjunction of the earth with the sun and moon and stars the signs or epochs from which the measurements are dated. The hour is an artificial division having no basis in celestial mechanism; and if we now read the Mosaic account we shall find the hour to be omitted: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years." Could any astronomer have described to an unlettered audience the measurement of time more clearly or more justly, or could any human being except Professor Huxley be content to class such a summary along with the

Egyptian mythology—that Hermes, playing at counters with the moon, won seventy of her lights and made five days out of them, kept as the birthdays of the gods: that on the first was born Osiris, and that a voice issued forth with him that "the Lord of all was entering into light"; that on the second was born the elder Horus, on the third Typhon, breaking out of his own accord, on the fourth Isis in very wet places, and on the fifth Nephthys or Venus?

Another threadbare platitude of a similar kind, gravely propounded by the "science proctor," is that the word rendered "firmament" by the loose though literary translators of the days of James, but "extentio" by the more accurate St. Thomas and "expanse" by the Revisers, must necessarily mean a solid body, because the waters are said to be divided thereby. If the writer of the Pentateuch did mean to imply that the firmament was solid, one would be glad to know what he intended to convey by stating that fowls fly about in it, unless, indeed, we consider the atmospheric envelope to be a solid, as, with all deference to Mr. Huxley, we are fully prepared to do. But, apart from this latter point, it is evident, first, that the sacred text does *not* say that the waters were divided *by* the firmament, but simply that Almighty God divided the waters that were above the firmament from the waters below it—a very different statement; and, secondly, even supposing such an expression had been used, that would in no way of necessity imply solidity. Has Mr. Huxley never heard—nay, has he never used—the description of the horizon as dividing the sea from the sky, or of the equator as the circle which divides the earth at equal distances from the poles? Or has he not progressed so far in elementary astronomy as to have come across the definition of the first point of Aries, as the point where the ecliptic cuts the plane of the equinoctial? Or will he gravely tell us that navigation, geodesy, and astronomy are all to be regarded as myths because they teach that the ecliptic, the equator, and the horizon are necessarily solid?

Still more surprising is Mr. Huxley's complaint or lament over the impossibility of finding any definite point on which to challenge the believers in Holy Scripture to mortal combat. He seems to look on the race of reconcilers much as an old English squire might regard a fox which skulks from earth to earth instead of breaking covert boldly and giving a good run and a hard death in the open. There must, he says, be some point which cannot be surrendered without giving up the whole. That is true enough, although one might think it no bad test of the truth of the Mosaic account—and one which we should be

curious to apply to those Egyptian and Babylonian cosmogonies accounted by the professor as on the same rank with the Scriptural narrative—that it should be capable of remaining uninjured, while the false interpretations introduced into its exegesis by the ignorance or carelessness of commentators are one by one eliminated; but, however this may be, the point that must not be conceded ought surely to be expressed pretty clearly in the text. Now, the test devised by Mr. Huxley of a *stantis vel cadentis historiæ*—namely, that no new species of any genus came into existence after the first creative act in regard to that genus—is not only unsupported by any statement contained in the narrative, but it is absolutely opposed to certain expressions contained in it. When, for instance, the sacred writer speaks of the herbs yielding seed after their kind, or rather "into their species," is it to be maintained that all the trees, herbs, and fruits suddenly not only grew up but yielded seed for a fresh crop? Surely no one can seriously maintain that that could have been the intention of the writer of the Pentateuch. Far more reasonable does it seem to say that such an expression gives color to the doctrine of evolution, and that the seed of the genus was differentiated into the subsequent variety, "produxerant in species suas," as the Vulgate has it; a translation which exactly gives the force of the Hebrew original, *le-min*.

As to the central idea, which cannot be surrendered without giving up everything in its entirety, who but Professor Huxley ever doubted that the primary and central notion involved in the Mosaic account of the creation is the existence and operation of a Creator—the doctrine that the entire material universe, sun, earth, and stars, light and darkness, seas, plants, animals, and man, were one and all the work of Almighty God? This teaching it is, and not any imported theory as to the supposed limitation of the divine energy to instantaneous action, which supplies the point of resistance somewhat plaintively demanded by Mr. Huxley, which forms the citadel of Christian belief, that cannot be evacuated without total surrender. If zoölogy can show that matter can exist of itself or can create itself of its own mere impulse, it were idle indeed to reconcile one theory of creation or another. Nay, if inanimate matter could of its own mere volition commence to move itself, the Mosaic record would be hard to understand; but then we must give over at the same time the whole teaching of the science of mechanics, which has for its basis the law of inertia. What, then, is the latest reply given by its representative upon this momentous question? It is silence, says the professor, for we have no evidence one way

or the other. If that be the case the problem remains untouched. But before giving up the question let us seek an answer from an authority that Mr. Huxley cannot well repudiate. It happens that in the eighth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there are two articles on the subject of evolution. To the second of these, written by Professor Sully, wherein it is stated that that theory is directly contrary to the doctrine of creation, Mr. Huxley refers Mr. Gladstone for certain information. It is a pity that modesty should have prevented him from referring to the first one also; for with such exquisite simplicity and lucidity is that deep and difficult subject there set out that to peruse it gives one a feeling like looking down into the blue depths of the Lake of Geneva, where the objects lying hundreds of feet below seem close beneath the surface, or as a child who looks into the heavens on a frosty night fancies that if he could but get to the top of a tree he could lay his hand upon the stars. Now, what does "T. H. H." (initials impossible not to identify with those of Thomas H. Huxley) say in this remarkable article? He tells us, first, that everything living may be considered not only as coming from a germ, but from a living germ—or, in his own language, not only *omne vivum ex ovo*, but *omne vivum ex vivo;* and it follows from this that if we admit the eternity of matter we must admit also the eternity of life, for either life must come from that which existed from eternity or it must be itself eternal. We arrive, then, at the admitting of necessity the existence of eternal life which may vivify matter but cannot be subject to it, for it is of itself eternal. Again, as animals grow and increase by the absorption of inanimate objects life must be thereby imparted to those inanimate objects (since the whole organism lives); and this, we conclude, must be effected by a force external to the matter, otherwise the matter would of itself produce life. And as life and matter are conceived to be eternal, this force also must be conceived to have acted from eternity.

Further, he teaches that every living thing is derived from a particle of matter in which no trace exists of the distinctive characteristics of the adult structure, and that the formation of the creature takes place, not by simultaneous accretion of all rudiments nor by sudden metamorphosis of the formative substance, but by successful differentiation of a relatively homogeneous element into the parts and structures which are characteristic of the adult. Since, then, that which devises and creates new forms adapted for particular purposes must evidently be conscious in action and intelligent in purpose, it follows that the eternal force that gives rise to these differentiations must be both conscious and in-

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telligent; that is to say, admitting the hypothesis of evolution, we must admit also the existence of a conscious and intelligent agent acting from all eternity upon matter and producing the variety it assumes; but this agent, it is evident, cannot be the creature itself, for what animal, however highly organized, can adapt its own structure to its environment, or add one cubit to its stature, or develop one fresh organ to aid it in its struggle for existence? Assuming, then, the principles there adopted as the latest theory of science, we are bound to admit that a conscious and intelligent agent, living from all eternity outside of all creation, imparts life at every moment to every living creature, and never ceases to mould the structure of each in accordance with the necessities of its existence. Now in what material respect, we would ask, does this scientific conception differ from the doctrine of the Catholic Church that the eternal God is the Lord and giver of life, and that every breath we draw is a direct gift from the Creator, the withdrawal of whose power for a single instant would reduce the whole universe to nothingness?

Of a somewhat more substantial nature, at least at first sight, are the objections raised to the general order of creation, though even here they will be found to be directed rather against the commentator than the original text. For, unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone, with the proverbial light-heartedness of a new recruit, adopted in his first paper an entirely fresh nomenclature of his own, speaking of the air-population, the water-population, and the land-population, and being all the while in blissful ignorance that classification is one of the most dangerous pitfalls that the investigator has to face.

It is hard enough to obtain any definitions which shall not be either redundant or defective, or more probably exhibit both those deplorable qualities at once. It is harder still to find two terminologies which will exactly coincide, genus for genus and species for species. But when three methods of division—the Scriptural, the scientific, and the Gladstonian—are all to be compared together and every detail is to correspond, one need not be surprised if here and there certain lacunæ—not large, indeed, but not less lamentable—should appear. Consequently it was not difficult for Mr. Huxley to demonstrate that the newly-invented definitions were inharmonious with the received classifications, and in his second article Mr. Gladstone wisely recurs to the ordinary terms of science. And he ultimately parallels the Mosaic narrative with the order given in Professor Phillips' Manual, as edited by Professor Etheridge, as follows: 1. Azoic Period; 2. Plants; Invertebrates (omitted in Gene-

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sis); 3. Fishes; Reptiles (also omitted); 4. Mammals; 5. Man; birds being afterwards inserted between reptiles and mammals. And also with that of Professor Prestwick: 1. Plants; 2. Fishes; 3. Birds; 4. Mammals; 5. Man.

To this arrangement, however, Professor Huxley takes several exceptions, but he is by no means as clear in his arguments as in his exegesis, and a perusal of his article, repeated several times, still leaves one in doubt as to the exact points at which he means to strike. Thus when he says that bats must come in at stage number three, it is really difficult to understand whether he is directing his arguments against the Manual, against Mr. Gladstone, or against the sacred text.

Another objection raised to the Scriptural order is not a little hard to understand; and Mr. Huxley appears to have anticipated that difficulty would be experienced, for he unkindly hints that it will be felt by those who know little of the subject in question. This suggestion is somewhat on the line of the famous clothes in Hans Andersen's well-known story, which were only perceptible to persons well suited for the office they held, and comes with little appropriateness from one claiming for the time to represent the average opinion of ordinary men. But, true or untrue, it does not mend matters. For the difficulty lies not so much in understanding the particular passage of Scripture, nor at all in understanding the zoölogical facts, but in following Mr. Huxley's deductions from them. There are, he says, two kinds of marine creatures—mollusks, echinoderms, and such like creatures, and true fishes which are a much later development. Yet he recognizes as scientific the orders given by the Manuals above quoted, wherein the marine creatures appear but once, and he condemns as incorrect the account in Genesis where those creatures are mentioned in two distinct stages. Now, it is difficult to see how the most perfect attainment of all the knowledge in the world can suffice to render such a criticism intelligible.

One more instance and we must conclude, partly because the shafts in Mr. Huxley's quiver are well-nigh spent, and partly because it is time to finish. What possible meaning, we would ask, is to be attached to the extraordinary argument that he cannot accept the order of birds after fishes as a genuine interpretation of the Pentateuchal narrative, because both of these species are mentioned as being created on the same day? Suppose they are so mentioned—and nobody denies it—what in the name of all that is reasonable is there to prevent him from understanding it to mean that these creatures were created one after the other in the order indicated? Is it absolutely necessary

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that everything that is reported to have happened on a particular day must all have taken place precisely at the same moment? Does it follow that if a man says that So-and-so had breakfast on Tuesday and also had dinner on Tuesday he cannot be understood as meaning that dinner was later than breakfast, because he records both as having taken place on the same day? Nor does the absurdity end here; for if he cannot accept the statement that the birds were made after the fishes, so, for the same reason, neither can he accept the passage as stating that fishes were created after birds. Thus we are reduced to this amazing conclusion: that whenever two or more events are recorded as happening on the same day, they must have happened at the same instant; and if we read in the paper that on a certain day the learned president of the Royal Society delivered a lecture in London before a large and delighted audience, and that on the same day he dined with the queen at Windsor, we cannot accept the interpretation that he delivered the lecture before he dined with the queen, or that he dined at Windsor before he lectured in London, but we are to take as the only possible meaning that he lectured while he dined, and dined while he lectured, and that he was talking in London while eating at Windsor. Had Professor Huxley been dealing with anything but an argument in favor of Scripture, it is hardly probable that he would have been guilty of writing that for which all the deference due to his high station, his vast learning and singular powers of exposition cannot find any other name than irredeemable nonsense. Any stick, perhaps, will serve to beat a dog; but if our leaders fall into such ditches on the broad highway, how are we to trust them in the far and difficult passes of pre-historic time?

Such is the indictment against the Mosaic account of the creation drawn up by Professor Huxley, acting, as no one is better qualified to act, in the capacity of "proctor" on the part of science; and the impression left upon the mind after careful consideration of the whole controversy is one of surprise and satisfaction at the paucity and comparative slightness of the charges preferred, although the latter sentiment is somewhat modified by the reflection that the more nearly the Scriptural account approaches to the scientific teaching of to-day, the more, probably, will it differ from that of the succeeding generation.

Still, premature as the discussion has been—for it may be centuries yet before zoölogy can speak with reasonable certainty on the subject—it has rendered the most important service to Scripture by bringing out with great distinctness the most learned of its scientific opponents.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER MISLEADINGS.

NEVER had there been more perfect weather for a journey, so far, but on the sixth day a gale met the good ship in the teeth. Bawn made this a pretext for staying in her cabin all day, and the Blue Cap weathered the storm on deck, feeling that he could not ask her to face it with him, and anathematizing the mischance that had lost him some of those hours which he had now begun to count as precious beyond price. Towards evening, when the wind was still howling and the steamer pitching, he could no longer control his desire to see her, and went down to look for her.

"Ask the young lady with the golden hair if she will speak to me," he said to the stewardess. So strictly had he respected her intention of keeping her name unknown to him that he had taken no measures to discover it from any other than herself. He would learn it only from her own lips.

She came to him at the foot of the stair, looking unusually pale, but quiet and unalarmed.

"The worst of the storm is over," he said, looking at her with a glow of gladness in his dark eyes that made her heart beat faster. "You must be tired to death of that cabin by this time. Every one has been sick, I suppose, and everybody cross but yourself. Come up on deck, and I will take care of you while you get a little air."

"Yes," she said readily. Why should she not go? Her thoughts had been troubled with him all day, and she found such thinking a very unwise occupation. Better go with him and brace herself, if not him, by disenchanting him a little more than she had yet done. There were now only two days of the voyage yet to come, and after they were past she should see him no longer.

He drew her arm within his and piloted her to a spot where she could sit in safety by slipping her arms under some ropes, which kept her lashed to her place.

"You have not been frightened?" he said, in a tone which

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made her suddenly repent of having exchanged the stifling cabin for the airs, however grateful, of heaven.

"No; I am not easily frightened, I think, and I am not much afraid of death, perhaps because I can never realize it for myself. I am so young and strong that I suppose I hardly believe I have got to die. And just now life seems more alarming to me than death."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Is it because you fear the shops of Paris may disappoint you?"

"The shops?"

"Have you forgotten the shops which contain your heaven?"

"True. Oh! yes, of course. There may be things, you see, in those shops which I may not be rich enough to buy."

"Bawn—"

"Do not so call me, please."

"Why?"

"You said you would not unless I gave you leave."

"And will you not give me leave?"

"No."

"I beseech you to allow me."

"I cannot. It hurts my dignity too much."

"Do you think I am a man who could bear to hurt your dignity?"

"I do not think you are; but, at all events, I will not allow you to be. Do you think any nice woman would allow a mere fellow-traveller, the chance acquaintance of a week, to fall into a habit of calling her by her Christian name? Because I believe you a gentleman I have, being alone and in peculiar circumstances, accepted your kindness—"

"I have shown you no kindness; I have simply loved you from the first moment I looked upon you."

"You must not say so."

"Why must not I say so? I am free, independent, able to give a home, if not a very splendid one, to my wife. Till now I have not cared to marry because I never loved a woman before as I love you. I have told you no particulars about myself, neither my name, nor where is my place in the world, nor any other detail which a man lays before a woman whom he asks to share his lot. I have avoided doing this out of pique at your want of interest in the matter and your persistent silence about yourself."

"That is a silence that must continue."

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"Oh! no. Give me at least a chance of winning your love in time. You do not positively dislike me?"

"No."

"Nor distrust me?"

"No."

"Then why should you thrust me so terribly away out of your life?"

"Because I have to go my way alone, and I cannot allow any one to hinder me."

"Those are hard words coming from so young a woman. Do you mean that you have pledged yourself never to marry?"

"I have not so pledged myself."

"You are not engaged to any other man?"

"No."

"You have no mother nor father to exercise control over your actions?"

"I am quite alone in the world, and as free as air."

"Then let me tell you that you are in need of a protector and of such a love as I offer you. I believe you are going to seek your fortune in Paris; for I have made up my mind that you are not rich."

"Why?"

"Do wealthy young ladies travel across the sea alone? Good, noble, and true ones may do so, but the wealthy bring keepers and care-takers in their train. Then, though your dress is neat—as fit, and more charming and becoming than any other lady's garb that I see or have seen—it is not the apparel of a woman of property."

"I do not like seal-skin; it makes me too hot. I am too healthy and vigorous to wear fur."

"You will not admit that you are poor, but it is one of the things about you that I know without your telling."

"I am not a woman to marry a man merely to get out of a difficulty."

"God forbid! I think I should not care for you if you were. You are, rather, a woman to reject what might be for your happiness from an exaggerated fear of being suspected by yourself or others of any but the purest motives for your actions."

"I am capable of making up my mind and sticking to it. And I do not wish to marry."

"Never?"

"I will not say never. I think I hardly seem to believe in my own future. The present—I mean the present of a couple of years or so—is everything to me."

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"And your reasons for all this you absolutely will not tell me, not even if I were to swear to devote myself to assisting you in any enterprise you have got on hand?"

"I spoke of no enterprise."

"No, but all you say implies that you have one. There is some difficulty before you, and it is your romantic fancy to meet it single-handed."

"If that is your theory, what becomes of the salons and the shops?"

"It may be a difficulty that lies among salons and shops. How can I imagine what it may not be? Can it be that you think yourself under obligation to enter some convent?"

"No; I fear I am not good enough for that."

"Then what can it be, in which the services of a man might not be acceptable, if not useful? What reason ought there to be why you and I should part as utter strangers part, and never see or hear of each other again?"

"Some of the reasons I cannot tell you, but one may be enough. You would want to persuade me to marry you; and I do not want to marry you or anybody else."

"You could continue to refuse me; or time might change your mind."

"It would be exceedingly inconvenient to me if I were to change my mind."

"You mean that you are afraid of that?"

"I am a little afraid of it."

"Upon what grounds, if I may dare to ask? Do you distrust your own powers of endurance, and dread to be betrayed into marrying for a motive you consider unworthy, the weak desire to escape from a dilemma?"

"Not that."

"Are you afraid you could learn to love me?"

"Yes."

"My God! And after such a confession you expect me to give you up?"

"You will have to give me up," said Bawn sadly.

"O my love! do not speak so hardly. You have admitted too much."

"I fear I have, and you ought not to have wrung it from me. You ought to have been satisfied with my earnest statement that I am doing the only thing that I can do."

"Bawn, you do not know what you are saying. As well say that two people in the flush of youth and health would be justi-

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fied in casting themselves, hand-in-hand, into the sea to drown together. You would condemn us, with the love and happiness that are in us, to sudden death at the end of this journey which has been so fateful for us both. Do you really desire that we should never meet again in this world?"

"I do not desire it. But I know that it must be."

"Never? Have you considered all that that word 'never' means? It is not absence for a year or for twenty years; it is entire blotting out for evermore."

"It may be," said Bawn, "that in years to come we may happen to meet again."

"And your difficulty may then be cleared away?"

"It may be so, or, on the contrary, it may have deepened so terribly that I shall be glad to see that you have married and made yourself happy in the meantime."

"You are a heartless woman."

"Am I? It may be well for me if I can prove to myself that I am."

Silence fell between them. The gale had abated and the sky had cleared. He could see the expression of her face as she looked straight before her with a downcast, wistful gaze. There was such sorrow in her eyes—those tender and brave gray eyes which had seemed to him from the first moment he had met their glance to be the sweetest in the world—as made his heart ache to deliver her from the mysterious difficulty with which she was so sorely beset. That she had some great struggle before her he no longer doubted; that she was in the hands of people whom she hated and was ashamed of he feared. He did not for a moment question her own individual goodness and nobility of purpose, but his very faith in her made him the more alarmed for her sake. What might not such a girl undertake if she could only get hold of a motive sufficiently lofty and unselfish?

That he should lose her out of his life through her fidelity to some worthless wretch or wretches, in some way bound up with her fate, drove him wild; and yet, even as he gazed at her face, it seemed to grow paler and paler with determination, as, knitting her soft brows, she pushed away her regrets and strengthened her resolution to adhere to her own plans.

How, Bawn was asking herself, could she tell this man that she was the daughter of one who had been branded and banished as a murderer? How could she persuade him to share her certainty that her father had been wrongfully accused? And even

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were he to prove most improbably generous, and were to accept her faith and say to her, "Be you henceforth my wife, and nothing more," could she then forget her father and his life-long anguish, and utterly relinquish her endeavors to clear his name in the eyes of the little world that had accused him?

No, she could not bring herself to say, "I am the daughter of Arthur Desmond, who lived under a ban for having taken the life of his friend." And even if she could thus run the risk of being rejected as the child of a murderer, she would not give up her scheme for throwing the light of truth upon his memory.

After all, what was this man to her, this acquaintance of less than a week, in comparison with the father who had for twenty long years been the only object of her worship? Let him take his ardent dark eyes, his winning voice, and the passionate appeals and reproaches elsewhere. She could not afford to yield up her heart to his persuasions.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVERS.

BAWN got up the next morning fully determined that she would not allow herself to love this lover. Her heart might be shaken, but her will was firm. She was not going to give up the prospect for which she had sacrificed so much and struggled through so many obstacles, at the bidding of a person who last week was unknown to her. His eyes might grow tender when gazing at her, his hands be ready and kind in waiting on her, his companionship pleasant, and his voice like music in her ears, but she could not change the whole tenor of her life because those facts had been accidentally made known to her. She should certainly miss his face at her side, and his strong presence surrounding her like a Providence, but none the more was she willing to bestow on him suddenly the gift of her future. And there seemed to her no medium course between surrendering entire fate at once into the hands he was outstretching to her and putting him back into the shadows of the unknown from which he had so unexpectedly and awkwardly emerged to cross her path.

And now she thought, as she finished dressing, there was only this one last day throughout which to keep true to her better judgment. To-morrow the captain expected to touch at Queenstown, and she must give her friend what she feared would be a painful surprise. She would bid him a short good-by and leave

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him to finish his voyage as though such a person as herself did not exist in the world.

"People who fall in love so easily," she thought, "can surely fall out of it again as quickly. By next week, perhaps, he will be able to complain of me to some sympathizing friend, and in a month I shall be forgotten as completely as if I never had appeared on his horizon."

Such was Bawn's theory of loving. Love ought not to spring up like mushrooms in a night, but should have a gradual, reasonable, exquisitely imperceptible growth, striking deep roots before making itself obtrusively evident. Her father was the only person she had ever seriously loved, and her love for him had had neither beginning nor end. How could a mere stranger imagine that in the course of a week he had learned absolutely to need her for the rest of his life?

In the meantime the man who called himself Somerled had passed a wakeful night. While Bawn in her berth summoned up all her resolution to resist for yet another day, and thus finally, the fascination which she unwillingly acknowledged he exercised over her, he lay and remembered but one saying of the woman who had suddenly risen up in his life and at once widened his heart and filled it with herself. She had admitted that she feared to learn to love him, and to his fancy the admission meant all that his soul desired. A girl who was afraid to cultivate his acquaintance, lest she should end by loving him, must already, he thought, almost love him; and a girl with so soft and young though so determined a face, having made such an admission, must surely be capable of being won by perseverance. He feared that he had shocked her delicacy by speaking to her so suddenly, but he told himself that the urgency of the circumstances excused him. He chafed to see how his chances of success were lessened by the mysterious difficulties of her position, and he set himself seriously to guess what that position and those difficulties might be. Looking at the case all round and recalling other words of hers besides those few which it made him so inexpressibly happy to dwell upon, he summed up all the evidence he could gather as to her circumstances, and before daylight broke over a foaming sea he thought he had made a tolerably good guess as to her purpose and the trials she felt herself bound to meet alone. For some reason which she believed to be compelling she was making her way to Paris to endeavor to earn money, not, as he conceived, for herself, but for the sake of some other person or persons. And he thought he had hit the truth when the idea flashed

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into his mind that it might be her intention to become a singer or an actress.

The idea made him sick. An actress going through training on a Parisian stage! He could not rest after the suggestion came to him, and got up and walked the deck, and was so walking and chafing when Bawn appeared.

He did not know it was the last morning on which he would see the trim, womanly figure, the fair, oval face under the round black hat, the little, strongly-shod feet coming to meet him steadily and gallantly along the windy deck. No presentiment forewarned him that by the same hour next day he should be laboring under the sorrow of having lost her out of his life for evermore.

At sight of her his mind became suddenly filled with the one exultant thought that here she was still safely within his reach, and not to be lost sight of, even at her own most earnest bidding, unless death should lay hold of her or him and frustrate all his hopes. He would throw over the urgent business that had brought him hurrying back across the ocean, and which was waiting for him in London, to be dealt with at a certain hour. He would throw anything, everything else to the winds, follow her to Paris, even (if it must be so) unknown to herself, be informed of her whereabouts and her circumstances, and after that leave the sequel of his wooing to the happier chances of the future.

His face was flushed, his dark eyes shining with the force of his determination to compel happiness, as he came forward with his morning greetings. She accepted silently and meekly the support he offered her in her walk, feeling warmed and conforted by his presence and protection, while thinking remorsefully of the necessary treachery of the morrow.

"Since daylight," he said, "I have been watching for you. I almost began to fear I had frightened you away, and that you were going to spend another day among the babies and the sick ladies."

"I should have been wiser had I done so," said Bawn. "I am not easily enough frightened."

"You would not have been wiser. You are able to take care of yourself—to hold your own against me. When you yield to my persuasion, to my counsel, you will do it with your eyes open with the sanction of your own judgment."

"Shall I?"

"I have been wanting to talk to you."

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"You talked so much yesterday that I do not imagine you can have anything left to say."

"You have no idea of my talking capacity when you say so. I could talk for a week, if you would only listen to me. But if deaf and cruel miles were to come between me and your ears, then I feel that I could almost become dumb for the rest of my life."

"Almost? That is, till some other young woman, like or unlike me, should be found willing to listen to you for yet another week—perhaps for months and years."

"Bawn, look at me!"

"Why should I look at you?" she answered gravely. "I know very well what you are like; and I am greatly in earnest in saying I would rather you would talk of something else. After all I said last night you ought not to go on speaking to me like this."

"And after all I said to you last night you suppose I can talk to you of nothing but the weather until the moment for parting with you arrives?"

"It would be better for yourself and kinder to me if you were to do so."

"You think, then, that I am going to lose you so easily?"

"I know you will have to lose me. You had better make up your mind to it, and talk to me for the rest of the time only about Paris and the shops."

"And the theatres?"

"And the theatres, too, if you like. It would greatly amuse me to hear something about the theatres."

"You would rather be amused than loved."

"Anything is better than to encourage the continued offering of what one cannot accept."

"Perhaps you cannot accept what is offered because you have a preference for theatres."

"I do not understand you."

"An idea has occurred to me which seems to throw some light upon your mystery. You are going to Paris, perhaps, to prepare yourself for the stage."

Bawn blushed crimson, and her change of color did not escape her companion's eye. It was caused by vexation that he should imagine her influenced in rejecting him by what seemed to her such an ignoble and insufficient reason, but he took it as a sign that he had hit upon the truth, to her sudden embarrassment and chagrin.

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"You are dreaming of going on the stage. This time I have guessed aright."

"I will not tell you," said Bawn, now as pale as the foam-fleck that touched her cheek. Let him, she thought, follow this false scent if he would. It would lessen the likelihood of their meeting again.

"Great heaven! You upon the stage!"

"What do you find so shocking in the idea? Suppose I am what you have taken me to be, a poor young woman with her bread to earn in the world, why should I not go upon the stage? Have not good and noble women been actresses before now?"

"I am not going to allow it for you."

Her hand trembled on his arm, and she turned her head away that he might not see the expression of her eyes. She was unspeakably grateful to him for the words he had just spoken. Good women, greater women than herself, might spend their lives upon the stage, but such an existence would, she admitted, be intolerable to her.

"Pray how do you intend to interfere to prevent me?" she said after a pause.

"I do not know," he said, with something like a groan. "I cannot tell how I am going to find you and save you from such a fate; but I warn you I will leave no stone unturned in trying to do it."

Bawn withdrew her hand from his arm.

"You mean that you will follow me—persecute me?"

"Persecute you? No! Guard you from yourself—perhaps yes."

"Guard me!"

"Save you, may be, from the consequences of your own innocent rashness and romantic daring."

Here he had hit home. The romantic daring was truly hers, and only Heaven could know what the consequences of it yet might be. As Dr. Ackroyd had warned her of trouble as the issue of her wilfulness, so now was this other man threatening her with the dangers of that future to which she was obstinately consigning herself. Yet as she had resisted the lawful authority of the old friend, so much the more would she refuse to yield to the masked counsel of the new one. Her father and his good name and his fair memory were and should be more to her than the approval of either—more than her own happiness, or her own liberty, or her own ease.

But an overwhelming sense of the responsibility she had

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taken upon herself pressed on her suddenly, and made her feel more ill in body and mind than she had ever felt since first setting out upon this path of her own seeking, which already she began to travel with so much pain. Why she should be so shaken at this moment she could not tell. Dr. Ackroyd was now more to her than any other person in the world, and yet his representations had not moved her as the entreaties and reproaches of this audacious stranger were moving her. She drew her hand quickly away as he sought to replace it on his arm, and stood aloof by the side of the vessel, looking silently down to the flowing of the water.

He saw that she suffered, and thought she was giving way before the urgency and honesty of his desires. She was acknowledging him in the right, and searching for a path by which she might allow him to approach her. He saw her firmly-closed hand relax and drop by her side, and that stern knitting of the soft, white brows, which at times gave her the look of an angel of justice rather than of tenderness, gradually smooth itself away. Tears gathered under her eyelids.

He drew a step nearer to her.

"What are you thinking of now, Bawn—my Bawn?"

"Not yours, nor any other's," she said, shaking her head sadly. "I belong, I can belong, to no one."

"Not even in that far-off future which you hinted at once?"

"I ought not to have spoken of any future of my own. My future is in bondage to another."

He drew a long, hard breath. He felt impatient and sick at heart.

"Then you have not always told me the truth."

"Always."

"You were engaged to no other man, you preferred no other man, you had no parents or relations who could control you—have not these statements all been made by you? Did you not tell me you were your own mistress, free as air, unfettered by any other will than your own?"

"I told you all that, and it was true."

"And yet your future is in bondage to another?"

"I cannot explain these things without telling you of matters of which I have bound myself not to speak."

"You are a riddle and a mystery, and you have broken my heart!" he cried with sudden passion. "I wish to Heaven I had never seen you!"

"That is what I have been wishing every day since you first

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spoke to me," said Bawn in a low, trembling voice, while she threw back her head with dismay in her eyes and defiance in her gesture. "It is what from the first I have wished to make you feel."

"Good Lord! do you, then, hate me?"

"No; I wish I did."

"O my dear! do you know what you imply by those words?"

"I do not know, and I do not want to know."

"I am going to tell you."

"You must not; you shall not, for I will not hear you!" cried Bawn, and with a little wail of pain she dropped her face upon her hands, leaning over the vessel's side. Then he turned away and left her, and walked about by himself at the other side of the ship, gloating over the admission which her words had again made to him.

He remembered with satisfaction that he had yet some time before him in which to overcome her resolution to work upon that growing inclination towards himself which he thought he saw in her, and which she feared and strove against. Who could this person or those persons be to whom she was so bound, to whom the disloyalty that bought her own happiness could be a crime? It could not be a right or just bondage with so much mystery attached to it; for he was now convinced of the existence of some serious reasons for her silence as to all her circumstances, future and past. He was sure that she trusted him enough to be willing to confide in him, if betrayal of others were not involved in her confidence. That she was going upon the stage he hardly doubted now. She had not denied it. Poor, and anxious to earn money, what so likely as that she, being young and beautiful, should hope to make a fortune by that adventure? He was sure that she was clever, ready to believe she should be able to carry the world before her, and he chafed with impatience as he thought that the next time he saw her she might stand behind the footlights and under the eyes of a too critical or of a delighted crowd.

The bell rang for breakfast, and when he looked up Bawn had disappeared. When he next saw her she was seated by the captain's side, as was usual at meal-times, and chatting to him pleasantly. But her face was unusually pale.

"We are going to have a return of fine weather," said the captain. "We shall probably be in Queenstown in the morning."

"Do many of your passengers land at Queenstown?" asked

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Somerled, reflecting with satisfaction that Bawn was not one of the number.

"A good many," said the captain, and Bawn held her breath, expecting he would say something polite to the effect that he was sorry that she was one of those to whom he should have to say adieu on the morrow. But some one addressed him on the moment, and the opportunity passed.

After breakfast she asked herself if it would not be better were she to stay in the ladies' quarters for the whole of this long day, only going on deck for a few minutes in the evening to bid a final farewell to her friend. But no, she could not see that she was called upon to act so harshly, now that the very hours of their friendship were numbered. She would enjoy this one day of companionship. The future would be long enough for separation and silence.

He met her as usual as soon as she appeared, and led her to a retired seat.

"That young pair only met first when they came on board, and I am sure they are engaged," said a girl to her mother.

"They seem to differ a good deal while they talk," said her sister, "and the man often looks disturbed, if not angry."

"She plagues him a good deal, I fancy, though she looks so sweet and smooth," said the first girl.

"She has some trouble, I think," said their mother. "I have seen tears in her eyes when she thought nobody was looking."

"That must be very seldom, for the man is always looking."

"He is a distinguished-looking fellow, and I hope he is not getting himself into any foolish entanglement," said another lady sitting by.

"He is old enough to take care of himself. The girl may be in more danger," said the mother.

"You need not be uneasy about her. She is a young lady who can carry her point, equal to the management of more than a flirtation, and able to carry it to a satisfactory conclusion."

"Perhaps all the more to be pitied on that account. If a girl of that stamp takes her own affairs in her hands too early she sometimes makes a wreck of her life."

"She seems to be quite her own mistress, at all events, travelling from America all alone. For my part, I am fond of girls who try to get under somebody's wing," said the other lady, who meant no unkindness, but who suffered from overmuch conscientiousness, and was accordingly inclined to be censorious.

That Bawn at present felt her own wings strong enough to

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carry her there was no doubt, and it was for this reason that she had consented to spend her last day on board in company with the man who had declared her to be so necessary to his life, and yet whom she was quite resolved never to see again. And in the meantime the man, resting on the admissions she had already made him, had begun to hope in earnest, and relied on the many hours that were yet before them to break down at last the barriers she had built up between their future lives.

"Bawn," he said, "I want to say several things to you." He paused, and she did not check him for calling her by her Christian name, though he gave her time to do so. He thought this a sign of relenting, but in reality she was only thinking that he might call her what he pleased to-day. The wind was carrying the sound away from her ears even as it was spoken, and would never return again bearing his voice. Once she was buried in the mountains, this man, who led a busy life out in the world, a dweller in London, a frequenter of Paris, would certainly never stumble upon the paths of her retirement.

"I have been thinking deeply all night about the mystery that surrounds you."

"How greatly you exaggerate! Surely a little reticence need not be magnified into mystery."

"I do not think I exaggerate. I believe your trust in me, which you have avowed, would have overcome your reticence before now if something more than mere personal reserve were not included in your silence."

"What, then, do you think of me?"

"That you are cruelly bound to some other person or persons, and that generosity to them, to him, or to her, whom you believe to have the prior claim upon you, is the cause of your reticence. I am sure that loyalty to some one has sealed your lips and fettered your movements."

"Should I not be unworthy your regard did I forget such prior claims—granted that they exist?"

"Bawn, give up this lonely enterprise."

She started visibly, and looked at him with wide-open eyes. The words struck her like a blow, and it was some moments before she could reassure herself with the remembrance that he knew nothing of her intentions and alluded to a fancied scheme which had originated in his own brain. Her eyes fell, and she was silent. Neither did he speak, being occupied in adding this look which he had surprised from her to the other scraps of evidence he had gathered as to her lot.

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"I cannot give it up," she said at last, feeling a certain relief in talking of her own affairs, under cover of a misunderstanding, with this friend of to-day, who yesterday was not, and to-morrow would not be. "I am bound by loyalty, by love, by pity, by the energy and fidelity of my own character. My motive is strong enough and sound enough to bear me through what I have undertaken. It is an older acquaintance than you. God grant it may prove as good a friend!"

"Believe me, it will not," he urged, looking at her expectantly, as if he thought the longed-for confidence was coming at last. "Happiness is not to be looked for from it, comfort it will have none, difficulty and disappointment will follow persistently in its train."

"Ah, you evil prophet!" she cried, with something between a laugh and a sob. "It may be that you are right," she added. "My enterprise is, however, my life; and with it my life shall be overthrown."

A red spot burnt on her cheek, and the look on her face smote him with remorse.

"I would not forecast evil for you," he said, "even if you persist in putting me out of your future. No matter to what shadows you may have devoted yourself, there will still be an escape for you somewhere into the light."

"I shall not be easily crushed, I can tell you. So long as the sun shines and the breeze blows there will always be a certain vigor and gladness in my veins," she answered, smiling one of her sunniest smiles upon him.

"It is getting cold, I think," he said, as a chill from the heart ran through his stalwart frame. It was hardly easier to him to picture her in a future of sunshine which he could never share than to imagine her failing away from all the promises of her young life for need of the protection that he could give her.

"I think it is turning cold," he said abruptly. "Have you any objection to walk a little?"

CHAPTER XIII.

TREACHERY.

DURING all the rest of that day Somerled exerted himself to amuse and entertain his companion. That sob in her voice, that flush under her eyes, when he had predicted evil for her, had frightened him, and he sought to banish unhappy recollections.

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He was a man who hitherto had not needed to make much effort in order to be beloved. Now that he was deliberately and earnestly trying to be lovable, he felt some hope that he might not ultimately fail.

Assuming boldly that they were to meet again some day in Paris, he chatted pleasantly of the delightful hours they might spend together there. They would go to the old churches in the mornings and to the theatres in the evenings; in the day-time explore the quaint old quarters so full of interest. How the bells on the horses' necks would ring, and how the animals' hoofs would click on the asphalt pavement! What visits they would pay to the shops, the picture-galleries, the old museums and palaces! Bawn laughed and asked a hundred questions, and as the day went past it seemed as if they had been riding and driving, seeing sights and making purchases together, instead of walking up and down the deck of a steamer all the time or sitting upon two camp-stools facing each other. By evening it seemed to her as if she must have spent a week in Paris, and she could hardly persuade herself she had never been there. This day seemed to have added a year to their acquaintance, so much pleasure, so many experiences had they shared between them.

It was not until the dusk began to fall that Somerled ceased talking and allowed her to find herself again in the steamer, with the waves running beside them, and another day of their companionship fled, bringing them so much the nearer to their final separation. Of how near it had actually brought them he did not dream.

It was an unusually clear, starry night, every one on deck and in the highest spirits. Our two friends sat in a quiet corner facing the breeze. Bawn's hat had fallen back on her shoulders, and her face looked pale and grave under a cloud of ruffled golden hair—not the same eyes and mouth that had been laughing so gaily all day. She was asking herself whether the moment had come for telling him that they must part to-morrow morning.

"You are looking now," he said, "like that statue of Diana in the Louvre. All this day you have had quite a different face. But now you laugh and dimple up, the likeness to the Diana is gone."

"I have always been so very much alive I cannot imagine myself like a statue."

"Bawn, at what door am I to knock when I go—say a fortnight hence—to look for you in Paris?"

"At no door," said Bawn, all the laughter and dimples gone.

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"Then I am to give up my business and accompany you to Paris now?"

"Is that the alternative?"

"I think it is. Look at the matter as I will, I can come to no other conclusion."

She shook her head.

"It simply comes to this: I cannot make up my mind to lose you out of my life."

"A week ago you had never heard of me. A fortnight hence your business will fill your mind and I shall be forgotten."

"You do not think so. Your heart must tell you the reverse. A week has done for me what the rest of the years of my life cannot undo."

"What can I say to you that I have not already said?"

"Half a dozen words—the number of a door, the name of a street, the name of a person, all of which you have kept carefully locked up behind your lips."

Bawn turned pale. "If you knew all I could tell you, you would turn your back upon me at once and go your way. But I will not allow you so to reject me. It costs me a great deal to say this, and I had not meant to say it. I had, and have, good reasons and to spare to give you without this one; but perhaps it will satisfy you more than all the rest."

"It does not satisfy me, simply because I cannot accept what you have said as the truth. I must judge of your obstacle with my masculine brain before allowing it to stand. I can imagine no barrier between you and me except such as cannot possibly exist."

"I assure you again that if you knew my story you would part with me willingly. I would spare you a great deal of pain. More I cannot say."

"Then I repeat that I will not be frightened away by something of which I know not the form nor the meaning—a nursery bogie mooing in a dark corner. I refuse to believe that an obstacle is insurmountable unless I have touched and examined it and measured my strength with it. Bawn, listen to me once for all. I am a man who does not make up his mind on a subject without having thought it out. I have made up my mind about you. My judgment approved of you even before my heart desired you. You cannot shake my faith in yourself, and nothing that is not yourself, nothing that does not destroy my belief in you, can influence me to withdraw the claim that I have laid upon you. In addition to this I may say that I am a man who desires

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only a few things in this world, but what I want I want quickly —that is, I know very soon when an object has become necessary to my existence. Yours are the first eyes of woman that ever assured me their light was necessary to my life. Because I am threatened with some mysterious shadow behind your back shall I weakly consent to extinguish such a light—"

He broke off abruptly, and Bawn was silent.

"Unless," he went on, "you tell me that you hate me, that under no circumstances could you think of being my wife, I will exert every faculty I possess to make your future one with mine."

She wrung her hands together, and still said nothing.

"Bawn, you do not tell me that you hate me."

"I cannot tell you that, for it would not be true."

"Then you are going to tell me where we may meet?"

"No."

"I will not ask you to betray any one. I will not intrude on your privacy or seek to alter your plans. Only let me know where and at what time I may see or even hear from you. The moment may come when you will be glad to call on me for help."

He took out his pocket-book. "My address is written here—two addresses, in fact, one of which will find me at my club in London and the other at my home. I will give them to you in exchange for a couple of words from you—a number and a street in Paris."

Bawn suddenly felt all her resolution giving way, and a desire to have that leaf from his pocket-book take possession of her. But her will was not yet overcome. She clung on to her preconceived intention of keeping her own counsel, even while at the moment she could see the force of none of her reasons for so doing.

"How do you know," she said lightly, "that I shall be in Paris at all? It is as likely that I shall go to London or Vienna."

Her words and tone jarred upon her own overwrought feeling as she spoke, and nervousness made them seem even more heartless than they were. They had the effect she intended them to have, that of startling her companion and breaking up the dangerous earnestness and persuasiveness of his mood.

He flushed as if he had been struck. "Ah!" he said, "I have misunderstood you, after all. You are a heartless coquette, and your reticence is a mere trick to torment me."

"Why did you not perceive that before?" said she. "I have not tried to impress you with a high opinion of my character."

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"No, you have not tried, but you did it without trying. The fault was in myself. During the past few days I have forgotten that some time ago I found you an empty-headed and disappointing woman. The idea returns to me—"

"Perhaps in time to save you."

"As you say, perhaps in time to save me."

"If so, I shall rejoice to have freed you from delusion. I shall have done you one good turn, at least, before we part," said Bawn, smiling, though with straitened lips.

"Doubtless you know how to rejoice over the follies of men who are deceived by the beautiful mask that nature has given to your ungenerous soul!" he cried angrily. "I—"

A little gasp from Bawn checked the rush of his words. A bolt had fallen suddenly on her heart, her head. She threw out her hands blindly and fell stiffly back in her seat.

"Good God! she has swooned," he exclaimed in amazement and dismay. He laid her flat upon the bench and flew for an old lady who had shown her some kindness before.

"I thought she would be ill before all was over," said the old lady, bathing her forehead and chafing her hands. "Very few escape. It is nicer to be ill at first and enjoy yourself afterwards. There, she is better. She must get down-stairs at once."

"Will you lean upon my arm?" said Somerled penitently.

"Yes," she said. And together they made their way below.

She turned to him at the cabin-door and put her hand in his.

"After this," she said, "you will promise to think no further ill of me?"

He answered by silently raising her fingers to his lips.

"Never any more?"

"Never."

"Thank you, my good friend. Good-night."

As Bawn slipped into her berth and laid her head on her pillow she told herself that the struggle was over, that this startling episode in her life was finally closed. But the man, who returned to the deck and paced there under the dark heavens till the small hours of the morning, told the wind and the stars jubilantly that this gold-haired, grave-eyed, sweet-mouthed woman was his own, that she loved him in spite of the shackles that bound her and through the cloud that hung around her, and that, with youth and love on his side, he would baffle the whole world to make her queen of his heart and of his home.

The stars paled, the breeze grew colder, the dawn broke and showed the green coast of Ireland lying between sky and

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sea. The passengers were all asleep; no one on deck was much excited by the sight of the gray and green, hazy shore except a home-sick sailor-lad who was hoping soon to feel his mother's arms about his sunburnt neck. The man Somerled had flung himself on his berth an hour before, and was sound asleep in the expectation of a happier morrow than had ever yet dawned for him. The stopping of the steamer did not wake him, neither did Bawn's light feet as she passed up the stairs and crossed the deck, selected her luggage from the pile that had been hoisted from the hold, and inquired at what hour the earliest train would leave Queenstown for Dublin. As she walked about, waiting for the necessary arrangements to be made before she could touch land, her eyes turned anxiously towards the stair, as she hoped or feared, she scarce knew which, to see the well-known dark head appear above the rail. Surely the noise, the tramping overhead, the shouting and hauling, would awake him and he would come on deck to see what was going on. If he were to come to her at this last moment what foolish thing might she not possibly say or do? Never before had she found herself so near the undoing in a moment of all that her deliberate judgment had accomplished with so much forethought and pains.

A few words of thanks to the captain and of good wishes from him, a vain effort to frame a kindly message of farewell to be delivered by him to her friend, and then, with the unspoken words still choking her, Bawn was hurried along the gangway and into her cab. She arrived at the railway-station just in time to catch the earliest train, and was soon flying with the birds away across Irish pastures.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE SOUDAN.

WHAT news from the south—from the great Dark Land,
  Lit but by flash of gun,
Where tardy England came too late
  To save her noblest son?

Oh! that bitter time is all forgot,
  And nothing remains but pride;
For English valor and English fame
  Burned bright when Gordon died.

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But what of the priests who are still fast bound
'Mid the myriad heathen hordes?
Has their path to freedom yet been found,
Cut out by Christian swords?

And what of the delicate women who went
To teach God's little ones,
With hearts as heroic as his who died
Ere roared the rescue's guns?

They went not forth in the name of the queen,
No nation's praise was theirs:
Their silent lives were the gifts they gave,
Their only weapons prayers.

. . . . . .

The veering fancy of the changeful time
No longer throbs to that proud tale of glory;
Glad to forget a height we may not climb,
To read on smoother ways a softer story.

But God's great angels still keep watch and ward,
And turn to joy the long captivity,
When one by one the glory of the Lord
Is theirs, as one by one the captives die.

And on the hot, dead sand falls the dead seed,
But not to dwell in death; for it shall quicken,
Till from the sowing of these lives that bleed
Some time and soon shall the white harvest thicken.

O ye who heard the Macedonian cry
For faith and help, as in the dream of Paul,
And with your life's whole service made reply,
Unmarked of worldlings and unpraised of all:

Great is the guerdon—"To these little ones
What ye have done, that have ye done to Me."
Long was the toil and hard, but ye have won
With those hard hours a blest Eternity!

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SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.*

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.

THE NEBULAR THEORY—THE HYPOTHESIS OF LAPLACE—RECTIFIED NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS OF M. FAYE—NEBULAR THEORY IN ITS RELATION TO NATURAL THEOLOGY.

ONE series of articles on certain important Scriptural questions was published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD between the months of November, 1884, and February, 1885. The writer had no intention of continuing the discussion of the topics treated in these articles any further when the fourth and last article was published. But, since that time, the perusal of the three works whose titles are given below has suggested the idea of the present series, with a view to supplement and complete, in respect to a few topics, the exposition partially made in the first series.

The first of these works embraces in its scope the whole domain of truth in respect to which the discussion concerning the several relations and claims of faith and science arises. Its title sufficiently shows what is the final object of its author. The work which is put in the third place treats of one special topic embraced in the general scope of the first, and its author aims at the same object at which the aim of the author of the first-named work is directed. Both these writers are ecclesiastics, and have in view the clearing away of the mist hanging over the topics of which they treat and obscuring the connection between that which is rationally concluded from scientific principles and that which is believed on the authority of revelation in regard to the same.

The work mentioned in the second place is purely of a scientific and philosophical character, free from any such ulterior purpose as has just been indicated in respect to the two other works we have mentioned. M. de Saint-Projet refers to it, however, and cites from it, in terms of great praise, as a work which is

* *Apologie Scientifique de la Foi Chrétienne.* Par Le Chanoine F. Duilhé de Saint-Projet, Lauréat de l'Académie Française, etc. Sec. Ed. Paris: V. Palmé. 1885.

Sur l'Origine du Monde: Théories Cosmogoniques des Anciens et des Modernes. Par H. Faye, de l'Institut. Sec. Ed. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 1885.

Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Écriture et la Science. Par Al. Motais, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, Prof. d'Écr. S. et d'Hébreu au Chan. Hon. Paris: Berche et Tralles. 1885.

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available for his own purpose. He also mentions with approbation the work of M. Motais, who, in his turn, cites in the same manner passages from the *Apologie Scientifique*. There is, therefore, a certain correspondence between these three works which justifies our placing them together as furnishing in common a basis for remarks bearing on the matter we have proposed for discussion. The reason of this will appear as we proceed further, beginning from the scientific theory of M. Faye on the origin of the world.

M. Faye holds a place among the living astronomers of the first rank. His work, *Sur l'Origine du Monde*, has excited much attention and received high commendation in Europe. It is not only exactly scientific in its method and substance, but also literary and attractive in its style. The exposition of theories in cosmogony advanced by the Greek philosophers is clear, and, though succinct, sufficiently ample to give a correct view of the fanciful systems which preceded the one now universally received. The most interesting chapter of this portion of the book is the one which shows the heliocentric theory taught to a select coterie of disciples and handed down under a *discipline of the secret*, by Pythagoras; who anticipated in this marvellous species of scientific prophecy, by many centuries, the discoveries of Copernicus. About one-third part of the work is taken up with considering the theories of the ancients. The author next proceeds to explain the ideas of modern philosophers respecting cosmogony, and specially of Descartes, Newton, Kant, and Laplace, which brings him to about the middle of his volume. In the latter half there is an exposition of the most recent astronomy. In this portion of his work the main thesis, to which all the foregoing is chiefly an introduction and the remainder an accompaniment, is an original theory of M. Faye, which is a rectification of the nebular hypothesis, proposed by him as a substitute for Laplace's famous and, until recently, generally-received theory. The author begins the "Avertissement" at the head of his work by saying:

> "The celebrated cosmogonic hypothesis of Laplace is in complete contradiction with the actual state of science and the recent discoveries of astronomers. It needs to be replaced by another hypothesis."

M. Faye made the exposition of his new hypothesis for the first time at the Sorbonne, March 15, 1884, and published the first edition of his *Origine du Monde* during the same year. We will first attempt a presentation of the theory in a purely scientific view,

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reserving the question of its relation to faith and the Scripture until this has been finished.

The term "world" in this exposition is used to denote a single body, or a system of bodies united by a bond of mutual attraction, belonging to the entire collection of worlds visible by the eye alone or as aided by the telescope. The term "universe" denotes this entire collection. Our solar system is one of these worlds. The nebular theory embraces all the worlds of the universe, but is particularly developed in respect to our world. This theory in general supposes an initial chaos of extremely rare nebulous matter diffused through space and finally becoming divided into a multitude of separate masses, the whole and all the parts being subject to the law of gravitation, and acted on by whatever other force or forces, scientifically undetermined or undeterminable, must be assumed as being necessary to impart a double simultaneous movement of translation and rotation. As the result of these movements the genesis of worlds is effected through successive condensations and concentrations of the primordial nebulous matter. Atoms are grouped in different parts of immensity, each group a nucleus of further increase; the spherical form of these masses of condensing matters being a consequence of a well-known law, and their movements of rotation on their axes, and translation in space, being regulated by the laws of those initial forces which have stirred them out of inertia into activity in respect to their directions and velocities. In this process rotating rings are formed, which break up into separate spherical bodies; and these, in the long lapse of time, become, in the instance of our system, a central sun with the planets, satellites, etc., which constitute our world. This is, in a general sense, the nebular theory, first suggested by Descartes, favored by Newton, more distinctly proposed by Kant, and developed into a precise and scientifically-constructed hypothesis by Laplace, who is commonly referred to as its author, and who was confident that all future discoveries would confirm and finally establish its correctness. We have seen, however, that these subsequent discoveries have contradicted Laplace's expectation, that his theory has for some time been generally called in question, and that M. Faye has declared it to be altogether untenable. Some have gone so far as to assert that the nebular theory has been completely exploded. This is a hasty and inexact statement. M. de Saint-Projet considers the nebular hypothesis in a general sense as explained above, apart from the detailed exposition of Laplace and others, to be one which remains absolutely

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intact. He says: "This grand conception, we have said, becomes continually more and more probable; we might have said that it has been demonstrated, that it ought to be classed among scientific certitudes" (p. 142).

Let us now examine more closely the special theory of Laplace in comparison with the facts discovered since his time which run counter to it, and then look into the way in which M. Faye has reconstructed the nebular hypothesis with certain modifications and rectifications. The fundamental idea and principle of genesis remain the same. The rectifications concern only the order and mode of formation of the stars composing our solar system.

In Laplace's theory the sun was first formed by the concentration and condensation of the diffused nebulous matter, which in its central portion became a more dense rotating globe surrounded by a rarer vaporous atmosphere revolving around it in concentric rings, which were thrown off and abandoned successively by its increasing velocity of rotation, and which broke up into planets, some of these by the same process throwing off their satellites. Such a process, by which the planets were all derived from the sun, must necessarily produce rotations of planets and revolutions of satellites in the same direction, from one end to the other of the solar system. In reality these movements are direct in the first half of the solar system, *i.e.*, from Mercury to Saturn inclusively, but—a fact unknown to Laplace—retrograde from Uranus to Neptune. Those who are north of the equator look southward in turning toward the equator, which places the west on the right hand and the east on the left. The revolution of the earth and other bodies from west to east is therefore regarded as a movement from right to left, and direct; the opposite movement is from left to right, and retrograde. Now, Kant and Laplace knew of no rotations of bodies on their axes, or revolutions in their orbits, within the solar system, except direct ones. The movements of the satellites of Uranus had not been calculated and were supposed to be direct. Neptune had not been discovered. The comets, which have such eccentric orbits—some moving in them in a retrograde direction—were not supposed to belong to the solar system. It was inferred, therefore, that all planets and satellites, as well those which might be newly discovered as those which were already known, must have their rotations and revolutions in the same direction with the rotation of the sun—*i.e.*, direct, or from right to left, by reason of a law pervading the entire solar system.

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But when it was discovered that the satellites of Uranus revolve in orbits which deviate from this supposed law; when Neptune was discovered with a satellite revolving in a retrograde direction; when it was found that the comets in their most remote aphelia are still carried along by the sun in its rapid movement at the rate of four or five miles a second through space toward a star in the constellation Hercules, and therefore belong to his system—the theory of Laplace was found to be deficient and to need rectification by means of a more complete induction from all the facts which are now known in astronomy.

M. Faye's modification of the nebular theory is briefly this: The opposite directions of different bodies in the solar system contradict the hypothesis of their common derivation from the sun. The planets and satellites which move in the direction of the sun's rotation were formed before the sun, when the atoms of cosmical dust had a velocity proportioned to their distance from the centre of the nebulous sphere. Those which have a retrograde movement were formed after the sun, whose acquired increase of attractive power was then sufficient to invert the order of their linear velocities. This inversion was completely effected in the case of the world of Neptune, while that of Uranus marks the period of transition from the first to the second mode of formation. Moreover, M. Faye considers that it is necessary to revert in a certain sense to Descartes' theory of vortices in order to account for the inauguration of the process of cosmogony which has resulted in the formation of the solar system. The old notion of a primitive state of incandescence of the chaotic cosmical matter having become obsolete through the prevalence of the thermo-dynamic theory, it is by this last theory that M. Faye explains the formation of hot bodies like our sun.

This statement will not be understood by any reader who is not already well informed on the subject. But we hope to make it plain enough to be easily understood by some further explanation.

Let us suppose that the sun was first formed, that it threw off rings, that these rings broke up into planets, and that these again threw off their satellites in a similar manner. Kant supposed that the sun, turning round on its axis with a *direct* rotation, must have imparted a movement both of rotation and of revolution to all the planets and satellites which was likewise direct. That is to say, that there was one cause and one law producing and regulating both the movements of rotation and of revolution, and that these must all be in the direction of the sun's rotation. Faye

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points out a capital mistake in this supposition—viz., a confusion of two orders of facts absolutely different, one of which is the direction of the planetary movements around the sun, the other the revolutions of the satellites around their planets. It is true that the planets must revolve around the sun in the direction of its rotation on its axis, and that the satellite must revolve around its planet in the direction of the planet's rotation on its own axis. But the rotation of the sun on its axis does not command a rotation of the planet in the same direction, and consequently not a revolution of the satellite in this direction around its planet. The interior movements of the secondary systems are not determined *à priori* by the movements of the entire system, but by the nature of the interior forces, of which the direction of the movements of the entire system is independent.

Laplace as well as Kant fell into the mistake of confounding these two orders of facts. But he did not, like Kant, overlook one great objection to his theory: viz., that according to his system all the planets ought to rotate, and all the satellites to revolve, *from left to right—i.e.*, in a *retrograde* direction. The reason of this is that, in order to produce a direct rotation, the velocities of the rings thrown off ought to increase from their inner to their outer border, whereas they actually decrease in proportion to the distance. Hence something must intervene which inverts the order by retarding the inner and accelerating the outer velocities. Laplace sought for this reason of inversion partly in the friction of the molecules, and partly in the contraction of the ring by cooling. But Faye rejects this explanation, because it supposes the nebulous ring to be animated by a movement of rotation, whereas its movement is a planetary circulation. In the case of a rotating atmosphere, like that which surrounds our globe, the various layers press on each other by virtue of the predominance of gravitation over the centrifugal force. Let the rotation of the central globe become accelerated, the lower layers of atmosphere will receive by contact the same increase of velocity and communicate it by degrees to the others, until the uppermost layer will rotate at the same rate with the lowest, the whole moving together, as if it were a solid, around the central globe. Also, if the central mass contract by cooling, the layers approach each other on account of their pressing upon one another through the force of gravitation, which causes a reciprocal modification of their several velocities.

Faye denies the parallelism between a cosmic ring with a planetary circulation and an atmosphere rotating with a globe.

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The concentric layers of a nebulous ring, he says, will not press upon one another, because the gravitation of each will be exactly compensated by the centrifugal force. The ring in its original state will never undergo that inversion of velocities of which Laplace speaks. As a proof of this the ring of Saturn is referred to, which circulates now as it has done for millions of years. Faye concludes, therefore, that the sole fact that a planet rotates from right to left proves that it does not owe its origin to a ring derived from the sun. If Laplace's theory were correct, we would see the stars rise in the west and set in the east.

Moreover, this theory excludes the comets from the solar system.

Besides, it requires that any satellite, however near its planet, should take a longer time to revolve around it than the planet takes to rotate on its axis. But Phobos, one of the satellites of Mars, revolves around this planet three times while the planet makes one rotation.

Let us see now how M. Faye makes an ideal construction of our world, in accordance with the present state of science, by a modified and rectified nebular theory.

To begin with, we must have a vast nebula, of a spherical form, so far isolated in space as to be free and independent in its interior movements. This nebula must be animated by an initial and rapid movement of linear translation in space. It cannot be, like the great nebulosity of Orion, merely gaseous and therefore incapable of being subject to stellar transformation, but must have a chemical constitution, composed of various elements, susceptible of receiving the forms of solid substances.

Next, the movements of the nebulous mass must be accounted for. The force of gravitation will not suffice. For this attraction, of itself, would draw all the particles of the mass together into one condensed, motionless sphere. Our own particular nebula, together with the whole multitude of similar masses from which the other worlds have been formed—all these are supposed to have made up originally one universal nebula, from which they have become separated. This universal nebula, if it had been without interior movements originally impressed upon it, and animated solely by the force of the attraction of gravitation, would have coalesced and become consolidated into one universal globe, without rotation or linear translation in space.

M. Faye develops quite at length his theory of vortices borrowed from Descartes—gyratory movements in different parts of the mass, similar to those of whirlwinds in the air and whirlpools

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in the water. We find that want of space forbids anything more than the most succinct statement of this part of his theory. Briefly, our own nebulous mass must have brought with it at its beginning of separate existence interior impulses sufficient to produce rotation, circulation, translation in space, and to regulate these movements.

If the sun had been first formed, as Laplace supposed, the velocity of linear movement in the rings would have diminished in proportion to their distance from the centre, producing retrograde movements of rotation. The rings having been actually formed long before the complete condensation of the central star, they revolved with a velocity which increased in proportion to their distance from the centre, under the influence of the centrifugal force. This is the cause of the direct rotation of the planets nearest the sun and earliest formed—viz., Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, the asteroids, and Saturn. Meanwhile the sun continued to increase, its attraction became more energetic and inverted the order of linear velocities in those rings which were the last to break up and from which the worlds of Uranus and Neptune were formed. This last planet with its satellite thus received a retrograde direction, while the world of Uranus, in which the satellites revolve in a direction nearly perpendicular to the plane of the planet's orbit, seems to mark a period of transition from one mode of formation to the other.

We must reluctantly omit all mention of the formation of comets and give all our attention now to the sun. The general idea of M. Faye's theory is, as we have seen, that all the bodies in the solar system except the sun are derived from some special concentrations of parts of the common nebular mass, produced by particular vortices in which these portions were involved and by which they were controlled, the influence from the centre being at first feeble, but gradually increasing towards its final, dominating power, which at present gives stability to the whole system, radiating light and heat through all its bounds, keeping planets and comets alike to their orbits, and sweeping the entire *cortége* of its attendant spheres in its company with a rapid movement through space.

The sun is supposed to have begun with some nucleus as the centre of the general gravitation of the nebulous mass around it. By its dominant attractive force it has drawn to itself and concentrated into its vast globe all that material which we may call the loose cosmic dust of the system—*i.e.*, all which the planets and

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comets have not appropriated. This amounts, in fact, to $\frac{999}{1000}$ths of the whole mass.

The principal and most interesting point about the sun's constitution is the way in which it obtained, in which it keeps up, and in which it radiates its heat and light, especially so far as our planet is concerned.

There are only three ways in which the heat of the sun has been supposed to be generated. One is that of chemical combustion. This supposition is inadmissible. For, under the most favorable conditions which can be imagined, this great stove and lamp in one would consume all available fuel in two thousand years. The second supposition is that of the friction of a ceaseless rain of meteors upon the surface of the sun. This is liable to the objection, seemingly unanswerable, that the increase of the sun's mass by the falling into it of these foreign bodies would disturb the equilibrium of the solar system. There remains only the third hypothesis—viz., that the sun is a vast thermo-dynamic machine, a globe made intensely incandescent by the very process of its formation, by the concentration and condensation of the gaseous nebula which rushed together from its remotest bounds and stored up dynamite enough in the body of the sun to last for millions of years. Such a supply is not, however, unlimited. A sun, by radiating away its heat and light, is on the way to become cold and dark. Stars, at the maximum of heat and brightness, are white or bluish white. After a certain amount of radiation has taken place they become yellow, then red, and finally they become extinct as suns—a catastrophe which seems to have befallen several of the fixed stars already. Our sun has already faded into the class of yellow stars, and astronomers think it probable that it has advanced considerably on the way towards ultimate extinction. Nevertheless there are no scientific data, from the human, historic period, which indicate any observable diminution in the heat and light radiated from the sun upon the earth.

M. Faye regards the tertiary period of our earth as the epoch of the highest grade of incandescence in the sun, which began to relent and diminish at the beginning of the quaternary period. The length of the whole period of incandescence, according to his calculations, is 15,000,000 of years. Several—it is impossible to say precisely how many—of these millions of years have already passed. It would seem that the constant condensation and cooling of the sun ought to show itself in a diminished amount of heat and light radiated upon the earth, even during the few thousand years of human history. M. Faye has an ingenious hypothesis to

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account for the fact that the radiation keeps up to an unvarying standard.

The contraction of the volume of the sun itself furnishes for a time a new supply of heat. But the constancy of radiation is chiefly accounted for by a double current of cooled matter from the surface to the centre, where it becomes reheated, and of intensely hot matter from the centre to the surface, so that the formation of a cool crust at the surface is hindered, equality of temperature in the whole mass of the sun is preserved, and, as it were, the whole burns with a more concentrated fierceness as it contracts in volume, and will continue to do so until the equilibrium is destroyed, the forces leading to extinction obtain the mastery, and at last incrustation takes place and the solar system becomes like a room from which light is shut out by the sudden closing of a shutter over its only window.

The wonderful discoveries of the spectroscope have made known the similarity of construction which exists among all the stars of the universe, and all probabilities from all scientific data converge toward the conclusion of their common nebular origin. Several splendid pages of M. Faye's volume are devoted to the exposition of his nebular hypothesis as a universal theory.

One interesting chapter is devoted to the topic of "Geological Concordances." The *Treatise on Geology* by M. A. de Lapparent, a work of high authority in Europe, gives as the most moderate probable estimate of the time required for the formation of that part of the terrestrial crust accessible to investigation, a period of 21,000,000 of years. As M. Faye professes to have proved that the quantity of heat annually expended by the sun multiplied by 14,500,000 expresses the whole amount which the sun has been able to develop by its formation from the primitive chaos, he logically infers that the sun has not been dispensing its present annual amount of heat during 15,000,000 of years. On Laplace's theory that the planets issued successively from the mass of the sun, it is necessary to add all the heat which it expended during the formation of all these planets to the amount expended since the beginning of the primary epoch of our planet. This places the data of astronomy in a contradiction with those of geology, which appears to M. Faye insoluble except by his own theory.

He says:

"Unless we shut our eyes, and reject embarrassing data with the sole purpose of reducing the duration of the grand phenomena of the natural history of our globe, we must conclude that our globe is more ancient than the sun; in other terms, the first rays of the nascent sun must have illumi-

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nated an earth already consolidated, already manipulated by the waters under the influence of the earth's central heat alone" (p. 280).

Before Laplace it was supposed that the conditions of perpetual stability were wanting in the mechanism of the solar system, which is, therefore, liable to become dislocated, or entirely englobed into the mass of its central sun. Laplace established the theorem of its mechanical stability. M. Faye proceeds to show, however, with a sombre eloquence, that the sun is rapidly proceeding toward its own extinction, *as a sun*, in the last section of his last chapter, entitled "The End of the Actual World." He says:

"But the world, in order to endure, expends no energy, while the sun, in order to shine, expends an enormous quantity; and since its provision is limited and cannot be renewed, we must look forward to the death of the sun, as a sun, not indeed as near, but as inevitable. After having shone with an equal brilliancy for many thousands of years to come, it will finish by fading and becoming extinguished like a lamp whose oil is exhausted. Moreover, a considerable number of celestial phenomena give us warning of this event; these are the stars whose light vacillates, those which become periodically extinguished, at least for the naked eye—as the star Omicron in the Whale—and those which finally disappear.* . . . We must therefore renounce those brilliant fancies by which some seek to delude themselves into a view of the universe in which it is regarded as the immense theatre where a spontaneous development is progressing which will have no end. On the contrary, life must disappear from the earth, the grandest material works of the human race must be effaced by the action of the remaining physical forces which will outlive it for a time. Nothing will remain, not even ruins" (pp. 306–309).

There are some celestial phenomena which seem like positive traces and evidences of the actual process of world-construction in the universe, according to the ideal plan of the nebular theory. It aids much to a distinct conception of the successive stages of any constructive method in mechanical art if one can inspect specimens of the work in these various stages, from beginning to completion. The architect of the universe seems to have left some specimens of this kind to the inspection of scientific observers. There are nebulosities in the universe which are purely gaseous, as specimens of the cosmic matter in the condition of the most elementary composition of primary constitutive principles. There are others of a more complex constitution, apparently in the way of stellar formation. The ring of Saturn is a solitary remaining specimen in our world of the cosmic rings from which the planets were formed. The crowd of asteroids

* Instances are, a star in Cygnus, one in Serpentarius, and one in Corona Borealis.

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between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter may be regarded as the result of a failure in the process of planetary formation from a ring, the ring having broken up in such a way that no part of it was large enough to attract the rest so as to form one large planet. Mitchell's remark that the ring of Saturn was left to show us how the world was made may be applied to all the phenomena we have enumerated under this head.

Having now given a sufficient though not a complete analysis of the strictly scientific part of M. Faye's able and brilliant work, we may turn toward a consideration of the relation between his astronomical theory and the dictates of natural religion or philosophical theism. Questions immediately concerning revealed truths and Holy Scripture will be postponed for future consideration.

M. Faye has not avoided the theological side of cosmogony. His introduction is entitled "La Science et l'Idée de Dieu." The following extract from it will show what M. Faye thinks of the relation of science to theology:

"We contemplate, we know, at least in respect to its immediately apprehensible form, this world, which itself knows nothing. Thus, there is something other than terrestrial objects, other than our own body, other than the splendid stars; there is intelligence and thought. And since our intelligence has not made itself, there must exist in the world a superior intelligence from which our own is derived. Therefore, the greater the idea one forms of this supreme intelligence, the nearer will it approach to the truth. We run no risk of deception in regarding this intelligence as the author of all things, in referring to it those splendors of the heavens which have awakened our thought, in believing that we are not alien or indifferent to him, and, in fine, we are altogether ready to accept understandingly the traditional formula: God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth.

"As to denying God, this is as if one should let himself fall heavily from these heights upon the ground. These stars, these wonders of nature, that they should be the effect of chance! That our intelligence should be from matter which set itself spontaneously to thinking! Man would then become an animal like others; like them he would play for good or ill the game of this life without an object, and end like them after fulfilling the functions of nutrition and reproduction!

"It is false that science has ever by its own movement arrived at this negation. . . .

"This is what I had to say of God, whose works it belongs to science to examine."

Why should it be thought that there is any tendency in the nebular theory toward a denial of the providence, the creative act, or the existence of God? A false report has been long and widely

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circulated that Laplace said to Napoleon that his theory made it superfluous to resort to the hypothesis of divine power, as Newton had been obliged to do by the exigencies of his deficient system. Faye successfully exculpates Laplace from this charge, and proves that the great astronomer merely asserted that he, by proving the mechanical stability of the solar system, had shown that there was no need of a direct divine interference to correct from time to time its aberrations (p. 130).

This is something quite distinct from the nebular theory. But because some atheists have adopted this theory, and have foolishly attempted to trace the origin of the universe to a primitive nebulous chaos as the ultimate and sufficient reason of its existence, a fear has beset some pious minds lest the theory itself should logically lead to atheism.

This fear is groundless. For the putting back of the direct creative and formative actions of divine power in the cosmogony to a greater distance, so to speak, by interposing long ages of duration, and a long series of second causes, between the present time and the first instant of time at which the creation began; the present condition of complex facts in the universe and the inchoate state which was next to the first cause, and in which second causes first began to act—this process of *recession*, as one may call it, in no way affects the relation of effects and second causes to the first cause.

M. Faye well and justly remarks that the demonstration of the existence of God from the wonders of the heavens does not depend on the exactness of our ideas respecting astronomy and cosmogony. "No one of the systems of cosmogony adds or subtracts an iota from the force of the argument" (p. 2). Cicero's superb argument in his *De Naturâ Deorum* is not damaged by his incorrect astronomy. The argument is essentially the same, as presented by Newton and by Faye, with that of Plato and of Cicero. Newton supposed that the equilibrium of the solar system was unstable and required a divine intervention from time to time to rectify it. It has been proved to be stable through the operation of constant laws. The divine power is just as necessary to found a stable equilibrium as to regulate a system whose equilibrium is unstable. Newton supposed that the Almighty created our solar system, as it were, *out of hand*, as a maker of scientific instruments constructs an orrery. Then he gave it an impulse of centrifugal motion, and impressed the law of gravitation as a controlling force, so that it continues to execute regularly its rotations and revolutions. The nebular theory traces

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the reign of law under the controlling force of second causes back to an original constitution and to original forces in the universal cosmic nebula.

Now, as we have retraced the ideal process of cosmogony in M. Faye's theory back to the first elements of cosmic constitution and development, what have we found?

We have found, as the first and necessary conditions to the beginning of this process, an immense mass of primary matter and inconceivably powerful impulses of motive force. Every atom of this matter, in the words of an eminent scientist, bears the marks of a "manufactured article." This is true of the minutest molecule of the simplest gaseous substance. What shall we say, then, of that variety of chemical composition necessary to a nebulous mass which is destined to condense into more or less solid spheres?

Then when we consider how powerful and how regulated must have been the forces which drove the separated nebulous masses into vast distances from each other, when we consider how these forces developed in our world and in other worlds into interior forces, acting so variously and producing such various results, what must we conclude?

Rational thinking must lead us up to the First Cause, the Supreme Intelligence and Power, which has created and which governs all for a wise and good end. The nebular theory is in perfect accord with the dictates of natural, rational theology. What relation it may bear to revealed theology we hope to consider in another article.

FAITH.

THE fire, unfed, in ashes dies away;
The lamp, unfilled, begets no gentle ray;
So faith unproved in holy deeds must yield,
While sin, triumphant, guards the much-sought field.

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"HAS ROME JURISDICTION?"

II.

THE residence, during seventy-odd years, of the Roman pontiffs at Avignon is certainly a very singular episode in the history of the church. When Bertrand de Got, previously Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected pope in 1305 under the title of Clement V., there appeared to be no valid reason for a change of residence—nothing, that is, which could counterbalance the evils and inconveniences which must necessarily result to the church from the removal of the seat of the supreme ecclesiastical government from the Eternal City, where, securely imbedded in its own patrimony of St. Peter and surrounded with the prestige of centuries of sovereign independence, it could, as from some commanding watch-tower elevated high above the mists and storms of conflicting nationalities, give laws to the churches and peoples and decide in matters of faith. For the change in this respect was no slight one. However sincere Clement might himself have been in his intention of preserving the dignity and independence of the Apostolic See, it could not be but that he, a Frenchman, living within the borders of France, should be more or less under French influences; and even had he been a man of such firm and self-reliant character (which was scarcely the case*) as to be entirely innoxious to these influences, he could hardly, under the circumstances, avoid being the victim of suspicions which could not but be hurtful to his office and impede its full and free exercise. However, our duty is not at present to discuss either the utility or the morality of the course pursued by this pope and his five successors; we have simply to deal with the legal aspect of the question arising from the position maintained by the *Church Times*, which briefly amounts to this: that inasmuch as, according to the recognized principles of canon law, a bishop who does not reside in his diocese thereby vacates it, "the see of Rome was *ipso facto* void during the long residence of the popes at Avignon," to which the *Church Quarterly* adds the amazing statement that "when the popes went to Avignon they broke

* "Philip," says Dr. Von Döllinger, "already knew what easy compliance he might expect from this man when, by his ambassadors who had gone to Perugia for this express purpose, by his gold, and by the influence of the Cardinal Peter Colonna, who had been deprived by Boniface, he guided the voices in favor of Bertrand" (*Hist. of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 98).

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up the Roman succession and established a new primacy at Avignon." *

Now, it is perfectly true that the law of the Catholic Church, as it at present stands, strictly enjoins the residence of bishops in their dioceses. Any prelate who absents himself without just cause for more than three months incurs, according to the Tridentine decree, the forfeiture of one-fourth part of one year's fruits, and if his absence be extended to six months the penalty is doubled. Beyond this it is further enacted that should this absence be still more prolonged it becomes the duty of the metropolitan to denounce the offender to the Holy See, who in the last resort may remove him from his office. But in regard to this matter of the residence of bishops two things are to be noted. First, it was not until the Council of Trent that these enactments came into force; previous to that, as all historians bear witness, the discipline of the church had been exceedingly lax in this respect. And, secondly, the extreme penalties of deprivation, when they were determined, merely possessed force *ex sententia ferenda*—that is to say, *after* the formal sentence of the pope, and by no means *ipso facto* by the commission of the offence itself.† But all this is entirely irrelevant, as we shall now proceed to show that "upon the fundamental principles of canon law" the disciplinary enactments with their penalties relating to bishops have nothing whatever to do with the pope, who is above all ecclesiastical law, its source, and, when occasion serves, its abrogater.

In proof of this fact we cite the following from the learned theologian Bouix,‡ who, treating of the authority of the pope over the canons and the other prerogatives which he possesses by divine right, says: §

"The power of the Roman pontiff over the canons necessarily and evidently follows from his authority over an œcumenical council. It would have been sufficient to refer the reader to that portion of this work which treats upon that point. But having in view the fact that the negation of this prerogative constituted one of the four ill-fated Gallican Articles of 1682, we shall, in order that the falsity of the Gallican tenets may the more

* The weakness of Anglican logic is nowhere better illustrated than in this passage. It is sufficient for a bishop to desert his see and reside elsewhere to become bishop of his new home. *Nusquam cleri eligentis vel postea consentientis aliqua mentio!*

† Cf. Pius IV. in constit. *In suprema;* also Concil. Trident., sess. vi. *De Reform.* cap. i.

‡ We ought, perhaps, to apologize for occupying so much space with excerpts from canonists and theologians; but inasmuch as this is the very ground upon which the *Church Times* has challenged us, these quotations constitute, not merely as regards the arguments and evidence contained in them, but as quotations *in se*, the reply needed. Original arguments would be of no avail here.

§ Bouix, *De Papa*, vol. iii. part v. p. 309.

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easily be exposed, proceed briefly to vindicate the pontifical authority over the canons."

The first thesis which he lays down in this connection is as follows: *Authority over the canons pertains to the Roman pontiff by divine right:*

"By the word *canon* is generally understood the decrees or laws both of the Roman pontiffs and also of general councils. When, however, this question is discussed among theologians no question arises regarding dogmatical canons or decrees, but merely concerning canons of discipline—whether, to wit, the power of the pope over disciplinary regulations of this sort extends not only to the abrogation of, or dispensation from, his own canons and those of his predecessors, but also to those of general councils. Nor, indeed, do the Gallicans deny this power with reference to the decrees issued by the pope or his predecessors, but merely regarding those set forth by a general council or established by the universal practice of the church."

The author then proceeds to show that it is of faith that the power given to St. Peter of feeding, ruling, and governing the universal church passes on in its entirety to his successors to the end of time. Therefore, he argues, each successive pontiff possesses at any given time precisely the same power as his predecessors had. But he would not possess the same but an inferior authority if he could not change or abrogate a law enacted by one of his predecessors regarding disciplinary matters in themselves mutable; therefore, he maintains, there is no canon of discipline, mutable in itself, enacted by any pope, which cannot, should change of time and circumstances demand it, be changed and abrogated by his successors. This argument is in itself unanswerable, to all at least who accept the doctrine of the Petrine succession of the primacy, and does not need, as the author observes, further proof—which could easily be given—from the constant practice of the church.

In the next place, the author maintains that *the pope is superior to the canons enacted by a council independently of the pope.* This again is in opposition to the Gallicans. As we are not at present engaged in proving the truth of the theory here set forth, but merely the *fact* that it is the recognized teaching of Catholic theologians, it is unnecessary to quote from the passages referred to by the author.

The third proposition is that *the pope is superior to canons enacted by the pope and council conjointly:*

"Fourthly, *the pope is superior to canons confirmed by the general acceptance and practice of the ecclesia dispersa.*" "It is evident that the authority

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of the church at large is not superior to that of the church assembled in œcumenical council."

"Lastly, the practice of the church establishes the fact that the pope is superior to the canons:

"(i.) According to the ancient canons and common discipline of the church, the clergy were ordered to obtain dimissorial letters (*litteræ formatæ*) each from his own bishop, and the bishops from the metropolitan, whenever they wished to travel outside of their diocese. But Pope Zozimus made an alteration in this law as regards the church of Gaul, enacting as follows: *It has pleased the Apostolic See that should any one from any part of Gaul, in whatever grade of the ministry, desire to visit us at Rome or to travel elsewhere, he shall in no case set out without having obtained dimissorial letters from the bishop of the metropolitan church of Arles* (epistolæ R. P. editæ a D. Coustant, t. i. col. 938). Pope Zozimus, therefore, was of opinion that authority had been transmitted to him even over conciliar canons. And it is noteworthy that this was a change of no small moment, which compelled the whole clergy of Gaul, including the archbishops and bishops, to obtain their letters from the Bishop of Arles (who was then constituted vicar of the Apostolic See for the whole of that country) as often as they wished to travel abroad. And the aforesaid pontiff so enacted, not because it seemed good to an œcumenical council, but because it so *pleased the Apostolic See.*"

"(ii.) Pope Symmachus, at the Sixth Council of Rome, A.D. 504 (Labbe, t. iv. col. 1371): *We are necessitated by the government of the Apostolic See, and are constrained in order to the due disposition of ecclesiastical affairs, so to weigh the decrees contained in the canons of the Fathers, and to estimate the ordinances of our predecessors, as that, after all due consideration, we may regulate as far as may be, under divine assistance, those things which the exigencies of the times demand for the renovation of the churches.*"

"(iii.) Towards the end of the fourth century the bishops of Africa besought Pope St. Anastasius to commute in their favor a certain decree enacted by a transmarine—that is (as they themselves observe), a Roman—council." (See their epistle *apud* Coustant, col. 3734.)

The author mentions among other instances that in the beginning of the same century Pope St. Melchiades in like manner abrogated the primitive canon forbidding bishops who had lapsed into schism and who had subsequently returned to the unity of the church from retaining their previous dignity. St. Gregory the Great, too, dispensed with certain points in the fifth canon of Nicæa prescribing the convocation of provincial synods twice in each year.

While, however, it is perfectly clear from the foregoing that the Roman pontiff possesses the power of changing, abrogating, or suspending the disciplinary laws of the church, there is nevertheless, as our author distinctly states, a certain sense in which he is himself bound to their observance. He explains that an obligation of this kind may be understood in a twofold way:

"Either because he is subject to the law and to the power which made

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it, or because, although he is not subject, he is nevertheless, for the sake of good example and of avoiding hurtful changes, bound to the observance of the canons, when neither necessity nor utility prompts a different course."

What we have already said is sufficient to establish the general fact that the Roman pontiffs are in no way bound in the former sense, whereas the latter proposition needs no proof. Hence the author remarks that the question regarding the Roman pontiff in relation to the canons is of the same nature as that concerning the temporal prince in his relation to the laws:

"For inasmuch as the prince is the supreme authority, he can validly change his own decrees or those of his predecessors, *nor is he bound by those laws as a subject.* When, however, a change in the laws, effected without reasonable cause, is harmful, and the example of the prince in not observing them equally so, the obligation constraining the prince to the observance of the existing laws arises from a higher law, to wit, the natural or divine. He will therefore sin and be failing in his office of Supreme Pastor if he should abrogate canons relating to mutable discipline, except in cases of necessity or utility, *or if he himself, who ought to be a model to the flock of Christ, should not observe them.* But since he himself is not subject to them, nor is wanting in the power of abrogating, *the abrogation will be valid.*"

Space forbids us to continue our quotations from this learned and orthodox writer, who proceeds to disprove at considerable length the Gallican arguments, and subsequently to demonstrate in his eighth proposition that this doctrine of the supremacy of the pope over the canons is not merely certain but is *of faith.* For this, however, we must refer the reader to the treatise itself. We shall see in due course an application of this doctrine in regard to simoniacal appointments and ordinations, by no less authorities than Suarez and Ferraris, when we come to consider the case of Alexander VI.

With regard, however, to the bearing of these principles upon the papal residence at Avignon, it will be perfectly clear that, however *sinful* the action of Clement V. may have been, however he may have allowed the interests of country, family, and self to outweigh those of Christ and his church,* however culpably neglectful he may have been of those lofty considerations which should hold the first place in the mind of the Vicar of

* "Personal feelings of revenge, anxiety for the aggrandizement of his relatives and for the interests of the French court, were the principal springs of the actions of this pontiff" (Döllinger, *History of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 99).

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Christ, there can be no possible doubt as to the validity of his acts, whether in the creation of cardinals or in dispensing both them and himself from those duties of residence which, as bishops and priests, the canon law required in them.

Were other evidence required we might call in that of Suarez, who asserts plainly that irregularity even in a case of homicide cannot touch the Sovereign Pontiff, "for although he is under obligation to his own laws as regards their *directive force*, he is not, however, as regards their *coercive*";* while the strange theory of the *Church Quarterly Review* that "when the popes went to Avignon they broke up the Roman succession and created a new primacy at Avignon," is thus completely refuted by Ferraris:

"Whence Eugenius IV. at the Council of Florence in the letters of union clearly confirms our opinion: *We define that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman pontiff hold the primacy over all the world, and that full power of feeding, ruling, and guiding the universal church was confided to it by our Lord Jesus Christ in the person of St. Peter.* Hence the Apostolic See cannot be removed from the city of Rome and transferred elsewhere: and so, notwithstanding that the city of Rome has been so many times laid in ruins, the Apostolic See has always remained fixed at Rome; and although for many years several of the Roman pontiffs resided at Avignon, as Clement V., etc., nevertheless the Apostolic See always remained affixed to the Roman episcopate, and this title the Roman pontiffs used in their apostolical and pontifical rescripts, whence comes the common adage, *Ubi Papa, ibi Roma.*" †

This aphorism the *Church Quarterly*, strangely enough, inverts:

"The popes living at Avignon could no more be considered bishops of Rome than St. Peter, living in Rome, could be considered as still Bishop of Antioch. And Pope Benedict XIV. says: 'No one who is not Bishop of Rome can be styled successor of Peter, and for that reason the words of our Lord, *Feed my sheep*, can never be applied to him' (*De Synod. Diœces.*, ii. 1). Thus the Petrine principle is *Ubi Roma, ibi Papa.*"

These words give the clue to the Anglican position in this matter. Professing to argue upon the "principles of Roman canon law," they proceed, in open violation of those principles, to treat the Roman pontiff as an ordinary bishop. Accustomed as the Ritualists are to be in everything a law to themselves, repudiating alike the decisions of the courts of the Established Church and the rulings of their own bishops whenever they do

* Suarez, *In tertiam partem D. Thomæ, De Irregularitate*, disp. xl. sect. vii. No. 7.

† Ferraris, vol. iii. sub titulo *Ecclesia*, art. ii. Nos. 18 and 19.

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not accord with their own fads and predilections, it is not surprising that they should yield to the temptation of handling the jurisprudence of the Catholic Church in the same manner. Authority has no place in their code; the recognized interpreters of legal tradition in the church must make way for their own *ipse dixits*. The pope is a bishop, therefore he is bound by the laws regulating bishops. We have shown that it is an axiom in canon law that the pope, of all men, alone is not so bound. If he were so, if there were any tribunal upon earth capable of judging him, any law ecclesiastical for failure in obedience to which he might be judged, how then would he be *supreme?* Upon the principles of Anglicanism or of Gallicanism, of course, he is not supreme; but our contemporaries should remember that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, upon whose principles they profess to take their stand, Anglicanism is a monstrosity and Gallicanism an extinct and exploded error.

And this brings us to the third argument adduced by the *Church Times*. We have just denied that there is any earthly tribunal which can judge the pope, or any law by which he can be judged by man. What, then, it may not unnaturally be asked, about the Council of Constance, by which two claimants to the Papacy were deposed and a new pontiff elected—*irregularly*, the *Church Times* maintains—in the person of Martin V.? Now, the difficulties connected with this miserable period of schism and its extraordinary termination are not new; they have been treated over and over again in the pages of historical and controversial writers,* and to these we might well refer our readers, were it not that the *Church Quarterly Review*, still harping on its favorite idea that the jurisdiction of the Papacy has ceased to exist, declares that it is "impossible to decide which of the rival popes during this period had a rightful claim to his position, so that, on Bellarmine's principle that 'a doubtful pope is accounted as no pope,' the quasi-occupants of the Roman See during these many years must all be rejected, and the Papacy be regarded as void."

We have already said enough to show that were we to admit everything which is stated in this passage—that Bellarmine, for instance, ever had the intention of asserting that a doubtful pope is no pope in the sense that the see is vacant during his pontificate, and, consequently, that throughout this whole period no true pontiff sat in the chair of Peter—the idea that the succession of pontiffs thereby failed, and could never, under the present constitution of the church, be resuscitated, is an illusory one. There

* Archbishop Spalding's Essays, for instance.

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is no reason why a general council like that of Constance should not elect a valid pontiff who should subsequently ratify its other acts and render it œcumenical. The absence of a head is manifestly no bar to such an election, because the mere fact of a papal election presupposes this absence. If the local church of Rome, widowed of its bishop, has the inherent power to assemble and elect another, much more, surely, may the universal church of Christ, assembled in general synod, proceed to the election of a chief pastor necessary for the preservation of unity and the maintenance of sound doctrine. Nor in this particular election does there appear, in spite of the *Church Times*, to have been anything irregular. The council was certainly a general council; it represented the entire church, for the cardinals, clergy, and people of both obediences (that of John XXIII. and of Gregory XII.) took part in the election, and the handful of fanatics who remained with Pedro de Luna at Peñiscola were surely of no account. The possibility of this man being the true pope is of the slenderest kind; there can be but little doubt that whether the election of Urban VI. was forced upon the cardinals in conclave by the threats of the Roman people or not (and these threats appear to have been of a very mild kind *), he was accepted as a true pontiff by the entire church, and the subsequent election of his rival, Clement VII., was undertaken in the face of the emphatic protest of the most renowned canonists in Christendom.† The chances of De Luna, who succeeded him, were rendered still more attenuated by the openly simoniacal practices of his predecessor; he, too, in company with the other schismatical cardinals, took an oath previous to the election, whose conditions he subsequently ostentatiously refused to fulfil; even the sainted Dominican, Vincent Ferrer, deserted him at last, declaring him to have been a perjurer. Against the third claimant—John XXIII.—the crime of simony was conclusively proved before the fathers at Constance;‡ and as there cannot in his case be even any pretence of subsequent *universal* acceptation by the church, the council acted fully within its powers in deposing him. It is of such men as these, doubtless, that Bellarmine asserts that as doubtful popes they were no popes at all,§ while he who was probably the successor of St. Peter, in whose line, in all probability, the succession had been kept up throughout all these trying times, the venerable Gregory XII.,

* "They speak only of prayers and entreaties, of the shouts that were heard in the streets, and of their *fear* that worse *might* follow" (Döllinger, *Hist. of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 133).

† Ibidem, p. 132.

‡ Ibidem, p. 165.

§ In the sense that a general council might set them aside for the well-being of the church. Neither of our contemporaries give any references.

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voluntarily resigned in the interests of the peace and unity of the church. Behold how the true shepherd gives his life for the sheep, while the hireling and impostor live but to ravage the flock.

In dealing, however, with this matter of the great schism, the question may not unnaturally arise as to its bearing upon the rule or canon of St. Irenæus, with which we have dealt at length on a former occasion.* To what authority, throughout these forty-odd years, were the faithful to look for that keynote of Catholic doctrine which the saint establishes as existing in the teaching of the See of Peter? We have said more than once that the church cannot be divided, because her centre of unity is constituted in an individual. Break that up, set up a double popedom, or render doubtful for a long lapse of time which is the true pope, and has not the dreaded calamity actually befallen the church? Has not the rule of faith broken down and left us in darkness blacker than that of the pagans of old by reason of its contrast with the seeming light which we had before possessed? We are bold to say that during the period of history referred to nothing of the sort took place. It is quite conceivable, humanly speaking, that it might have done so. Pontiff after pontiff might have succeeded each other in double or triple line down to the present day; had the church not been divine they very possibly would have done so, judging, at least, from the example of the Oriental schismatics. Each of these three lines might have favored some special school of theology or some pet doctrine—say on the nature and efficacy of divine grace—and its respective pontiffs might have elevated their favorite doctrines into dogmas of faith by *ex cathedrâ* definitions. It is manifest that in such a case as this the whole economy of the *ecclesia docens* would have been thrown into inextricable and irremediable confusion, the rule of faith would have been lost, Christ's promises to the church proved a delusion, and the Catholic religion itself would probably not have survived that revival of pagan ideas and that revolution in thought consequent upon what is termed the Renaissance. Nor is it even probable that its outward shell would have long remained, as have the outward shells of Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Photianism in the conservative and changeless East. In Europe the old order was on the point of changing, giving place to new. The seeds of negligence and corruption on the part of the Catholic clergy were producing a plentiful crop of sceptics and scoffers at all ecclesiastical authority; and had the schism but con-

* "St. Irenæus and the Roman See" (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1883).

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tinued till the time of Luther; had there existed, when his hand applied the torch, instead of one united church under the majestic Leo X., a body weakened alike in faith and capacity for action by schism and revolt, who could foretell the consequences? *But nothing of the sort took place.* Not a solitary one of these rival pontiffs meddled with the dogmas of religion in any way or shape; such as they found them, such they left them; and the faithful, consequently, could be in no doubt whatever as to what to believe for their souls' salvation. They may have been, in fact they were, in doubt as to who was the true pope, and so the discipline of the church suffered terribly. But no shadow of doubt, having the schism as its cause, ever crossed their minds in matters of faith and morals. Why was this so?

What was it that restrained these haughty, corrupt, and self-seeking men from thus defiling the fold of Christ and leading his flock astray? *What* was it? Christ's promise registered in the heavens and recorded there eternally: *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* Peter's successor might be obscured and hidden from view for a time, but Peter's see was there, and upon it as upon a rock the church rested secure. And when, after well-nigh forty years of storm and tempest, the boat of Peter emerged from the mists of doubt and anxiety which had racked the minds and breasts of its most saintly sons and daughters, then indeed was it plainly and visibly seen that Christ, Peter's master, was himself at the helm; then was men's faith strengthened and their hearts rejoiced; then indeed could the church raise her canticle of praise to God and sing joyfully with the royal Psalmist: *For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, will I fear no evils, because Thou art with me.*

At the conclusion of its second article our contemporary, quoting from the *Church Quarterly Review*, returns to its first argument, declaring with absolute certainty that, even supposing the Roman Church to have weathered all preceding storms, she surely succumbed under the iniquities practised by Alexander VI. at the end of the fifteenth century:

"There is not the smallest doubt that his election was simoniacal and that he was returned by means of purchased votes. It is equally certain that he systematically sold the cardinalate to the highest bidder. Thus not only was his own popedom void by reason of simony, but the cardinals whom he had nominated—and he nominated a great many—were no true cardinals for the same reason."

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From these alleged facts the *Church Quarterly* draws the following conclusion:

"The electoral body was thus utterly vitiated and disqualified by canon law at least as far back as 1513, and no conceivably valid election of a pope has taken place since that of Innocent VIII. in 1484, even if every defect prior to that date be condoned, and it be conceded that the breaches in the tenth, eleventh, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries were made good somehow. There has not been any retrospective action taken in regard to this final vitiation by simony, and to Alexander VI. belongs the responsibility of having made any assertion of unbroken and canonical devolution of a Petrine privilege in the line of Roman pontiffs impossible for any honest canonist or historian since his time."

We have simply referred to this final attack in order to lay before our readers the true position of canon law in relation to simony. The absurd conclusion regarding vitiated electoral bodies and permanently usurping and illicit pontiffs of course needs no further refutation than has already been given.

Nothing is more clearly laid down by the great doctors of canon law than the fact that in general, although simony renders all exercise of the functions pertaining to the office simoniacally obtained illicit, *it does not render them invalid.* The first point is thus distinctly stated by Ferraris:

"He who has been simoniacally ordained and is cognizant of the fact, in addition to the excommunication which he incurs *ipso facto*, is suspended from the exercise of all his orders, not only of those simoniacally received, but also of others, although the simony may have been effected secretly." *

But that this suspension does not render the same acts invalid, if the suspended cleric has the temerity to perform them, is equally clear from the following:

"It must, however, be understood that the exercise of orders and other acts prohibited by suspension *are valid*, with the exception of elections. Actions implying the exercise of jurisdiction are also to be excepted, and on this account one who has been absolutely suspended cannot validly absolve." †

This is the law of the church regarding simoniacal clerics in general. It will be observed, however, that the exceptions laid down appear to play into the hands of our contemporaries, inasmuch as the whole question turns upon the validity of elections

* Ferraris, vol. vii. *Simonia*, art. iii. No. 12.

† Ibidem sub titulo *Suspensio*, art. vii. No. 7. Cf. also Suarez, *De Censuris*, disp. xi. sect. ii. 2.

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and of the exercise of jurisdiction after election. And, indeed, their case from this point of view would be perfect were it not, as we have already said, that the Vicar of Christ stands in this respect upon an altogether different level from any one else, both as regards his own exemption from the operation of the canons and his power of dispensing others. His position in reference to simony is thus fully explained by Suarez:

"*Whether the pope selling a benefice may be regarded as dispensing the purchaser.*—This involves another question which is usually introduced at this point—viz., whether the Roman pontiff, selling a benefice to any one and committing simony with him, may be regarded as dispensing him, at all events as regards the legal penalties. For some so deny this as to say that he remains excommunicate and incurs the remaining penalties. This opinion is advocated by Adrianus, etc. The contrary, however, is the common opinion, and this appears to be the most agreeable to reason. For, first, as regards the penalty of nullity in such a collation, this is manifest from what has been said under the preceding heading. Secondly, as regards the penalty of excommunication, that man certainly cannot be called contumacious against the law of the pontiff who, in company with the pope himself, commits an act prohibited by law; and without contumacy there is no excommunication. Moreover, it is highly improbable that a prince should wish to punish an action in whose performance he himself has shared, or which he has at least encouraged. Lastly, if simony were contrary only to positive law, the pope should be understood as dispensing as regards the sin also, and the subject himself should so regard it, since he ought not to suppose that the pope wishes to commit simony. Indeed, although simony should otherwise seem to be contrary to the divine law, if, however, it could be excused in the pope *per mutationem materiæ*, the subject ought thus to presume and thus in good faith avoid all blame. When, however, the simony is of such a kind that the pontiff can by no means avoid incurring it, *the subject is indeed involved with him in the sin, but together with him is excused from the penalty.*"

We have now discussed the entire argument in its threefold ramification as served up by the *Church Times* for the instruction and profit of its readers. That journal sets out with a mighty flourish of trumpets to announce the immediate demolition of all claims to universal jurisdiction on the part of the actual occupant of the see of Peter by reason of failure in the succession, appealing in proof of its assertions to the fundamental principles of Roman canon law; and the second article concludes with these words: "As God has not taken care to protect the papal succession from illegitimacy and doubt, it is plain that he cannot have conferred any such charter upon the Roman Church as that which Roman Catholics allege." We have seen

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conclusively that, so far from the jurisprudence of the church supplying any foundation for this amazing theory, it is simply the ignorance of non-Catholic writers (and for this, indeed, they cannot be blamed) as to the real principles of canon law which has given rise to this singular delusion. And now, in taking leave of our two contemporaries, we would ask in all charity and Christian kindness, To what purpose is all this bombast? Do the conductors of the *Church Quarterly Review*, who are understood to be clergymen of name and standing, imagine that the reputation of their periodical can possibly be enhanced in the eyes of impartial men of any creed by the use of arguments such as these, which can be accounted for only on the score of culpable ignorance or intentional dishonesty? Of the latter we freely and frankly acquit these gentlemen. We do not for a moment suppose that the editors of either of these periodicals intended to misrepresent the principles of canon law. Having obtained a smattering of the laws relating to simony and irregularity from some source or other (probably some elementary text-book which would not contain the matter which we have extracted from larger works), they imagined that they had got hold of a good thing, and set themselves to work it for all that it was worth. But, alas!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

and when men without any theological training and still less knowledge of ecclesiastical jurisprudence undertake so stupendous an operation as the destruction of the Papacy upon the principles of canon law, they and their admirers must not be surprised or disappointed if all that they effect is the making a mild exhibition of themselves, when the pregnant rumblings of the mountain of Protestantism, the birth-pangs of the *Church Quarterly*, and the portentous parturition of the *Church Times* can only succeed in producing such a very ridiculous mouse.

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THE SHOONEEN.

I.

ALEXANDER MACALLISTER, of Baremoor, in the County of Wexford in Ireland—familiarly known in his district as "Sandy the Shooneen"—was the impecunious proprietor of a broad, low-lying tract of sterile, marshy land. His tenants were a lot of half-starved, rack rented creatures, who toiled from morn till night to meet the half-yearly "gale-day." Of Ulster extraction, he was a rigid Presbyterian, a bitter hater of Catholicism, a violent loyalist—as the term goes—and a prominent member of a Southern lodge.

With his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful young girl just budding into lovely womanhood, he resided in a big, ungainly structure called Baremoor House, which was situated on the only elevated and fertile portion of his property. This shabby-genteel residence was deprived of much of its bleak appearance by a profusion of wide-spreading shade-trees that enveloped it at every side. From the porch fronting the hall-door a gravelled carriage-way led down to the main entrance through a lawn of vivid greensward, in spring and early summer profusely decked with yellow daffodils and silvery daisies.

A large, leaden-colored, iron-barred gateway, a pair of white-washed piers surmounted with bluestone globes, a tenantless lodge-house, and several huge elm-trees, the home of a large colony of cawing rooks, were the main outward characteristics of this abode of struggling gentility as viewed from the public road.

Major Brown, of the County Wexford militia, was a constant visitor at Baremoor House. Gossip said he was paying his attentions to the lovely Flora Macallister, but to the eye of an ordinary observer the cold and unresponsive manner in which these attentions were received told plainly that his suit was not a successful one.

The major, as a rule, met the family every Sunday at church, and then drove home with them to a meagre yet ceremonious dinner, after which his host and himself whiled away the evening over a couple of tumblers of weak whiskey-toddy, discussing the stirring political events of the day, which, he would remark with

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great pomposity, "were fast crushing out of existence all the landed gentry in the country."

One Sunday evening, as the major and his host were engaged in this harmless method of entertainment, the latter picked up a copy of the local National newspaper, and, running his eye over the columns, stopped at one particular paragraph, to which he invited the attention of his guest.

"Major," he inquired, "is there any truth in this story headed 'The Duncannon Warrior and the Jackass'?"

"Not that I know of," replied the major, as his streaky, filmy eyeballs bulged out in anticipation of a suspected unpleasant revelation. "I don't know who the blackguards can mean by 'a Duncannon warrior.' Of course I have to attend drill at the fort whenever that rascally scum of papist rebels styled the Wexford militia are called out for their annual training."

"Listen to this," said Macallister, adjusting his spectacles and beginning to read: "'A few nights ago, as a well-known Duncannon major was returning home at a rather advanced hour after paying a visit to a sympathetic Shooneen, one of Shawn Foddher's male donkeys insisted upon entering into a practical discussion with this gallant son of Mars on the much-talked-of subject of physical force. After a few brilliant rounds in the dark the jawbone or the unshod heels of the jackass proved too much for his military opponent, and had not the brisk scuffle attracted the attention of Shawn Foddher, who came quickly on the scene, the consequences might have proved fatal. We understand the owner of this bloodthirsty quadruped will be summoned to attend the next Petty Sessions at Enniscorthy for allowing his donkeys to wander, uncared for, on the public road.'"

"Don't believe one word of it, sir!" cried the major in a violent burst of simulated indignation. "I can't guess who it is the rascals intend to lampoon; but, at the same time, I think it only right that I should tell you I have lodged a complaint with my friend Captain Caldecott against that vile rebel Shawn Foddher for allowing those lazy, starved, wicked-looking brutes of his to wander at large on the public roads. There's one friend of ours," continued the major, "who wouldn't be sorry to see the rascal turned out on the roadside."

"Who's that?"

"Our new rector, the Reverend Silas Lawson."

"Why, what did he do to him?"

"Oh! nothing very much," replied the major, as he reached out the sugar-tongs and dropped a white lump into his tumbler

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of toddy. "You know the rector's misguided but still well-meaning craze to bring the light of the Gospel into the hovels of these benighted, priest-ridden papists. Well, sir," continued the major, as he proceeded to crush the fast dissolving sugar-lump, "the rector had the misfortune to meet this lazy rascal Shawn Foddher on his rounds, and from his unkempt and forbidding appearance it struck the innocent clergyman that he would be a good subject to make a commencement on for the spread of Evangelical Truth. He stopped the blackguard and inquired if he had any family dependent on him. 'I have, yer riverence,' said the low scoundrel in a whining, hypocritical tone. 'I have nine in family, sir'—although you and I, Sandy, know the rascal hasn't wife or chick or child save his infernal donkeys. 'Do they ever read the Bible, my good man?' inquired Mr. Lawson.

"'The divil ever—'"

"I beg your pardon, major," broke in the host. "Speak easy. That last word of yours, if it caught Mrs. Macallister's ears, might not be very pleasant. You know this is the Sabbath evening."

"Excuse me, Sandy. I was, perhaps, carried a bit away at the thought of that low villain's cunning, and you know I was quoting the exact words of Mr. Lawson himself, who told me the story."

"All right; go on."

"Well, the rector asked him why his family never read the Bible. 'Bekase,' said the double-distilled ruffian, 'they can't read, yer riverence. They don't know B from a bull's fut.' So, to make a long story short, after further questions on the part of the misguided, unsuspecting rector, and further lying answers on the part of this knowing, deep-plotting villain, Mr. Lawson made an appointment to make a morning call at the rascal's cabin."

"Rather foolish of the reverend gentleman, I should say," said Macallister. "He should have asked some of us about the fellow's character."

"That's just what I said to him, Sandy—my very words. But, as Mr. Lawson told me, the low impostor looked so simple as he scratched his scrubby, foxy poll and asked the reverend gentleman if he knew of any chapter on industry—or industhry, as he called it—in the Bible, that the innocent clergyman was fairly taken in. As Mr. Lawson told me, quoting the impostor's own identical words, 'it would be a charity fur you, yer riverence, to read a chapter or two on industhry to these lazy allyawns o' mine, to try an' induce them to do a sthroke or two o' work; for

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they'll do nothin' for me,' says the low villain, 'but ait their males and rowl themse'fs in the dirt from mornin' till night.'"

"Well, major," interrupted the host, "your friend was caught in the trap. I presume he visited the cabin prepared to read the lecture?"

"Not only that, Sandy, but he actually did read a large portion of a suitable epistle from Paul; and as his sight is naturally weak and the cabin was so dark, he would have probably gone on reading, I do not know how long, were it not that one of the donkeys indulged in a violent fit of braying."

"You don't mean to say he actually read the Bible to the donkeys?"

"I regret to say that he did. They were inside a kind of low partition, over which their heads alone protruded; and as it was very dark and Mr. Lawson was very anxious to get in some Scripture reading, he did not perceive the deception which had been practised on him until he heard the first roar of the jackass!"

"I am sorry for the reverend gentleman," said Macallister, scarcely able to refrain from smiling. "I presume he won't bother himself much further with fellows of this type?"

"You may bet your life he won't, Sandy. All the benighted papists in the district may go to—well, they may go to Hong Kong, or any other place of worship, before Mr. Lawson will ever again make a single endeavor to effect their salvation. But here is Mrs. Macallister, I declare. Her coming is my signal. 'Tis high time I should be moving for home."

"You seem to have had a very interesting discussion, whatever it may have been about," remarked the lady who had just entered the room.

"Merely a little story I was telling, madame," answered the major, rising and moving towards the hall rack, from which he took his overcoat; "but an end must come to everything, you see. I'm off."

"Good-night, major," responded the host, as he followed his guest out to the hall-door. "'Tis a dark night. Take care you don't knock up against Shawn Foddher on your way."

"The low, dirty scoundrel will keep clear of me, Sandy," replied the major with a hollow laugh, "as long as I carry this loaded stick in my hand. I will light my pipe now; 'twill keep me company on the road."

The major now struck a match, and, having ignited his pipe,

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puffed it into a blaze, and then, buttoning his coat up to his chin, started out on his homeward journey.

II.

When Macallister heard his guest slamming the road-gate after him he retired within the house, and barred and bolted the outer door. Then he returned to the sitting-room he had just quitted, and, throwing himself into the easy-chair lately occupied by his friend, proceeded to brew himself another tumbler of whiskey-toddy.

His wife sat moodily by the chimney-corner, gazing into the embers of the now smouldering fire, and occasionally heaving a kind of long-drawn sigh which caused her husband to turn his eyes slowly in her direction.

"Heigho!" she ejaculated, "what a weary, weary world this is when the pocket is not as full as the desires."

"Do you want money, Susan?" inquired her husband languidly.

"Do I want money? Good gracious! Sandy Macallister, do you see a pair of horns growing out over my ears? Of course I want money. I always want money, and that is the very reason I wished to speak to you about getting further time to pay Malone's bill."

"What can I do about it?" replied her husband, as he drained down his glass of punch. "It is in the hands of that young firebrand lawyer O'Donoghue. He would not do me a favor. You had better call on him yourself; he might not have the courage to refuse you."

"I have been thinking over that very plan, Sandy; but on reflection I deem it safer to send him a note asking him to come out here to-morrow with his client and take an inventory of sufficient articles of furniture for a bill of sale to secure the amount until we can get in some of our outstanding rents. Florry knows him —she was introduced to him at the last fancy fair held in Gorey —and her presence will assist me in the endeavor."

"Very good, Susan," replied Macallister thoughtfully. "I have no objection to your resorting to any means in your power to stave off the immediate payment of this debt, but I must object to Florry having anything to say to this young papist lawyer. Major Brown—"

"Major Fiddlesticks, Sandy!" interrupted the lady. "Do

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you think my daughter would throw herself away on him?—a regular sot, who is fully as old as you are! No, no; not if I can help it. Florry has already given him a decisive answer which has settled his aspirations in her regard. I only wish this young lawyer O'Donoghue was not a papist. He is rich, and the alliance would get us out of all our financial embarrassments."

The following day the lawyer and his client drove out to Baremoor House in answer to the lady's invitation.

Desmond O'Donoghue, attorney-at-law, was a handsome, well-built, intelligent young man. He was a prominent figure at all the National meetings in the county, an eloquent speaker, and a general favorite with every patriotically-disposed human being in the district. His client, Dan Malone, was a stout, vulgar-looking old man, whose life might be said to have been entirely spent behind his counter, and who, as he took his seat upon a handsome cushioned chair, seemed ill at ease at the comfort it afforded. After wriggling about uneasily for some time he sought relief in twirling his hat in his big, fat, speckled hands, and, after giving an owl-like gaze about the tastefully-furnished apartment, he turned his eyes in the direction of his legal adviser.

"I wondher, Misther Desmond," he began, in a low, whispering tone, as he inched his chair over towards the lawyer, "is the Shooneen raaly sick, or is id on'y a dodge he's tryin' on uz? You know I can't be hard, daalin' wid the wife."

"I really can't tell you, Dan," replied O'Donoghue. "I take it they want more time, and your permission to withhold marking judgment against them to-morrow. It all rests with you, whether you will force the immediate payment of your account, and perhaps smash them up, or be lenient with them and take chance for your money."

"What do you advise me to do, Misther Desmond?"

"Whatever you please," was the quiet reply. "I have already explained the situation to you."

"Well, then, Misther Desmond," said Malone, "in the name o' God, I won't press him; although I know the blaackguard would on'y be too delighted to ruin me or you, or any of our way o' thinkin'. But, thank God! I can live iddout the money, even if I lose it."

"I am glad you have come to that conclusion yourself. I could not well have suggested it to you. But stay, I hear a step. Here are the ladies."

The door was now thrown open, and Mrs. Macallister, followed by her daughter, entered the room. Both visitors rose

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from their seats, and the lady of the house advanced towards the lawyer with outstretched hand and smiling countenance, after which she bowed, in a most condescending manner, towards the burly creditor. Her daughter retired to the extreme end of the room, and, seating herself in an easy-chair with abashed and downcast gaze, seemed awaiting her mother's invitation to lend her aid in the unpleasant interview.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. O'Donoghue," began the arch diplomatist, "for your kindness in calling here this evening. I regret very much that my husband's indisposition unables him to attend to this purely business matter. Of course I fully explained his proposition to you with regard to the bill of sale, and if you please we can now begin and make an inventory for the schedule. My daughter will assist me."

"Well, Mrs. Macallister," began the lawyer, as he cast his gaze in the direction of the room wherein the young lady was seated, "my client, Mr. Malone, has been conferring with me on the matter since I read your offer of security to him, and has come to the conclusion that an unregistered bill of sale will give him no better security for his debt than that which he has at present; therefore—"

"He refuses to accede to our offer," interrupted the lady, as a hectic flush mantled her cheek, and she cast a sidelong look in the direction of her daughter.

"Oh! no, madame; you mistake," replied the lawyer, slightly elevating his voice. "Mr. Malone does not intend to direct me to mark a judgment; on the contrary, he is willing to give you all further reasonable time you may require to liquidate his demand."

"This is really very kind of Mr. Malone—very kind indeed." And here Mrs. Macallister turned and bowed towards the soft-hearted, awkward creditor, who twirled his hat between his hands and seemed anything but at his ease at the lady's courtly politeness. "The times have been so very bad of late, Mr. O'Donoghue," she continued, "owing to foreign competition in food-products and the unfortunate political disturbances, that my husband has not been able to collect his rents, and, therefore, our circumstances have been so strained that we really have not been able to keep our engagements."

"That'll be all right, ma'am," broke in Malone, to the evident astonishment of his auditors, "whin we'll get Home Rule."

"Oh! really," replied Mrs. Macallister, turning quickly around and darting a sharp glance at her unsophisticated creditor, "it

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may be so, sir; but we ladies do not presume to understand politics."

"Av coorse not, ma'am. But how can the country be ever well off wid one class fightin' agin the other, the landlord squeezin' the poor tenant in the bad times, an' the Protestan' threatenin' to make war on his Catholic fellow-countryman? For my part, ma'am, although, av coorse, I have a private regard for my own—an' who'd blame me?—I wouldn't object to help a Protestan', or even a Prosbytaarian, if I thought they stud in need of it."

"Bravo! Dan," exclaimed the lawyer, with a jocular air, seeking by his simulated hilarity to cover the rude remarks of his client. "Your want of bigotry does honor to your head and heart. But we will be going now. Mrs. Macallister, my client, Mr. Malone, is a trifle outspoken in his manner, but I assure you it is the liberality of his big Irish heart which sets his tongue in motion. You need not further trouble yourself about that account of his, but whenever convenient I will be happy to hear from you. Come on, Dan."

The client rose and, with a kind of half-apologetic bow, moved towards the door. The lawyer fixed his gaze upon a pretty little water-color sketch which adorned the room, and the lady of the house, perceiving the action, moved up towards him, and, adjusting a pair of gold spectacles, proceeded in her turn to study the picture.

"That is one of my daughter Flora's sketches," she said. "She has a decided taste for art, and I regret here, in this country place, she cannot perfect herself in its study. Florry," she called out, turning towards her daughter, "do you not know Mr. O'Donoghue? I think you told me you had been introduced to him."

"Oh! yes, madame," replied the blushing disciple of Blackstone. "I have had that pleasure."

The young lady now advanced, and, lifting her long, silken eyelashes, gave the lawyer a glance from the depth of her violet orbs which set his heart beating with increased tumult; then she extended her hand, which he grasped with lover-like fervor, and said in a quiet, half-abashed tone: "I would have recognized Mr. O'Donoghue before this, mother, but that his visit here was a strictly professional one, and, unfortunately, one paid under very distressing circumstances."

"I am sorry, Mr. O'Donoghue," said the elder lady, "that my husband's views on political and religious matters are so

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widely different from your own. He is what you style an Orangeman and a loyalist, and you are a Roman Catholic and a Nationalist. What a pity there should be a necessity for such broad distinctions!"

"Still, madame," replied the lawyer, "mutual forbearance will do much to conciliate conflicting parties. Your co-religionists need not fear the action of their Catholic brethren, even in the moment of our triumph."

As the lawyer took his hat off the hall rack he turned towards the young lady, who stood silently at the parlor entrance.

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," he said, stretching out his hand and grasping hers: "I am sorry my first visit to Baremoor was not made under more fortunate circumstances." Then in a *sotto voce*, meant evidently for her private ear: "I will be at the Long Lane to-morrow evening. Can you meet me?"

"I will try," she whispered.

"*Au revoir*, then," he replied in an equally faint tone, after which, with a polite bow, he passed quickly out through the hall-door to the gravelled path in front of the building, where he joined his burly client, who had been impatiently awaiting his arrival.

III.

The day after the lawyer's visit Mrs. Macallister announced her intention of driving into the neighboring market-town to make some dry-goods purchases. Her daughter Florry, however, excused herself from accompanying her, and stole out as soon as she saw the jaunting-car upon which her mother was seated pass out through the front gate. Then she struck out quickly across the dewy fields for the Long Lane, the hawthorn-bound and primrose-fringed trysting-place wherein she had promised to meet her lover.

With two young and sympathetically-mated human beings who meet to tell each other the old, old story, time flies with wings of speed. It was not until the sun had cast the broad, flat land in cool gray shade, and fired the yellow, furze-crowned summits of the distant uplands, that prudence suggested an immediate homeward journey.

As the lovers emerged from the Long Lane upon the winding high-road the portly form of Father Tom Doyle, the jolly old parish priest, was seen advancing towards them. Although Father Tom, as he was familiarly called, had his hat off and was

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evidently reciting from his breviary, still, as all the parish knew, he had a quick eye for everything passing round him.

"By Jove! Florry," exclaimed O'Donoghue, as he recognized the pastor, "what a misfortune! My friend Father Tom, and no way of escape. We must only make a bold front of it, and I can say that I met you casually on the road, and was merely accompanying you as far as your own gate."

But Father Tom was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and when he approached within a few paces of his young friend and parishioner, and noted the deep blush which suffused his cheeks, he began to suspect there was something in the wind.

He knew, of course, the lawyer's companion, and were she of his own fold there was no one in the entire county he would have been better pleased to have met in the same situation; but a Presbyterian, and the penniless daughter of "Sandy the Shooneen"! Father Tom took a vigorous pinch of snuff and blew his nose with his big red handkerchief.

What was to be done? The characteristic smile of friendly recognition was beginning to broaden on Father Tom's big, honest face, and in another moment they were within speaking distance.

"Father Tom," began O'Donoghue, with ill-concealed bashfulness, "this is Miss Flora Macallister, of Baremoor."

The pastor lifted his hat and bowed.

"I was down by the bog," continued the amatory-disposed lawyer, "merely to see if the young ducks were flying, as I intend having an evening's shooting at them next week, when I met Miss Macallister on the road."

Something seemed to interfere with the sight of one of Father Tom's eyes, as he closed it into wrinkled tightness, while the open one gleamed with a sort of funny knowingness at his young parishioner.

"I think, Desmond," said he, as he pointed towards a pathway a short distance from him, "this passage leads straight up to Miss Macallister's house."

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady in a meek, bashful tone. "I fear I have delayed already too long. Good-by, Mr. O'Donoghue. I am obliged for your kindness in accompanying me so far."

Then she turned her eyes towards the priest, and, stretching out her hand to meet his, said: "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," said Father Tom. "I am very happy, I assure you, to have made your acquaintance."

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At this moment Flora's attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking around in a frightened manner, to her horror she perceived Major Brown, who had evidently been a witness to her handshaking familiarity with the priest. She quickened her footsteps to avoid him, but the major, with rapid strides, came up near her and called out:

"Miss Florry, you seem to be in a great hurry. I am going up to the house to see your father, and I will accompany you. You ought to be as well pleased to walk and talk with me as you were with that ignorant popish priest you have just left. I intend telling your father all about your doings."

"You are a mean, low man to do so," retorted the girl, glaring fiercely at her companion. "An accident caused me to meet that gentleman whom you call a popish priest, and I did not exchange ten words with him. As a lady I could not insult him when I found myself respectfully addressed. You know my father's fierce antipathy to priests, and the misery you may entail within our family by your officious, tell-tale interference. It is therefore that I am forced to stoop, nay, even beg of you not to make any allusion to this purely accidental occurrence."

"The answer you gave me when I pressed my own suit, and the sight of the man whom I have just found in your company, and who has lost me your affection, preclude the possibility of such an infringement of my duty. You have had your moment of triumph, Miss Macallister; I now have mine. As an officer in her most gracious majesty's militia, and as a Protestant gentleman, I cannot conscientiously refrain from acquainting your father of all I have seen this evening. These rebellious priests, with their communistic cries of Home Rule and abolition of the landed interests, are now our bitterest foes. Am I, then, to see the daughter of my friend and brother Mason degrade herself by giving her hand to a vile political firebrand?"

Flora Macallister felt a choking sensation in her throat. It was useless to argue further with this inexorable bigot, this discarded suitor for her hand. So, without another word or comment, she proceeded on her way, and on arriving at the hall-door dashed hurriedly up-stairs to her own room. Meanwhile the major, with his own additions and innuendoes, was telling his story to his "brother Orangeman"; and after a few moments Flora heard a terrible voice, which she dreaded, calling her at the foot of the stairs:

"Florry, Florry, come here at once."

With trembling and trepidation she crept down the stairs and

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entered the parlor, wherein her father and Major Brown now sat together.

"Florry," began the now excited head of the family, "what is this I hear about your conduct? Have you determined on disgracing me?"

"I did not disgrace you, father; I could not do so."

"You lie, girl! You did. Has not Major Brown seen you hand-in-hand with a popish priest—the arch-rascal who presides at all the unlawful meetings in the county?"

"I met him accidentally, father, and I could not avoid returning a bare salute when it was given to me in common courtesy."

"And is it not a fact that that blackguard Home Rule attorney, O'Donoghue, introduced you to him?"

"Yes, father, I was introduced to the priest by Mr. O'Donoghue. On his visit to this house yesterday you know he did not prove himself a blackguard; and he is not one either, but a gentleman and a man of honor!"

All this while Major Brown was sniggering and shuffling uneasily in his chair, evidently delighted at the domestic storm which his revenge had been the means of arousing. He looked for a moment at the girl, who, without evincing boldness or defiance, still displayed no palpable demonstration of fear.

"You should make her solemnly promise, Sandy," he chimed in, "that she will never speak to that papist lawyer again."

"She shall do so," roared Macallister, as he reached up to the mantelpiece and grasped a large riding-whip. "I will see to it that my orders are obeyed. Do you promise, girl, that you will never again speak or exchange a word with this papist lawyer-fellow with whom you were found this evening?"

"Father," cried the now terrified Flora, throwing herself upon her knees, and with tearful, imploring gaze looking into her parent's face, now wrinkled and distorted with passion, "forgive me if I seem to be disobedient, but at another time, when we are alone, I will give you satisfactory reasons."

"I want none of your reasons, you young Jezabel! Do you promise?"

With head bowed down the weeping girl murmured: "I cannot."

"Then by the contents of this I will make you!" And before his affrighted daughter had time to lift her hands on guard, the heavy whip descended with terrific force across her face and neck, and with a wild cry of pain she fell upon the floor.

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IV.

When Mrs. Macallister arrived home she found her husband and Major Brown seated in the front parlor. Their noticeable silence and moody attitudes instantly suggested to her the idea that something had gone wrong in her absence; so, suspecting possibly the quarter from which the trouble might have arisen, she eagerly inquired for her daughter Florry.

"I don't know where she is," replied her husband gruffly, without even lifting his eyes to look at his wife, "and, furthermore, I don't care. Possibly she has some popish priest keeping her company."

"Popish priest!" exclaimed Mrs. Macallister. "Why, Sandy, what do you mean?"

"I mean," replied her husband, rising from his chair, and elevating his voice so that he might be heard by all the inmates of the house—"I mean that if any daughter of mine wishes to cultivate the acquaintance of Romish Mass-singers or rebellious Home-Rulers she had better quit my house for ever."

"This is a strange expression, Sandy. I cannot understand you. Tell me what has happened since I left here!"

"Go and ask her," retorted the husband with a sneer, as he pointed towards the staircase—"your pet daughter. I have given her a lesson she won't forget for some time, and if I ever catch her again disobeying me I will turn her homeless on the roadside."

"It is unfortunately too true, Mrs. Macallister," broke in Major Brown, rising from his chair and moving towards the door, as if to take his leave. "There is no doubt about the matter. I saw her myself shaking hands with that old fire-brand priest Doyle, and smiling at him as if she were one of his most intimate friends."

"And you carried the pleasant news, did you?" inquired the lady, with a tone of voice and a scornful glance at the informant which did not bode well for his future welcome at the Sunday dinner-table at Baremoor.

"I considered it my duty, madame," replied the major, with a profound bow.

"Then allow me, sir, to offer you my thanks for your condescension."

"How, madame? I do not clearly understand."

"Perhaps not. Was it not a condescension that you should

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lower yourself from your high military position to become a little, tale-bearing family disturber?"

"Susan," interrupted the husband, "you must not speak in that manner to Major Brown. I think he deserves our best thanks for his friendly interference."

"That is a matter of opinion, Sandy. It is fortunate for Major Brown I was not here when he told his troublesome story. I can mind my own daughter, and I have no need of military spies to track her every footstep."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, madame," rejoined the major, looking palpably discomfited at his unpleasant position. "I believed I was doing you and your husband a service with this intelligence."

"It was one, sir, which was unsought, and which I hope will never be repeated."

"Then, madame, I presume I had better say good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir," was the disdainful reply. "You have given me unpleasant employment enough to incapacitate me from entertaining you any further."

Major Brown bowed coweringly before the irate mistress of Baremoor, and quickly passed out of the room.

After a few ineffectual inquiries to her husband Mrs. Macallister instantly quitted the parlor and proceeded towards the bedroom of her offending daughter. The door was bolted from the inside, and it was not without considerable knocking and calling that it was opened by the fair occupant herself, who presented such a tristful and dishevelled appearance, after her terrible paroxysm of grief and tears, that her mother was terror-stricken at the sight.

"My own dear, darling Florry!" she cried, as she threw her arms around her daughter's neck and kissed her fervently on the forehead. "What, in Heaven's name, has happened since I left here this morning? Your father is wild with passion, and you, my dear—you frighten me with the appearance you present. But stay, what is this? My God! you have been cut upon the cheek—such a blow, too! Tell me quickly how it all occurred."

Through her sobs the girl told her the whole story—of her affection for the young lawyer and his reciprocal feeling; of the appointment in the Long Lane, the walk home, the accidental meeting with Father Doyle, and the unfortunate appearance of Major Brown.

"O that contemptible little tell-tale! This is all revenge at your refusal of his suit. But, Florry my dear, wipe your eyes

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and brush your hair, and come down with me to supper. You know it will be all right when I am at the table. Brown is gone. I gave him a piece of my mind; and had I then known as much as I do now he would not have got off so easily."

Yielding to the kind maternal invitation, Flora arranged the fringe upon her neck-gear so as to hide the dark-red welt which had arisen from the blow, and, with her mother's arm locked in hers, descended slowly down the stairway. The moment the pair entered the apartment there was a violent commotion. The father swung his chair around and then sprang to his feet, and, with outstretched arm and forefinger rigidly extended in the direction of his unhappy daughter, called out in stentorian tones:

"This girl leaves the room, or I will leave it! I cannot sit in company with one who plots designing falsehoods to disgrace my household by associating with the sworn enemies of my friends and party!"

"O Sandy, Sandy!" broke in the wife, "what in the name of wonder is the matter with you? Are you losing your senses, man? Florry is deeply grieved that she has offended you, and she has explained the whole matter to me. 'Twas an accident she met—"

"Another infernal lie of hers!" roared the now excited man. "Was it by accident she met that spouting rebel O'Donoghue, or by accident they both met that popish priest on an unfrequented roadway? Leave the room, leave my presence, girl, or I may rue the day I first called you daughter!"

The poor penitent, thus savagely addressed, could not articulate one syllable in reply; even her garrulous mother was, for the moment, tongue-tied at the sight of her husband's fearful wrath, and releasing her hold of her daughter's arm, which she had grasped at the first moment of attack, she allowed her to recede a few paces, when she instantly rushed back to her room, which she had just quitted.

The moment the young girl disappeared Alexander Macallister arose from the chair into which he had thrown himself after his angry outburst, and, directing a piercing glance at his wife, said in a deep, sarcastic tone:

"I suppose, Susan, you are going to take sides with that rebellious daughter of yours. Don't you know what I am—that I am Orange of the Orange, if by that is meant one loyal to his queen and the integrity of the empire?"

"Oh! nonsense, Sandy," retorted his wife, with marked acerbity in her tones. "I'm sick of all this talk about you Orange-

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men. You can be as Orange as you like, but you mustn't strike my daughter with your whip. I'll see that this shall never occur again."

V.

The next morning Macallister arose in no good-humor with the world in general. His outbreak with his daughter had aroused his worst feelings; and then also debts pressed heavily on the "Shooneen." The rents which should be paid him were not forthcoming. A decrease in the value of all farm produce and a wet, unfruitful season had incapacitated his unfortunate tenants from giving him even an instalment of their payments, and in a blind spirit of revenge he determined to invoke the unrelenting ægis of the law to compass their eviction.

One of the most notable defaulters on his property was Mick McGrath—an honest, struggling, poor fellow whom inevitable circumstances had reduced almost to a starving condition. Against this man in particular Macallister had a grudge, and he therefore determined upon making him what he styled a fearful example of his power.

It was a drizzly, cheerless October morning that the measured tramp of marching feet attracted the attention of little Patsey McGrath, and when he had satisfied himself as to the destination of the military he instantly rushed into the house, crying out, as he clapped his hands in the excitement of his grief: "O mammy, mammy, he's de sogers!"

Mrs. McGrath was a delicate, attenuated woman, who for many years had been a victim to heart-disease, and the dreaded announcement, although daily expected, instantly threw her into a fever of excitement. Her husband, who was abroad in the fields working at the time, no sooner perceived the approach of the military than he rushed wildly towards his house, and on entering the door was horror-stricken to find his wife lying fainting on the floor. The strange pallor of the woman's pinched-up features, her closed eyes and rigidity of body, at first glance led him to the belief that she had succumbed to the fell malady which had long threatened her life; so in the wildness of his grief he cast himself on his knees beside her, while the young children, terror-stricken at the sight of their parents, crowded around the motionless form of their mother, uttering piteous infantine cries which might soften the most obdurate heart.

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The scene was one of those fearful ones which can be witnessed in many parts of Ireland to-day, and which will continue to disgrace the land as long as London-made laws shall hold their power in the country.

"Halt!"

A loud military command, a cessation of the martial tread, and in a few minutes the light in McGrath's kitchen was almost extinguished by the forms of the Shooneen and the county sheriff standing in the narrow doorway.

"McGrath," began the landlord, as he fixed his gaze on his tenant, "I have been compelled to bring the sheriff here to get possession of my place. You have not kept up to your promise."

"'Twas the bad saison, yer honor," pleaded the poor man, "an' the fall in prices, an' the sickness, that kep' me back. You see my wife lyin' there; I'm afeared the shock ov bein' turned out is afther killin' her."

"Oh! nonsense," replied Macallister. "This is an old trick to gain compassion; but it won't work this time. Out you must go."

When the sheriff had fully taken in the situation of the misery of the poor people whom he was about to evict, he requested the landlord to accompany him outside, and sought to dissuade him from the proceeding.

"I fear this will be a bad business, Mr. Macallister," said he. "I would strongly advise you to leave this man in his holding for the winter. This eviction will be the talk of the whole county."

"I do not care whether it is or not," was the brusque reply. "The fellow owes me rent, the land is mine, and I am determined I will have possession."

"But, Mr. Macallister," said the sheriff, "can't you see you are about to run a very great risk? Should the woman die on your hands her death will be styled 'murder'; and even should she recover sufficiently to walk away from the place her husband may wreak his vengeance on you. My experience tells me it is not safe to trust men in McGrath's unhappy condition."

"I have considered that point also, Mr. Sheriff, and here you see I have come thoroughly prepared." The Shooneen then threw open his overcoat and pointed to an inside pocket, from which the shining mounting of a pistol was distinctly visible. "A British bull-dog, Mr. Sheriff, the contents of which this rascal tenant of mine will get if he dares to attack me with violence."

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"Very well, Mr. Macallister, you can do as you please. We will proceed at your risk."

Both men now re-entered the house. Mrs. McGrath was standing upright, surrounded by her little children, whom she was caressing and encouraging to cease their tears, as she was all right.

"We're goin' away, childher," she said, unable to repress the tears that glistened in her eyes, "an' God an' his Holy Mother 'ill take care of us. Don't cry, my launa"—this to a handsome-faced little fellow who burst into a loud lamentation when the sheriff and the landlord approached his mother. "We're goin' to a fine big house, agragh, where ye'll all get yer food an' good dhry beds, an' where I can see ye now an' agen. God knows I never thought the poor house would see me in it at the end of my days."

"Mrs. McGrath," said the landlord, "you will oblige us by walking outside, and bringing your children with you."

"Oh! yis, sir," said the mother, gathering her little family about her slender skirts as a hen does her chickens. "We're goin', yer honner; you needn't say another word."

As the group reached the door one of the children ran back and clutched its father by the leg as he was sweeping up some Indian meal out of a box and putting it in a bag preparatory to his departure. Macallister turned quickly round and stretched out his hand to stay the little urchin, when Mick McGrath turned upon him with frenzy blazing in his eyes and roared out: "Laave go that child, you black-hearted rascal! He'll go out whin I'm goin'."

"A trick, McGrath, to hold possession. It's not the first child was stowed away in a hidden place to evade the law. But out he must go, here!"

The child sent up a wild howl as the landlord grasped him, and the father with a bound clutched Macallister's arm as in a vise. The Shooneen, though an aged man, was yet a strong one, and with a desperate wrench he rid himself from his tenant's clutch, then quickly his hand disappeared into his inside pocket as he saw McGrath rush towards the smouldering embers of the turf fire on the hearth. The sheriff stood spellbound with terror, and the child managed to make another rush towards its father. McGrath had quickly grasped a rough, murderous-looking iron bar, and in the intensity of his passion caught the little boy up in his arms as he whirled the rude weapon aloft in a defensive attitude.

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The Shooneen's blood was up, and the protection which he believed was afforded him by the pistol impelled him to advance a step nearer the poor hunted tenant. The child gave another terrified yell as the men closed together, and before the sheriff or any outsider could interfere there was a loud report, a pistol-flash of fire and smoke, a terrible dull thud of the iron bar, and the Shooneen with a death-groan lay writhing on the floor!

Then the wild shriek of a woman was heard, and a rush was made from without. On the floor of the cabin lay the landlord, the dark blood oozing from his skull; near him lay a little white-faced child over whom his horror-stricken father bent. The bullet meant for the father had taken the life of his little child.

Why proceed further with this terrible picture? It is, alas! the story of Ireland to-day—Orange hate, landlord oppression, unjust enactments; the impecunious landlord on the one hand, the over-weighted, helpless tenant-farmer on the other. Evictions are as rife to-day in Ireland, notwithstanding all the beneficial results which were to flow from the late Land Act, as they were twenty years ago; and so they will continue, and tragedies like this will blur the page of Irish history, until a drastic remedy shall be applied to the numerous ills of that unhappy country, until her own people, on their own soil, shall meet and enact their own laws.

Twelve months after the death of "the Shooneen" Flora Macallister sat with her mother in the parlor of Baremoor House. The violent shock which the latter had sustained had completely silvered her hair.

"It is all arranged, then, Florry my dear," went on Mrs. Macallister, resuming the thread of a conversation with her daughter, "and you will marry him?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am pleased with the intelligence. It will ease my mind to know that you are now safely established in life. Mr. O'Donoghue is rich and kind-hearted, and can afford to keep you above the little harassing wants which oppressed us in your poor father's lifetime. But, Florry, is it true that you are about to change your religion."

"It is, mother."

"And what have you found in Catholicism which was not within your own?"

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"I have found, mother, a peace which passeth all human understanding."

"God bless you, my child!" said the old lady, as she leaned forward and imprinted a fervent kiss on the soft cheek of the fair convert. "May he send us all light in our ways, so that his Divine Truth may to each one be apparent!"

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

SOME years ago labor advocates succeeded in raising much enthusiasm among the politicians and other professional philanthropists over their strong demand for a sweeping reduction in the hours of labor. Hitherto men, women, and children had worked as many hours as their employers asked or cupidity prompted. From twelve to fourteen hours daily were used by work-people in earning their bread. This was the average. Here and there a State legislature had limited the work-day to ten hours, but only on State works and in State institutions was the limit, with some exceptions, at all observed. Ten hours a day was an object for the great majority. It looked like the baseless fabric of a vision to most work-people, and has remained a vision up to the present moment.

But, with the swiftness peculiar to crude revolutionary methods, the labor advocates picked up the idea of an eight-hour limit and pushed it into the legislatures. The politicians were entranced, in New York State at least. The uprising of the laborers was come, and he who rode its topmost wave might glance without shame at the first office in the country. The law was passed—that is, the letter of it. It can be seen on the statute-book in black and white. But the spirit, the vivifying spirit, not being at the beck of any legislature, has never entered into it. In vain has many a political aspirant Polyphemus-like pursued the principle that promised luck. The eight-hour law is dead as the door-nail whose deadness Dickens doubted.

It has taken our law-makers long to understand that a law must be born of other stuff than their scheming brains and printer's ink. Its necessity must be shown, the people whom it is to benefit aroused, the people whom it is to hurt annihilated, so to speak. Then there is a chance for the law to range outside the statute-book. The time came, of course, when political leaders

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were glad the eight-hour law had no wider range. There was a necessity for the law, and the working-people were aroused, but so were their employers. Money was being made then in quantities, and money-makers could not get hours and men enough to pile up their treasures. They kicked with effect against diminishing the hours of labor. Then the boom died away. The strikes began their work of demoralizing all parties. In the struggle to secure decent wages hour-limits have been for the moment forgotten. It is to be hoped they will remain so until a steady and well-managed movement to secure a fair limit can be organized, in behalf of which this article has been written.

A good number of questions bristle around the eight-hour idea like quills upon a famous animal: What do work-people think about it? what do employers say? is it feasible? is it necessary? will it disturb the national economy? There has really been no discussion of a limit to hours of labor, at least none that has enlightened many on the subject. Men were agitating for a ten-hour limit before the public had learned that it was true economy to rest, recreate, and sleep a trifle between work-times. They jumped at the eight-hour bait before the ten-hour worm was nibbled at. So that from this haste a big sum of uncertainty and indistinctness has accumulated in kindly, interested minds—and nobody seems to know anything about particulars—of eight-hour and ten-hour ideas.

The employers, as an interested party, have very precise and strong opinions about them. They are founded mostly upon the state of the market, the cost of raw material, the wages, general expenses, and the balance-sheet, and they amount to this: that if limiting the hours of labor will secure them as high or higher profits as they enjoy under the present system, they will not oppose an eight-hour law. The employer naturally regulates the entire world by the state of his exchequer, and once it is proved that he loses nothing by change you may transfer China to New England without a murmur of opposition from him. Capitalists are in the same state of mind as the general run of people. They know nothing about it except this: that if the laborer expects the same pay for eight hours as for ten, they are going to do their best to disappoint him. They are satisfied with present conditions, but if changes are to be made the party benefiting by the change must bear the expense. This, within limits, is logic and charity combined.

As a rule employers oppose a reduction of the hours of labor, but more because of their present unstable relations with work-

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people than from reasons of state; as also, perhaps, from a well-founded idea that they will have to pay as much for eight hours of labor as for ten. This they do not intend to do, but the expense of not doing it will be large. Many employers are neutral on this question, and are waiting, like the public, for further information. In the April number of the *Forum* Mr. George Gunton supplied a reasonable amount of this, and, as far as figures go, made out a fair case for the economic feasibility of an eight-hour law. In fact, his case was chiefly an argument before a jury of capitalists to convince them that their profits would increase under such a limit, and that, far from disturbing the economies of America, the new system would materially strengthen them. To which article interested readers are respectfully referred, as in these pages no more can be done than to illustrate the proposed scheme from the standpoint of the working-man.

To comprehend what his feelings are with regard to the eight-hour idea, a year or two in a coal-mine, a forest, a forge, a cotton-mill, or half that time on a freight-train, an ocean-steamer, or a railroad-section, would open up the understanding and the sympathies of any man. Saint-Simon thought it necessary, in order to formulate a new scheme for the salvation of men, that the scheme should embrace an experience of the heights of virtue and the depths of shame, the depression of pain and the exaltation of pleasure. His theory, in substance, is the highest tribute which socialism has paid to Christianity, whose Founder knew these mysteries as only God could know them. The working-people think and speak of the eight-hour law as Tennyson thought and spoke of "the golden time of good Haroun-al-Raschid." They are sceptical of ever attaining such a height of bliss. A system which would include a place for better things than the mere labor, sleep, eating, and drinking of which their poor lives are made up, has too close a resemblance to heaven to be at all practical. To work from eight until twelve and from two to six, to have an hour for dinner, an hour for preparation and rest, a leisurely evening, a full measure of sleep, and a breath of morning air, are luxuries which the rich, but not the poor, can afford. The working-people, therefore, talk of an eight-hour law as a good thing for the next world. They feel that it is their lot to work hard and live cheaply, thankful if they have health and fair wages to the last. And such Utopias as this they leave to the agitators, whose vocation it is to fight against the nature of things. They have seen the workings of the system under the government, where it is part of a species of fraud practised on taxpayers, and

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they have come to suspect that the whole matter is of a fraudulent stamp whose rottenness will shortly be uncovered. They sometimes go so far as to think that it may even be a trap which opens into a deeper depth of poverty for them—an impression strengthened by the employer, who carefully explains that if wages are close to starvation-mark now, these must fall below it after a change. So that, with the workingman as with the employer, notions concerning the eight-hour system are hazy and incomplete.

There are three questions which put themselves forward the moment the new system comes up for discussion: Is an eight-hour system necessary? can the workingman support himself under it? and can employers earn a reasonable profit over expenses? Figures and inferences say yes, decidedly. To the first question it seems to me an affirmative answer must be given. The eight-hour system is a necessity—not pressing, but at least imperative. It may not need universal application, for greedy men will not adopt it, and may be allowed to kill themselves without danger to society; but for certain large interests in our country it is the *only* measure which can secure to the poor the few rights they claim, to live comfortably and to live long.

And now a word as to the wages which the workers may get for fewer hours of labor. There seems to be no way of stopping the descent of wages towards zero except through the violent convulsion of society known as the strike. It is now patent to all that the condition of labor becomes poorer with every year, and from causes which cannot be laid at any man's door. The few amass enormous fortunes, not alone from unjust practices, but also from ability to control big monopolies. The many grow poorer on wages which bear a fair proportion to the profits of employers. There is no more melancholy sight than this in the republic. Fathers of families, thousands of them, are forced to support eight persons on one dollar and ten cents a day. This is the limit. They do it in the country by leasing patches of land on which to grow potatoes and corn; in the city by putting the women and children to work. From dawn to bed-time—light and dark are boundaries which they cannot respect—they sweat for a comfortable living, sweat not only to the extent of the Creator's primal ordinance but their very blood. For these people there can be no lower condition permissible except beggary; and beggary, for the American multitude, means riot and revolution. There can be no lower descent in the wages. The descent *must* stop at the limit of support. Now, this is the position. Having

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come to the riot-mark in wages, and it being shown that eight hours' labor in a day is enough for all purposes, it is more profitable for a poor man to take two-thirds of the day to himself than to exhaust his vitality in a wild struggle for pie as well as bread. He may leave it to the corporations to discover a method of getting more time out of him. It is all one to him how they succeed. They cannot give him less wages without risking destruction, and he will not give them more time. This deadlock will be wholly to his advantage, and that it is bound to come any two-eyed individual may see. It will not settle the labor difficulties, but it will leave contestants much leisure to think over the position.

Is the eight-hour system a necessity? Yes. Why? Here are the facts. Every man born into this world has a right to a decent maintenance while he is in it. This is a crude statement, but so the work-people express it. The community to which he belongs should furnish him as payment for his steady labor with a house, food, raiment, and protection, should ask no more from him than he is able to accomplish, and only rarely should strain his abilities. Now, these are the things which society finds most difficult to do, and its incapacity becomes daily more apparent and alarming. Poor housing, poor food, poor raiment, and a grudging protection are the share of the multitude. And, worse than all, the strain put upon their physical and mental forces is heavier than nature can stand. Neither nature, art, nor religion can repair the irreparable damage done the poor laborer in many ways by the long hours of work. For this reason a diminution of the hours of labor is a necessity. And, not to mince matters, the new system must cost employers as heavily as twelve hours at present. That fact may as well be understood now as later.

The eight-hour system is a necessity because the majority of work-people cannot work longer hours and keep in good health. This sounds like rank heresy to men who were born fifty years ago and have remembered the primitive limits of a day's labor. But all things are changed since then. Machinery has nearly destroyed the individual laborer. It seizes him like the raw material upon which it feeds, saps muscle and life from him as long as he can supply them, and then tosses him aside like the refuse of a pulp-mill. The mechanic of a half-century back ran no risk of having his life jarred out of him. I repeat that the majority of work-people cannot work longer than eight hours a day and live.

We have mines, forests, and factories, railroads, steamers, and

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miscellaneous interests, where some millions of men, women, and children are employed. The mines, to begin with. We all have dim ideas of those infernal regions. The frightful catastrophes peculiar to them chill us, and the death-like life of their inhabitants fills us with dread. The gloom, the daily imprisonment, the danger impress us, but these are really less painful than the social condition of the miner. Once high wages made a compensation for risk and misery; now there is no compensation whatever. For miserable wages the men and boys are buried in the earth twelve hours out of the twenty-four, in cramped attitudes, in poisonous atmospheres, in hourly dangers, in dampness, and in loneliness. The hours that should be given to sleep are the only social hours they may be said to know. The only recreation they enjoy is a brief visit to the saloon and the quick excitement of bad whiskey and drugged beer. For education, for home enjoyment, for the training of children, for a little of that leisure which the poorest ought to possess, there is no time. From childhood to the mine, and from the mine to the grave, is the history of the miner.

The forest employs during the winter months the hardiest youth of the country. It is a health-giving employment. The hardships are great, the work severe, but the woodman is everywhere distinguished for his magnificent physique, and also for his rheumatism. His working-hours are from twelve to fifteen a day. At four o'clock of a winter's morning he is at work. Rough food and rough quarters, intense cold, frequent and thorough wettings, are the inseparable companions of his existence, which has only one redeeming feature—that his family do not share his miseries. Like the miner, he has time only for the bad whiskey of the log shanty; unlike the miner, he may live like a civilized being for nearly one-fourth of the year in spite of the rheumatism. His only protection against sudden death is the strength of his constitution. Those precautions which give the body aid in recovering from exhaustion his scanty wages will not permit him to use, nor do his employers dream of supplying them. To work to the utmost, to rest the least, and to be recompensed with a trifle is the condition of the forester.

The factory-people are in many places like an army on continuous battle-fields. Every decade but a tenth remains of those who fought at the beginning. There are no veterans. Death, sickness, and the absolute necessity of change force the lines, in numerous instances, to form and form again. The new recruits are legion, eager to catch the same diseases and to suffer the

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same fate as those who went before. One half their lives are spent in rooms with no ventilation, whose atmosphere is charged with various foul odors. For nearly twelve hours all are subjected to the jar of machinery. The spinners in cotton and woollen mills, men, women, and children, never sit the entire day except at meals, while the mule-spinners walk the entire twelve hours, until it would seem as if legs so long a-going could never stop. Weavers have intervals of rest, which saves considerable tissue. Children get no rest whatever. In winter over two hours of work is done by gaslight. The only recreation of these people is the accidental holiday, Sunday, and the space between supper and bed-time. The strain of factory-life proves too much for the majority; they pass into other occupations or into the grave. In factory-towns, among factory-people, there is a painful scarcity of the white hair of age.

Railroad men suffer in the same fashion as factory-people. For those who have the charge of trains the jar is constant and injurious. The passenger-train employees are fairly situated with regard to hours and wages, but the freight-train men and the section slaves are among the most poorly situated people of the country. Not to speak of the danger and the exposure of the first class, the long hours demanded of them are a standing disgrace to humanity. The economy practised by the railroads is the meanest because the most perfect known to civilized man. It is founded on an infallible system. Men may break, but the system never varies an inch from the rut. It is nothing to squeeze eighteen hours a day from employees who are only paid for ten; nothing to call men from their rest two or three times in a night; nothing to break up the meal-hour and the meagre hour of leisure; nothing to make one man do the work of two in seasons of activity because the corporation has beforehand determined to keep no extra men. The economical system will not allow it. The poor slaves who are employed in keeping the road-bed in repair, for the hardest of work receive one dollar a day. In summer ten cents is added. They are exposed to all sorts of weather, and find the winters specially hard. Corporations like the Central Vermont or the Delaware and Hudson railroad, whose territory suffers from stormy winters, need a particular and pressing invitation from the labor powers to treat their men with more humanity. Even in the country districts the lower grade of railroad men find it impossible to support a family on wages. Land must be leased and planted with potatoes and other vegetables after the day's labor is ended. The

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children must hoe it and weed it, gather in the harvest, and otherwise assist the parent as soon as their legs can carry them.

The same thread of misery runs through the whole manufacturing system of the time. The iron interests get in many districts twelve full hours from each man daily. The paper manufacturers get the same from their machine-men. The obscure towns and the obscure factories squeeze their work-people as an orange might be squeezed—flat. And, to add to the whole picture the last touch of wretchedness, it must be remembered that not alone are strong, healthy men called on to endure these things, but women and children are subject to the same unnecessary hardships. The most striking feature of our whole economy is the fact that women and children are *rapidly* supplanting men in every occupation where a feebler arm can be used.

I might multiply illustrations—they grow thicker than mulberries—but from these few one can make a reckoning. It is clear that our working-people are overworked. It matters little for our present argument that they are also underpaid. The case would stand if they were overpaid. This multitude of miners, foresters, railroaders, iron and cotton and woollen workers are wearing their bodies away in labor of which the world has no need. Here is the viciousness of it. They die to no purpose. They have no aged men among them, being fast friends of death. Behind them, and in the possession of their employers, they leave heaps of useless gold and surrender their priceless bodies to the dust. Twelve hours' continuous labor is a strain on the strongest man. Under the aggravation of enclosure in bad atmospheres, etc., it is positive torture. Forced upon the young and the old, the weak and the strong alike, it is downright cruelty.

Many who are acquainted with the facts which have been here set forth profess to believe that they shape an argument for shorter hours, but not especially an eight-hour system. True enough. But they do convince men that a diminution in the hours of labor is needed; and when it comes to be asked to what extent are we to diminish, a careful inquiry will prove that no man can safely work more than ten hours daily, while the heavier trades should require no more than eight.

At first sight the eight-hour system, by comparison with its neighbor, looks like child's play. One-third of the day spent in labor and two-thirds in sleep and recreation bears a striking resemblance to the so-called lazy habits of the Italians, who, by the way, for all their habits, can work longer hours on bread and water than any American on meat and potatoes. The hygiene of the eight-hour system, however, and its social, moral, and religious

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aspects, change first impressions rapidly. Given the most perfect physical constitution and ten hours' labor of the most favorable kind—farming, for instance—and after it the physical constitution requires absolutely eight hours of sleep daily. Now, from this standard measure the conditions of the work-people described in this article. The miner, the sailor, the forester, the factory-hand, the train-man must either have more sleep or less work when in the best physical condition; the women must have still more, the aged and the young most of all; and as none of these have constitutions of the best, for all their endurance, the hours of recuperation must be lengthened. I consider this argument unanswerable.

All this has been admitted many times by opponents of the eight or ten-hour system. They grant all that the argument demands—nine and ten hours' sleep for the work-people, two hours for meals, Sunday for absolute rest, an occasional holiday. But they maintain that these things can be granted and the old system of eleven and twelve hours maintained at the same time. I do not see how, nor have they yet risen to explain their assertions. Twelve or thirteen hours of necessary sleep, refreshment, and recreation leave no room for any kind of leisure, and without that leisure I maintain no man can live his life out. Statistics prove it and reason supports it. Work-people have duties towards themselves, their neighbor, their children, and their God. What time is left to them for these factors of their earthly and heavenly destinies? From sleep must be snatched the time to attend to them. Fathers cannot look after their children except in the fashion of Congressional committees or State inspectors, once or twice a year. Brothers and sisters make the acquaintance of one another in the boarding-house style—at meals. They were intimate in childhood, but have no chance to renew that intimacy except in sickness or after death. In order to vote a man must be excused from his labor. *To attempt a religious exercise on a week-day he must rise at four o'clock and not retire before eleven.* As for his neighbor in distress, he must assist him after dinner. To improve his mental, physical, or spiritual condition, to look after his own, to cultivate social relations, there is no time. In order to earn a scanty living he must sleep in haste, eat in haste, and, if he falls sick, get well in haste. Such a system is condemned in its utterance.

Men's lives are not to be divided between the two occupations of wage-working and sleeping. Work which exhausts nature so completely that all spare time must be used in daily recuperation is no part of God's scheme in creation. The duties which de-

volve upon men as citizens, fathers, friends, superiors, and children of the Almighty require absolutely that time should be given to them outside the hours of labor for support and sleep. We blame the man who surrenders his whole time to money-getting, yet this is what the working-men are compelled to do. Ten hours in a coal-mine, a factory, a fancy-store, or even an editor's room, unfit the worker for any kind of activity, mental or physical. There is nothing to be done but rest and sleep afterwards, and it is with difficulty these intervals renew the man for the next day's labor.

Hardship does not harden constitutions. It destroys them. Look for gray-haired men among our workers. They are rarer than diamonds. Their presence honors few firesides. Working-men are not sure of seeing their fiftieth year. What long hours of labor do not accomplish sickness and anxiety do, and the exhausted parent, originally blessed with a good constitution which he has not been able to transmit to his children, sees them die at the very moment when they might have been the support and honor of his age. What have such men left them but to die? Death is far more merciful to the poor than any single individual I know of.

I would have the eight-hour system applied to all the heavier trades, and to the occupations of women and children. Ten hours for sleep, two for meals, eight for labor, and four for absolute leisure, to be used in any way which circumstances demand, is the system which the facts set forth in this paper seem imperatively to demand. We have our choice of this system, I think, or of another whose results are quite similar but strikingly tragic. Our work-people must enjoy either the leisure and the rest which common sense dictates, or the painful leisure of disease. The average of twelve hours' daily labor for thirty years, ten years in rheumatic idleness or in a hospital, and ten years in the grave, is wonderfully less than fifty years at eight hours a day—less by twelve thousand hours. Beside this gain of time put the magnificent results to be obtained in other directions, and you have a sum total that would convince the stingiest capitalist in the country.

The one difficulty with the eight-hour system, as Mr. Powderly points out, is that no one understands it. Moneyed men fear it, conservatives suspect it, and the work-people laugh at it. It seems too good to be true, but it isn't. Without being a panacea for labor troubles, it is, however, a key to hundreds of the difficulties that guard the labor problem. Once obtained the working-class can dispense with the strike and the boycott.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE *Reminiscences of the Life of Abraham Lincoln*, collected and edited by Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, is one of those symposia in which Mr. Rice delights—a "choir invisible," each member of it singing at once and with more or less discord. Thirty-three gentlemen give their reminiscences and opinions in this large volume, all of these reminiscences and opinions being laudatory of President Lincoln, except that of Mr. Donn Piatt. There is a marked difference as to Mr. Lincoln's literary attainments. Mr. Piatt says:

"He had little taste for, and less knowledge of, literature; and, while well up in what we call history, limited his acquaintance with fiction to that sombre poem known as 'Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?'"

The Honorable William D. Kelley narrates an episode showing that Mr. Lincoln had an unusually nice appreciation of the plays of Shakspere, and adds:

"It must not be supposed that Mr. Lincoln's studies had been confined to his [Shakspere's] plays. He interspersed his remarks with extracts striking from their similarity to, or contrast with, something of Shakspere's, from Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and other English poets."

General Butler's article is one of the most interesting in the book, principally because he is a clear *raconteur* and he understands the art of letting people speak for themselves. General Butler tells us that President Lincoln looked with grave disquiet to the consequences of the emancipation of the slaves, as well as to the effects of the disbandment of the negro soldiers. Usually we are given to understand that he felt that the Emancipation Proclamation was the glorious consummation of the Civil War. General Butler shows us how he did feel before the sad event of his sudden taking off. During a conversation on the future of the colored race General Butler said:

"'If I understand you, Mr. President, your theory is this: That the negro soldiers we have enlisted will not return to the peaceful pursuits of laboring men, but will become a class of guerillas and criminals. Now, while I do not see, under the Constitution, even with all the aid of Congress how you can export a class of people who are citizens against their will, yet the commander-in-chief can dispose of soldiers quite arbitrarily.'"

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General Butler went on to prove that an army organization was the best for digging up the soil and making entrenchments, and that the negro soldiers might be sent into the United States of Colombia to open a ship-canal. Later the wives and children of these men might be sent to them and a colony be formed. Mr. Lincoln seemed pleased by the suggestion of a means for getting rid of the colored soldiers, and recommended General Butler to see Secretary Seward, that all foreign complications might be avoided. But the assassination of the President frustrated further consideration of the plan:

"I soon discovered," Donn Piatt writes, "that this strange and strangely gifted man, while not at all cynical, was a sceptic. His view of human nature was low but good-natured. I could not call it suspicious, but he believed only what he saw. This low estimate of humanity blinded him to the South. He could not understand that men would get up in their wrath and fight for an idea. He considered the movement South as a sort of political game of bluff, gotten up by politicians and meant solely to frighten the North. He believed that, when the leaders saw their efforts in that direction were unavailing, the tumult would subside. 'They won't give up the offices,' he said; 'were it believed that vacant places could be had at the North Pole, the road there would be lined with Virginians.'"

Later President Lincoln found out his mistake, and even Mr. Piatt admits that he grew in strength as the strain on him increased. The Honorable Daniel W. Voorhees' paper shows President Lincoln at his best in exercising that prerogative of mercy which so tried the patience of some of the military martinets. Mr. Voorhees' sincerity and entire sympathy with the good qualities of President Lincoln make a foil to Mr. Piatt's reminiscence, which, if not sceptical, is cynical. The book has value for the future maker of history. It is a unique collection which can never be duplicated; and from it one can form a truer idea of President Lincoln than all the rhetoric of a Macaulay could have conveyed. Mr. Charles A. Dana relates an anecdote of a trait of character which led to those sudden lapses from tragedy to comedy that amazed and grieved his friends. Mr. Dana was at the White House on the night of election day. Every effort had been made by Mr. Lincoln's friends to secure his re-election. The returns were coming in, and the suspense very great:

"'Dana,' said he, 'have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?' 'No, sir,' I said; 'I have only looked at them, and they seemed to me quite funny.' 'Well,' said he, 'let me read you a specimen.' And, pulling out a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed this proceeding with great impatience, as I could see, but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He

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would read a page or a story, pause to con a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally Mr. Chase came in, and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then the reading was interrupted. Mr. Stanton went to the door and beckoned me into the next room. I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him to be mere nonsense. The idea that when the safety of the republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests, was to his mind something most repugnant and damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living, and to the natural gloom of a desponding and melancholy temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence was maintained and preserved."

Japan and the Japanese are becoming more and more fashionable in literature. It is more than a passing fancy. Buddhism —a new caprice of the "cultured"—being no longer the established religion of Japan, the Japanese of the better classes are dropping even the vague and colorless Shinto worship, which, divested of gross superstitions, is simply Western Agnosticism. The government, with true Japanese subtlety, has come to the conclusion that Western civilization is the result of Christianity, and it now aids rather than retards the efforts of missionaries. *A Budget of Letters from Japan*, by Arthur Collins Maclay, A.M., LL.B., formerly instructor of English in the Ko-Gukko-Rio, Tokio, Japan (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son), confirms the impressions that recent correspondents have given of the partiality of the government and press to Christianity as a source of material progress. Mr. Maclay, who has adopted a needless *nom de plume* and created a useless friend to whom to address his letters, is a more serious writer than the author of *Outside of Paradise*—a frivolous but well-written book on Japan lately noticed here. Mr. Maclay is an American who went to Japan to teach English. He seems to have had a comfortable berth, and to have enjoyed himself moderately whenever there was no rumor of the approach of a Catholic priest. He had less fear of a *samurai* running amuck than of the dreaded Jesuit. On page 112 he tells us that the Jesuits and their converts plunged the country into a frightful civil war, and "how, before the obstinate sect could be extirpated, it became necessary to swell the royal ranks to a hundred and fifty thousand warriors, and forty thousand lives had to be sacrificed."

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Mr. Maclay insists that, though employed by the Japanese government, his work was a missionary one, and he admits that he spent much of his scholastic time in defending Protestantism against the attacks of the clever Japanese. And yet his indignation is tremendous when he hears that a Jesuit has entered Hirosaki as a teacher of science and European languages. After the shameless defence of the persecutors of the Jesuits we have quoted, Mr. Maclay writes of this same "sect" in whose extirpation he rejoices:

"Again, it is urged, the native Christians are not really and truly converted; they are insincere; they will not stand fast should persecution arise. Facts prove the contrary. Let the cliffs of Pappenberg and the crucifixions and tortures of Shimambara testify."

Nevertheless, the places consecrated by the martyrdom of the Japanese Christians cause Mr. Maclay to shudder at the horrors wrought by Romanism! It is no wonder that he found himself puzzled by the subtle objections made to his presentation of the doctrines of evangelical Christianity. He made them understand that he was a Christian, but not a "sectarian," and then he proceeded to calumniate the "Church of Rome" in the most bitter and "sectarian" manner. When he referred to the Bible as the groundwork of his faith we can easily understand why the keen-minded young Japanese Agnostics sneered. Who could vouch to them that the Bible was not a forgery, since it had been in the keeping of the atrocious Church of Rome for so many centuries? Mr. Maclay's encounters with the Buddhists—he gives only his side of the argument in the book—are weakly sustained on his part. If the intellectual among the Japanese could meet only such evangelical exponents of Christianity there would be little hope of their conversion.

Mr. Maclay's book has the charm which the fresh impression of a new people on a young man must always have, particularly if the young man is observant and sympathetic. He sketches the every-day life of the Japanese deftly and accurately; for, as an admiring reader of Mr. Greey's translations from the Japanese, we are enabled to judge of the truth of Mr. Maclay's descriptions. He points out the causes that led to the downfall of the feudal system, the deprivation of the *daimios* of their power and the dispersal of their retainers, the *sumarai*, and does not hesitate to touch on the evils caused by the immorality which is unchecked by Buddhism or the various sects of Japan. Most modern writers seem to want to give the impression that Japan-

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ese innocence would be hurt by the introduction of Christianity. And even Mr. Greey, in his *Captive of Love*, smoothes, in the interest of public morality, the coarseness, and even obscenity, of certain passages in that romance. Mr. Maclay is sufficiently frank, but not too much so. It is evident that the guilelessness of the Japanese is often a cloak for sins and vices which, since the spread of Christianity in Western nations, have ceased to be recognized as necessary and even commendable parts of the social system. When Mr. Maclay attempts to explain the abstract tenets of Buddhism authoritatively to the Buddhists themselves, he puts himself in the absurd position occupied by so many Protestants when they undertake to teach "Romanists" what they really believe. If the ordinary missionary sent out by the Protestant denominations is at once so ignorant of philosophy and theology, so prejudiced and so illogical, the ill-success of Protestant preachers in Japan is easily explained.

Miss Florence Marryat, daughter of Captain Marryat, whose sea-novels Carlyle devoured in order to plunge himself into a flood of inanity, sends out *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (London: Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowry & Co.) Miss Marryat's volume is the result of a rapid "skim" through the United States. She has, no doubt, seen some Americans at a distance, and viewed them with the curiosity of a superior being. She concludes that, as she has never seen American women drink brandy-and-soda in public restaurants, they must drink that compound in their rooms. She makes it plain that life to her seems unendurable without brandy-and-soda. She was amazed at the impudence of a New England manager—Miss Marryat is an actress as well as an author—who protested against the low cut of her gown. "I am an Englishwoman," she retorted, "who has been used to move in the best society. I know exactly what is the proper thing to wear. But I have come over here to teach the people how to sing and recite. I have not come to teach them how to dress. When I do they will be at liberty to criticise my wardrobe." It is too bad that England should generally be represented in America by men and women whose coarseness and vulgar "provincialism" are taken as traits of the national character. Miss Marryat is no doubt regarded in her own country with the same good-humored tolerance that induces Americans to pardon her impertinences.

Mr. Anstey's *Fallen Idol* (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.) is cleverer than *A Tinted Venus* and *The Giant's Robe*, and it approaches the inimitable *Vice Versa*. It is a very funny burlesque

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on the craze for Buddhism lately developed in the society of the cultured. It is of the same class as Mr. Frank Stockton's delightful extravaganza, *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (The Century Co.) It is difficult to characterize the quality of humor which Mr. Stockton diffuses through this story of two good housewives wrecked in company with a young man whom they take under their protection. Mr. Frank Stockton is more of an artist than Mr. Anstey, and has more "staying power." The strict honesty and "capability" of the two women from the Middle States, who in the most extravagant situations are entirely true to life, are drawn by a humorist who has all the delicacy of Mr. Howells and the brilliancy, without the vulgarity and cynicism, of M. Edmond About. Mr. Stockton's humor is a great advance on that of Orpheus C. Kerr and Petroleum V. Nasby. It is indicative of the improved taste of the American people.

Miss Alcott's *Jo's Boys* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is the last of the series of young-folk books beginning with *Little Women.* And the older folk, too, will take leave of them with regret. Lingering over the pleasant pages, we too are moved with regret that no Catholic writer has yet given us a book or series of books for young people that will compare in attractiveness of manner and knowledge of human nature with Miss Alcott's books. Why should the best of our children's books not be founded on a deeper and truer philosophy than that of Emerson? Why should not the beauty of Catholic life be shown through the most powerful of all mediums—the stories loved of the young? We are young during the greater part of our lives, and we return again to our childhood when we grow old.

Old Boniface: A Novel (New York: White, Stokes & Allen) is by Mr. George H. Picard, author of *A Mission Flower*, which was a remarkable American novel. *Old Boniface* is an "international" story. It has no merit whatever, except an easy style.

Mr. Thomas Wharton, author of *A Latter-Day Saint*, has written *Hannibal of New York* (Henry Holt & Co.) It is a hard, coarse caricature of life. The personages are newly rich millionaires, so vulgar and heartless that nobody can be benefited by making their acquaintance. They are not even amusing. There is some force in the picture of the wife of the millionaire deprived of every dollar as a punishment, but her sufferings are not edifying. One of the strongest pleas for idealism in modern literature is the existence of would-be realistic books like *Hannibal of New York.*

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Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's *Bonnyborough* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a worthy successor to *The Wide, Wide World* and other "talky" books, in which the characters made muffins, invented new readings of Bible texts injected into New England slang, and were generally harmless idiots with a mania. "Peace Polly" is the name of the heroine of *Bonnyborough.* A vein of pleasantry is introduced into the commonplace life of this young person by the twisting of her name into "pease porridge." This bit of humor vivifies a good many dreary pages of the four hundred which make up *Bonnyborough.* Mrs. Whitney loses no opportunity to hit those city people who are supposed to astound country people in the summer by their superior *savoir faire.* She tells with gusto of a picnic to which the "country boarders" were not invited: "The ladies with country toilets carefully suggestive of metropolitan art and resource, and the young men with the water-cart whiskers and successful British intonations, took their turn at standing about or sitting on piazzas, to see the equipment and start of the simple, and to stare, as the simple had been supposed to have stared—only they never did—at themselves." But in spite of the queer theology of the book, the twisted applications of Scripture that sometimes seem irreverent, there are signs of a desire to get nearer to the truth and of the conviction that without God and his grace the earth is "earthy."

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is another New-Englander of the "Quietist" school. She has something of the tone of the charming Miss Mitford, whose *Our Village* and *Belford Regis* are classics. Her latest book is *The White Heron, and Other Stories* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) "Marsh Rosemary" is the most carefully written of the sketches that make up the book. It is on the same line as Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." An old maid marries a young and lazy man. After a time he disappears; she mourns in silence, forgetting his bad qualities and glorifying his good ones. Suddenly, after a lapse of time, Mrs. Elton, a village gossip, brings news of the man whom Ann Floyd had believed to be dead:

> "Ann was stitching busily upon the deacon's new coat, and looked up with a friendly smile as her guest came in, in spite of an instinctive shrug as she had seen her coming up the yard. The dislike of the poor souls for each other was deeper than their philosophy could reach."

It is remarkable that in most of these New England stories in which the life of the people is depicted with fidelity, religion assumes a hard and repellant aspect. The deacons, the farmers,

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the seamstresses—who seem to answer in social position to Miss Mitford's poor English gentlewomen—and even the minister, are in their professionally religious capacity unforgiving and obstinate. Ann, in "Marsh Rosemary," in her trouble is all the more pathetic because religion has no consolations for her. She finds that her husband has "married" another woman. She comes suddenly, unobserved, upon a domestic scene made up of the faithless Jerry, his wife, and the baby. She is pleased to hear that Jerry, who, the neighbors predicted, could come to no good, is thrifty and industrious; but then the sense of her woe and his treachery enters her heart:

"The other woman stood there looking at them, full of pride and love. She was young and trig and neat. She looked a brisk, efficient little creature. Perhaps Jerry would make something of himself now; he always had it in him. The tears were running down Ann's cheeks; the rain, too, had begun to fall. She stood there watching the little household sit down to supper, and noticed with eager envy how well cooked the food was and how hungrily the master of the house ate what was put before him. All thoughts of ending the new wife's sin and folly vanished away. She could not enter in and break another heart; hers was broken already, and it would not matter."

Now, Ann—or Nancy, as Miss Jewett prefers to call her—was a religious woman, according to her Congregational lights; but in this crisis, when it was a question of solving a social problem which she had no right to solve in a sentimental way, her religion offered her neither consolation nor direction. Jerry, evidently a bad and heartless man, was left to his sin, and his innocent partner to the consequence of it. He might desert his new wife as he had deserted his old one. But Nancy, who paid out of her scanty earnings her portion of the minister's salary and never missed meeting, takes no thought of her responsibility as accessory to her husband's crime. Miss Jewett's sketches are slight but artistic, and so true to life that, like Mrs. Terry Cook's *Sphynx's Children*, they have worth as material for the study of New England life. Gogol and Tolstoi, and others of the Russian novelists now so greatly in vogue, have this merit of fidelity. And in *St. John's Eve*, by Gogol (New York: Crowell & Co.), we find a clue to the present position of Russia among novels. In fact, novels are to-day doing what we formerly expected history to do—telling us the truth; we gain more knowledge of the character of the Russian people from the Russian realists than from all the cumbrous historical essays on the Cossacks and Peter the Great yet written.

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Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's books, *Thoughts about Art*, *The Intellectual Life*, and *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, are deservedly appreciated. It is no reflection on the supremely good taste he has always shown that he married a Frenchwoman. Madame Eugénie Hamerton is the author of *Golden Mediocrity* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), a novel which must have a healthy effect. It is subdued in tone, but in admirable taste. The interest is gentle but well kept up. Madame Hamerton paints a French interior—not the kind of an interior which we usually see in French *feuilletons*, but the inside of a home. Madame Hamerton contrasts the frugal elegance of French housekeeping with the extravagance of the English—and also the American—methods. The French understand that elegance and "mediocrity" of income are not incompatible. In the case of the Marquis de Civray she has an example of the horrible results of the constant intermarriages in noble families. She treats it, not as a moralist, but as a sympathetic observer, and her narrative has the more force. The experience of the young French people when they feel for the first time the shock of English cookery is amusing. Hélène ventures unsuspiciously to eat horse-radish, while her brother tries the Worcester sauce. "Immediately her temples and forehead were pearled with tiny drops of perspiration, which soon covered all her face to the roots of her hair, and, with a trembling, moist hand, she helped herself to a full tumbler of water, which she swallowed hurriedly." "It's one of the numerous sly devices of the English to astonish the foreigners," said Jean; "they choose our mouths as the proper place to explode their fireworks in."

The astonishment of Hélène's English friends on discovering that a marquis may be on terms of equality in France with a "simple college master and his daughter" is graphically depicted. The Marquis de Civray acknowledges the status of intellect and goodness, while the amiable English of the upper middle class can think of nothing but the condescension of rank.

But Madame Hamerton does not force her points; she writes with keen perception of lights and shades, but with none of that detestable "smartness" of style which we have already noticed in Miss Marryat's vulgar book on America. Madame Hamerton's hero marries an English girl, who, however, is, like him, a Catholic. We have to thank Madame Hamerton—we understand that she does not like to be called "Mrs."—for a pure and interesting story, which will do much to dissipate American prejudice against the French people and to teach American mothers

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that riches and extravagance are not necessary to elegant and contented lives.

Joan Wentworth (Harper & Bros.), by Katharine Macquoid, is a pleasant story of French school-life and Breton manners. It is probably an early work of Mrs. Macquoid.

A new novel from the pen of Mr. W. H. Mallock is sure to make a literary sensation and to be read eagerly by people who know the flavor of that author's previous books. *The Old Order Changeth* is less a novel than a series of dialogues, managed with inimitable grace and exquisite knowledge of those minor traits of social human nature which make the highest comedy. Mr. Mallock's usual tendency to pruriency is not so evident in this work as in his preceding ones. There is, to be sure, a certain divorced Madame de St. Valery, who has an interest for the hero, Carew, and an American girl who "would have gone to her ruin with the same look in her eyes that most girls would have in going to their confirmation," yet much is not made of them. The conflict between Carew's passions, the object being this Miss Violet Capel, and his principles, which tend towards Miss Consuelo Burton, is sufficiently accentuated without any of that over sensuous coloring which is as vulgar as the modern sculptor's habit of chiselling the temptress who appears to St. Anthony with all possible power, and leaving out the expression of that will and grace which made the saint victorious. Some of Mr. Mallock's personages find Thackeray vulgar, and, from the unanimity of their opinion, it seems as if Mr. Mallock agrees with them. But Mr. Mallock, whose eye is very keen for marks of vulgarity, should avoid the trick of pretending to take portraits of living persons of celebrity and putting these weak sketches into his books. What, for instance, can be more vulgar than the use of "Mr. Herbert Spender" for Mr. Herbert Spencer? Mr. Mallock's creations are vivid and vital enough not to need the cheap arts of that most vulgar and meretricious of novelists, Lord Beaconsfield.

Consuelo Burton and her two aunts are Catholics of a very high English caste. The aunts are exceedingly devout; Consuelo, a great beauty and of a firm character, believes all the church teaches, but she has doubts whether the church can reach the poor in this century or not. Carew is reverently in search of truth, and also more or less in love with Consuelo. She thus expresses her feelings to him:

"The world is changing and the church stands apart from the change.

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. . . And what," she went on, with a sound like a stifled sob—"what has the Mass got to do with this? It might have so much, but at present it has nothing. It distracts us from our duty; it does not nerve us to follow it. What right have I to be listening to angels, when outside the chancel-wall are the groans of the crowded alley? Often, often, often, when I have heard the organ playing, 'Hang the organ!' I have thought; 'let me listen to the crying of the children.'"

Of one of her aunts Miss Consuelo says:

"When I watch her trotting off to Mass in the morning, looking as if she were doing the whole duty of woman, I feel as if, myself, I should never be religious again."

Nevertheless she is religious, and Carew, seeing her at her devotions, is astonished by the strange, unearthly brightness of her face. She listens to a dialogue between Mr. Stanley, a priest, and Foreman, a Socialist. The priest shows how absurd are pretensions to the improvement of the human race founded on the theory that all men are capable of the highest sacrifices. And, hearing the priest's presentment of the Christian answer to anti-religious Socialism, she ceases to doubt. Miss Consuelo Burton is an interesting character, but Mr. Mallock has not rightly interpreted what a well-instructed Catholic girl of high mind would say if she had a momentary fear that modern infidelity had made a gap between religion and the poor which the church would not bridge. Surely no thoughtful assistant at the unbloody Sacrifice could feel that appeals to the Lamb of God for mercy and peace are not as applicable to the poor as the Sacrifice itself is to the whole human race. Miss Consuelo Burton might have been afraid that the children of the church had failed to grasp her meaning, and to act towards the poor, stimulated by that meaning; but she would not—except in Mr. Mallock's book—talk about the church or the Mass "distracting us from our duty." The most sublime Sacrifice could not make those who understood it selfish or self-centred. The truth is that, in causing his heroine to talk this way, Mr. Mallock has thought too much of the gorgeous vestments and the music, and too little of the divine Fact of which they are only accessories. It is the way even of the most sympathetic non-Catholics.

The conversation between Mr. Stanley, the priest, and Mr. Foreman, the Agnostic Socialist, which converts Miss Consuelo, is very spirited—Mr. Mallock having recovered the art of talking in books, which seemed lost when Walter Savage Landor died:

"If we were all equally clever and equally industrious, your theory would be perfect. The state would be socialistic to-morrow. There is

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only one other supposition on which the same result would be possible—if the average race of men were all of them to rise to heights of zeal and self-sacrifice to which saints and heroes at present find it very hard to attain. Will Mr. Foreman allow me to ask one question more? The kind of life you contemplate in your Socialist state is one of enjoyment, comfort, cheerfulness, is it not? It does not, at all events, approach the gloom and the hard discipline of monastic orders? Exactly. I thought so. I have known other men of views similar to yours, and they have all declared that the asceticism of the Christian church is little less than a blasphemy against our healthy human nature."

Mr. Foreman agrees to this.

"You are doubtless aware," continues Mr. Stanley, "that this discipline in its severest form is regarded by the Catholic Church as fitted only for a small fraction of mankind. What I want to say to you is, that the severest discipline ever devised for any handful of monks does far less violence to our average human nature than the change in it which your system would require to be universal. It would be easier, far easier, to make men Trappists than Socialists."

The Old Order Changeth has the brilliancy, the wit, the delightful play of humor—witness the encounters, so entirely well-bred, between the Tory Protestant, Lady Mangotsfield, and the Catholic, Lady Chiselhurst—and the soundness of reasoning, up to a certain point, that make the appearance of each of Mr. Mallock's books a striking feature in modern literature. We say a great deal when we say that it has all the best qualities of *The New Republic*, with only one defect—a plot which, while it does not make the dialogues and by-play more brilliant, gives a needless vagueness and weakness to the work. Mr. Mallock need not write a story in order to interest his readers; he possesses in a high degree the gift of enchaining attention by his charming style. Mr. Stanley preaches on the necessity of the church's taking humanity more into consideration and her power of doing it. But it is no new thing for a priest of God's church to teach that the church holds within her what is good in all creeds—even in Socialism, and, above all, in what is called the religion of Humanity. Mr. Mallock, unlike Mr. Harrison, Miss Vernon Lee, and the others who prattle so complacently of "the choir invisible," reasons. The saddest thing in all the modern worship of the Goddess of Reason is the unreason of her worshippers.

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A SUMMER IN RHENISH PRUSSIA.

A SUMMER afternoon in a little, old-fashioned German town. The sun pours down on the streets paved with cobble-stones, and glistens on the paint of the two-headed imperial eagle over the "Kaiserliches Post-Amt"—the government post-office, and wilting the trees planted on each side of the dusty highroad leading out into the country. Not a picturesque country, Rhenish Prussia, by any manner of means, lying, as it does, in the level plain of the northwest Rhineland, extending, roughly speaking, from Cologne to Düsseldorf. It is mostly flat, with here and there low, rounded hills, covered generally by clumps of beech-trees, which seem to flourish here, and broken now and then by the long, narrow valley of some sluggish stream. It is in such a valley that Odenkirchen lies. The Nier, a very insignificant little stream, runs by the side of the town, and is useful chiefly for turning the numerous flour-mills and for supplying water to the large dye-works just outside the town. It is not at all a pretty place: it is small, ill-paved, not over-well drained, and the Nier in drought-time is not odoriferous; it is very hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter; but it is very quaint. The houses, with their steep roofs and queer wood-work, remind one of some of the old streets in Chester or Heidelberg; the customs seem to carry one back to the middle ages, and to the true, "good old times" before Protestantism was heard of—for most of the people are Catholic in Rhenish Prussia, the "Evangelisch" being few and, for the most part, rationalists. Just now the setting sun, tingeing the beech-woods over there on the Berg, or hill *par excellence*, throws a fading splendor on what shows that Rhenish Prussia in general, and Odenkirchen in particular, is Catholic in very deed. It is a huge stone crucifix, standing where the three streets meet, right in the very centre of the Platz. The carving is perfect—as all German carving is—and the golden radiance of the setting sun, gleaming on the still water of the distant river and lighting up the thorn-crowned Face of Divine Agony, seems like a celestial "glory," and tells us that in this little town the grand old faith still reigns supreme in the hearts of its people. As we shall see later, the customs of the people are all Catholic; and so much has the true faith leavened the false that even the Lutheran churches ring their bells three times a day—morning, noon, and

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night—little thinking, or little caring, perhaps, that they are ringing the threefold "Angelus."

The three principal buildings in a German town are the church, the Stadthaus, and the post-office. The church in Odenkirchen is well worth a visit; though in this out-of-the-way corner of the world visitors are few indeed. The summer spent in Rhenish Prussia was spent chiefly in the cool, sacred shadows of dusky aisles, in the "dim religious lights" of windows painted, many of them, while glass was almost unknown in English country churches, for Munich was famous even then; and to Catholic readers it will, doubtless, be of interest to have some pen-and-ink sketches of a few of these, with the Old-World customs of the worshippers who frequent them.

The Church "des Heiligen Petrus" (of St. Peter) in Odenkirchen is said to be seven hundred years old. The architecture, as may be imagined, is neither very strict nor very correct in a small provincial town, but it is evidently early Gothic in general design, with pointed, narrow windows and doors. The arches are also pointed and very plain, the church being cruciform, with apse, nave, north and south transepts, and two side-aisles. Across the entrance to the sanctuary is a carved screen of oak, black with age and highly polished, the open work formed of the traditional fleur-de-lis of Our Blessed Lady and the cross-keys of St. Peter. It is perhaps a fortunate thing that the modern Goth has not found his way to Odenkirchen, for the oak carvings of this rood-screen would be worth their weight in gold.

At the back of the high altar is a reredos of carved oak, also black with age, but touched up here and there with a gold edging representing the Ascension. The church is full of banners belonging to different sodalities, and has many votive altars. There is a fine statue of the patron saint, very much like that in St. Peter's at Rome, at the south corner pillar of the sanctuary, just outside the rood-screen. Outside and inside the church is of dark-brown stone. The tower is high and narrow, with a narrow spire, which has a small window high up, from which on saints' days the huge banner of the church waves triumphantly. In the south aisle there is a crusader's tomb, so old that even legend has forgotten the name of its occupant, and over it on the wall two or three rust-eaten fragments of old armor. On saints' days and Sundays all through the year the first Mass is at six o'clock, and in the bright summer morning it is wonderful and touching to see the crowds of townsfolk, mostly poor and almost all in wooden shoes, pouring in through the high western

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door. As we are in Germany, it is needless to say that the music is exquisite and the devotion most exemplary. The priest at Odenkirchen is a young man, born and bred in the place and educated in the seminary out on the hill yonder, and his life is full of labor and of good works. During Mass the congregation sing old German chorals in harmony, and after the Elevation a boy's voice breaks the stillness with the "O Salutaris." Low Mass without any music would be incomprehensible to the music-loving Germans. High Mass or solemn Vespers must be heard in Germany to be appreciated fully. We were present at High Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi, when the music was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*—very barbarous and "tuney," no doubt, but sung by the choir of St. Peter's, Odenkirchen, most heart-stirring and beautiful.

Among the quaint old customs in Rhenish Prussia is one which is very striking to a visitor and which carries the mind back to Scriptural times. When any one meets a funeral he uncovers his head, and turns and walks a few yards in the procession. This is a sure test of a man's faith, and shows him at once to be a Catholic—in this part of the country at least. Another most unmistakable evidence is a man's behavior in passing a wayside Calvary: if he lifts his hat he is a Catholic; if not, he is a Protestant. On days of great processions, such as Corpus Christi or the Assumption, one can generally tell which houses are inhabited by Catholics from the candles burning in the window, often very numerous, and with a crucifix or a statue of Our Lady among them. On Corpus Christi, when we were in Odenkirchen, the whole town was decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and flowers, the procession was very numerously attended, and the crowds that lined the streets all knelt most reverently.

Small pilgrimages from one local shrine to another are very common, and seem like echoes of the "ages of faith." We were walking over the Berg one day when suddenly, at a turn of the road, we met a party of these pilgrims. A man walked in front carrying a large crucifix, and men, women, and children were singing an old choral. Every little cluster of cottages has its Calvary among them, and at every mile or two along the road we found a clump of trees, and there in the shadow, amid the smiling fields of grain, was the Image of Divine Agony. It was most beautiful, and spoke of the one true faith, under whose holy wings the whole land seems to rest in utter peace—a peace which can be felt after all the toil and turmoil and dreary unfaith of the busy, steam-driven nineteenth century.

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There are many places of interest within easy distance of Odenkirchen. Rheydt, another small town about three miles east, has a very fine church, and some unusually beautiful windows in the sanctuary. The church itself, which is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, is very much like that of Odenkirchen in style, except that there is no rood-screen. It is supposed to have belonged to the Augustinian Canons in earlier times—a supposition founded, in great measure, on the exquisitely-carved stalls in the sanctuary, which resemble those at Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire (England) having the "misericorde" or little half-seat to support the form while standing. There is a life-size crucifix over the altar of great beauty, the Figure being of wax, which is capable of marvellous accuracy of representation. The long painted windows in the sanctuary represent passages in the life of Our Lady and of the saints, and are very beautiful. The choir of this church is famous in the whole neighborhood. We were present at Vespers one Sunday evening when one of the Psalms happened to be the "In Exitu Israel," and the "Tonus Peregrinus," as chanted by a choir of over a hundred voices and the whole congregation, was worthy of Solomon's temple "in all its glory."

There is a little church a few miles from Odenkirchen which is a perfect little gem of art. It was built by a private family about thirty years ago, and is almost circular. From floor to ceiling it is covered with most exquisite frescoes, and is full of votive altars and statues. The most curious of the frescoes is one of the Crucifixion, where the cross, instead of being straight, as usually represented, is simply a tree with two branches extending upwards, and a lopped head. Our Lord's arms are nailed to the branches, and his head rests on the limb. It is difficult to give an accurate conception of this curious painting without a sketch, but the cross resembles exactly that on the old Gothic chasuble, from which it was probably copied. Correct or not, the effect is most realistic, and seems borne out not only by the cross on the vestment, for which no valid reason has been assigned, but also by the legend of the aspen-tree. A German priest, to whom I spoke of it, said that it was very doubtful that the Roman soldiers would, on such short notice, prepare an elaborate cross, but that they probably lopped the first tree that seemed suitable. Of course centuries of traditional art have fixed unalterably the shape of the cross, but a picture such as this by its very strangeness seems to startle one into a keener realization of what the Crucifixion means.

Among the many beautiful statues in this church the most beautiful of all is a "Mater Dolorosa" in Munich statuary, with

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the dead Christ on her knees. The expression of unutterable agony on the face of Our Blessed Lady is wonderfully life-like, and is a justification, if any were needed, of the violation of the canons of Greek art by colored statuary. The dead body of our Lord is startling and almost painful in its accuracy of coloring and detail. There is a lamp kept continually burning, filled with perfumed oil, the sweet odor of which mingles with that of incense which pervades the whole church—for German Catholics use incense lavishly. On the pedestal of the "Mater Dolorosa" are some lines in gold letters, selected from that most touching poem, Marguerite's prayer to the Mater Dolorosa in *Faust*. A strange selection, truly, some may say, but perhaps none could have been chosen which would have been more appropriate.

German people are proverbially fond of mottoes. There is one over the priest's house, next door to this same church, which is worth copying:

> "GAVDEAT ingrediens, lætetur et æde recedens,
> His, qui prætereunt, det dona cuncta Deus."

Passing on from Lindenkirchen, as this little village is called, we went to what is said to be one of the greatest curiosities of the whole province—namely, Schloss Dyck, an old Flemish castle belonging to one of the most ancient Catholic families in western Germany. The castle itself stands in the very centre of a grove of limes, firs, and beeches, the home of thrushes, blackbirds, and nightingales, which made the whole air musical on the day we spent there. In front of the castle, which consists of an outer fort, two court-yards, and the house itself, is a broad moat full of water and covered with water-lilies, the home of some rare breeds of swans, white European, and black from Australia. At the back of the castle are the grounds, beautifully laid out, and open to visitors five days a week, where the moat widens into a small lake full of gold and silver fish. Inside the first and larger court-yard are the stables and other offices; inside the second, round which the house is built, are the windows of the dining-hall and family chapel. The latter was undergoing repairs, so we were not allowed to see it; but the dining-hall was magnificent, in the true Flemish style, oak panelled and ceiled, with the coats-of-arms of the numerous heads of the house quartered and blazoned on walls, ceiling, and windows. In the side next the court-yard is a large door, said to have been made to allow Charles the Great, from whom the family claim descent, to *ride* in in full armor; but this we concluded must be an anach-

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ronism, though we were careful not to say so. In the portrait-gallery we were shown a long line of ancestors, from Charles the Great to the present owner's father, some of them probably as mythical as the famous portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood Palace. At all events, whether mythical or authentic, there is a strong family likeness in them all. The line is said to have been direct, from father to son, until the present owner, who is childless. A curious coincidence was pointed out to us on the walls of the gallery: there was only one vacant space left, where the picture of this last of the direct line is to be put. The property at his death reverts to a distant and, unfortunately, a Protestant cousin. The Fürst, or prince—for that is his title—does not often visit his Rhenish estate, but when last here, a few years ago, he entertained the emperor more like an independent sovereign than a subject. We were shown in the gallery that dearly-prized treasure of German (and other) hearts—a family tree. By this it seems that the family can trace their descent to the year 19 B.C., and number among their ancestors the hero Hermann, or Arminius, who defeated Varus.

In the Schloss Dyck property, but some miles from the castle itself, is a little village on a hill, known as Bergkirchen. We walked to it along the highroad, which in Rhenish Prussia, as in France, is bordered with trees, and paved where it passes through the villages or towns. The presence of the Iron Chancellor's power is visible everywhere: every few miles of country are marked off into a "Kreis" or "Circle," every village and town numbered according to its inhabitants, and assessed for so many "Landwehr," or militia, and forced to support so many regular soldiers. On entering a village you see on the wall of the first house a white placard headed thus: "Village Bergkirchen, Circle (district) of Gladbach (a large iron-working town), Regiment of cavalry No. 5, so many men; Regiment of Infantry No. 100, so many men; Landwehr, so many." In Bergkirchen, just outside the village, there is a ruined tower, supposed to have been a border fortress in the disturbed times of the middle ages, "when barons held their sway." On the wall of the church there is a very ancient Calvary, the figures and coloring of which are most rude and quaint, and inside the church an altar-tomb of a mitred abbot, said to have been killed in an affray by a marauding baron, for which the family had to do perpetual penance.

Our whole summer in Rhenish Prussia was quiet and uneventful. Living, as we were, amid primitive people, our only occupation was to drive or walk to some neighboring village and

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inspect the church. The most remarkable of these have been sketched; it would be wearisome and monotonous to enter into endless details. The churches all have some point of interest; the customs, among which was one which we did *not* see—namely, the lighting of lamps and candles on the graves of the dead on All Souls' day—are most beautiful, simple, and Catholic. Rhenish Prussia is not a country likely to be visited by tourists. Many of their customs the Germans bring with them to this country, but their wayside and churchyard Calvaries, their pilgrimages, their processions and funeral customs, are almost unknown except to those who have lived, as we did, in a quiet little country town in an out-of-the-way corner of the Fatherland.

A FEW MORE WORDS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

"And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character."

SOMETHING over a year ago, in the May number (1885) of this magazine, the editor indulged in quite a long talk with his contributors. He set forth his woes, and, in our estimation, gave some excellent advice. Now, this advice has either never been read or has been calmly ignored by many contributors. To all intents and purposes they remain as oblivious to it as did the famous fishes in the legend to the sermon said to have been preached to them by St. Anthony:

"The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred their old way."

Now, many contributors undoubtedly prefer their own way, but to assure their contributions a cordial welcome it would be wiser to prefer the magazine's way. At the end of the last "Talk" the editor summed up the magazine's way under four points. They are important enough to be repeated, and were given as follows (the first point is altered slightly, so as to allow a little more latitude in the length of articles—6,000 words, however, should be the very maximum):

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FOUR POINTS RESPECTFULLY RECOMMENDED TO THE ATTENTION OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS MAGAZINE.

1. *Never let your article exceed* 6,000 *words.* Only the fiction in a magazine is privileged to exceed this amount of words. Keep the article under 5,000 words, if you can. If it did not run beyond 3,000 or 4,000 words, and were otherwise acceptable, it would be sure of almost immediate insertion.

2. *Never allude to a "series."* If you cannot treat a subject in a single article, devote your article to one aspect of the subject. Let that be a complete article which can stand by itself without dependence on any other. By and by, if you like, send in another article, equally complete and independent, dealing with another aspect.

3. *Never send in an article which is not as perfect as you can make it.* Count on no revisions or verifications.

4. *Prepare your manuscript neatly.* Let it all be written on the same kind of paper. Let the handwriting be as clear as print. A clean, legible manuscript gives an article a great advantage with an editor whose eyes are not of brass, and who has a heart to feel for his compositors and proof-readers.

If contributors would contrive to keep these four points—which should be to them what the four points of the compass are to the mariner—in their "memories locked," the lot of the editor would become a comparatively happy one. To receive, for instance, neat and legible MSS. would be an inestimable boon, and would inspire him with hopes of being able to preserve his temper and his eyesight. Contributors say to the editor: "Oh! but you ought to be able to read anything; I should think that you would be used to it." He may be "used to it," but the mere fact that he repeatedly pores over assorted varieties of hieroglyphics does not furnish him with a key to their meaning. The editor is persuaded that when some contributors find themselves unable to express a thought clearly they write as illegibly as possible, and with many erasures, in the hope that a light will break in upon the editor's brain which will enable him to divine the idea they have been unable to express other than by blots of ink and illegible scratches. But the editor will refrain from again recounting his woes; he could, of course, a tale unfold, etc., but he will generously spare the contributors the infliction, merely referring them, after the manner of circulars, to May number (1885) "for further particulars."

He wishes to call the attention of the contributors to one more

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point. On the inside of the cover of each number a hand points to this unvarying inscription: "The editor cannot undertake to return rejected articles unless stamps are enclosed to prepay postage. Letter-postage is required on returned MSS."

And yet MSS. are continually sent without any enclosure of stamps. If they are rejected, contributors wonder that the articles do not return, and sometimes get angry and write murmuring letters. There is no publication in the world that we know of which returns rejected MSS. at its own expense. This magazine has neither the inclination nor the superfluous wealth to wish to shine as the solitary exception to a universal rule. Let there be enclosed with each MS. at least one stamp. This will be sufficient to start it upon its homeward journey if rejected; if accepted, the stamp will be utilized in bearing the news to the sender. Foreign postage-stamps are of no possible service in this country; United States stamps alone should be sent (this is for the especial benefit of foreign contributors). Sometimes MSS. arrive which have not been properly stamped, and upon which postage is due. Such gross carelessness should never occur.

And now, having said his brief say, the editor hopes that it will sink kindly into the memories of contributors, many of whom he has to thank for bearing in mind and acting upon the former "Talk."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. Volume II. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

It is with great pleasure that we notice this second volume of *Five-Minute Sermons* by the Paulist Fathers. The well-deserved popularity of the first issue and the constant demand for a second leave little doubt as to the reception this book will receive from the clergy and the laity.

That there is need of books of this description is very evident. There has been among the clergy a growing custom of delivering short discourses at the earlier Masses on Sundays, and the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore urged the doing of this upon all priests having the care of souls, so that now, if time allow of it, it is matter of obligation.

A book, therefore, of this kind is of no small value to the priest whose other duties are so engrossing as to leave him no opportunity for elaborating these little weekly sermons for his congregation. For, although such discourses are short, they require care in their preparation—indeed, even greater care than if they were longer. They should be the kernel of the divine word. They should be to the point and give a practical lesson. They should be perfect in their way.

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It may seem that we are attaching too much importance to such little things as five-minute sermons, but when we consider their end carefully we think it becomes more evident that they are not only of importance, but of the highest importance.

Many of those who generally listen to five-minute sermons in the church form a class who rarely hear any other preaching. They are people who either will not or cannot attend the High Mass, who do not care for long services nor for long sermons, and who not unfrequently are sadly in want of practical piety. The word of God—and the word of God presented in a clear, concise manner—is all the more necessary for them because of this. They need the truth brought home to them; they need arousing and urging to the practice of virtue.

And let it not be imagined that the number of those habitually absent from the regular sermon is small. The contrary is rather the case. The attendants at the High Mass would in many places scarcely be a sixth part of the congregation, and so five out of six of our Catholic people seldom hear any sermon except the short discourses at the early Masses.

This being the case, it is not surprising that the late Council should have declared its wish that the Gospel of the day be read in the vernacular every Sunday and solemn feast-day, at all the Masses, and that, if time permitted, the people be instructed in the law of God for at least five minutes.

These little sermons also serve as suggestions for the regular sermons. Although they are not written with a view to this, still we know in the past that they have served in many cases as skeletons of more pretentious discourses. Brief as they are, they contain thoughts which will suffer development, and the structure of a good sermon.

For the laity, too, they are of value because they put in the hands of people living far away from a church, and unable to assist at Mass except on rare occasions, something with which they may nourish their souls. Although they are prevented from hearing sermons, still they have an opportunity of reading them, and so they are not entirely cut off from the ministry of the word.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. Fr. H. Reusch, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Revised and corrected by the author. Translated from the fourth edition by Kathleen Lyttleton. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Dr. Reusch belongs to the heretical sect of the so-called "Old Catholics." This circumstance may create a suspicion of the orthodoxy of a work proceeding from his pen. His work must, however, be judged on its own objective merits; and, in point of fact, it does not deserve, so far as we have perceived, any censure on the score of orthodoxy. The author wrote it while he was a Catholic in high esteem, and we do not see that his corrections and additions have made it any less worthy of praise than it was before, when it received high commendation and won a place among the best works of its kind. It is written with German erudition and thoroughness. We do not know of any similar work in English which equals it in these respects. The style of the translation and the whole manner of the publication are

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excellent. Now that special attention to this class of subjects in seminaries has been recommended and prescribed by ecclesiastical authority, a work of this kind must be very useful to teachers who have to lecture on this branch of study. It is a matter of regret that a man of Dr. Reusch's learning and ability should have fallen from his allegiance to the church into a pitiful schism. We trust that those who profit by his labors in the cause of sound doctrine and science will pray that he may have the grace to return to the bosom of the true Mother Church.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHERS MARQUETTE, MENARD, AND ALLOUEZ IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION. By Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.S.F., of Bayfield, Wis. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffman Bros. 1886.

This unpretending-looking pamphlet is a piece of the most authentic and interesting history. Father Verwyst has the true historical spirit and method, in marked contrast with "the superficial romancing style of historical writing" which he condemns so severely. He tells the story of the labors, sufferings, heroic fortitude and devotion of men worthy to be classed with saints and apostles—a story which would seem almost incredible were it not most certainly proved to be true. It makes one living amid all the comforts of civilization feel almost ashamed to call himself a Christian when he compares his easy condition with the hard lot of these Indian missionaries. If the author makes any money by his little book he will give it all to the missions among the Indians. We hope he will make a great deal.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1887 (nineteenth year). New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The *Annual* this year presents a most attractive appearance, not only because it is beautifully printed and illustrated, but also because of its interesting and varied table of contents.

The literary portion opens with a historical ballad—"A Ballad of Iscander-Beg," by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, written in this author's charming and finished style, and interspersed with lovely thoughts like these:

"For childish thoughts are life-time's dreams
Within us unto death;
They come upon us when pain seems
To stop our very breath.

. . . . . .

"Oh! thoughts of childhood do not die
Like thoughts of man and youth;
They change not like an April day,
They live in lies or truth;
And be they false or be they true,
They work us good or ruth."

Following the ballad come some clearly written and brief sketches of several of the archbishops of Baltimore, each of which contains an excellent likeness of the subject. One sees so many caricatures which pretend to be good likenesses of prominent people in cheap publications generally that it is refreshing to find really good portraits in a book that is sold at a low figure. Indeed, the illustrations throughout the *Annual* are worthy of high commendation, as is also the fact that they have evidently been prepared for the articles. It is often the case with cheap publications that old cuts are bought up and reproduced, and hack articles written to fit them, which re-

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sults in a very unsatisfactory book. Of course illustrations should be made for the articles, not the articles for the illustrations.

There are so many interesting sketches and articles in the present *Annual* that we cannot enumerate them in a brief review; though among the sketches of eminent religious and of noted Catholic laymen we might specially mention those dealing with the Rev. Augustine J. Thébaud, S.J., Cardinals Taschereau and Guibert, Dr. Richard Robert Madden, Right Rev. Thomas Francis Hendricken, D.D., Mary Aloysia Hardey, Murillo, Dryden, Chateaubriand, Gabriel Franchère; these are sufficient to give an idea of the scope of the work. "The Jesuits in China" contains sketches and portraits of Fathers Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest. We note interesting historical sketches: "The Templars," "The Old Mission of San Xavier del Bac," and others. Altogether *The Catholic Family Annual* for 1887 is a work upon which the publisher may justly plume himself. When its excellence is contrasted with its very low price it is hard to see how any Catholic family can afford to be without it.

HISTORY OF CHEVALIER BAYARD. Translated from the French. London: Chapman & Hall. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

In these days of manufactured heroes it is a grateful thing to have our attention called to a real hero; for whatever doubt there may be as to the sentiment of chivalry, there can be none as to the heroic character of its truest representatives, among whom the Chevalier Bayard is the most conspicuous.

This is a history of his exploits in arms, told in the quaint style of the mediæval chronicler. The author—the "Loyal Serviteur," as he calls himself—is rather garrulous and not over-reliable, and we question whether the true greatness of the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" does not suffer in his hands. Nevertheless, he glories in his hero, and presents him to us in what he considers his grandest aspect. The translation is very imperfect. It is so fearfully literal that it gives not only the French idioms, but often even the French words slightly modified. The book is profusely illustrated.

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY: 1800–1885. By William Joseph O'Neil Daunt. In two volumes. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

These two volumes of Mr. Daunt are a valuable addition, we think, to the literature already extant bearing upon the question of the government of Ireland. The author is himself an earnest advocate of an Irish Parliament, and his books are written to show that Ireland has a perfect right to have a Parliament.

"The desire of the Irish people," says Mr. Daunt, "to recover their right of domestic legislation is as natural as a sick man's desire for restoration to health. Ireland's vital need is self-government, the exclusive control and development of her own resources. 'The powers of independent existence seemed to be marked in her structure in such bold characters by nature that it required the unceasing efforts of an active and malignant policy to defeat the obvious purposes of creation.'

"That active and malignant policy was never more perniciously exercised than in its effort first to corrupt and then to suppress the Irish legislature. To emancipate our country from its deadly influence is the purpose which has never been absent from the Irish mind for eighty-five years. It is a purpose consistent with the most devoted loyalty to the crown. Its achievement would give strength and stability to Irish constitutional loyalty by removing that fruitful source of discontent—the denial to Ireland of her indefeasible right of self-government."

To the intrinsic value of information afforded by these two volumes there is added the charm of a very pleasing style. The author knows how to entertain his readers as well as how to instruct them. Pleasanter historical reading than *Eighty-five Years of Irish History* can hardly be desired. It reminds us forcibly of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, which had for us almost the attractions of a brilliant novel, and made us as eager for the succeeding chapter as if we were in the midst of the plot of a story and anxious to know the issue.

THOMAS GRANT, FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. By Kathleen O'Meara. Second edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.

The great ability and saintly character of Bishop Grant are well known and generally recognized. Miss O'Meara's reputation as a writer, especially of biography, has long since been established. A second edition of her life of the distinguished English prelate, prefaced by a very warm eulogium and commendation from Bishop Ullathorne, is opportune and welcome. The work itself has already been appreciated at its true and high value by the Catholic public.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE THE STRENGTH AND DISCIPLINE OF THE SOUL. A Course of Lectures. By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The aged and illustrious author of this book gives it to us as his last work, with a beautiful dedication to Cardinal Newman. Every reader who knows the character of Bishop Ullathorne and his works will expect to find this treatise admirable. He will not be disappointed, but will find his expectation amply fulfilled.

THE WATCH ON CALVARY. Meditations on the Seven Last Words of our Dying Redeemer. By the Right Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V.G., LL.D. New York: R. Coddington. 1886.

These Meditations for Lent are published in a form of remarkable beauty, and the interior contents correspond well with their attractive exterior form.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF NOTED PERSONS. Compiled by Justin S. Morrill. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

The book is a compilation of the opinions which various noted persons have entertained of themselves. Of course a great deal of egotism is recorded, and some instances of unbounded conceit. Voltaire's preposterous and ridiculous saying is perhaps the sublimest piece of conceit given: "I am tired of hearing it repeated that twelve men were sufficient to found Christianity: I will show the world that one is sufficient to destroy it." It is needless to add that Voltaire is dead and that Christianity lives. From Whitman, never much given to modesty in any sense of the word, this gem of egotism is selected:

> "I conned old times,
> I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
> Now, if eligible, oh that the great masters might return and study me!"

Of Nelson it is said: "It may not be generally known that Nelson's last signal was not 'England,' but '*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty.'" It has been asserted that the officer to whom the order was given affected to have misunderstood the egotistical direction, and substituted the sound-

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ing rhetoric which was then, and has been ever since, received with so much enthusiasm by Englishmen."

Looking through the book at random, one is forced to confess that humility among noted persons is a very rare virtue, and that, as Young has it,

> "The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
> Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart."

It would perhaps have been better had the "noted persons" been arranged in the book with some regard to their chronological order. It is somewhat startling to find Alexander the Great and Benjamin Franklin almost hand-in-hand, and Jean Froissart succeeding to James A. Garfield.

RELIGIOUS UNITY AS PRESCRIBED BY OUR LORD; or, Grounds of Faith and Morals. By I. Van Luytelaar, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1886.

This is a compendium of the doctrine of Christian unity. The subject is treated with learning, and especially with a view to furnish a statement of the grounds of the unity of the church which shall be complete. It is a useful hand book both for study and reference.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

MURAL PAINTING. By Frederic Crowninshield. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

A LECTURE ON CATHOLIC IRELAND. By the Rev. J. P. Prendergast. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER, from the German of Goethe. THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, 1660–1661. VOYAGES IN SEARCH OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS, by Samuel Johnson. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.

SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NATCHEZ, MISS., on the occasion of the consecration of its cathedral, September 19, 1886.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, for the Three Months ending June 30, 1886. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD, and other Poems. By John J. McGirr. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1886.

WILLIAM PENN UNMASKED; or, His Enmity towards the Catholic Religion clearly shown from his own writings. By Rev. William P. Treacy.

THE ROSARY OF THE SACRED HEART. By Mrs. Frances Blundell. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Translated from the French by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

TO-DAY'S GEM FOR THE CASKET OF MARY. Compiled from various sources by a member of the Ursuline Community. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

SHORT MEDITATIONS ON THE HOLY ROSARY. Translated from the French by a member of the Order of St. Dominic. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1886.

INSTRUCTIO SPONSORUM LINGUA ANGLIA CONSCRIPTA AD USUM PAROCHORUM. Auctore Sacerdote Missionario. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1885.

A MEDITATION UPON WHISKEY. By Rev. B. Loison. Translated from the German by Rev. J. B. Maus, of Allentown, Pa. Philadelphia: The Catholic Total Abstinence Archdiocesan Union. 1886.

SISTER SAINT-PETER AND THE WORK OF REPARATION. Historical Notice by M. L'Abbé Janvier. Translated by K. A. C. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

NEW AND OLD SERMONS. Edited (in conjunction with many other Clergymen) by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B., Elizabeth, N. J.

HUNTING AND FISHING-GROUNDS, AND FACILITIES FOR HEALTHFUL SPORT.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

MICROBES, FERMENTS, AND MOULDS. By E. L. Trouessart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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THE

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE carol, like the ballad, belongs to the literature of the past, to the days when songs were sung and not read, when the rules of versification were few and simple, when poetry was the pastime of the illiterate as well as of the learned, and when the earnest simplicity of the narrative atoned for the roughness of the style as well as for the occasional coarseness of the sentiment. It is hard to sit down and decide in cold blood on the merits of a printed poem that was meant to be sung in the open air, with the crisp snow under foot and the flying moon overhead, with the Christmas bells pealing in the steeple and the Christmas cheer spread bountifully on the board. These snatches of song that rang jubilantly through the winter nights come floating faintly down to us like the echo of far-off merriment and of dim thanksgiving. They were not meant for us, but for those jocund days when the mistletoe hung from the ceiling and the Yule-log burned on the hearth; when the Christmas candle flamed in its stone socket and the mummers grew riotous in the hall; when the Lord of Misrule urged on his motley crew and the tables groaned under their weight of food; when strife was laid aside and charity filled every heart; when the poor feasted with the rich, and the boar's head jostled the Christmas pie; when care was forgotten and the roof-tree rang with mirth—then through the frosty air came the sound of music, and lo! under the silent stars the waits were singing,

"Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!"

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and all, remembering that holy birth, did honor to their infant Lord.

Carols were imported into England from Italy soon after the Norman Conquest, and the earliest specimen that has been preserved for us is in Norman-French. They were of two kinds—the religious songs, originally chanted by the bishops at break of day to their assembled flocks, and the jovial verses in praise of good cheer that were intended to accompany the Christmas feasts. Their antiquity, however, is a matter of dispute; for, according to tradition, St. Patrick's hymn, "Christ be with me," was first sung in the halls of Tara on Christmas morn as part of the service of thanksgiving. Its beautiful lines,

"Christ on my right hand,
Christ on my left hand,
Christ in the heart of all who heed me,
Christ in the mouth of all who speak to me,
Christ in the eye of all who see me,
Christ in the ear of all who hear me,"

are instinct with the breath of poetry and with the force of prophecy; but they have nothing in common with the carol, which was less a hymn in honor of the Nativity than a rude picture of the sacred birth:

"This endnes* night I saw a sight
All in my sleep:
Mary, that may, she sang lullay,
And sore did weep;
To keep she sought full fast about
Her Son from cold;
Joseph said, Wife, my joy, my life,
Say what ye would?
Nothing, my spouse, is in this house
Unto my pay;†
My Son a king, that made all thing,
Lieth in hay.
Ah, my dear Son, said Mary, ah, my dear,
Kiss thy Mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer."

The exquisite tenderness of the last two lines is full of a loving significance, and throughout many of these old songs we see the same maternal joy asserting itself triumphantly in sudden strains of gladness 'mid the distress of poverty and pain. There is another very similar carol, printed by the Percy Society from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, in which the Blessed Virgin

* Past. † Content.

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asks her Baby why he, the Master of all, should be so poor and desolate:

"Now, sweet Son, since thou art king, why art thou laid in stall?
Why not thou ordain thy bedding in some great king's hall?"

"Mary, mother, I am thy Child, though I be laid in stall;
Lords and dukes shall worship me, and so shall kingès all.
Ye shall well see
That kingès three
Shall come on the twelfth day;
For this behest
Give me thy breast,
And sing, by-by, lullay."

Whereupon our Blessed Mother acquiesces in the divine will, and only begs, as an especial boon, that all Christians may be merry upon this sacred day.

The first printed collection of carols was published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. Only a fragment of it is left, and a second volume, issued by Richard Kele, dates from 1550. After this they were diligently sought from time to time, and in the Bodleian Library are four small black-letter editions—all of the seventeenth century—containing the cheerful, simple songs with which shepherds and ploughmen were wont to brighten their feasts and claim their masters' hospitality. "It is now Christmas," writes Nicholas Breton in his *Fantasticks*, 1626, "and not a cup of drink must go without a carol. Musicians now make their instruments speak out, and a good song is worth the hearing." Of the universal merriment that filled these jovial days we have all read enough to make us wonder and sigh; for the happy fools whom Jacke of Dover found too scarce three hundred years ago have since then well-nigh disappeared, and our folly now is of so serious and dismal a cast that honest Jacke, were he alive to-day, would hardly be tempted to seek it for exhilaration. We have grown just wise enough for our own discomfort, and have lost the knack of being mirthful. With us Christmas means self-indulgence rather than good-fellowship among the rich, and charity instead of hospitality to the poor. But when Sir John Reresby kept the festival among his neighbors and tenants, dining three hundred people in one day, with whole roast sheep upon the table, and "four violins, besides bagpipes, drums, and trumpets," in the hall, he was not posing as a philanthropist, but was merely enjoying the season after his own hearty fashion, with a generous desire that others should enjoy it too. The cost, as

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he confesses in his memoirs, was by no means trifling; but he squares his accounts cheerfully, recollecting the satisfaction of his guests. Like Master Breton, he probably held such merry-making to be "a duty in Christians for the remembrance of Christ"; and if by chance their mirth exceeded decorum, he is prompt to insert a penitential little note, praying forgiveness for an excess which he emphatically declares was neither according to his custom nor his inclination.

With the advent of the Puritans all this good cheer was put aside as savoring too strongly of carnal delights, and the Christmas carol found itself in as sore disgrace as the Christmas pie, that innocent object of Puritanical displeasure and wrath. The feast of gladness became what Prynne said it ought to be—"rather a day of mourning than of rejoicing"—and the waits were silenced by law, a useless proceeding where no one had the heart to sing. Those were dismal times, when the Yule-log was extinguished, the wassail-bowl was empty, and when the banished mistletoe carried in its wake the tender memory of stolen kisses.

"No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,"

and, in effect, none tried. Waller was busy bargaining with an angry Parliament for exile and disgrace. Crashaw was starving in the streets of Paris, and Herrick, who had sung so blithely

"Of may-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes,"

was lingering in lonely obscurity, mid the dingy gloom of London.

He sang of other themes as well, this jovial compound of paganism and Christianity—of the "homely manger" where the divine Infant lay, scorned by the blinded Jews; and of the Eastern kings who sought from far a new-born Babe upon his Mother's breast. The beautiful Star Song is too well known to need quotation, and, besides, it is properly a carol for Epiphany rather than for Christmas day. But there is another most lovely little poem in which a child is sent with baby-offerings to his baby Lord:

"Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomacher;
And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,

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Made of a clean, straight oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his,
Then never take a second on
To spoil the first impression."

We wish that the poet who wrote these tender lines had left unsung much that was coarse and impious, but the license of his day must plead as best it can in his behalf. To Herrick religion was but an evanescent sentiment, and if we turn back to the older carols—written in all simplicity and reverence—we will still find that some of them are unfit for modern publication. Even Crashaw and Southwell handle their sacred themes in a familiar manner to which we are now unaccustomed, though "The Burning Babe" and "New Prince, New Pomp" must ever rank among the most loving and pathetic of Christmas songs. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that he would be content to destroy many of his own productions if he could but have written "The Burning Babe," and there is little doubt that he would have been a gainer by the transaction.

The restoration of Charles II. sent the waits once more singing throughout Merrie England, carrying their "good tidings of great joy" to cottage-windows and to castle-halls, to quiet hamlets and to the noisy streets of London, where they met with an abundant welcome from both rich and poor. Originally, indeed, the waits were minstrels attached to the court, whose duty it was to guard the streets at night and proclaim the passing hours—an office which involved some risk in those turbulent times, when men who ventured out after dark took their lives into their own keeping. Rymer gives us an account of one of these musical guardians of the peace, who in the reign of Edward IV. "nightelye from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye pipethe the watche withen this courte fower times," receiving as a guerdon for his services "cloathinge with the household yeomen or mynstreilles lyke to the wages that he takethe, and eating in the halle with the mynstreilles." It was likewise his especial privilege to keep vigil with the newly-created knights, pacing up and down the dim church-aisles through the long, lonely hours, for which timely companionship he was given as a fee "the watchinge

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clothing that the knight shall wear upon him," so that his reward depended greatly on the generosity or the extravagance of his patron. The word waits was also applied in these early days to musical instruments of different kinds, particularly to the hautboy; but it was never used in the singular number, and soon grew to mean musicians only, and finally those bands of wandering singers who at Christmas-time travelled from door to door, receiving largess of food and money according to the character or means of their entertainers. The custom, like many other ancient institutions, is less attractive in its modern aspect; and Hector Malot has given us, in his charming story of *Sans Famille*, a pathetic account of the unhappy little waits who are now sent out into the London streets to play and sing as best they may under the nipping wind, while the rosy babies of the rich, tucked snugly into warm, soft cribs, nod their sleepy heads to the familiar music.

Jeremy Taylor says that with the first Christmas day came the first carol, sung by the angels in that happy dawn, and that, having taught the infant church a hymn to put into her offices for ever, the blessed choristers winged their flight back to heaven. Milton also gives a very beautiful expression to the same thought:

> "His place of birth a solemn angel tells
> To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
> They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
> Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung."

The greeting of these heaven-sent minstrels and the joy of their astonished listeners form the burden of many an old Christmas song. We hear the ewes bleating in the snow and the shepherds piping in the fields:

> "Tyrle, tyrle, so merrily the shepherds began to blow";

and presently the white-winged seraphim come fluttering down,

> "A company
> With merry songs and melody,"

bidding us lift up our hearts and rejoice, for the hour of our salvation is at hand:

> "The angels carolled loud their song of peace;
> The cursèd oracles were strucken dumb;
> To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press,
> To see their King the kingly sophies* come.

* Wise men.

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And, them to guide unto his Master's home,
A star comes dancing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they all present." *

Did ever words express more gladness than in those two lines,

"A star comes dancing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent"?

Surely they seem to dance along themselves in an indescribable rapture of thanksgiving.

Again, many of the ancient carols are little else than hymns in praise of the Maiden Mother:

"Fair and fresh as rose on thorn,
Lily-white, clean with pure virginity";

and one of the most beautiful of these—taken from the Sloane MS., and strangely overlooked by commentators—has been recently reprinted by A. H. Bullen in his admirable collection of Christmas poems. Owing to its brevity—a most unusual merit—I am able to quote it entire:

"I sing of a maiden
That is makeless; †
King of all kings
To her Son she ches; ‡
He came also § still
There his Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.
He came also still
To his Mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.
He came also still
There his Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.
Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
God's Mother be."

This little poem is more perfect in its simplicity than longer and better known carols, as "The Moon Shines Bright," "A Virgin Most Pure," and "The Seven Joys of Mary"—one of the quaintest of old songs; but "St. Stephen was a Clerk" and

* Giles Fletcher. † Matchless. ‡ Chose. § As.

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"The Carnal* and the Crane," if not familiar to most readers, ought to be, for never were artless strains more purely and sweetly sung. In the latter poem we hear the two birds talking by the river-side on all the wonders of the Nativity, and the carnal asks the crane:

"Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rocked in?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapped in?"

"A manger was the cradle
That Christ was rocked in;
The provender the asses left
So sweetly he slept on."

Then is told the story of the Magi, and of Herod's cruelty, and how the divine Child, being carried into the desert for safety, is closely pursued by the furious king:

"Then Jesus, ah! and Joseph,
And Mary, that was so pure,
They travelled into Egypt,
As you shall find it sure.

"And when they came to Egypt's land,
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
Must needs sit down to rest.

"'Come, sit thee down,' says Jesus—
'Come, sit thee down by me,
And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
Do come and worship me.'

"First came the lovely lion,
Which Jesu's grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be the king.

"Then Jesus, ah! and Joseph,
And Mary, that was unknown,
They travelled by a husbandman
Just while his seed was sown."

At our Saviour's word the corn, that has been but that hour hidden in the earth, springs up and bears ripe ears ready to be harvested; and when Herod comes riding past he is deceived by the waving grain, for the husbandman assures him:

* Crow.

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"Jesus went by this way
When my seed was sown."

Upon hearing this the soldiers turn back to Judea, and the carol, which is very long, ends with an earnest appeal to us to be kind to all little children for the sake of the blessed Innocents who shed their infant blood for Christ.

"The Holy Well" is even prettier than "The Carnal and the Crane," though portions of it may seem irreverent to those who do not strive to realize with what simple devotion these old songs were written. Our little Saviour on a bright May morning begs his Mother's permission that he may go and play:

"Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue can tell.

"He said, God bless you every one,
And your bodies Christ save and see:
Little children, shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me?"

But they, being lords' and ladies' sons, have nothing but scornful words for this new comrade, "born in an ox's stall"; and Jesus, weeping sorely over their unkindness, goes back to his blessed Mother, who reminds him that he is "Christ, the King of Heaven," and bids him punish these children for their wicked pride:

"Nay, nay, sweet Jesus said,
Nay, nay, that may not be;
For there are too many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of me."

If we turn from these genuine carols to the *carmina sacra*, or Christmas hymns, we find ourselves in a field so vast that the limits of a single article will not suffice to give any adequate impression of its scope. The Nativity is to poetry what the Holy Family is to art—a subject presented to us over and over again, with every range of sentiment and every gradation of skill. From Crashaw and Vaughan to Mr. Symonds and William Morris, poets both Anglican and Catholic have vied with each other in this grateful task; and men whose pens knew small restraint on other themes have often curbed their license to sing with pure lips the praises of their infant God. In the

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Paradise of Dayntie Devises, published in 1579, there is a lovely little poem in honor of Christmas day which seems fairly brimming over with gladness; and in *England's Helicon*, 1600, we find a "Shepherd's Song," by Edmund Bolton, that is finer still in its more restrained tone of devout thanksgiving.

"Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afar:
Sprung is the mirthful May,
Which winter cannot mar,"

sings Bolton joyfully; and the thought is sweetly echoed by Herrick's Christmas chorus:

"We see him come, and know him ours,
Who with his sunshine and his showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers."

Ben Jonson's "Hymn on the Nativity" is almost as well known as Milton's, and the scholarly poet Drummond of Hawthorden has left us two very beautiful sonnets on the angels and the shepherds who shared between them the first homage to the new-born King:

"Thus sang, unto the sound of oaten reed,
Before the Babe, the shepherds bowed on knees;
And springs ran nectar, honey dropped from trees."

There is also a charming old French song—or at least a song so old that its origin, whether French or not, is shrouded in obscurity—which Mr. Morris has put into quaint English verse, and which tells us how

"To Bethlem did they go, the shepherds three;
To Bethlem did they go, to see whe'r it were so or no,
Whether Christ were born or no
To set men free."

In the stable of Bethlehem these thrice happy herdsmen behold our Blessed Lady lying on the straw, with St. Joseph, "a fair old man," watching tenderly over her:

"And a little Child
On her arm had she,
Wot ye who this is?
Said the hinds to me.

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This is Christ the Lord!
Masters, be ye glad!
Christmas is come in,
And no folk should be sad."

In the last two lines we have the motto with which most of these songs are happily concluded, and which, in fact, forms the sole burden of the non-religious carols meant to be sung throughout Christmas day, but more especially at dinner time. They are cheerful, unpretending verses as a rule, not equal in any way to the devotional poems, but breathing a pleasant fragrance of old-time jollity and mirth. Mr. Bullen has included all the best in his *Carols and Poems*, and many of them are reprinted from year to year as the merry season comes around. Naturally there is a great deal in them about eating and drinking, and a great deal more about giving our poor neighbors plenty to eat and drink.

"It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind;
God bless our master's heart,
For here we comfort find."

They hold the key to many old customs now half-forgotten, and initiate us into the mysteries of the boar's head, the wassail-bowl, and the Twelfth-night cake. They welcome good King Christmas right joyfully, crown him with holly and mistletoe, and bid him a reluctant farewell when the hour for his flitting is at hand. In like spirit we are loath to say good-by to this jocund guest who comes but once a year, and whose departure leaves us dully stranded on the every-day cares and duties which we have briefly forgotten in his company.

"Yule's come, and Yule's gane,
And we have feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

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THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

AN angel comes down, as of old, in the night,
And fills all the world with the wonderful light
That is born of the blending of starlight and snow
And soft silver moonbeams; the sweet overflow
Of the joy that's in heaven may be almost like this:
'Tis the rapturous hush of the birthnight of bliss.

Though we see not the star, 'tis as bright as of yore;
Though we hear no hosannas, they swell on the shore;
Heaven turns to our world with the round of each year:
The fault is our own, in the dust-sealèd ear
And dust-blinded eye of souls caught in the mesh
Woven round by desires and cares of the flesh.

Throughout all this beautiful world that I sing
There runs this one thought: "Oh! what will LOVE bring,
'Tween the depth of the night and the dawning of morn,
To the hearts that await, be they blest or forlorn?
Will it offer the gold of the uttermost mines?
Or jewels and fabrics of rarest designs,
Hand-wrought in the years, hid away from the light,
Which robbed the poor toilers of hope and of sight?

"The song of the poet, the lore of the sage,
The wit of the jester, the wisdom of age?
Sweet strains of rare music, imprisoned, intense?
The artist's creation, half-soul and half-sense?"
Nay, nay! pass them by, the frail offspring of pain!
To nourish their growth human tears fell like rain!

Make ready your dwellings and garnish your board,
For the gift that awaits is the Heart of our Lord!
Be it hovel or palace, be it lowly or sad,
He will come at your bidding, the place be made glad;
While the year turns around with its face to the past,
Neither time nor its joys nor its sorrows can last.

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In this joy it offers atonement and crown,
On this night when God's love from the heavens comes down,
And, clothing itself in our sweet human graces,
Sits down at our firesides and smiles in our faces,
While HOSANNA, from earth unto Paradise swells,
THE WORD IS MADE FLESH and among us it dwells!

SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.

PRINCIPLES OF HARMONIZING FAITH AND SCIENCE—SYSTEMS OF CONCORDISTS AND IDEALISTS—RECONCILIATION OF THE TWO SYSTEMS—CONCORD OF THE NEBULAR THEORY WITH SCRIPTURE AND CHRISTIAN FAITH.

THE accordance of the nebular theory with philosophical theism has been already proved. M. Faye's profession of his own personal convictions on this head has also been given. There remains the question of the accordance of M. Faye's hypothesis and similar ones of other scientists with doctrines of divine revelation. This part of the discussion brings us to the consideration of the work of Canon Duilhé de Saint-Projet, *Apologie Scientifique de la Foi Chrétienne.*

There is a certain timidity, hesitation, and prejudice, more or less widely spread, in regard to the orthodoxy of a class of opinions respecting cosmogony, chronology, biology, and similar matters, presenting a phase of novelty, which are put forth as probable or tenable by some recent authors of works on Christian apologetics. It is important to remove this prejudice, if any satisfactory result is to be attained in clearing away objections which make a show of being scientific or historical, against the Christian religion. For as long as a suspicion of being unorthodox adheres to any exposition of a matter in discussion, it is distrusted by believers as a concession which compromises the faith, and is dismissed by unbelievers as a mere pretext or piece of special pleading. Unless it is plain that a plea for religion, or any one part of it, is made *in bona fide*, without compromise on any doctrine or fact covered by the sanction of revelation, the

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plea is worthless; or, at best, has only the value of a tentative effort to take soundings around the question, so as to find out what may be probable or tenable.

As we are about to make use of the statements and arguments contained in the work of M. de Saint-Projet in regard to a number of the class of topics just alluded to, we wish, first of all, to make evident the orthodoxy and trustworthiness of the author and his work, according to the Catholic criterion.

The author is a professor of apologetics in the Higher School of Theology at Toulouse. The substance of his work, *Apologie Scientifique*, is derived from a series of public lectures commenced in 1869 at the instance of the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse. The urgent request of the same prelate determined him to embody and publish these lectures in their present form as a systematic treatise, and the letter of the cardinal expressing this desire is prefixed to the work. At the close of his letter the cardinal writes:

"My Dear Canon, may the important work which you are about to write, to prove the perfect harmony which exists between Catholic doctrine and the most incontestable conclusions of general physics, biology, and anthropology, demonstrate irresistibly to men of good faith that our God does not in vain call himself the 'Master of Sciences'—*scientiarum Dominus*. This noble design was worthy to tempt your pen. Now that you are about happily to realize it, I thank you, I congratulate you, and I bless both the work and its able author."

In the preface to the second edition the author mentions the fact that the first edition received the explicit approbation of bishops, the commendation of the Catholic journalists and of many learned laymen, as well as the general favor of the public. More than this, he received from the Pope a letter of commendation and encouragement, which is published, and in which Leo XIII. repeats what he has in other places so strongly urged: that it is a most excellent and opportune effort to unite a study of the natural sciences, more diligent than has been hitherto customary, to the pursuits of theology proper; and to apply the fruit of these studies to the defence of religion by showing that "all those things which have been delivered to us by God himself are in brilliant harmony with the results produced by the investigation and labor of the human mind."

This is a sufficient guarantee for the orthodoxy of the learned canon's work, taking that term in its just and reasonable sense. There is another sense, an exaggerated one, in which it is employed by the class of timid adherents to respectable prejudices

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before alluded to, who may be found everywhere, but are more numerous in France than elsewhere. M. de Saint-Projet makes a distinction which is fine and accurate between "reasonable orthodoxy" and "sentimental orthodoxy" (p. 95, *Note*). *Reasonable orthodoxy* consists in doctrinal conformity to all authoritative teaching in the church, according to the rule which she herself prescribes. *Sentimental orthodoxy* consists in a subjection of the mind to human authorities in the church which exceeds what she prescribes, not founded in sound reasons, but springing from a sentiment of reverence for the great men and the prevalent opinions of antiquity which is exaggerated. The piety which prompts this sentiment is respectable, but its exaggerations are no part of that virtue which is called the piety of faith; they are an excrescence which adheres to it. They may be generally harmless in individuals, but they can become noxious in certain circumstances. This is especially the case when sentimental orthodoxy is made a barrier and an obstacle in the way of progress and enlightenment by means of rational orthodoxy, allied with sound philosophy and genuine science.

Let us hear what M. de Saint-Projet has to say on this head:

"In the religious crisis through which we are passing, one of the first conditions of success for the defender of the Christian faith is to profess on every occasion a high and sincere esteem for positive science—that is, for genuine science. Far from treating it as an enemy, he ought to salute it as a necessary, a providential ally, the only one which can, in concert with virtue, bring back troubled or wandering souls, and restore to religion its ancient and legitimate influence over the masses of the people.

"There are some timid Christians whom I might call pusillanimous, but more than all little enlightened, who are afraid of science, who 'look on a man having two eyes—the eye of knowledge and the eye of faith—as a monster,' and condemn as a dangerous weakening, almost as a culpable compromising, every opinion in matters where freedom is in possession, every interpretation which is new, when these are adopted in consequence of scientific discoveries, even those which are the most certain. . . .

"We have summed up the duties of a Christian apologist in the presence of science. But duties imply rights. It is one of the first conditions of success in this formidable combat against the contemporary error of total negation that the apologist should be left in the possession of his liberty of movement. His task is difficult and arduous enough without having besides his road obstructed, his working hindered, and his shoulders weighted by opinions of a school, particular doctrines, interpretations more or less worthy of respect but certainly not obligatory, in philosophy, theology, or exegesis. . . . In what other way could the scholastic doctors make an organic system of doctrine and construct a *Summa Theologica?* For such an achievement, for such a high flight, it is necessary to have a free use of the wings.

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"As for us, we have found a science all finished to our hand, and we have our ready-made compendiums. Whatever cannot go into their narrow mould appears to us a dangerous novelty and puts us in a fright. But yet at this day, as in the epochs of initiatory labor in systematic construction, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we need new moulds large enough to contain all the new forms of progress, all the conquests of science; *the eternal youth of the church demands the Summa Theologica of the modern age*" (p. 77, etc.)

The author sums up the result of all this, and much more which has not been quoted, in a rule and maxim which is not new, but really a formula in perfect agreement with the most ancient and universal tradition, and the perpetual practice of the church, the Fathers, and the scholastic doctors:

"The authority of tradition, the infallible decisions of the church concerning the fidelity of versions and the sense of texts, fall upon whatever regards directly or indirectly faith and morals. As for all free interpretations, historical, chronological, scientific, *tradition, even though constant and universal, can be modified by the consequences of a discovery*" (p. 104).

In respect to the matters now under discussion, the abuse of tradition as a criterion for judging and condemning opinions derived from science is, in the last analysis, an abuse of the authority of Scripture. And, in respect to this, Dr. Schaeffer, a distinguished German author whom we had occasion to quote in our first series of articles, says as follows:

"It is a cause of error to seek in the Scriptures, literally interpreted, lights which it is not within their scope to afford upon the problems of physics, astronomy, or biology; *to make of the Bible a sort of criterion of truth in the sciences*, to mix up on all occasions sacred texts with controversies on the phenomena of nature" (cited on p. 102).

There is more ancient and higher authority for condemning this procedure, one which those who profess so great a reverence for tradition and the Fathers ought to respect—namely, that of St. Augustine:

"It often happens that one not a Christian has acquired by experience or reasoning most certain knowledge about something relating to the earth, the heavens, the other elements of this world, the natures of animals, plants, stones, and other things of the same sort. Now, it is too shameful, it is dangerous, it is what ought to be shunned with the utmost care, for a Christian to talk about these things with a pretence of giving the teaching of the Christian Scripture, in such a way that any infidel hearing his insanities and perceiving that he wanders, as one says, heaven-wide from the truth, can scarcely contain his laughter" (*De Gen. ad Litt.*, i. 39).

The abuse of a traditional interpretation of Scripture which applies it as a criterion to determine the truth in scientific mat-

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ters, is really contrary to tradition itself as well as to sound reason. The rule laid down by the Abbé Vigouroux is not only reasonable, but it is the rule which has been followed by the greatest Christian writers in all ages:

"The apologist in our age walks in the track of the Fathers of the church, and conforms himself to their principles, when he *interprets the word of God by the aid of the lights which are furnished to him by science.* Just as he is obliged to avail himself of archæological, historical, geographical, and philological discoveries for the explanation of passages which have hitherto remained obscure, or have even been incorrectly understood, so also he is bound to make use of scientific discoveries, when they are certain, for fixing the sense of passages in the Bible which can be made clear by their light" (cited on p. 104).

There is a considerable difference in the method of procedure adopted by the most eminent writers, as well Protestants as Catholics, who within the last half-century have endeavored to harmonize the statements of the Bible with the certain or probable theories of modern science.

One class of these writers has received the designation of *Concordists*, another that of *Idealists*.

The first class proceed from the position that the Bible contains a collection of scientific affirmations and of statements of facts of pure science. Hence they are obliged to maintain, even in details, the absolute truth of all these supposed affirmations and statements, and the positive agreement between these and all that is real and true in the supposed results of successive discoveries of science.

Writers of this class have displayed a wonderful ingenuity and subtlety, and many of their efforts have seemed, for a time, to be crowned with a considerable success. Nevertheless a great deal of their ingenuity has really been exerted in torturing the sacred text, and a great deal of their apparent success has proved to be illusory. Not seldom their varying hypotheses have mutually destroyed each other in their conflict, and still oftener the provisional conclusions and pretended discoveries of science with which they had with great pains made an accommodation have been falsified by the progress of science itself.

The Idealists can trace their system back to the Jewish and Christian schools of Alexandria, and claim a number of illustrious names in Christian antiquity from Clement and Origen to St. Augustine. At the present time their number is large and increasing among the scholars of Italy, Germany, Belgium, and

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England, and begins to be recruited in France, where the system has hitherto met with more hesitation.

The primary maxim of this system is that the Scripture gives no scientific instruction, wherefore its domain must be isolated from that of science, and thus all antagonism be avoided; and a negative concord being secured, the attempt must be given up to establish a positive harmony.

M. de Saint-Projet points out a fault in this system, when pushed to an extreme, which is the opposite of the error of an extreme Concordism. There is a medium between both extremes in which the most sure and fruitful efforts of the best authors of a concordist or idealistic tendency to establish both the negative and the positive harmony between the affirmations of Scripture and the teachings of science can be combined and reconciled.

On the one hand, there are certain principal lines in both orders—viz., of revelation and of natural science—which are parallel, as drawn by the same divine hand, and which must be positively shown to be parallel. There are some affirmations of Scripture, few in number, but absolutely clear, and interpreted by the authority of the church, because closely connected with dogma, which are inseparable from corresponding scientific statements; *e.g.*, the unity of the human species. A few others, though not directly connected with dogma, and not authoritatively defined, are in themselves perfectly clear and of a sense which is indubitable. In respect to these, it is necessary to show a positive concord between Scripture and science. The minute and subtle details of Concordist systems may be set aside as irrelevant, and beyond the lines within which there must be a positive concord between faith and science, the negative concord suffices, and more free and varying interpretations can be admitted, according to the method of the Idealists.

This gives us all the liberty and all the space we can desire for expatiating in the domains of Scripture, of philosophy, of history, and of science. Beginning with absolute assent to the certainties in these several orders, we are free to hold and advocate all probable opinions and to seek to make progress in the know ledge of facts and truths. We do not allow dictation from sentimental orthodoxy or pseudo-scientific arrogance. Neither do we wish to impose opinions and theories in a dogmatical manner upon those who hold different views. Freedom to investigate, to think, to discuss, within the bounds of that realm which God has thrown open to us, relying on the weight of evidence and

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argument to give authority to rational judgments, is the way to make rational orthodoxy and sound science progress, in mutual alliance, with combined efforts, and with a certainty of achieving some degree of success.

It may be asked by some why these questions should be mooted at all, why discussion should be stirred up, and why we should not be content to leave the quietude of those who keep the faith in simplicity undisturbed.

It might be a sufficient answer to this question to say that it is good and useful to seek after all kinds of scientific knowledge, and after the most accurate and thorough knowledge attainable of the contents of the Bible, for their own sake.

But there is a more imperative reason than this. Many minds, as well of those who are believers as of those who are not, are already disquieted. They are not to be quieted by a mere waiving of objections, or by simple affirmations of the falsity and futility of the infidel and atheistic arguments which are aggressively pressed against all natural and revealed theology, under the ægis of science. Arguments must be met by arguments, perversions of history and sophisms which wear the appearance of philosophy and science must be exposed by true presentation of historical facts and by rational theories of genuine science. It is the salvation of souls which is the great interest involved in these momentous issues. Opinions and arguments which are respectable only from their antiquity, which are preserved and cherished merely from the force of habit and mental inertness, which are not rationally tenable and are becoming obsolete, are not only useless but positively injurious in the offensive and defensive warfare of religion against impiety. They are guns ready to burst; they are fortifications which cannot stand against modern artillery.

Moreover, a considerable part of the theology of polemics and apologetics which is perfectly solid and irrefragable is becoming comparatively useless and inopportune. It is directed against dead or dying errors, obsolete or decaying forms of infidelity and heresy. Wherefore it is important to reconstruct or augment the text-books in philosophy and theology which form the basis of professional instruction in seminaries and are the manuals of continual reference for the clergy. The admonitions of the Holy Father, and of other prelates in high positions, the measures taken by councils, and the corresponding movement pervading all higher intellectual circles in the Catholic Church of all the principal nations, all tend in this direction. It is matter

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for congratulation that so many scholars of eminent ability and learning are engaged in the work, and that by their excellent writings in books and periodicals they are rapidly furnishing the materials for those improved systematic Sums in philosophy and theology which we may hope to see appear in due time, and which will be adequate to the wants of this modern age.

Our own part in this labor is a very humble one, but, such as it is, we must return to it and go on with our immediate task. This is the consideration of the nebular hypothesis, particularly in the new form in which M. Faye has proposed it, in reference to the doctrines of faith and the affirmations of Holy Scripture.

In respect to the *origin* of the universe, the question is within the domain of rational philosophy and within the domain of faith, but not within the domain of science. The one dogma of faith is that God created all things from a beginning of time out of nothing. The conclusion of philosophy by natural reason is the same. In revelation God affirms and teaches in a higher and supernatural way the same truth which he discloses by his works and the light of reason. Science begins with the effects of the First Cause as these are already existing, going as near to their beginning as it can get. But it cannot by its proper methods go back of existence and find its producing cause—*i.e.*, it cannot verify by experience the connection between this effect and its first cause. This is what M. de Saint-Projet says on this head:

"Here is the whole Christian doctrine on this fundamental question of the first origin of things; there is no other. What can science teach us concerning the first origin of the universe? Nothing" (p. 126, etc.)

There is, therefore, no possibility of science clashing with the Scripture and faith concerning the *origin* of the universe.

The nebular hypothesis is a theory concerning, not the *origin*, but the *formation* of the universe from matter already originated.

The author lays down the position that, in respect to formation, the evolutions or transformations of the primary matter in virtue of laws established by the supreme intelligence, the faith prescribes no dogma. Wherefore the sciences of cosmology—astronomy, geogony, and general physics—can pursue their investigations on their own principles, according to their own methods, at their ease, without the slightest fear of a conflict with faith. The author remarks, however, that there are some clear and positive affirmations in the first ten verses of Genesis, interpreted by a nearly unanimous consent of Fathers and schoolmen, which are neither pertaining to the substance of the faith nor in-

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tentionally scientific, yet are enunciations of natural truths unknown as such to past ages, but lately ascertained by science. He signalizes two such statements. First, that chaos preceded evolution and formal distinction of substances in the universe; and, second, that an azoic state preceded the appearance of organic life on the earth. The famous materialist Haeckel declares that "in the Mosaic hypothesis of the creation the idea of a gradual differentiation of primitively simple matter is presented to us with a surprising clearness and distinctness" (cited on p. 144).

M. de Saint-Projet sums up the whole matter as follows:

"It is truly difficult not to recognize the real harmony, the positive agreement between the history of the formation of the universe, discovered and daily brought into clearer light by science, and the grand lines of the same history as related in the Bible. We have in view only the first ten verses of Genesis, not having yet arrived at the appearance of life and organized beings, but only at the formation of the worlds and the earth, the primary evolutions of material atoms. There is question, therefore, only of that class of sciences called cosmogony—astronomy, geogony, general physics.

"The grand features of the Bible account comprise only so much as this: The cosmic matter or obscure chaos; the movement of the Creative Spirit infusing the primitive energetic impulse;* the nebulous masses when sufficiently condensed becoming phosphorescent, indistinct but real radiation and diffusion of a faint light before the complete formation of luminous centres; finally the earth gradually cooling, oceans and clouds forming, primitive rocks, or 'dry land,' emerging, the atmosphere enveloping the cool, solid crust of the earth, which is now ready to receive living things on its surface.

"Is this a forced and artificial concord between a rendering of the scientific phenomena and an interpretation of the Bible, both of which are the most obvious, the best accredited, and sufficiently disentangled from useless and embarrassing concordisms in detail? In respect to the nebulous chaos, is it not striking to see the commentators on the Bible from the earliest times persisting in one and the same bold conception, unknown until lately to profane science, and thus, as another expresses it, 'giving the hand to Laplace, who probably, when he created his magnificent system, was not aware that on this point he was the continuator of the ancient traditional exegesis'?

"It seems, then, that the scientific apology for faith has fairly gained this position: first, as to what touches the origin of matter and of the world, faith, in accord with philosophy, affirms creation *from nothing*; science affirms nothing and cannot make any affirmation.

"Secondly, so far as the formation of the universe and of the earth is concerned, the faith prescribes nothing; science does not offer anything as

* The exact translation of the Hebrew text, as the learned Rabbi Leeser gave it to the author, is: "And the Spirit of God was over the face of the deep."

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absolutely certain, but the best authorized interpretations of Scripture, and the most serious, universally accepted hypotheses of science, are mutually in perfect harmony" (p. 142, etc.)

It follows from all the foregoing that the modified nebular theory of M. Faye is one which is purely and simply scientific, to be examined and judged merely on its own probability, by those who are competent in such matters. It cannot claim scientific certitude, but we are warranted by sufficient reasons and by respectable scientific authority in regarding it as a very probable hypothesis, far advanced towards scientific verification in respect to its essential parts, though as yet needing further confirmation, and perhaps rectification, in some of its details.

There is no reason whatever for theological prejudice or suspicion against the nebular theory. A prejudice of this kind is simply puerile and founded in the imagination only, not in reason or in any just conception of the truths revealed by God concerning his creative act and his providence over the world. It is analogous to the puerile fear which prevailed so widely when the Copernican system was first broached to the world.

Those who were accustomed to consider the earth as the immovable centre of the starry universe were made uncomfortable and thrown into confusion when the wonders and splendors of the genuine astronomy were suddenly revealed. The sensation was like that of a person, brought up in a very quiet and remote country-place, when he visits a large town like New York. In the same manner, the notion of millions of years preceding the brief period of human history has a stunning effect on some minds, and disturbs the snug, homelike habit of feeling in respect to the world and its past history. It seems to them that they are thrown off to a great distance from God as their Creator and Father, by the measureless extent of his works, the countless multitude of his creatures, and the interminable ages which elapsed from the beginning of creation to the time when he brought our human race into existence.

This is a mere illusion of the imagination. In truth, it is the eternity and infinity of God which puts us at an infinite distance from him in respect to the extent and duration of our being. Every creature, whatever and wherever he is, is at the centre of an infinite sphere of being and duration "whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere." No matter how vast the dimensions of a universe extended in space, or how long the periods of the duration of the universe or particular beings in it, in time, this makes no difference whatever in the relation of any

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being to its Creator. We are what we are and when we are. The possibility of duration in time stretches endlessly behind us, from any present *now*, and any point of time in the past, whether near or remote. It makes no difference to the present of any individual, or to the present of the first human being, whether we conceive of the possible *before* as void of created existence, or as occupied by a series of states of created existence going backward through five preceding days, or five hundred, five thousand, five million years, or a million of centuries. We are not nearer or further off from the eternity of God in any case. Neither does any imageable extent of the universe, or number of distinct existences within its bounds, alter our relation to God as his creatures or his children. We gain nothing by belonging to a small world with few beings in it, and we lose nothing by the increase and multiplication of the world and its contained beings.

Moreover, it is most congruous to the idea of a creator who is eternal and infinite that he should make his universe, in respect to extent, multitude, and duration, on such a scale of magnificence that it may represent to finite, rational beings in an overwhelming manner the being, infinite in every respect, of the creator. Modern astronomy, with the other cognate sciences, is therefore in better harmony with the most sublime conceptions of natural and revealed theology than any of the puerile systems of ancient times.

This is specifically true of the grand nebular theory of the formation of the worlds. The power of God is more displayed in creating efficient second causes than in producing any other effects, and this in proportion to the degree of their force of causation, which reaches its highest point in the free-will of rational beings. The most perfect kind of musical-box, which plays its own tunes by an ingenious arrangement within itself, is a higher work of artistic skill than a xylophone, which makes harmony by being struck with a hammer in the hand of the player. So a universe which owes its formation and harmonious succession of movements to the working of intrinsic laws displays the power of the creator much more than one which is mechanically put together and kept going by an impulse from without, or a succession of such impulses.

It is a universal law of the creative and providential action of God, in both the natural and the supernatural orders, that the agency of second causes is raised to the *maximum*, and the immediate agency of the first cause, without any co-operation of

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secondary causes and instruments, is restrained by a law of parsimony to what, relatively speaking, may be called a *minimum*.

And, again, it is also a mode of action generally followed in the government of divine Providence that things start from their first elements, and go on towards perfection and fulfilment by progress in an order of development. This is another analogy between the nebular theory and the best theories respecting other departments of the grand domain of knowledge, in philosophy and theology. A volume might be written on this topic alone.

The conformity of M. Faye's theory with Christian doctrine in respect to the beginning and the ending of our own world and the other worlds known to us has been shown in the foregoing article. That all suns are rapidly going on toward extinction is a scientific certainty. It follows from this that they necessarily had a beginning. The essence of the nebular theory consists in an exposition of the formation of the worlds from a primitive chaos. So far as our own world is concerned, a probable history of the way in which its present order was evolved out of chaotic elements, a certain demonstration of its stability in respect to the rotations and revolutions of its component bodies, and an equally certain demonstration of the future cessation of solar radiation and therefore of all organic life on our earth, have been achieved by science. But beyond this limit science has not yet, and there is no reason to suppose that it ever will have, made any great discoveries, even in regard to our own world, such as will show to what future state of things the laws of nature are tending. It is impossible to foresee what will become of the solar system after its central body has ceased to be a sun. That the other suns and systems were formed in a way similar to the one in which our own was evolved is probable, though the process cannot be calculated in any minute details. That these suns are wasting their light and heat is certain. That some have become extinct and that others are far advanced toward extinction is probable. That our world and all the other worlds are moving rapidly in space we know, but it surpasses all human calculation to determine the orbits of their revolutions, the general system of the universe, its centre of gravity, and the combinations of its millions of movements, all tending toward an unknown result. Science shows no evidence and no probability even of the existence of life on any other world besides our own planet. Even here the necessary conditions of life have existed for only a comparatively short period, which cannot be prolonged very far into the future. For what purpose has God made the worlds, for what purpose has

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he placed a race of intelligent beings on the earth to inhabit it for a short time? There must be some end, worthy of the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator.

Philosophy can show that the soul of man is fitted to survive the extinction of the suns, and that whatever intelligent beings may exist in the universe have been created for the attainment of their natural perfection and felicity in a state of endless existence. Philosophy cannot show, however, for what end God has sent so many blazing suns careering in space to become finally extinct, or why he has prepared so carefully this earth at least, and perhaps other globes in the universe, as the habitation of living, sentient, and rational beings, for a comparatively short period, to become eventually dark, cold, dead masses of inorganic matter, liable, for anything science knows, to dash one another to pieces by mutual collision. M. Faye's conclusion is a very lame and feeble peroration to a magnificent discourse. It expresses his conviction that the scientific triumphs of the human intellect will survive for ever the final catastrophe of the world. Certainly, the achievements of man through the exercise of his higher faculties are admirable, considering the limitations of this earthly, inchoate condition of his intelligence. Yet they are, after all, but schoolboy performances, not likely to excite the wonder of the universe through the everlasting ages to come.

Science stops short after ascending in its balloon to a low height above the ground. Philosophy takes a higher flight, yet it cannot soar beyond the atmosphere. The insatiable mind cries out, gasping, for wider and higher knowledge. And where science and philosophy leave off faith begins, not rejecting but transcending all that lies within the rational sphere. On its own boundless domain it can no more come into collision with human science than a vast steamer on mid-ocean with a boat plying between the riverside ports. Revelation has left some blank pages in the great book of God for science and history and philosophy to fill up from their age-long researches. These are at the beginning and in the middle of the volume. The end of it, which sums up, giving the final result, solving the complete problem, exhibiting the accomplishment of the long, complex drama, foretelling the ultimate destination of all things visible and invisible which compose the spiritual and corporeal universe, is written by the only hand competent to the task—the hand of God. Science can demonstrate that the present physical condition of the universe is temporary and tending to a catastrophe by the operation of the same laws which have brought

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it out from its primitive chaos. Philosophy can demonstrate that an infinitely wise, powerful, and good Being has produced the universe, and guided the course of its evolution through all stages in view of an end in which a perfection will be attained congruous to the divine wisdom and goodness. Beyond this the scientist and the philosopher can only make guesses at truth. The history of all these conjectural hypotheses is the best proof of their insufficiency, and furnishes a very good negative argument for the necessity of a better light on the problem of the destiny of man and the universe, radiated from a divine revelation.

What that divine revelation discloses has at least a negative corroboration from science and philosophy. They cannot contradict it in anything. They may even, in some things, afford a positive confirmation, by their probable hypotheses or their conjectures which are not evidently unreasonable, to the sublime truths whose certainty and credibility rest on the veracity of God.

Now, whereas science proves that all living bodies tend toward ultimate death, and that there is no known power of resurrection in nature; and philosophy, unaided by the light of faith, can show no reason why a rational soul should be united to a mortal body, and living, intelligent, immortal spirits should inhabit a material universe whose light and life are doomed to extinction; Faith discloses the resurrection of the body and the restitution of all things. The present glorious constitution of the universe succeeded the state of chaos; the appearance of the abundant flora and fauna of the earth, and at last of man, succeeded the azoic period. In like manner the glorified state of risen humanity, and a corresponding reconstruction of the universe, will follow the present inchoate and imperfect order; which is temporary, because it is only a preparation for that which will be everlasting.

This doctrine, taught in numerous passages of the Holy Scripture and by the universal confession of the Catholic Church, is sufficiently expressed in one text of St. Paul:

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in us. For the expectation of the creature [*i.e.*, of the whole creation] waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that made it subject in hope. Because *the creature itself shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption* into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that every creature groaneth and is in labor even until now. And not only it, but ourselves also, who have the *first-fruits of the spirit*, even we ourselves groan within ourselves,

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waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, *the redemption of our body*" (Rom. viii. 18, etc.)

A man who wishes to build a noble house upon the site of a mean and decaying dwelling is not obliged to wait until the old house falls down. It is not necessary to wait until a set of gas-fixtures are worn out before substituting electric lights. God will make the transformation of the universe whenever it pleases him to establish it in perpetuity as the kingdom of the blessed. He is not subject to the laws which he has imposed on his universe. He will not have to wait for the suns to burn out before he lights them up again to shine through eternity. As soon as human probation is finished he will establish on everlasting foundations "the new heavens and the new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness." In that new world we shall have plenty of leisure and every possible advantage for making observations in astronomy; and the Creator will disclose what are now the hidden secrets of his wisdom, partially seen in glimpses as "through a glass, darkly."

TWO MINSTRELS.

A MINSTREL came in the full noonday,
A youth of high degree,
And sang he forth in the great highway—
No timid minstrel he:
He sang of his grand ancestral halls,
Of his noble name and kin,
And vaunted high of the noble deeds
His sires had gloried in.

And one there came when the sun was low;
No noble name had he,
But oh! he sang with a sweeter tone,
With truer minstrelsy:
He told no story of warlike deeds,
His chant of a nobler strife—
Of the battles won for the glorious God,
And the joys of the Endless Life!

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THE NATIVITY IN ART.

BETHLEHEM, the city of David; Bethlehem, of which God said through his prophet, "Out of thee shall come forth the Leader who shall rule my people Israel." And yet, precisely like Jerusalem thirty-three years later, this small city, for which sceptre and crown had been waiting, "knew not the day of her visitation"—failed to recognize her Prince, and gave her allegiance to another.

On the hillsides around Bethlehem shone the wondrous light that roused her shepherds from their dozing dreams under their sheep-skins, until they saw plainly the angel of the Lord standing beside them, and they heard distinctly the words they could never forget, declaring to these simple folks the birth of the Messias of Israel, the Leader of the people of God, and that they would find the new-born Child, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And even as they listened, as if heaven could not keep silence nor her exultant choirs be restrained, these shepherds saw themselves surrounded by a multitude of the heavenly host, while high above came the song, in which all joined, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." No sooner had the angels disappeared and their song wholly ceased than these shepherds hastened to Bethlehem "to find all things as the angel had said"; and yet Bethlehem slept! As those who sleep through a tempest are said to sleep even more profoundly for the tumult of the elements, so the slumber of the dwellers in the little city of David was more profound, perhaps, for the celestial light on the hill-tops and the song of the angels in the star-lit welkin. Certain it is, no mention is made of any but the Virgin Mother, the divine Babe, St. Joseph, and the shepherds. Afterwards came the Wise Men from the East. But while "all Jerusalem was troubled," and the soul of her king quaked within him, our Bethlehemites saw the white camels come and go, saw, perhaps, the glint of the pure gold of Saba, caught the perfume of frankincense or the bitter myrrh, without attaching any significance to them; for were not strange sights coming every hour during this enrolling of the children of the twelve tribes? And we know, also, that there is no blindness, no deafness, like that of the heart.

But while Herod was plotting against the life of this Babe born in a manger, and the Bethlehemites were unconscious of the

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fulfilment of the prophecy which took away the reproach of the littleness of their city, the dwellers in Rome beyond the Tiber were startled by a prodigy unheard of. A fountain of oil broke forth from a spot hitherto occupied by a magazine for merchandise and also as a hospital for sick soldiers, and so copious was the stream that it found its way to the Tiber. In ancient Rome they had a habit of noting events, small or great; and, on the watch as they were for portents, this overflowing of a fountain of oil—oil for healing; oil, the symbol of peace—was a portent to be cherished. They would see what came of it, and it was duly chronicled among the events of the year. Two hundred and twenty-four years after, under the pontiff Callistus, a church was built on this very spot to commemorate this very event, and called St. Mary—the first church in Rome bearing this name so dear to Christians. At least our Romans are not sleeping like our Bethlehemites.

Turning to those treatises on Christian art which are found in English, we might suppose the world had been as indifferent to this story of the Infant of Bethlehem, and to the wonderful circumstances attending his Nativity, as the Bethlehemites themselves. The instinct of delineation would seem to have stopped short before one of the loveliest subjects for the pencil and brush which even Christianity has supplied. This is painfully apparent, and the incongruity is as apparent also. Mrs. Jameson, in her extensive work upon Christian art—giving one entire volume to the *Legends of the Madonna*—and Lady Eastlake, who carried out Mrs. Jameson's intentions, after her death, in two volumes entitled *The History of our Lord*, simply leave out the Nativity as a subject of art, with only this remarkable sentence: *

"There exists no proof, I believe, that the effigies of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, which existed before the end of the fifth century, were placed before Christian worshippers as objects of veneration. They appear to have been merely groups representing a particular incident of the New Testament—namely, the adoration of the Magi; for I find no other in which the Mother is seated with the infant Christ, and this is an historical subject of which we shall have to speak hereafter."

Making no comment upon the assertion contained in this sentence concerning the Adoration of the Magi as a mere historical subject, let us say that Mrs. Jameson's work, begun in 1842 † and ended by Lady Eastlake in 1864, really came into the world before the discoveries bearing most directly upon this subject

* *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 58.

† See preface to first edition of *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

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were made in the Roman Catacombs. It is only justice to say that, had these discoveries been made, no one would have been more eager to make use of them than Mrs. Jameson. For this reason it is unjust to quote her words to-day against the fact of the existence of these very pictures; and to do thus is simply to prove one's self a mere copyist, no faithful investigator, or even observer, of art as it stands revealed to us of to-day.

It is to the precious cemetery or catacomb of St. Priscilla that we turn for the very pictures unheard of by Mrs. Jameson before the end of the fifth century—viz., the Virgin Mother holding her divine Son in her arms; and not only holding him in her arms, but nourishing him at her breast.

This Priscilla, to whose cemetery or catacomb Christian art is thus indebted, was the mother of that Pudens, of senatorial rank, who sent greetings to the Christians of Asia through the apostle St. Paul, as we read at the end of his Second Epistle to Timothy, and, like her son, was one of the first converts made in Rome by St. Peter. It was to their palace on the Vicus Patricius—or Way of the Patricians—that St. Peter was welcomed,* and the hospitality given to him was extended to St. Paul. In fact, no Christian tradition of that time in Rome is better established or more generally received than this; and the chapel in which St. Peter said Mass in the house of Pudens, with its ancient pavement, is described in every guide-book in a way to show that no slur can be cast upon the authenticity of the tradition. In the midst of all these graces bestowed upon her house Priscilla dies, and the august Roman matron is carried from her palace on the Vicus Patricius to her last resting-place in the family tomb on the Salarian Way; laid there under the benediction of SS. Peter and Paul. Around her precious remains, which her family believed would rise again a spiritual body in the day of the resurrection, were laid, as time went on, the mortal remains of all this senatorial house, all Christians: Pudens and his wife Claudia, their son Pudens and his children, including the two saintly daughters so well known by the churches bearing their names, SS. Pudenziana and Prassides. Around this tomb, also—in which, as we have said, the sleeper had been laid under the benediction of SS. Peter and Paul—gathered all the most precious traditions of the apostolic age of the church, and to its walls we can turn with as much confidence as to an illuminated manuscript to learn the ideas and sentiments of the

* For a very careful working out of the historical evidences of this we refer the reader to Dom Guéranger's *Sainte Cécile et Société Romaine*, pp. 17–19.

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first Christian century. The site of this catacomb, associated with the very aurora of Christianity, its first triumphs, was never forgotten. It had a place in Roman history and Roman annals, as well as in Christian hearts and martyrologies. It was one of the cemeteries visited by the early Christian writers, and even by scholars down to the middle of the fifteenth century.* But the singular treasures of this catacomb have been brought to light in our day by the labors of the Archæological Society under the Chevalier de Rossi; and since 1869 the results of their labors have appeared in autotypes directly from the walls, and in chromo-lithographs, made under the trained and exacting eye of De Rossi himself. By a touching development of a natural sentiment under supernatural influences, we have clustered around the immediate tomb of this mother of the Christian Church in Rome, where Greek inscription, "vermil dyed," and the most delicately-chiselled symbols, and the most skilful touches of the Roman brush tell us are to be found the earliest vestiges of Christian art, a series of pictures delineating those events in the childhood and infancy of our Lord which have proved such inspirations to the artists of all Christian ages. The most ancient of these is a picture, on the wall and about two feet in height, in which we see the Virgin Mother seated, holding the divine Child in her arms. He is turning from her breast, on which one little hand still lies according to the manner of a suckling infant, to look, as it were, towards some one who is speaking; while immediately at the side stands a prophet-like figure, one hand pointing to the Mother and Child, the other to the star shining above them, as if alluding to the ancient prophecy, "a star has arisen out of Jacob." This picture, which De Rossi declares, from indubitable proofs, to have been painted under the eyes of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, leaves us nothing to desire as to antiquity or an authorized type; while as to grace of action, it might have been a model for Raphael himself.

In the Roman Catacombs De Rossi has found more than twenty representations of the Adoration of the Magi, in which the Virgin Mary is the principal figure, and associated by the artist in the honor paid to her divine Son. In most of these pictures the Blessed Virgin is seated, holding her Infant on her knees, and the Magi address themselves to the group thus formed by the Mother and Child. One of the most beautiful of these is in the catacomb of SS. Peter and Marcellin, in which the Virgin Mother is seated on a chair, holding her Son in her arms close

* See *Rome Souterraine*, p. 4.

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to her bosom rather than on her knees, while the Magi come towards her with their gifts; and another of equal beauty is in the catacomb of St. Domitilla. These twenty and more Adorations are assigned by De Rossi to different periods, but to none later than the first or last half of the third century. We can see by this what reason there is to declare these representations "merely historical," or "no earlier than the fifth century."

But the strictly entitled Nativity—*i.e.*, with the Infant in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger, and the traditional ox and the ass—how soon do we find this? "Not before the fifth century," we are told in the most assured manner by those who teach the world and our existing generation through illustrated articles. This "fifth century" has become a convenient half-way house between the luminous Christian era and the "dark ages." It was a grand century, but, like all great epochs, had its forerunners, like every great temple its vestibule. Nor must we forget to say that "the Nativity in art" by no means should be supposed to exclude sculpture or engraved gems, while representations on glass of various subjects are often found to be more ancient than the same either in sculpture or painting. In the *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes* an early bas-relief is described in which the ox and the ass appear with the shepherds, and still another where St. Joseph is seen with a stalk of the traditional lilies put into his hand by the artist of to-day. The precise date of these is not given, but in a foot-note of *Rome Souterraine** we are told that the ox and the ass are seen in a representation of the Nativity on a tomb bearing the date of 343; while a recent discovery in the catacomb of St. Sebastian rescues painting from the charge of neglecting this charming subject. The picture is given in De Rossi's *Bulletin of Christian Archæology*,† and fully explained.‡ The author prefaces his description by saying: "The cemetery properly called *Catacumbus*, below the basilica of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, is almost as vulgarly famous as scientifically unknown." The portion of this cemetery usually visited appears quite destitute of paintings; but some practised excavators have cleared, on the wall of a corridor, a painted *arco solium*. This picture, occupying the arch itself, is divided into three parts. The first, to the right, represents a woman in prayer, her arms extended and her hands slightly raised according to the custom of those days. The whole figure is gracefully conceived, the head veiled, the drapery simple, with a border on the edge of the flowing sleeves, at the

* P. 380. † No. I. 1877. ‡ No. III.–IV. pp. 153–6; also 1878, No. I.–II. p. 62.

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throat, and also on the scapular, or mantle falling from the shoulders to the feet at the front. To the left is the figure of Moses striking the rock, while a youth springs forward, both hands extended, towards the newly-opened fountain, as if to quench his thirst. The centre of the arch is occupied by a group representing the divine Infant in a crib, and above the bust of the Saviour, young and beardless. "In the poor little wooden bed on which the divine Infant is laid, wrapped in swaddling-clothes," the writer says, "we might not recognize the manger"; but it is distinctly indicated by the head of the ox and of the ass rising behind and almost resting upon it. The head of the Infant and also of the youth is crowned with a nimbus. The subject is not to be misunderstood; and, while standing alone to-day among the catacomb paintings to give evidence to the devotion of the early Christians not only to the Nativity of our Lord, but also to the traditional circumstance of the presence of the dumb animals as familiar to the Christians of the first ages, we may hope that some "skilful excavator" may yet discover what will carry still farther back this much-desired testimony. The picture is assigned to the time of Constantine—*i.e.*, between the years 313 and 350—giving us a clear gain of one century's antiquity for the Nativity in art in its most restricted and most literal sense.*

From these windings of subterranean galleries, from these chambers of cemeteries dating from the first century of Christianity, we come into the full blaze of day and into the most beautiful of all the Roman basilicas—the *Sancta Maria ad Nives* of the year 350, of Patrician John, and of Pope Liberius—the Santa Maria Maggiore of our day and times; and clinging to it like the subtle perfume of incense in a sanctuary, or of violets or arbutus in some woodland haunt, that other name so dear to all the lovers of the Holy Infancy, *Sanctæ Mariæ Majoris ad Præsepe* —"St. Mary Major of the Crib." And as we walk in a trance of admiration over its pavement of purple and rose, between the columns of white marble that stand on a nave two hundred and eighty feet long, and above these columns an entablature of mosaics, running the entire length of this nave, setting forth the prefigured glories of the Virgin Mother, we come face to face with that Arch of Triumph which, from the first design on its gold background to the last, is one hymn of praise, from the heart of the fifth century, to the mystery of the Incarnation and

* I am indebted for the *Dictionnaire* and numbers of the *Bulletin d'Archéologie* quoted and in my possession to the generous painstaking of Miss Ella B. Edes, Rome.

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the glory of the Nativity. And as we bend our knees and our hearts, our senses and our intellect, before this sublime monument of Christian faith and love, then raise our eyes to study the groups pictured forth in imperishable mosaic and catch the gleam of its fifth-century gold, all its colors made harmonious to the eye by more than fourteen centuries, we seem to realize as never before not only the vitality of the traditions embodied in Christian art, but their essential, integral character as a part of Christianity itself, which not only committed herself to them in the beginning, but infused into them her own indestructibility. From all the cavils of men and all the jargon of tongues, and even the learning of the schools, we go back to the early monuments of Christianity to learn our lesson in faith, our lesson in dogma. There is no illustrated magazine of to-day which can controvert the testimony of the Christian monuments; and the Arch of Triumph of Santa Maria Maggiore is giving its silent lessons to the nineteenth century precisely as in the fifth.

The story of the arch tells how each century buds and blossoms, because it has kept its hold on all preceding centuries, and has thus assimilated to itself, as the tree by its roots, the elements of life, of growth, and of fruitage. It is this, in fact, which gives the surpassing value to this fifth-century arch. Standing alone, linking itself with no antecedent, it would be absolutely worthless as to its testimony. But when we read that Celestine I. designed this arch to commemorate the Third General Council of the Church, held at Ephesus in 431, in which it was defined that in Jesus Christ there is one person and two natures, and that Our Blessed Lady, being the Mother of this same Jesus Christ, is truly the Mother of God, in the same way as our own mothers, although they have not formed our souls but only our bodies, are still called our mothers, as of our bodies so of our souls; read also that this Celestine not only planned this monument to the divine Maternity of Mary, but caused a painting to be made on the walls of that catacomb in which this divine Maternity had been singularly honored, so that it has been asserted over and over again that it contains more Madonnas than all the other catacombs of Rome, namely, the catacomb of St. Priscilla of the Apostolic age; and read, furthermore, that at his own request he was deposited in this catacomb at his death—we are prepared to believe that the Madonnas of the cemetery of St. Priscilla gave the subjects and the types of the groups on the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore, above all others—St. Mary of the Manger.*

* See Butler's *Lives of the Saints* for April 6.

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The arch designed by Celestine I. was actually raised by Sixtus III., his faithful arch-priest and successor; the subjects represented being as follows: On the upper range or line, and at the left as we face the arch, the Annunciation—the Dove of the Holy Spirit and the angel, both winging their way to Mary, who sits crowned on her throne, while on each side stand attendant angels. To the right is what may represent the stable of Bethlehem; before its entrance is a curtain, parted, towards which turn two angels, and one figure, that may be designated as St. Joseph, stands as if to conduct them within. Immediately below this we see the divine Infant, in all the majesty of a king, seated upon a throne. At his right hand is seated his Virgin Mother with marked honor. Above him scintillates the star which has announced his birth. Behind his throne stand four angels, and the three Wise Kings are advancing towards him with their gifts. On the right hand of the upper line we see the Presentation of the Infant in the Temple—Mary and Joseph, Simeon and Anna, and a throng of persons eager to see the Infant announced by Anna as the Messias of Israel, while the doves which have furnished an offering for these chaste spouses to redeem the little Incarnate One flutter still farther to the right. Below this is given the Finding in the Temple, with all that loveliness of expression which characterizes this scene in early Christian art, and gives tacit evidence to the belief in the divine Maternity of Mary, who thus claims her Son before the whole world. Still below these subjects we see the scene in Jerusalem between the Magi inquiring for the new-born King, and the murder of the Innocents, completing the series of delineations that so often surround the Nativity in art. The difficulty felt by every one in studying this arch, even when under a good light, is greatly relieved by the beautiful chromo-lithograph recently issued by the Archæological Society under the eye of De Rossi, and which can be studied in America at a cost that is considered trivial when an illustrated book for a Christmas gift is under consideration. The delicate tints in the draperies are all preserved against the dead gold of the background, making it a thing of beauty worthy of Fra Angelico.

Before leaving these early tributes of devotion to the Nativity of our Lord we must quote two from the sixth century, and engraved for the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, already quoted. The first is an engraved gem on which we have the divine Infant, with a cruciform nimbus, wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger. Between the bars of the manger appear the heads

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of the ox and the ass. On one side the moon, symbol of the night which enshrouded this august mystery; on the other the star of the Magi. Before the crib, one hand resting upon it, is the Virgin Mother, veiled, with a simple nimbus, and sitting on a couch, while St. Joseph is seated at the end of the crib with a gesture and look of astonishment. The other Nativity is on a glass ornament used like a cameo, one-half of which has been lost. In this the Infant in his crib, with the two animals, is half-concealed by clouds, on which the Virgin Mother is couched and leans forward to receive the Magi approaching from below, while St. Joseph is seen in the angle opposite the Magi, in deep meditation. The type of this last is followed by Niccolo Pisano on his great pulpit in the cathedral of Siena, and also in that of the Baptistery at Pisa, although his other groups seem quite emancipated from the Greek influence; and still other magnificent pulpits of this noble era of Christian sculpture bear witness to the honor paid to the circumstances attending the Nativity, not only by the people but by all those who ruled in the world of art, either as artists or patrons.

But while the realm of painting was abloom with the loveliest offerings of Christian devotion to the Maternity of Mary and the Infancy of our Lord, beginning with Guido and Mino of Siena, Ugolino, Cimabue of Florence, and Simone Memmi, the charm of whose pencil seems to be almost unknown, a flame of devotion to the Nativity itself was kindled by St. Francis of Assisi in his monastery at Ara Cœli, within sight, we may say, of the chapel in which repose the five small boards of the crib of Bethlehem—a flame that has given to art, in sculpture and in painting, not only incentives to piety but actual masterpieces.

The story runs that the soul of Francis melted within him as he meditated upon the lowly birth of his Lord, upon the harsh circumstances of this "coming unto his own when his own received him not." The repulse at the doors of Bethlehem; the poverty of the stable; the cold of the winter night, warmed only by the breath of the dumb animals; the compassion of the Virgin Mother and St. Joseph for the shivering Infant; the tears on his new-born cheeks—all this inflamed the soul of Francis to offer some reparation to the Infant in the crib on the feast of his Nativity; and this reparation should be joined in by his brethren of the monastery. In the very heart of ancient Rome, close by her Capitol, within sight of her palaces, in sight, too, from those palaces themselves, in the midst of the luxury of the great city and the sound of her festivities, Francis arranges a poor, rough

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crib, a veritable manger, from which the ox and the ass might have eaten. In this he places the hay and the straw, and on this couch, poor even for the beggar, he places a tender image of the divine Babe in its swaddling-clothes. Our Francis does not seem to have had much skill in outward things, but there were those around him who would do his will in such matters, even if they deemed it strange and foolish; and so the poor crib and the Infant were placed near the sanctuary in the beautiful church of Ara Cœli, so rich in marbles and in decorations, for the midnight Mass of Christmas, and at this Mass Francis preached.*

When we say that Francis of Assisi preached, what do we say? It is as if we had said that a seraph, glowing with the love of God, had stepped from the ranks of shining ones and, taking the form of a poor friar, stood in the pulpit of Ara Cœli. Never had the disciples of St. Francis, even, heard such words as fell from his lips; never had such unction come to their souls with the tender reproaches of the "poor little man of Assisi." Sobs from the breasts of these strong men were heard on every side, and when Francis ceased one and all prostrated themselves before the rude crib with its bed of straw, on which lay the image of the new-born Babe. It was an act of reparation, and also an expression of sympathy in unison with the sympathy of Mary and of Joseph.

From this time the natural affections of the human heart effloresced under the influence of a supernatural desire to make reparation for the indifference of the Bethlehemites, and art was not slow to lend her aid to this beautiful work. When the year 1401 came to the world already were born those who would give the Nativity in all its picturesque circumstances, in all its divine tenderness. Never had the world seen such Adorations of the new born Babe from the Immaculate Heart of Mary herself as came from the hand of Luca della Robbia in his glazed terra-cotta. We have one veritable Nativity by the family Della Robbia which will bear description. In the foreground we see the Infant on his bed of straw, from which the ox and the ass are feeding. At his feet kneels his Virgin Mother in a trance of joy and devotion; immediately behind her stands St. Joseph, with the staff of a traveller still in his hand. At the head of the crib kneels a male figure leaning against the tall, rude cross held by

* A marked proof of the influence of St. Francis upon the delineation of the Nativity as a popular subject is seen in the lower border of the great mosaic on the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore, where it is one of the subjects represented between the windows; and still farther accentuated by the fact that the artist, Jacopo da Turrita, was a Franciscan and worked under the cowl of the Friars Minor.

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one hand, and a book in the other; and we may venture to call this St. Luke, the historian of the Holy Infancy. Beside the Virgin Mother kneels a female figure that seems also to carry a book, but we cannot, with any assurance, give her a name. All these figures wear the nimbus. Far off in the background, on a hill-top, we see the shepherds surrounded by their flocks, gazing, and listening as they gaze, to the angel flying towards them. In the middle-ground we see the shepherds hastening with young lambs under their arms as gifts for the Infant King, while one of their number shades his eyes as he looks upward to the low thatched roof of the stable where innumerable angels are singing their "Gloria in excelsis Deo"; and in the line of seraphs which make the decorated border is seen the star of the Magi. The meditative sweetness in the kneeling figures, the joyous movement among the angels and the shepherds, make this a veritable Nativity. But the Adorations of the new-born Child by Luca della Robbia will never be exceeded for their mystical beauty. One of these is enclosed by an arched border of flowers and fruits, in the lower border three seraphs' heads. The Infant is couched on the coarse straw, but above him rise three stalks of lilies in bud and bloom, while he seems to speak to the enraptured Mother kneeling before him, loving and adoring. On each side of her virginal head is a seraph, and we see two hands holding a crown over her head. Another design is even more profound in its sweet solemnity. The Infant is couched on the rough straw, but he looks out on the world he has come to redeem, with his small hands crossed on his breast. To this figure of the adoring Virgin Mother has been given a deeper prostration of soul, though she hardly seems to bend lower, and we find it rather in the folds of her drapery than in the figure itself; but it is there. Clouds plane at different altitudes in the background, and angels in pairs, with hands joined in adoration, eyes fixed upon the Child on his bed of straw, float into the scene on the clouds; only at one corner the angels converse on the mystery, and above a scroll with the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" set to musical notes and held by angels is the Eternal Father crowned, his hands uplifted in benediction, the spaces between him and the background filled with joyous seraphs' heads, while below the scroll, the wing touching the head of Mary, is the Eternal Holy Spirit under the form of a dove.

In the Borghese Palace, Rome, is a Nativity by Lorenzo di Credi, conceived in the same mystical spirit. The kneeling Virgin and St. Joseph, both in a rapture of devotion; between

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them the little Infant stretches forth one tiny hand towards his Mother, and touches his lip with one finger of the other hand with an infantile grace well known to mothers. The ruins of the background, the open fields beyond, tell the story of the stable.

Perugino's Nativities are all in the mystical spirit. One is a triptych. In the central compartment the Virgin alone adores the new-born Child, upheld by an angel, while three angels high above in the heavens hold the "Gloria in excelsis" scroll as they sing. One side-compartment gives the Archangel Michael, the other the Archangel Raphael with the young Tobias. But his most celebrated Nativity gives the open shed for a stable, in which are the ox and the ass; in the foreground the divine Infant on a bit of drapery, the Virgin Mother and St. Joseph, and two kneeling shepherds a little distant, in that exaltation of worship which seems to lift them from the very ground on which they are kneeling. A Nativity by Giovanni Spagna, of the same period, gives the open stable, the ox and the ass, and on the flowery sward before it, in an open landscape, the adoring Virgin, St. Joseph with hands outspread in admiration and worship, and, instead of the shepherds, adoring angels; the shepherds, with lambs in their arms and eagerly conversing, approach the group in the foreground; in the distance we see the Magi with their retinue, and in the heavens above the three angels with the "Gloria in excelsis" scroll. Luini has left us a Nativity with the stable, the manger, the ox and the ass, the adoring Virgin Mother and St. Joseph; above the manger, within the stable, are adoring angels also, and in the far distance the angels and the shepherds, while one small angel upholds the Child and another seems to bring a cross to the crib.

Raphael, in his Loggia, gives us the Nativity, and there is in this the budding of a fresh rendering of the subject afterwards fulfilled. We have the divine Child surrounded by a brilliant light, and he seems to speak to his Mother, who holds one of the small feet, as if in sign of adoring fealty. Two shepherds are hastening forward with their lambs on their shoulders, but pause, astounded by the shining light, and another shepherd, falling on his knees, is holding the hand of St. Joseph. Above the Infant angels are bearing flowering wreaths, and a lovely distance fills the background.

But the Nativity which embodies the Christian traditions as to circumstance, as to dogma and ecstasy, in that perfection which belongs to the most profound articulation of beauty, is

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the *Notte* by Correggio. Never has the Virgin of fifteen immaculate years been so crowned by the bliss of a virginal maternity as in this inspired canticle made visible to the eye. The divine Babe in its linen bands, couched, indeed, upon the straw of the manger, but held still closer to the virgin breast of his Mother; her enfolding arms, the young face bent over her adorable offspring with an ecstatic joy never fulfilled in any other mortal; the gloom of midnight wrapping the stable; the patient ox, the faithful ass which had borne the divine weight of Mother and Child on the journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and St. Joseph himself, all in the background, the gloom relieved only by the faintest line of a coming dawn on the far-off horizon; while from this little One in his linen bands, and folded in the arms of his Mother, comes a light, not like that of sun or moon or star, or aught created, yet illuminating as no created light could do the ecstatic form and face of Mary, of the wondering shepherds, and of the exultant angels singing their "Gloria in excelsis Deo" above the manger—all this is a summing-up of traditions hidden for centuries in the catacombs of Rome, on the glass of the sacramental cups, on the tombs of the faithful, as well as a rendering of the Sacred Scriptures themselves and the beautiful story of the Evangelists, such as the world has never seen before. Other geniuses may arise to give new glory to the story of the Nativity of Him who was born in Bethlehem of Juda, "no longer among the least of the cities of Juda," but to us has come a revelation of beauty that may well make Christmas a holy time—holy in its joy, solemn in its gladness, like some strain of music that recurs again and again to our memory to quicken prayer and to sanctify the every-day happiness which God has put into the world and keeps in the world, spite of our ingratitude.

Reviewing, as we have now done, the testimony of art, during eighteen hundred years, to the Christian traditions, well may we call this divine Babe the "Emmanuel, or God with us"! And as the Advent days wear on, and our ears are listening to catch the first note of the church's hymn learned from the choirs of angels above the hills of Bethlehem, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," let us attune even our sighs of expectation to those of our venerable Mother, saying with her in her solemn offices: "O Emmanuel, our King and our Law-giver, Longing of the Gentiles, yea, and Salvation thereof: come to save us, O Lord our God!"

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THOMAS KANE, CUTLER.

THE following advertisement appeared one morning in the columns of the London *Times*:

"*Wanted*—A young lady as companion to another. Must be lively, musical, and used to society. Age between twenty and thirty. Address, enclosing photograph, T. K., Box 234."

I had answered a good many such during the past five weeks, and the universal failure of my attempts had rather damped my spirits. However, I made one more effort, and in a few days received a reply—in itself a hopeful sign, for the majority of my communications had remained unanswered.

After some correspondence the affair was concluded. I was to fill the position of companion to Miss Phœbe Kane, only daughter of Thomas Kane, of The Whins, Blackfield.

I set off from Euston in the highest spirits. The few letters that had passed between me and my employers, though brief and business-like, had a certain largeness of tone about them which was carried out in the unusually high salary offered.

It was a brilliant June morning, and much-maligned London, as I drove across it, looked bright and sunny; the trees in the Park were resplendent in their new summer clothing, the lilacs and laburnums in full flower, not a vestige of the proverbial fog was to be seen, and smoke seemed a thing impossible in that clear blue sky. But Blackfield! What a hell upon earth it looked as I steamed into it about five hours later in the same day! Some slight obstacle caused our train to wait outside the station for ten minutes, and I shall never forget the impression the place made on me. The squalor, the filth, the misery of the great, dirt-begrimed houses—some of them unfinished, with the ends of beams and joists sticking out; others that a venturesome spirit had begun to pull down, but, in despair of making anything out of his bargain, had abandoned as unprofitable, leaving the sides of half-demolished rooms open to the beholder—piteous-looking rooms, with strips of paper waving mournfully in the breeze, and desolate, denuded hearths with the grates torn from them—hearths that the liveliest imagination could not picture as the centre of bright household groups. Mine could not, at any rate, with such a spur to it as was afforded by the wretched children who were playing in the dust and *débris* of a small patch of waste land. One boy, seated on an ash-heap, looked uncommon-

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ly like a young Job—perhaps because of his sickly appearance, perhaps because of his familiarity with bits of broken pots; his patience, however, was not that of the patriarch, for he was swearing shrilly, in the broadest Yorkshire dialect, at one of his companions, who had thrown a stone at him. Over the whole hideous scene hung a thick, black atmosphere, unpierceable even by the hot afternoon sun.

"Is *all* Blackfield like this?" I wondered, as the train moved slowly in. "Does Mr. Kane live among such horrible homes?"

The cloud of smoke that enveloped the city, to which the myriads of tall chimneys added unceasingly, the glaring furnaces, and the generally *demoniac* aspect of the place so scared me that I believe I should have taken the next up-train, but that the instant we stopped a voice asked, "For Mr. Tom Kane's, mum?" and a tall footman took possession of my wraps, my luggage, and myself, put us all three into a brougham, and drove us away before I had time to remonstrate. We had been driving some time before I dared to look out of the window; then I saw we had left the town behind us and were in a broad private road with trees on either side, not so advanced as those in Hyde Park, but almost as fresh and green.

From time to time we passed large gates, beyond which I caught glimpses of house-tops, the owners of which had displayed much ingenuity in the choice of names; and they were evidently fond of trees and banks, these good north countrymen, for we went by "The Limes," "The Towers," "The Grange," "The Elms," "The Hollies," "Southbank," "Brookbank," "Oakbank" before we turned in at "The Whins." My southern mind was still wondering what and where the "whins" could possibly be, not connecting them in any way with the great clumps of gorse which were flowering in all their golden glory on the lawn, when we drew up before the door, which was flung wide open. It was a great, pretentious place; everything in the hall was very new, very bright, very massive, and very expensive. The lady who came forward to meet me was clad in the stiffest moiré antique and perfectly laden with chains, bracelets, and rings, but there was nothing save kind homeliness in the tone of her greeting.

"Ay, loove," she said, "I'm glad you're coom, but you moost be very tired. I hope you will like your room." she continued a little later on, after I had been introduced to her daughter, a tall, slim girl with a shy manner. "Phœbe and I arranged it, but you must alter it to suit your taste."

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I expressed myself charmed with the room, which was, if anything, a little too overcrowded with pretty things. And by and by they withdrew, leaving me to enjoy what they called "a coop of tea."

From my window there was not much to see. A slight wire fence divided the gardens of "The Whins" from those of "Hawthorndale" on one side and "The Hall" on the other, and the grounds of all three bore a marked similarity to those of other nicely-kept suburban places.

I did not know whether to be pleased with my new home or not. The ostentatious display of wealth was vulgar, the house was vulgar, the furniture was vulgar; but the people, the two I had seen at least, were not so. They were uneducated, but simple and evidently good-hearted. Some one was responsible for these sins against taste. It must be the master! Instantly I determined I should dislike him. I conjured up all the portraits of "nouveaux riches" that I could remember, from Du Maurier's "Sir Gorgeous Midas" to our dear old friend "Middlewick," and I decided that the man who signed his letters "Thos. Kane" in such an oddly crooked way would be a large, pompous, and altogether unpleasant person. His wife and daughter had a rather subdued manner of speaking of him; doubtless he sat on them both.

There was the bell. I must go down and make the acquaintance of this awful potentate. A footman lounging in the hall threw open the dining-room door. It was an enormous room, and seemed to my startled gaze to possess half a dozen plate-glass windows and at least a hundred chairs, all in shiny mahogany, with the seats covered in the most "criant" violet leather. The carpet was a perfect garden of lilies and roses; on the walls hung five pictures, portraits of Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Kane, in aldermanic robes, in black satin, in white muslin and pearls, separately smiling from their separate frames, unitedly smiling from one frame, where the artist had grouped them on a green hill side with a distant view of mountain, lake, and ruined castle; the fifth and last work of art, an impossibly colossal fruit-piece hung over the side board. These were the sole attempts at mural decoration. In an arm-chair at the extreme end of the room sat the master. "I was right," I thought to myself—"he *is* an ill-mannered boor," for he made no effort to rise, and I travelled slowly up towards the great hand which he was holding out to me.

He was very peculiar-looking, immensely broad-shouldered, with a large, square head, made to seem larger by the shock of

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dark hair that fell forward on to his brow; his eyes were black and almost glittering in their brightness. Altogether he struck me with a sense of size. When I put my hand into his it seemed lost in his broad grasp.

"Very pleased to see you, Miss Beaton," he said with an even stronger accent than his wife's. "I hope you'll make yourself happy with us, and cheer up t' little lass a bit."

I expressed a hope that we should get on well together, and that our acquaintance would be productive of mutual satisfaction.

While I was making my little speech he was looking me over leisurely from head to foot.

"Ah! well," he said at the close of his survey, "if you're as good as your looks you'll do."

At this quaint compliment I was obliged to laugh, and the ice was broken between us. Mrs. Kane had explained to me that it was their custom to have "high tea" at seven, but, new as I was to Yorkshire ways, I was astonished at the marvellous meal spread out. O goodly Yorkshire teas! Where else does one have such toothsome feasts of fish, flesh, and fowl, such tempting jams and sweetmeats, so many and so varied an assortment of cakes, hot and cold, buttered and plain, griddle, muffin, and Sally Lunn?

We were all seated before Mr. Kane came to the table, and then I saw why he had not risen before—he was frightfully, hideously deformed. His body, that of a tall man naturally, was so drawn on one side that he could not have measured more than five feet when standing, his long arms hung below his knees, and he walked with a series of quick jerks most painful to watch.

I could hardly keep a shocked expression out of my face, he was such a contrast to his wife, a tall, fine woman, who must have been beautiful when young. Even now that her hair was thickly sprinkled with gray she was strikingly handsome. What could have induced her to marry such a cripple? I dared not look at him; I felt too uncomfortable, the more so as he kept his eyes fixed on me in a sort of defiant manner, as much as to say, "Look at me; *see* what a monstrosity I am."

My duties at "The Whins" were not arduous ones, and consisted chiefly in, as Mr. Kane had said, "cheering up the little lass," who was of a somewhat melancholy temperament. She seemed to have few friends among the dashing young women of Blackfield. At first I thought perhaps it was because her wealth was more recently acquired than theirs, and

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she felt herself, therefore, at a disadvantage; but soon I learned that this could not be so, five years counting as a generation in Blackfield aristocracy. It was her father's peculiarities, and perhaps a little of his inherited temperament, that stood in her way. He was certainly *not* an amiable person; he was decidedly gloomy and given to fits of temper, when he would look like a thunder-cloud, and storm like one too, if anything occurred to vex him. He would come to table sometimes looking as black as night, and woe to the unlucky servant who jingled two forks together or rattled the plates! He was certainly not a social acquisition, as I suppose his neighbors had found out long ago, for they mostly left him alone. Now and again he gave a large dinner-party, to which came certain loud-voiced, opulent gentlemen and their splendidly-arrayed wives. They were queer affairs, these parties, and rarely went off without some comical blunder or other. At the first I assisted at—which was also, I believe, the first on record—Mrs. Kane had all the champagne carefully poured into cut-glass bottles. I heard her pressing it on one of her guests, recommending it as "only *decanteRed* that morning." I never got her to suppress that unnecessary "r," but I did gently draw her attention to silver bottle-holders, and induced her to adopt their use.

I was rather an amusement to them with what they called my "London ways" and my "mincing speech," both of which, however, Miss Phœbe copied to the best of her abilities.

Bit by bit I learned the family history. "Tom Kane," as he was called by all, workmen and associates alike, had begun life as a grinder, his wife as a factory-hand. All round Blackfield, and even far out into the beautiful woods, one comes upon sheds where the "grinders" work. They are men who are paid by the piece to put an edge to cutlery, and they carry their work anywhere there is water, and put up long, low buildings by the side of some quiet pool or brawling beck; so that when one is roaming about, apparently far from all signs of life, one suddenly hears the "whir" of the wheel, and one comes on perhaps fifty or sixty men bending (half-undressed, in the stifling atmosphere) over their grindstones, and forming an anything but pleasing adjunct to the landscape. By degrees Kane had risen to be foreman of one of these sheds, and in that position had remained for years, earning five or six pounds a week, and living in a small house in the town, unpretendingly, but with every comfort. After a time he saved up money and started in business for himself, had some of those strange strokes of luck, not uncommon in manufacturing

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towns, and became a rich man—one of the richest in that land of big fortunes. The transition was too sudden to be comfortable; the change from the snug little home and the maid-of-all-work to "The Whins" and the footmen was too abrupt, and I think Mrs. Kane often wished herself back in her old place. But the calmly self-assured Tom took it all as his due. His house, his servants, his horses, came as a matter of course, outwardly at any rate; the possession of wealth was an intense joy to him, but he would have forfeited it all rather than betray that he was unused to it. At times he seemed quite annoyed with his wife because she could not conquer her old habits of economy and spend as lavishly as he wished. With it all he was not happy. He seemed to me possessed with a longing for some unattainable thing that he was always striving after. It puzzled me, too, that he never went to church, though I knew he was born and baptized a Catholic, for his wife had told me of the days when he and she went to confession on Saturday evenings together, she with a plaid shawl over her head like any other mill-girl, and he in corduroys and "clog soiles." Those were the days when they were courting, and coming home he would buy her "spice" or a new "brain bond." Now she and her daughter went to Mass alone, and he stayed at home over his books and figures.

I supposed it was his terrible deformity that preyed upon him so; but even in his worst moods, when, as I heard the butler remark, "it was as much as one's place was worth to go near him," he never spoke harshly to his wife. She would go and sit beside him when apparently he was possessed by a demon of despair, and, taking his hand in hers, would stroke it gently; then, looking at her sweet face and his lowering scowl, the unsolved problem, "How *could* she marry him?" would come back to me.

One day, something having occurred to vex him, he was more than usually unbearable, and put a finishing touch to his bad behavior by swearing at the footman at dinner. I suppose I must have betrayed my disgust in my face, for she came to my room that night, and after a little desultory chat she told me the story of his life. It was a tragedy, not uncommon even now, though, thank God! less frequent than twenty years ago, when the war between master and man was raging, when workmen were banding themselves against their employers, and the latter in their turn were trying to coerce their workmen. There was wrong on both sides—exorbitant demands and narrow-minded, selfish monopoly. The strife was perhaps fiercer and more violent in Blackfield than in any other town in England. Secret societies

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existed there whose sole object was terrorism, the compelling of capitalists by violence and brute force. Thomas Kane—who in those days was, as his wife said, "not the poor disfigured creature that you know, my dear, but a fine, upstanding lad, straight and strong as a tree"—was among the representative men. He was intellectually and physically superior to his fellows, and was more than once chosen by them as a delegate. Though siding, of course, with his own class, his views were singularly clear and just. The privileges that he demanded were reasonable, and, though he never truckled or abated one jot of what he considered a fair demand, he untiringly denounced anything like foul play. The cruel, dastardly outrages on men who refused to join the unions, or who continued to work on conditions condemned by them, were hateful to him; he had not language strong enough to express his contempt for them and their perpetrators.

Loud as were his protests and those of others like him, scarcely a day passed without its ghastly catalogue of killed and wounded. Mill-owners and manufacturers went in fear of their lives, dreading the unseen bullet or the stab in the dark, and fresh tales were constantly told of wheel-bands half sawn through, of cunningly-hidden explosives, or machinery purposely put out of gear, so as to be fatal to the lives of those whose duty it was to go near it. More than once Kane had received warnings that his conduct with regard to these dark doings was obnoxious, that unless he held his tongue about them he himself would suffer; he only spoke against them more loudly than before. At last one night, at a meeting, he declared that if the doer or instigator of one of these crimes ever came to his knowledge he would unhesitatingly shoot him like a dog.

He took his sweetheart home that night, a strong, hale man, full of life and energy. When she next saw him he was a maimed, bleeding wretch. He had gone to his work in Bingly Wood grinding-shed in the early gray of the autumn morning; one whir of his wheel, only one, and he was lying in the far corner of the hut, stunned, crushed, disfigured, only not dead.

When he left the hospital after long weeks of agony, she was waiting at the gate to tell him what, though not perhaps in the same words, another brave woman once told her lover: "If there is enough body left to hold your soul, I will marry you."

The soul was there, indeed, but it had changed as fearfully as the body: he had become warped, embittered, harsh, with brooding on his wrongs.

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They were married before the registrar—he would not go to church. "I shall never go again," he said, "till God has given me my revenge; then I'll go to thank him. I know the man who did it. He was in the hut, and had I seen his face one second sooner I'd have been saved; but I only saw it through the smoke and din, when it was too late. But I shall have him in my hands some day; that's all I pray for, night and day, and that I may make him suffer."

So he put God out of his heart, erecting in his place a grim idol called Vengeance.

What could his wife say to him? What could she do, poor woman, when he put before her so vividly the picture of his ruined life? He had been so full of ambitious schemes, planning a career for himself which was to be productive of so much good: it had been all destroyed by one dastardly blow. As it was, she was the one softening influence in his life, the one thing he lived for, that kept him from utter despair. During the first dark years of his deformity he would have ended his misery time and again but for the thought of her; for her he worked on, and when he was rewarded with extraordinary success he was glad for her sake.

She told me all this in language almost childish in its simplicity, yet so much more touchingly, so much more dramatically than I can write it; and I understood the whole thing. I saw at a glance the man's character with all its sweetness turned to gall, with nothing left for it to feed on but the old fierce motto, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

I knew that it was great grief to Mrs. Kane that her husband never went to Mass with her. Every Sunday before starting she would ask him, "Wilt thou come, Tom?" and every Sunday he shook his head, answering, "Not to-day, Mary lass," and she and Phœbe drove off alone.

It was a very hard winter that year. I had never spent one so far north before, and the short, dark days and the intense cold did not inspire me with a longing for another. There was a fearful amount of distress in Blackfield, hundreds of men out of employment, and lean starvation threatened to be the Christmas guest at many a hearth. I was constantly in and about the courts and alleys of the big city with Mrs. Kane and Phœbe, trying to help a little; but it was like attempting to stem a torrent. Tom Kane himself never went on any of these errands of mercy, but he was always ready to give. In the one respect of open-handed generosity he was unspoiled; all he bargained for

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was that he might not be brought face to face with those he helped, for he had a morbid horror of being thanked.

So the time went by, and the night of the 24th of December came; the brougham was ordered to take us in to Midnight Mass.

A few years ago a certain portion of the Protestant public of England took it into their heads that Midnight Mass was a gratuitous entertainment got up especially for their amusement; an entertainment, too, at which one's "company manners" were not compulsory. So the cardinal archbishop ordained that it was not to be celebrated save in private chapels or churches attached to religious communities, where known members of the congregation, and none otners, could be admitted through the convent door. This prohibition somehow gave great umbrage to the good people of Blackfield, and the year before the one I am writing about they almost rioted round the closed church, considering themselves, for some inexplicable reason, defrauded of their rights. Mrs. Kane's carriage had been surrounded by a mob of roughs, and she and her daughter subjected to some very unpleasant language. This year Mr. Kane announced his intention of accompanying them himself as far as the door.

"I bet," he said, smiling rather grimly, "they won't interfere with you if I am anywhere near." Which was true, for Tom Kane, his tongue, and his temper were held in wholesome awe by the Blackfieldians.

The church was built in the centre of the town, and to reach it one had to go through the lowest slums. That night the streets were more than usually busy, the sides of the pavement lined with costermongers and their barrows, selling their goods by the light of flaring naphtha-lamps. Every now and then the horses had to lapse into a walk on account of the crowded thoroughfares. At last they stopped altogether. Kane was out of the brougham in a minute, and with an agility wonderful in one so misshapen.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Mill afire, sir, in Kirkgate," was the answer from a dozen throats at once.

Kirkgate was one of the narrowest, oldest parts of the town, densely populated by the very poor. Already we could see the sky lit up with a ruddy glare. Another moment and a loud cheer told us that the engine was on its way. It came tearing along, the brave fellows seated on it looking as elated as though they were going to a feast.

"The roughs won't trouble you *now*, Mary," said Mr. Kane,

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"and I shall leave Jessop to drive you on. Sutton [the footman] and I will follow the crowd. Come, Sutton, give me your arm."

"Tom! Tom!" cried his wife, "thou'rt never going to the fire, lad?"

"I'll be all right; it's not the first, lass, by many. You go along and mind your prayers."

Mrs. Kane flung herself back in the carriage. "Ay dear! ay dear!" she said. "I doubt he'll be hurt; he will push into the thick of it all, and he's nowt nare fit."

There was nothing for it, however, but "minding our prayers," as he said, but it was not an easy matter. All through Mass the idea of what was going on in Kirkgate would occur to me, and I am afraid I was not the only distracted worshipper.

It was an old mill, we heard afterwards, and burnt like tinder. The fire had arisen through the neglect of the caretaker, who, coming in half-drunk ("Christmas eve, your honor," he pleaded in excuse!), had let fall a spark from his candle. The man himself slept heavily, and was dragged out of his den in the basement, half-stupefied with the blinding smoke. When he came to his senses a little he asked for his wife and children. They told him that they had been saved with difficulty, in nothing but their miserable night-attire, and that a gentleman in pity had taken them home. The gentleman was Thomas Kane. We had been back perhaps half an hour when he came into the library, where we were. "Wife," he said, "I've brought you some visitors."

There was a wretched, shivering woman and three small children. We brought them to the fire, and, giving them wraps and hot wine, tried to comfort them; but the woman was almost beyond consolation. It seemed her husband had been out of work for months, and they had been in the last stage of destitution, when he got this place as watchman, since when she had been comparatively at ease; her only fear was lest he should lose it by a relapse into his old drunken ways. He had gone on steadily enough until this night, when by his criminal folly he had destroyed the mill, and with it, of course, lost all chance of future employment.

Kane was, for him, in a wonderfully melting mood.

"Don't you fret, missus," he said, laying his hand on the woman's shoulder. "I'll try and find your husband a job, if he promises to let this be a lesson to him."

The poor creature was loud in her thanks and her asseverations that she was sure "he would never, never be so weak

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again," when Sutton came in to tell us that the husband had arrived and was waiting in the hall.

"Show him in," said his master; "it's Christmas eve, and we might as well have a family party. It's a mighty queer one, though," he added, with a little laugh, looking at the group round the fire—the poor burnt-out woman, wrapped in the clothes that had been found for her, and nodding under the influence of fatigue and mulled port, and the sleepy children leaning against her, except the baby, who was curled up in Phœbe's lap.

The man came in—a shambling, dirty figure, blackened with smoke and smelling of singed clothing.

"God bless you for your kindness!" he began in a hoarse voice, when Kane seized a lamp and held it so that the light fell full on the man's face; then, breaking into a shrill cry, "At last!" he said, "at last!"

I knew what he meant. I think we all of us did. The shrinking wretch himself made no attempt at denial, but stood cowering back against the wall, his arm raised as if to ward off a blow.

There was dead silence for a moment, no one spoke, until the man said:

"I couldn't help it; they made me do it: we drew lots. And God knows I've suffered more than you did."

Kane never answered, but stood looking at him like a man who has suddenly awakened from a dream. All the long hope of years, the treasured hope of some sweet and mighty vengeance, had crumbled to pieces. This was no meet object for revenge, this miserable mortal clad in rags! What could he do to him to make his condition worse—he the rich, prosperous man? It would be as bad, worse than revenging one's self upon an animal.

"They did not tell me who you were," went on the man in a dull, forced voice; "they only said a gentleman had taken them" —nodding towards his wife—"and they brought me here. If I'd 'a' known, they never should have come. Your house is not the place for me or mine. I've had your face before me day and night since that morning, as you looked when I caught your eye through the smother. I *knew* you knew I done it, and there's been a curse upon me ever since. If I could ha' given my life for yours when you lay in the hospital, I'd ha' done it; and when I heard that you were growing rich I was glad. We were mates *once*—look at us now!"

His wife, now wide awake, had been listening eagerly, looking from one to another. I think she understood, for, with one

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last, pitiful glance at Kane's hard face, she rose, and, taking the child from Phœbe's arms, stood waiting.

"Come," said her husband, "we must go." And she followed him, homeless but uncomplaining, on her way into the bitter night. Just as she reached the door Kane cried out, "Stop!" and, walking past his enemy, he left the room, his wife following.

"He means you are to stay," said Phœbe, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

We none of us knew what passed between Kane and his wife that night. He must have struggled fearfully with the good and evil of his nature. He never saw Timothy Hoyle again—he and his family left The Whins as soon as it was light next day—but he forgave him with a very practical forgiveness, sending them to Australia and keeping them till Hoyle found work.

That Christmas morning the folks in church were much amazed to see Tom Kane walk up the aisle and take his place beside his wife.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF IRISH LYRIC POETRY.

IN his *Life of Agrippa* Tacitus wrote that the Romans, after the conquest of Great Britain, were waiting for a convenient season wherein to accomplish that of Ireland. The principal reason assigned for this intention was that the vanquished in the greater island would become more reconciled to the loss of their own independence if they could see it overthrown in the less. But throughout those four hundred years of occupation, although the eagles went conquering into the fastnesses of the upper mountains, and even crossed to the Orkneys, Ireland was left untouched, and it remained for Rome afterwards with a different symbol to subdue and ever retain her willing submission.

It is a proud history, that of this brave, suffering, constant people. In it are things of which no other among moderns so justly may boast. Its illustrious men of every period, prosperous and adverse, in the enjoyment of freedom or writhing under oppression, have been the full equals of the best elsewhere; its generals have led the greatest armies of England, its statesmen have led in the making of her wisest laws, its priests have carried

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into Europe a civilization higher than what it had known before, and its music is of the oldest and sweetest in the world. It is of some characteristics of this music that it is proposed herein to treat.

We say *music*, adopting the language of Homer, who was wont to style the poet Ἀοιδός, a Singer. The poetry of Ireland for the most part has been of the lyric, and, sometimes in triumphant, more often in wailing strains, has sung of the glories and hopes, the oppressions and sufferings, of its native country. Of all the forms of poetry the lyric most fitly represents the conditions of our interior being. Its best songs have been its serious. In the oldest times these were serious only, and for the most part religious. Plutarch complained when the song that had been theretofore consecrate to the temple had been raised, by voices not pious, in the theatre. Not that the Greeks of a more ancient day had not sung of women and wine, but their best strains had been of gods, demigods, and heroes. Votaries had gone to the shrine and warriors to the battle-field to the sound of the flute and the lyre. The one eyed Tyrtæus, whom the Athenians in sport sent as a general to the Lacedæmonians, led them to unexpected victory, and the bard was made a hero even above any who had wielded the sword, the javelin, and the spear.

The indwellers of such a country as Ireland must be patriotic; and if they are brave they must be poetic. Like Greece, exceeding beautiful, giving birth to the gifted, the sentiments most dear to the heart must find oft expression in song. In the Ireland of remote foretime the harp was to be seen more often, perhaps, than in any other country, ancient or modern. It was in nearly every household; if not for the use of the inmates, for that of the guest, to whom the hospitality that was denied to none was extended with greater cordiality according as he touched it more deftly to the lays, especially those in honor of deity and national heroes. When the Gospel was first preached in the island, to its honor, in which no other country shared, its teachings were accepted without the shedding of blood. Not that the bards at first did not demur to the announcement that there had been, and that there were, those who were greater than the greatest whom they had sung; but the wise Patrick was not long in subduing their jealousies, and afterwards the monasteries that he founded became the chief centres of Irish poetry. Monastic legends fondly tell of the interest evinced by heavenly spirits in the new music of the Irish harp; "and this," said Montalembert, "explains the reason

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why the harp of the bards has continued the symbol and emblazonry of Catholic Ireland."

One of the characteristics of this poetry is the ardent love of country by which it is inspired. This love sometimes has been only sweet, sometimes highly passionate, but always most fond. Sometimes it is evinced for the whole country, sometimes for a whole district or county, and yet sometimes for one specially dear spot, as in St. Columba's "Song of Derry":

"My Derry, my fair oak grove,
My dear little cell and dwelling.
. . . . . .
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Swords and Kells:
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry;
When I come to Derry from far,
It is sweeter and dearer to me,
Sweeter to me."

This special fondness for the place where were situate his "dear little cell and dwelling," though not forgotten, was merged, when in exile, in the greater regrets for the whole of which it was a part. The banishment that was allowed of Heaven, and endured for the sake of the great mission to Iona and Caledonia, instead of subtracting from his patriotism, made it only more general, constant, and heartfelt. Few things are more touching than the words set down when he was an old man, and around him were a thousand evidences of the blessings that had been bestowed upon his missionary labors. In the midst of his visions of heaven, and the rewards coming on his speedy ascension thither, the longing for his native land remained as in the time of his young manhood, and thus he wrote: "There is a gray eye which ever turns to Erinn; but never in this life shall it see Erinn, nor her sons, nor her daughters. I look over the sea, and great tears are in my eye." There was told a pretty story of a stork that, having come from Ireland and descended, in order to rest her wings, near the spot where the exile was sitting, he had her cared for with tenderness; and when, with renewed strength, she rose, he knew that she would return whence she had come, to "her dear native country where she was born—where I, too, was born."

The harp, so sad in the hands of Columbkill, had been struck

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long before his day to mournful notes. Among a people brave and gifted, wherein were many independent chieftains emulous in the continuance and extension of power, the death and the exile of many a hero must be sung. Since the time of this poet-priest Irish poetry has been mainly sad. Sufferings, national, tribal, family, and individual, have been the principal themes for its expression. Occasionally this sadness takes on a self-reprehending tone, when, after indulging one fond personal regret, the singer pauses to reflect either upon the greater sorrows common to the whole country, or the coming of old age, which ought to put an end to such regrets, since they have been shown to be vain; as in "Duhallow," an ode translated by Clarence Mangan. The poet, an exile in Galway, has been singing of the good old times once spent in Duhallow, and he then concludes as follows:

"But my hopes, like my rhymes,
Are consumed and expended;
What's the use of old times
When *our* time is ended?

"Drop the talk! Death will come
For the debt that we all owe,
And the grave is a home
Quite as old as Duhallow."

Sometimes the bard seeks to console the warrior who has fled, or whom he is urging to flee from invasion that it is impossible to resist, and from exactions that he foresees will be impossible to be endured. There is much pathos in such consolation (in "The Parting from Slemish") as offered by Turlough, the harper, to O'Niell, one of the princes of Claneboy, on the night of his crossing the Bann, which at that time was the boundary of the English Pale. After some most affectionate praise of his hero, whom he styles Owen Bawn Con, he briefly mentions some of the exactions of the successful invader:

"They tell me the stranger has given command
That crommeal and coolun shall cease in the land;
That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion worn;

"That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade;

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"That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sounds of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears."

Then he offers his counsel that they both retire to Tyrone, and the mingling of sorrow and hope is exquisitely touching:

"O sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my side
I could love and live happy whatever betide;
But *thou*, in such bondage, would die ere a day—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!

"There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and clear,
There are rocks in Tir-oën as lovely as here;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side sweetest of all.

"We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows grow deep in the lake,
And the snowy swan, stirring the deep shadows there
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

"Farewell, then, black Slemish! green Collon, adieu!
My heart is a-breaking at thinking of you;
But tarry we dare not when freedom hath gone—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen Bawn Con.

"Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!
We will leave them the dust from our feet as a prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
'Twill be long when they quench them with streams from the Foyle."

It is interesting to notice always the devotion evinced by the bard to his chieftain, living or dead. His affection was as tender as his pride was exultant, and at his fall he wept with a grief that is to be found in no other poetry. We know not where to go in order to look for a more touching lamentation than in the "Kinkora" of the bard Mac Liag, translated, as the one just quoted, by Mangan. It was composed after the battle of Clontarf (A.D. 1014), in which the great Brian Boru, with many of his auxiliary chiefs, was slain. After commemorating and lamenting Morogh, Donogh (Brian's son), and Conaing, and Kian, and Corc, and Durlann, and others, he thus concludes:

"They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plundered no churches and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora,* lie low in the dust!
Low, O Kinkora!

. . . . . .

* Kinkora, the name of Brian's palace.

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"Oh! dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru—how he never would miss
To give me at banquet the first bright cup.
Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?
Why, O Kinkora?

"I am Mac Liag, and my home is on the lake:
Thither oft to that palace whose beauty is fled
Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake.
O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O Kinkora!"

Of the odes addressed to individual heroes we cannot refrain from quoting a few stanzas from one whose grief is as profound, yet is tempered by religious meditations and hopes. It is a translation (again by Mangan) from the "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," composed by Owen Roe, the bard of the O'Donnells, and addressed to Nuala, the earl's sister. It was written some time after the death of these princes in Rome, whither with several of their kinsmen and families they had repaired (in 1607) to avoid being taken to London, by the orders of the English government, to answer charges which have since been proven to have been wholly without foundation.

"The youths whose relics moulder here *
Were sprung from Hugh, high prince and lord
Of Aileach's lands:
Thy noble brothers justly dear,
Thy nephew long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull time
Could domicile decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair,
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair."

* They were buried in one grave on St. Peter's Hill.

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The concluding stanzas of this fine ode show another marked characteristic of the lyric poetry of Ireland—a never-faltering trust in God that he in his own time will bring deliverance to the beloved land. After singing what mournings would have been had these chiefs fallen in battle, he ends thus·

"What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

"Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay;
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As he decrees.
Embrace the faithful crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn."

It is interesting to contemplate in Irish poetry the love and fidelity to country, clan, and chief. If those clans had been united and so remained, subject only and with reasonable willing relation to one lord paramount, their country never could have been sub-

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dued. But as it was with Ireland, so it has been with Greece, similarly prolific of heroes, who each had his following of the bravest of the brave. Yet the glories of Greece have suffered no diminution of lustre because of the internal strifes that led to her fall. Leuctra is not less famous than Marathon, but Ireland has often been reproached for yielding to Grecian example, and gone unpitied for the loss of what otherwise she might have kept. This is one of the saddest things in her history. In the midst of those lamentations sung by the bards for the ruin of whatever was dear, the most sorrowful are those that were poured for the whole country, the mother of all her clans. It was said that when Lysander had taken the city of Athens, he ordered, and his orders were obeyed, that its walls be demolished at the sound of its native flute-players. How different the conduct of the Irish bards, who shared in the fate of lords and country, and who, when invited with offers of great indulgence and great pay to sing in honor of Elizabeth, despised the bribe, and, with harps in hands, repaired to their hiding-places, to come forth in the intervals of security and strike them again, whether in sorrow for the past or in hope of a happier future. It was vain that the minions of power broke to pieces wherever found the instrument of national music and forbade to those who touched it even the necessaries of life. Persecution served but to make it more loved and sacred in the island, and some of its songs six hundred years after the fall of Irish independence were as bold and inspiriting as when Tara was in the flushest of its glory.

That pride of ancestry, patriotism, and ever-struggling but never-dying hopefulness should have stayed among the Irish so long is one of the wonders of history. If ever a whole people have illustrated the blessedness of suffering they have. The deep abjectness of this suffering has served to keep it unknown to all except themselves and God; and so they have writhed in silence and secrecy, and, receiving little sympathy from mankind, have clung the closer to the compassion of Heaven and striven to wait its deliverance. Until only of late the sufferings of the Irish people have gone with less pity from the outside world than those of any people who have been sorely oppressed. After they had civilized Europe, their subjugation, followed by well-nigh as hard exactions as were ever put upon the vanquished, has been little considered when compared with Poland, Greece, and others that have fallen before or been threatened with ruin by stronger powers. Not because the world is wanting in compassion, but that these centuries of writhings have been unknown to it. The

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prisoner with the Iron Mask languished unpitied because unknown even to those who dwelt hard by the battlements wherein he was confined, and he was drawn forth only to be assassinated. So with Ireland. The chains that were riveted upon her were so binding that her very longings to break them were kept from the world, and every endeavor thereto punished with a silent rigor which it seems strange that a magnanimous victor, however powerful, would have had the heart to inflict To the English people the Irishman has been made to appear fit only to wield the mattock and the spade, and the Irishwoman to be intended by Heaven mainly as a maid for the chamber or a scullion for the kitchen; and the cheerfulness which, because of their religious faith, they have been able to maintain in these lowly conditions, has been construed into evidence of a lack of the sensibility that would render them worthy of freedom. Even in this generation essayists in English reviews and literary magazines, while contributing articles upon matters of present or past concern in the condition of Ireland, would calmly write of the ignorance of the English people touching Irish affairs—an ignorance admitted to be as great as it was in the times of the oldest Plantagenets. As for its language and literature, these were not known as well as those of the Sanscrit. Indeed, until the coming of Thomas Moore the outside world knew not, and hardly believed it worth while to inquire, if Ireland ever had a literature or a language beyond that common to all savage peoples for the expression of necessary wants. The idea of Europe, especially anti-Catholic Europe, seems to have been that Ireland ought to submit resignedly, as in time it must, to the destiny that had rendered vain her obsolete traditions, and fall in with the line of march on the new fields of national endeavor. By the nation of whom she has been the spoil she has been regarded with a sentiment that conceived itself to be contempt, and this has been partaken by the rest of the world. The greater power has seemed not only indifferent to the advancement of civilization in the less, but hostile to it. The planting of colonists upon confiscated lands, the restrictions upon commerce, industry, and education, all seemed to have been intended to repress all hope, and eventually suppress all desire, of independence. The Irish people have not seemed important enough for serious attempts for their welfare. They have been suffered to till the ground under the supervision of middlemen who were robbers both of the tenantry and the absentee landlords, and, in obedience to their habitude to continence, multiply and overrun and migrate to other lands. Ever

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holding their religious faith, from which nothing has been strong enough to force them to depart, the ruling country has done little except by penal laws for their conversion. For, with the average English mind, they may worship Baal or a stone, provided only that they will keep the peace.

We were reading lately *The State of Ireland*, by Edmund Spenser. The gentle poet, for want of more honest reward for his verse, accepted the castle of Kilcolman on the Mulla. Here he appealed for "learned, pious, and faithful preachers that would have outpreached and outlived the Irish priests in holy and godly conversation," and he pleaded, with what boldness his meek nature could employ, "that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed into them with terrors and sharp penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it is understood, and its professors despised and rejected." With much sadness he further on calls attention to the difference between the clergy of the established and those of the proscribed faith:

"Wherein it is a great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel. For they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling, hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward of riches is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome. Whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation opened to them, and having the livings of the country offered to them without pains and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to Christ, be drawn from their warm nests."

Bishop Burnet, in his *Life of Bishop Bedell*, wrote:

"Bedell, then Bishop of Kilmore, had fifteen Protestant clergy, all English, unable to speak the tongue of the people or converse with them, which is no small cause of the continuance of the people in popery still. The bishop observed with much regret that the English had all along neglected the Irish, as a nation not only conquered but indisciplinable, and that the clergy had scarce considered them as a part of their charge, but had left them wholly in the hands of their own priests, without taking any other care of them but the making them pay their tithes."

That was a curious kind of religious missionary work when the clergy who were sent out to those whom they assumed to be worse and more needy than the heathen, not only neglected to learn the language of those to whom they were sent, but openly were guilty of conduct whose atrocity was the greater in that it did not seek to be concealed. In the reports of Irish matters

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made by Strafford during the reign of Charles I., among other enumerated things are the following:

"The people untaught through the non-residence of the clergy, occasioned by the unlimited shameful numbers of spiritual promotions with cure of souls which they hold by *commendams;* the rites of the church run over without all decency of habit, order, or gravity in the course of the service; the possessions of the church to a great proportion in lay hands; the bishops aliening their very principal houses and demesnes to their children and strangers, farming out their jurisdictions to mean and unworthy persons; the popish titulars the whilst obeying a foreign jurisdiction much greater than theirs."

It seemed to have been a maxim with the conquering power, obtaining through centuries, that it was important, not that Ireland should be developed and cultivated, and made prosperous and happy, but that it should be kept in subjugation, poverty, and despair. The bard must be persecuted like the lord whom he had served and sung. The legislation done in pursuance of this policy was as effectually comprehensive as the human understanding was ever able to accomplish. If ever a work done on such a line deserves praise for the sagacity which rendered it complete for its purposes to repress instead of to exalt, it was this. The poverty of resources, born as much of neglect as from the resolution to hinder their improvement, served to keep from Ireland not only sympathy with its condition, but acquaintance with it and even its former history and literature.

But within this century over the minds of the nations has come a change, and it has been wrought in great part by the revival of Irish lyric poetry, partly new, but chiefly translations of the old. It is not suitable in this connection to speak of the struggles of Irish statesmen like Tone, and Emmet, and O'Donnell, and O'Brien, and others such. It is necessary to say of them only that they were free to acknowledge how much they owed to the Irish harp for the support that the cause they advocated received at home and abroad. The "Irish Melodies" of Thomas Moore drew to his native country the minds of cultivated people all over the world. Doubtless this result was accomplished the more easily because they were composed away from that native country by a poet who, having narrowly escaped suffering, when a boy, for the interest taken by him in the movement of the United Irishmen, gave up his revolutionary ideas when all hope of their success had disappeared, and threw his lot among those from whom it had appeared to be vain to effect a separation. Moore was a true patriot; but he was not

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one to be made a martyr. The great Erasmus said that not all and not many are adequate for the endurance of martyrdom. Yet there is a love of truth, and country, and freedom, and every good that is as pure, though it may not be as courageous and as daring, as that of those who are willing to suffer for it, and to fight for it with unswerving eagerness even when defeat and death are unmistakably seen at the end of the conflict. Moore was not like Pindar, but like Anacreon. Pindar, secure in Thebes, could boldly celebrate the heroes of his choice, and even admonish Hiero, Arcesilaos, and other princes of his time. Anacreon, an exile first from his native Teos, and afterwards from Abdera and Samos, must console his griefs as he might with light songs in honor of wine, beauty, and youth. Yet he was far from being the sensualist that he often has been regarded. The pious Plato commended him well, and by Athenæus he was styled *νήφων καὶ ἀγαθός—sober and honorable.* Beneath his outward levity was a profound sense of the seriousness which an exile can never forbear to feel. It subtracts little from this argument that so many of his verses are addressed to Chloe, Pyrrha, and other women; for all who are familiar with the poets know the wont of those whose muse is fettered to sing, under one or another maiden name, the perfections of his native land. Without country and home, instead of resigning himself to useless regrets he would mingle in the sportive throng to whom "measured cups" were to be brought, and so ever be striving to live

"Warm in heart, but wisely gay."

We cannot doubt that sometimes in his breast were thoughts like those that inspired the poet who has been likened to him, when he wrote:

"Then blame not the bard if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword."

In England Moore was an exile, knowing it and feeling it. But his was not the soul to rouse others to things impossible; and so he submitted and bore part in a government that he could not hope to overthrow, laughed and jested among the gay and

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cultured; but, when alone, yielding to patriotic memories or fired with patriotic pride, mused upon and put into song the noble deeds of his ancestors of the far-distant time. His songs begat an interest in his native country that was felt everywhere, and the world was surprised and pleased to find that the people whom they had despised or ignored had so glorious a history, and that their bards, unknown for six centuries, were superior to those of which any European nation could boast.

Throughout these poems runs a vein of sadness whose pathos has touched, even to the shedding of tears, many a heart outside as well as inside of Ireland. The laments for the braves of old times, the illustrious and the humble, the soul-felt praise of their never-outdone prowess, even the songs of love, especially when unrequited or otherwise disappointed of its hopes of fruition, are such as lead one to melancholy that seeks its most comforting relief in tears. For we know, I repeat, that the bards, in making their songs of devotion to their native country, used to substitute for its dear name that of a maiden. This name was generally one or another of the daughters of hereditary chiefs, such as Grace O'Malley, or Cecilia O'Gara, or Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, or Sabia, daughter of the great Brian Boru.

The amount of good done by Moore to his country can never be calculated. But better than him the Irish people of to-day love Mangan, and Davis, and McGee, and others—poets who knew not themselves to be poets until the risings of forty years back inspired them to strike the neglected harp in bold unison with the brave efforts made by some Irishmen who, conscious of not being inferior to the men who fought in the days of old, were resolved to strive to rival their deeds. It is distressing, but it is most sad to contemplate the brief, ever-struggling careers of these patriotic singers. The Irish cause, at the establishment of the *Nation*, its journal, demanded songs, and men who had never sung, and knew not that they could sing, answered to the call. In poverty, sickness, abscondings from officers of English laws, they sang their songs, some old, some new; and the world marvelled, as it could not but pause and listen to strains so inspiriting proceeding from the mouths of young men who poured them forth in obedience to an inspiration as instantaneous as exalted. Their season was brief. McGee was driven into exile, Davis died of overwork and a broken heart, and Mangan, worn out with disease and the contemplation of his glorious work, that seemed to have been done in vain, was found dead in his poor abode, where, in his tattered hat, they found, on soiled scraps of

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paper, fragmentary parts of other verses upon which he had been employed to the last in endeavors to weave them into songs for further incitement to the cause for which he died.

Some of the lyrics of these young men may be compared safely with the best in any tongue, such as "The Battle of Fontenoy," "The Sack of Baltimore," "The True Irish King," and others of Thomas Davis. Of the kind we know not where to seek for better than the verses entitled "My Grave." After answering "Oh! no, oh! no," to questions regarding various spots in one of which it might be digged, he thus gives directions:

"No! on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn, but not too wide!
For I love the drip of the wetted trees;
I love not the gales, but the gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf. Put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
'He served his country and loved his kind.'

"Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

These were written by a young man of twenty-eight, who wrote only because the endeavors made by the leading spirits of his country "required of him a song." He answered with a humility less only than his genius. Two years afterwards he died. John Mitchel said of him: "He, more than any one man, inspired, created, and moulded the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in 1843, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king, and

"'Placed the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand.'"

But to our minds James Clarence Mangan must rise superior to Davis and outlive him. It was he who did more than any other to have called out of oblivion the music of Ireland's foretime. An invalid, almost a dwarf, inadequate to the big dangers on the open field, his cheeks grew white as the hair that prematurely had bleached in comparing existing conditions of his country with those when she was the educator of all Europe and her chiefs admitted to be the flushest flower of chivalry. Unable to carry a gun or proclaim before the multitude, he searched for and brought forth the songs of his ancestors, he put them in the publicly-spoken language of the time, and the Irish people, as the

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rest of mankind, were surprised to know how fertile their native country had been both in great deeds and in the records made of them by contemporary bards. A melancholy man; for ever melancholy has been the Irish bard. Sometimes, but not often, into the great deep of his country's sorrow he pours his own; but he warns against the despondency that has fallen upon his heart, and tries to extol the sufferings that God sends most abundantly upon those who are his best beloved. Let us listen to these verses from "Have Hope":

"The wise, the thoughtful know full well
That God doth naught in vengeful ire;
But this deep truth all ages tell—
He purifies his own by fire.
Woe to the man who knows not woe,
Who never felt his soul grow dim!
Him threateneth dreadful overthrow;
Heaven's love and care are not for him.

"I too have sorrows, unseen, alone:
My own deep griefs, griefs writ on sand,
Until my heart grew like a stone;
I struck it, and it hurt my hand.
My bitter bread was steeped in tears;
Another Cain's mark marred my brow;
I wept for long my wasted years:
Alas! too oft I weep them now!"

Mangan had studied the history of other struggling peoples, and he loved to sing of what their bravest had done, and hold them up as examples; as in the following from "The Highway of Freedom," when, after praising the brave Winkelried, he breaks forth:

"We want a man like this, with power
To rouse the world with one word;
We want a chief to meet the hour,
And march the masses onward.
But, chief or none, through blood and fire,
My Fatherland, lies thy way;
The men must fight who dare desire
For Freedom's course a highway."

Of all peoples since the establishment of Christianity the Irish people, though they have been the most sorely tried, are most free of that sin, numbered among those called by the church mortal, of despairing of the mercy of God. It is this freedom from despair that has upheld them throughout so many vicissitudes, all of which were unhappy, and made them cling with unfaltering devotion to the religious faith of their ancestors. They have always felt that deliverance, however long delayed, must come in

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the times of God, if, uncomplaining to him, they will persevere in endurance, striving, and prayer. This truth is well illustrated in the following, the last quotation from Irish lyric poetry which this article will allow.

Among many names given by the bards to Ireland that of *Bauba* was one especially dear. The verses following are from "The Lament for Bauba." They were translated from the Irish by Mangan:

"As a tree in its prime
Which the axe layeth low,
Didst thou fall, O unfortunate land!
Not by Time, nor thy crime,
Came the shock and the blow:
They were given by a false felon hand!
Alas, and alas, and alas
For the once proud people of Bauba!

"Oh! my grief of all griefs
Is to see how thy throne
Is usurped, whilst thyself art in thrall!
Other lands have their chiefs,
Have their kings; thou alone
Art a wife, yet a widow withal!
Alas, and alas, and alas
For the once proud people of Bauba!

"The high house of O'Neill
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and banned;
And the steel, the red steel,
May no more be the trust
Of the faithful and brave in the land!
Alas, and alas, and alas
For the once proud people of Bauba!"

But the bard, even if he feels, must admonish against despair; for God

"He made his prophets poets,"

and they cannot but foretell in tuneful measures the balmy morning that will come when the night of darkness is overpast; and so he concludes:

"But, no more! This our doom,
While our hearts yet are warm,
Let us not over-weakly deplore,
For the hour soon may loom
When the Lord's mighty hand
Shall be raised for our rescue once more;
And our grief shall be turned into joy
For the still proud people of Bauba."

This is at last the most distinguishing characteristic of the

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lyric poetry of Ireland—its unshaken trust, amid innumerable sufferings, in God. The Irish patriot often may feel like crying out with the Hebrew: "How long, O Lord! how long?" but this avails not to hinder his ever-during confidence in the ultimate deliverance of his country through agencies that will be of divine appointment.

Important have been the results of these attempts at the revival and the imitation of the old Irish lyric poetry. Not only are the other nations coming to understand and sympathize with the sufferings of Ireland, but the English, the last, who ought to have been first, are being led thus to understand and sympathize. The cause of Ireland has become the foremost of all causes. Its espousal by Mr. Gladstone is the most important gain that till now it has achieved. In the late efforts of this great man in behalf of Ireland there is a pathos not less striking than their grandeur. We would, and we cannot help from imagining that he would, that he could "return to the days of his youth," and have again the opportunity of spending his giant strength for the cause which so sorrowfully and so rightfully appeals for the justice that has been withheld so long. Mr. Gladstone is generous as he is great. But in his youth who knew or cared to know anything about Ireland? Or if he knew, and if he cared, there was the dread of casting away the ambitions which, to young statesmen, it seems so important to regard. Like the son of Gedeon, they must forbear on account of their youth:

"And he said unto Jether, his first-born, Up and slay them (Zebee and Salmana). But the youth drew not his sword; for he feared because he was yet a youth."

What might he not have done if, when young and strong, he had given his powerful support to this cause, instead of waiting to crown his splendid career by an act of justice that now, when on the verge of the grave, he sees to have been due long, long ago? He has fallen because of extreme age, and because not yet, not quite yet, is the English mind prepared to admit its mistakes and correct them, and so yield to what all the world outside foresees to be inevitable. Yet this instance of his magnanimity, more than all his other achievements, will contribute to make resplendent and enduring the glory that shall be around his name. Meanwhile the Muse of Ireland, always sad but never despairing, and now more hopeful than at any time since the beginning of her travail, yet prays Him whom, though often sorely tempted, she has never distrusted,

"To cast a look of pity on Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan."

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XIV.

FREE.

PASTURES of dewy green, hills of buttercups and daisies, flecks of water with heaven in their depths, and red and black cattle grazing among sedges and yellow lilies, streaks of dark bog-land fringed with tawny weeds, soft, violet ridges of far-away mountains, all wreathed in shifting sunshine and shimmering mist, passed swiftly before Bawn's eyes as she whirled through the fertile fields of Erin. Could anything be more different from the lofty solemnity of the dark pine forests, the far-stretching flatness of the prairie lines?

There was a long day's travelling before she stepped out of the train and was conscious in the clear darkness of rugged hills, a bay with dusky shipping, twinkling lights, and a smell of fish and tar.

Arrived at the little hotel recommended to her by Dr. Ackroyd, she was conducted by the honest woman who owned it to a tiny room with space just sufficient for herself and her trunk.

As she sat at breakfast the next morning in the little hotel parlor, with her hat and shawl beside her, the door opened and a gentleman came in. Then she noticed that breakfast was laid for a second person at the other end of the table, and the man, whose tea and toast were placed opposite to hers, sat down in the place that was prepared for him and stared at her.

She reflected that farmers' daughters cannot expect to have everything as ladies would wish, and serenely went on with her breakfast as if no one had come into the room.

"Would you like to see yesterday's paper?" said the man; and then Bawn had to look at him for a moment. He was a stoutish, pompous-looking person, holding himself very erect, his eyes of a light, watery blue with a puffiness under them, head a little bald, with a fringe of light-colored hair, a heavy mouth shaded by a heavier moustache, and hands that were fat and unnaturally white.

"Thank you," said Bawn; and, taking the paper, she held it so as to screen herself from his scrutiny.

"Ye didn't mind the major, did ye?" said the landlady

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apologetically afterwards. "He's a fine man an' a rich gentleman; but he's a good hand at starin', isn't he? My Mary complains of it when she has to wait on him, and she isn't as handsome as you, mem. If it had 'a' been one o' the Fingalls, now, ye'd 'a' been quite at home with them; but Major Batt isn't so nice for a young woman that does be travellin' all her lone."

One of the Fingalls! Bawn's heart gave a sudden throb as the name fell on her ear. That strange, long week at sea dropped suddenly out of her life, and she was her father's daughter again, with his good name in her hands.

She had hardly taken her seat on the long car when Major Batt came out of the inn, looking larger than ever in a huge ulster and soft hat crushed down over his puffy eyes. He approached the little green car with the silver harness, but, instead of mounting it, said a few words to his servant, and then, coming up to the public conveyance, hoisted himself with some difficulty into a place by Bawn's side.

She thought regretfully of how his burly figure would probably shut out her view of the coast scenery. To try to see beyond him would be as bad as looking over the shoulders of a crowd. Travellers round the Antrim coast are few, and no one else appeared to claim a seat on the conveyance. The driver cracked his whip and the car rattled out of the town.

"You see," remarked the major, "I could not think of letting you travel all alone on this beastly car."

"Thank you," said Bawn; "but it was quite an unnecessary attention. We Americans are accustomed to take care of ourselves."

"I may say, in the words of the poet: 'Lady, dost thou not fear to stray so lone and lovely along this bleak way?'"

A sudden turn in the road brought the wide ocean to their feet—a magnificent sheet of shifting silver guarded by shining, white limestone cliffs stretching away in curve after curve into a fairy-like distance. Major Batt sat with his broad back squared against the scenery, and his little, watery blue eyes fixed upon all of Bawn's face that was visible through the thickest of gauze veils.

"I am a stranger," she said, "and this kind of scenery is new to me. Have you any objection to letting me see it?"

"I was just going to advise you to lift your veil," was the reply.

"It is one of our American inventions—the newest help to the eyes. I can enjoy my view better with it than without it."

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"With such admirable assistance you ought to be able to see through me."

"Perhaps I can," said Bawn quietly, "but I am none the less anxious to change seats with you."

"Think what an unpleasant move for me. The view would engage all your attention and I should have none of it."

Bawn was silent for a few moments, and then, finding the major's eyes still relentlessly fixed on her, she leaned back and said to the driver:

"Will you be good enough to stop a moment? I wish to change my seat."

The driver was at her service in an instant; the major laughed a little and muttered something, but offered his assistance, which was not accepted, and Bawn, placed at the upper end of the car, where she could keep her face turned away towards the scenery, felt herself victorious over her obtrusive fellow-traveller.

Nevertheless the major still continued to make himself as objectionable as he could, following her up the slightly sloping side of the car as far as was possible, though invariably getting shaken down to the lowest corner again by reason of his own considerable weight.

"I never could see anything in scenery myself," he said presently. "The only view I care about is the view of a pretty face. And you," he continued as Bawn made no reply, intent on watching the shifting curves of the silver cliffs folding and unfolding far ahead—"you have just deprived me of one of the finest prospects I ever gazed upon."

As he spoke he had edged himself up the side of the car and come as close to Bawn as he could manage. "Did you speak?" she said, turning suddenly. "This is not a good place for hearing, though capital for seeing. The wind carries your voice over your shoulder, I suppose."

"And your face over your shoulder, I suppose," he grumbled, as the back of Bawn's head was again presented to him. At the same moment, by an artful touch, she let loose the ends of her veil, which were driven into his face by the breeze.

"Confound it!" she heard him ejaculate, and he was suddenly shaken away from her and settled down in a heavy deposit at the lower end of the car. Looking round again, she saw him manipulating one of his eyelids and patting it with his pocket-handkerchief. A corner of the veil had gone into his eye.

"I am afraid you have got something in your eye," she said serenely. "It *is* dusty for the time of year."

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"Ah! true; so it is."

"And limestone dust is particularly irritating. What a pity you do not wear a veil like mine."

"Thank you; yours has been enough for me," he growled, trying to look as if nothing had happened, but winking wildly.

After this Bawn had peace for some minutes; but, the eye getting better, the major's spirits revived and his pleasantries continued.

"Now, I am sure we have met in America," he began. "I spent last summer there, and ever since I saw you first this morning I have felt certain we were excellent friends in New York."

Bawn reflected a few moments and then said: "I wonder to hear you say so, for small-pox usually changes one so much; especially when one has only just recovered from it."

"Small-pox! *You* only recovered from small-pox. But you have no mark of it whatever."

"I can scarcely rely on your flattering opinion, as you have not seen me in a good light without my veil."

"You must have had it very lightly."

"I cannot say I had; but if so, it is all the worse for the person who takes the infection from me. He will be sure to catch the fiercest kind of it."

The major, who had been edging up the car, suddenly stopped his ascent, and was gradually, and this time unresistingly, shaken down to the bottom, where he sat aghast.

"But you ought not to be going at large," he said; "it is highly wrong."

"One must go somewhere for change of air, or one cannot get well; and in a thinly-populated country like this one hardly expects to come in contact with people."

"Do you think it is very infectious?" asked the trembling major.

"Well, I shall never sit beside a recovered patient in a train again; that is all I can say," said Bawn, sighing.

"But perhaps you never were vaccinated?"

"O dear! yes. But I am a firm believer in the new theory that vaccination only makes you more susceptible," said Bawn, tucking her veil about her face and turning away to hide her smile.

Meanwhile Major Batt sat ruefully looking askance at her from the other end of the conveyance, occasionally casting anxious glances behind to see if his own car was coming into sight.

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"I think I shall walk a little," he said presently, with a comical attempt at ease of manner. "These outside cars are a confoundedly cold means of locomotion. Driver, stop! Let me off."

Off he went, and the car went on without him; and Bawn, looking back, saw the trim little green car hastening from the distance, and the stout major trudging gallantly to meet it.

After that the two strong horses drawing the "long car" thundered along under the overhanging limestone walls with Bawn as the only passenger. The sea washed green and pellucid over its white shingle, and clouds of silver smoke rose and filled the air with a curious fragrance from piles of burning kelp that smouldered on the shore. Few living creatures were to be seen, but here and there a cottage appeared in a hollow or on the summit of a cliff.

"There's Aughrim Castle, miss," said the driver, who had been silently chuckling over the discomfiture of the major, and now thought it his duty to entertain the lady. "That's where Lord Aughrim lives, miss, barrin' when he's away from home, which is mostly always."

"Then we have got into the Fingall country," said Bawn, looking round her eagerly.

"Oh! faix we have, miss. Furdher on ye'll come to Glenmalurcan, where the gineral and his family does be livin'. Leastways the gineral's dead, God rest his sowl; but the family's there to the fore, a'm proud to tell ye."

CHAPTER XV.

SISTERS.

A FEW days later two members of the Fingall family stepped out of the post-office of the little town of Cushendall and stood in the village street with disappointment strongly depicted in their faces. They were two slight young figures, clad in costumes and caps of Donegal frieze, wearing strong boots on their little feet, and carrying sticks somewhat like alpenstocks; two girls exceedingly unlike in appearance, and yet with a sisterly resemblance to each other.

"It is too bad, Shana dear, isn't it?" said the fairer and softer-looking of the two, fixing a pair of wistful blue eyes on the other's face. "How can we make them answer us? What can we do?"

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"Do?" cried Shana. "Nothing but endure their silence. To think of our putting our ancestors in print, vulgarly trying to turn them into money, and having them scorned for our pains I suppose it serves us right for the sacrilege. O Rosheen! what would Flora say if she knew of it?"

"But she would have had to know if the story had been published and become famous," said Rosheen. "We could not have gone on living with such a secret on our minds."

Shana knit her brows in impatient thought, and then suddenly tossed her head with a little peal of careless laughter.

"We must try again, I suppose," she said. "Waste some more paper and another bottle of ink."

"Perhaps we put too much war in it. Stories that get published are generally chiefly about marriages, I think," suggested Rosheen timidly.

"And evidently the publishers won't allow us to strike out a new line," said Shana. "They would rather," she added contemptuously, "hear about the courting and marrying of the silliest person in the world than read about the brave doings of a hero like Sorley Boy. But I would not humor them even if I could," she went on, with a brilliant damask glowing in her brown cheeks. "I will write nothing but about heroes and battles. But come along, dear; I have to call to see Betty Macalister, and to buy some tapes and pins at Nannie Macaulay's."

As the two girls turned their faces to the sunshine and set off walking the difference between their faces, which were so much alike, became more distinct. Shana was a brilliant brunette, brown as a berry, with a delicate glow under her skin, a curling cloud of dusky brown hair, eyes dark, keen, and sweet, set in a forest of softening eyelashes, and an eloquent and characteristic mouth. Rosheen was fair, a little freckled, with hair decidedly auburn, and eyes of baby blue. Their noses were short, their brows low and smooth, and their little dimpled chins had been cast in the self-same symmetrical mould.

The village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains, four cross streets, with a strong old tower in the middle, and a stream from the hills winding among trees to the sea. A savor of turf-smoke pervades it, and it is not so clean as it ought to be. Tiny shops show all sorts of odds and ends which country folks need to buy, and up one hilly street are a few dwellings of the genteeler order. As the two girls walked down the village street every eye beamed on them. In the sight of all, from the shopkeeper standing in his doorway to the children making mud-pies

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in the gutter, the fresh-faced, free-stepping maidens were as princesses of an ancient line, daughters of the ancient chieftains of the glens. Nodding to every one they met, they passed through the village and out upon the varied upland that led towards the vale of Glenan.

All around them lay swelling knolls, Tivara, the cone-shaped, fairy mount, rising with fantastic mien among its fellows, looking fit ground for elves to dance upon, as they do on moonlit nights. Little cots and humble farm-houses nestled in their clusters of trees, their white walls gleaming here and there in the folds of the cultivated hills. And circling around and above these lower highlands the greater mountains rose with their dark rough crowns and broad sides and their curved and curious peaks. A rich, sombre purple hung round Tibulia's beak-like crest, and over towards Cushendun a long sweep of mountain rugged with shrubs and heather had caught a warm crimson flush.

The girls came down along the dark red road cut through high sandstone cliffs to where Red Bay sweeps with one majestic curve round the opening into Glenmalurcan away to the great Garron rock, and suddenly they espied a small green car with a fast-stepping horse and silver harness coming to meet them by the cross-road that skirts the shores of the bay.

"O Shana! Major Batt," murmured Rosheen in dismay.

"Now, Rosheen, your fastest walking!" returned Shana; and the two little frieze-clad figures went at a pace that would not have been amiss at a walking-match. The green car was, however, too much for them, and met them at the angle of the bay.

"Miss Shana! Miss Rosheen!" cried an unctuous voice, and the owner of the car flung the reins to his servant and sprang off with as much agility as could be expected from a person of his build.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" he went on after greeting them with much effusion, trying meanwhile to keep up with the inconvenient swiftness of their pace. "I have just paid a visit to Lady Flora at The Rath. My disappointment was great at not finding you at home. I thought of asking permission to join you in a ride."

"We do not ride now," said Rosheen regretfully. "We have given up our horses."

"Then I hope you will allow me. I think I can mount you, if you will be so good, sometimes."

"Thank you," said Shana sturdily; "but we much prefer our walking. A horse can't scramble up banks and climb rocks with you as we want to do when we come out."

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"No, certainly," said the major, glancing nervously at the rough bank beside him and hoping she would not expect him to escort her immediately to the top of it. But Shana was thinking of something entirely different.

"Major Batt," she said with sudden and unusual earnestness, "I am going to ask you a serious question."

The major, for some reason best known to himself, changed color and felt a glow of pleasure and curiosity, and at the same time wished himself safely back upon his car.

"The times are awfully bad," continued Shana. "Everybody is suffering; but some people must suffer more than others."

The major had become very red. "I hope—I trust—" he stuttered.

Shana silenced him with a magnificent wave of her little hand.

"I am going to ask you if you know anything at all of the old people who are still living at Shane's Hollow?"

"Nothing whatever," said the major promptly. And his countenance cleared.

"I thought, as you are the person who bought up the last remnant of their property, that you might have had some dealings with them which would enable you to tell me whether they are really starving or not."

"Starving!" said the fat major. "Starving, Miss Shana, is a very uncomfortable word to make use of, especially in connection with people who once held their heads high in the county."

"It suggests that we may all come to it. You, however, need not fear it, for a long time at least," said Shana, with a little laugh, which the major did not altogether like. "I don't think any of us need fear it," she added, "not even Rosheen and I, for we should turn into honest work-women first. But seriously, Major Batt, do you know of any means that those poor old people have got of keeping the wolf from their door; for their door does open and shut still, I believe, though half of the roof is gone."

"I should say," said the major jocosely, "that they are so accustomed to the wolf that they could not live without him. But seriously, as you say, I only know that some two years ago they had a little money invested somewhere, though not more than enough to give each of them a meal in the week. I have reason to believe that, with their usual time-honored improvidence, they have sold out that moiety of property and eaten it up in a lump."

"Then they have nothing left," cried Rosheen in dismay. "They will die in that hole, and we shall all feel like murderers."

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"My dear Miss Rosheen, I never heard your gentle lips make use of such strong language before," said the major suavely. "If fools will commit suicide, I don't know how they are to be prevented."

"They used to eke out their existence in various little ways," said Shana. "I have heard all about it from 'Hollow Peggy.' Mr. Edmund cultivated a scrap of land behind the old garden-walls where nobody could see him, and so they had potatoes and vegetables. Mr. Paddy broke stones in a cave, gathering them off the hills and breaking them with a hammer. Afterwards he sold them to Alister and others for the roads, pretending he had a contract for supplying them. These were the only industries they attempted; lately, I fear, even these have come to an end. Mr. Edmund broke his leg a short time ago by stumbling down a hole in the ruined house, and the doctor carried him off, whether he would or not, to the poor-house hospital. Mr. Paddy is disabled by rheumatism—"

"They will all die!" broke in Rosheen piteously.

"Let us hope not," said the major, buttoning up his coat and speaking with a certain nervous decision. "Old people reduced so far can live upon so little."

"The worst of it is," continued Shana, "that their pride is so great that they will absolutely accept of no assistance."

"It is the best thing I have heard about them yet," said the major with increased decision of manner.

"They will not take help from any private source, nor remove to the poor-house. The doctor removed Mr. Edmund almost by force, because he could not risk his own life wandering through the ruin in search of his patient. The sisters and brothers look on his removal as the last calamity that could have befallen them. They would be the Adares of Shane's Hollow as long as they live, and be buried by torchlight when they die, as has always been the custom with their family."

"And they will really accept no aid?"

"They were tried at Christmas with money and clothes, but all was sent back with the politest of messages and thanks."

"It is decidedly the most creditable thing I ever heard about them," reiterated the major with satisfaction.

"I think differently," said Shana. "When people are old and destitute they ought to own their mistakes and practise the one virtue left to them—humility. To me there is something ghastly, absolutely inhuman, in their pride."

"You will hardly overcome it now, however," said the major.

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"I think we ought to go on trying," said Shana solemnly: "and that is why I have spoken to you, Major Batt. Will you join with Alister in asking some other gentlemen to look after the case of the old people in the Hollow?"

"I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Shana—" began the major gallantly.

"Not for me," she interrupted quickly, "but for Christian charity, Major Batt. When I waken in the night I think I hear the voices of those poor old creatures crying on the wind, 'To work I am not able, to beg I am ashamed.' Ought we to let them die like rats in a hole?"

"Miss Shana, you are an angel!" burst forth the major; "and I will do anything I can. But I warn you, I believe they have some means of existence or they could not afford to indulge their pride."

"You do not know them," persisted Shana. "You are a comparative stranger in the country, so often away, while I have been living near them ever since I was born. That pride is great enough to sustain them through the pangs of death by hunger. It separated them from all who were once their friends. It will be inexorable in consigning them to a horrible grave."

"I do hope you are wrong, Miss Shana, for your sake as well as for theirs. I never saw you in so doleful a mood before. Let us talk of something pleasanter. Of course you go to Dublin for the Castle amusements."

"No," said Shana, "we have made up our minds to stay at home this season. It seems to us hideous to go about dancing and junketing while the country is in such a miserable state."

"And besides—" began Rosheen.

"We require no besides," said Shana quickly.

"But there is no disturbance in our part of the world," urged the major.

"This island is not so large but that we must all feel what occurs in any part of it," returned Shana. "There have been sad doings on Lady Flora's property in the west, and we are feeling it to the marrow of our bones."

"Lady Flora spoke as if she expected to take you to Dublin, if not to London."

"Did she?"

"And so I will hope to meet you shortly in gayer scenes. And now, as I am dining with Lord Aughrim this evening, and have a long way to drive, I must tear myself away from

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your charming society, and wish you, reluctantly, good afternoon."

He swung himself on to his car, which had been following him all the way, and after he had driven off the sisters walked some way in silence. Then Shana said: "Laugh, Rosheen! Let us have a laugh! I feel as if I had been putting both my hands into Major Batt's pockets. How I did frighten the poor creature! I am curious to see what he will do for the Adares. It will be a fight between his gallantry and his prudence."

"He will have something to think about all the way back to Lisnawilly, at all events," said Rosheen joyously; and then both girls laughed out loud, peal upon peal of fresh young laughter, with which they seemed to cast off all the troubles that had been oppressing them since morning.

Their walk lay now along a narrow road at one side of the valley of Glenmalurcan, which runs up between two stretches of mountain, wide at its opening where the bay washes its feet, and narrowing gradually for two long miles to the point where the hills fold together and a fairy waterfall bursts from the upper rocks, whirls over the ash and nut trees in its way, and leaps into a tarn in the heart of an exquisite dell. The stream from the waterfall descending to the sea divides the vale as it flows, and the birds fly across it from mountain to mountain. Just now the opposite crags of Lurgaedon were red with sunlight, while a deep shade dropped down from the black-purple crags above the road travelled by the sisters, darkening all that side of the glen with one majestic frown.

The valley is fairly cultivated, and white gables show here and there among clusters of trees. An old bridge across the river indicates the course of an ancient road winding down the centre of the vale. As the girls proceeded swiftly along the narrowing road the trees grew thicker and the view was gained only in enchanting glimpses between overhanging boughs.

A cawing of rooks began to be heard from the thickly-wooded distance, and their cries gradually swelled into a clamor as the girls got right under a huge mountain crag that loomed above the tunnel of trees they were threading and threatened to drop down upon their heads.

And here they entered the tall, old-fashioned gates of The Rath, and passed down the shady avenue, emerging suddenly before the front of the house into all the dying splendors of sunset.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Lady Flora Fingall sat in an easy-chair before the fire with a book on her lap, a work-basket at her feet, and tea set forth, with its equipage of ancient silver and delicate china, on a spindle-legged table beside her.

She did nothing but look into the fire, however; for, though the setting sun made red bars along the sashes of the small, high windows, yet the drawing-room was already almost dark but for bright patches of sunlight of fantastic shape that flecked the many-cornered walls.

It was a pleasant reflection to Lady Flora's rather frugal mind that she had been able to furnish her drawing-room according to the approved mode of the day without having recourse to the fashionable upholsterer. To bring such persons and their productions across the Antrim mountains would have been a difficult and expensive undertaking, and she had simply had recourse to the garret at The Rath, out of which she had brought forth as pretty specimens of the spindle-shank tribe as any to be met with in Oxford Street. The old brown carved chimney-piece running up to the be-wreathed ceiling, which had been an eyesore to her when she came as a bride to The Rath, had of late become a treasure; the old dado, which she had papered over long ago, was now restored and re-painted; and all the grandmother's cupboards and elbow-chairs and stacks of brass-handled drawers, which had mouldered under the eaves, disgraced and forgotten for so many years, were, with the help of a little beeswax and the village carpenter, at this moment looking handsome and dignified among sunflowers and peacocks' feathers in this ancient, home-like, and very comfortable apartment.

Lady Flora was a plump little woman, with a good quantity of fair hair, a white hand, a pretty foot, and a sharp and ready tongue. Her dress was elegant but not expensive, for she had a wonderful knack of getting good things cheap. Even the richly-wrought shoes which decked her little feet had been made at small cost by a poor old bankrupt shoemaker, who endured his reverses in a back street in Paris, and were fashioned out of a morsel of Indian embroidery which had been sent her by a wandering friend.

"I am glad to see tea," said Shana, taking off her hat and

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shaking back her curly, brown locks. "We had nothing for lunch but one of Nannie Macaulay's stale buns. And I am so thirsty!"

"You ought to be tired," said her sister-in-law, poking the fire till the flame lit up the darkening room; "but you look bright and bonnie; and I heard you laughing immoderately as you came past the windows."

"Oh! yes; we met Major Batt," said Rosheen, "and he always makes us laugh."

"Major Batt is an extremely agreeable and sensible person," said Lady Flora; "but I confess I never looked on him as a humorist."

"No," said Shana, with a sly smile, as she put down her emptied cup; "he only inclines to make humorists of other people. How he did button up his coat to-day when I talked about money, poor dear!" And Shana walked across the room with her chin pushed out and set up in the air, and fingered energetically at the buttons of her jacket.

"How very unlady-like!" said Lady Flora coldly. "And pray, Shana, why did you talk to Major Batt about money? I hope—"

"You need not hope, Flora," said Shana abruptly; "you know I am hopelessly outspoken, and I did ask Major Batt for money."

Flora sat up in her chair, her plump lips parted, her keen, pale eyes fixed upon Shana with horror.

"Yes," said the girl, carrying her replenished cup to the fireside and seating herself on a stool by her sister-in-law's side, "I asked him to do something for the poor old bodies in the Hollow."

Lady Flora sank back in her seat. "I am relieved," she said. "I thought—"

"I don't want to know what you thought, Flora. Your thoughts and mine are seldom the same"

"I am happy to say you are right there," said Lady Flora sharply. "But there—tell me about Major Batt."

"He buttoned up his coat," said Shana, sipping her tea.

"By which remark you mean to imply, of course, that he is careful of his money; and I admit that he is. It is one of the virtues I admire in him. In this wretched spendthrift country, where people hardly ever think of to-morrow, a prudent man is a jewel to be prized."

"Major Batt needn't think so very much about to-morrow.

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His to-morrow will not be so long as some other people's, and he has no one in particular to succeed to his money and lands."

"Major Batt will marry," said Lady Flora, complacently turning a pretty ring on her short, white finger, and looking as if she was almost betraying a secret.

"Has he been making a confidence to you, Flora? He told us he had been here," said Rosheen, sidling up to her sister-in-law with a roguish look.

"What funny entertainment Major Batt's little confidences would be!" mused Shana, gazing into the glowing coals, which threw a hundred mischievous reflections into her dancing eyes.

Lady Flora ignored this observation and turned to Rosheen.

"I can't exactly say that," she said with an air of reserve, "but he gave me to understand a great deal."

"He generally does leave a good deal to the imagination of the listener when he talks," said Shana.

"Ah!" said Lady Flora, smiling archly, "there will come a day, perhaps, when he may find words enough to satisfy every one. In the meantime, Shana, I think that, prudent as he is, he will respond to your appeal to his generosity."

"I hope he may, for the sake of the poor old Adares," responded Shana readily; but her color became heightened and a look of displeasure passed across her expressive brows.

"For somebody else's sake," said her sister-in-law quietly. "I will not say for which of you."

"You have fallen asleep at the fire and dreamed a bad dream," said Shana gravely. "Forget it, Flora."

"I never dream," said Lady Flora. "And I had Major Batt here all to myself for more than an hour."

"Poor Flora!" said Shana, with a heavy groan.

"I must say he thinks much more highly of you both than either of you deserve."

"Did he come to say he would marry, he didn't care which?" laughed Shana. "Come, Flora, you don't mean to say you would sell us to Major Batt?"

"Unfortunately, he cannot marry both of you," said Lady Flora, a spot of anger reddening her cheek; "but if either of you were to refuse such an offer I should—wash my hands of you."

"Let me ring for a basin and some scented soap on the instant," said Shana seriously.

"Shana, you only say these things for the sake of appearing clever. I know you value money, for I have heard you wishing you were a man, that you might make it. And all I can say, now

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that we are on the subject, is, that if so excellent an opportunity should occur of providing for either of you, you will not be so mad as to put it away. With my children in the nursery, and little or no rents to be had; with Alister so weak in his dealings with the people, and all expenses to be covered by the income of such money of mine as happens to be invested in English securities—with this state of things staring me in the face, I will say that it would be extremely inconsiderate, not to say ungrateful, if either of you were to refuse to become settled advantageously in life."

Shana's cheeks were now glowing like the coals in the fire. She drew away her hands, with which she had covered her face while her sister-in-law was speaking.

"I own, Flora," she said earnestly, "that it is very hard on you having me and Rosheen to do with, now that our fortune which our father left us is gone; that Alister's property also should be so embarrassed, and that we should all depend on you—"

"You know I would wish to deny you nothing," interrupted Lady Flora; "but with my own young children—"

"I have thought about the children—I am always thinking about them," said Shana, with burning eyes; "and, believe me, Flora, Rosheen and I intend to provide for ourselves."

"Major Batt is a capital *parti*," said Lady Flora. "And I am sure I should not have spoken to you so plainly except for your own good; and I expect that when he asks he will not be discouraged."

"As you say, he cannot ask to marry us both," muttered Shana meditatively.

"One will be enough; but as I am not at all sure which of you he prefers, I desire that you will both be prepared," said Lady Flora.

Rosheen pouted and hung her head. Shana rose and walked to the window, and stood looking out into the growing darkness for a few moments, then came back to the fire and said distinctly:

"If Major Batt makes choice of either of us, I hope it will be of me."

"Come, now, that is better," said her sister-in-law in pleased surprise. "I always knew, Shana, that you had a fund of good sense somewhere if you would only condescend to make use of it."

Rosheen stared at her sister in astonishment, but said nothing. Shana rested her elbow on a ledge of the mantel-piece and went on:

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"But I warn you, Flora, that I do not believe he is thinking of doing anything of the kind. In spite of his mature years and, let us say, solid appearance, Major Batt is fond of flirting, or doing something that he fancies is flirting. He is one of those persons who always put before them to achieve the most difficult enterprises, and so he is always trying to make himself agreeable—"

"By the way," interrupted Lady Flora, "I told him he might expect to meet you in Dublin."

"That you must not think of, Flora. Ball-dresses and all that expense at such a time!"

"That is my affair," said Lady Flora graciously.

"No, Flora," said Shana, drawing her sister's little hand through her arm, "it is my affair and Rosheen's. This, at least, must be left to ourselves. We will not go. It is bad enough to eat the children's bread—"

"Nonsense!" said Flora shortly. "How exceedingly literal you are! Who talked about bread? I must say it is very unamiable of you to take me up so sharply. And now I advise you to go away and dress. Alister is in his study, buried, as usual, in a book all day—would not even come out to talk to the visitors. Oh! that reminds me—what does bring that engineering young man, that young Callender, about the place so often? He was here again to-day."

Shana and Rosheen had reached the door, and Shana turned suddenly round and looked steadily at her sister-in-law.

"I suppose he comes because Alister asks him," she said. "I am sorry we did not see him."

"I consider him rather an intrusive person," said Lady Flora coldly, but avoiding Shana's shining eyes. "I do not like him, and I do not object to let him see it. There, do not keep standing in the doorway, girls. Bernard is coming in with the lamps."

The two young sisters went, linking together, up the dark, old winding staircase, dimly lighted here and there by an old-fashioned lantern, and, descending a few steps on the other side of the first landing, entered their own particular apartments. These were first a long room with a slanting ceiling and low walls, and a small, square window at each side, set up high under the eaves. This was their old school-room, which, as they no longer needed a governess, they had turned into a sitting-room, making use of their own ingenuity and needlework to effect some considerable improvement in its arrangements. It was a very old room; the walls were panelled in dark brown; the windows had deep brown

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seats; the sunflowers, of the girls' own making, on the short, brown stuff curtains made a grateful gleaming of gold in the brownness of the place. The furniture was ancient and worm-eaten, and the long, dark, oaken school-room table, with its row of drawers, still held its time-honored place all down the middle of the floor.

A large bottle of ink and some pens stood upon it, and a row of old book-shelves held a store of shabby-looking books. Two pretty work-boxes stood on the table, and a basket of apples and an old-fashioned china jug full of brilliant winter leaves. A peat fire burned low on a flagged hearth, and Shana knelt before it and began to take turf logs from a large wicker basket by the fireside and set them on their ends on the tiles.

Rosheen came and knelt beside her, and they laid their heads together.

"Shana, why did you say you hoped Major Batt would make choice of you?" said the younger sister in a whisper of reproach and awe.

"Because, darling, I should be able to fight my battle better than you," said Shana.

"Flora thinks you meant that you would accept him."

"I am sorry, then; but she ought to know me better. I merely said what occurred to me to say."

They were silent a few minutes, each feeling the sympathy of the other, and then Rosheen said:

"O Shana! if Shanganagh Farm were only let! That would bring us a little income of our own, and we need not feel so dreadfully when she talks about the children."

"Even in that case we should still be dependent," said Shana; "though, of course, it would be better than nothing. But nobody is coming to take Shanganagh while the times are so bad, and I fear, I fear the times are not likely to mend."

Shanganagh was a farm on an upper level of the mountain, about half a mile from The Rath. It was a part of a property left to the girls by their father, and had been lying unlet for the last two years. All the land belonging to them except this lay in disturbed districts, and it was the last blow to the sisters when Shanganagh was left on their hands.

"Nobody is going to take Shanganagh," repeated Shana. "The people are all flitting to America, and this place is so far out of the world."

"What are we to do then, Shana?"

"Something," said Shana with a frown, and kissed her sister

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hastily and stood up. And Rosheen said no more just then. She did not always know what to make of Shana.

Then they rose and went up a few steps to their bedroom, a very large room, plainly furnished, but adorned with all the little odds and ends of prettiness that girls love, with two white beds in opposite corners, and a tiny crib in between for the use of their eldest niece, who was the darling of the young aunts. Here they assumed their well-worn black silk frocks and the simple pearl ornaments left them by their mother, and returned to chat by their sitting-room fire till it was time to go downstairs for dinner.

Alister Fingall, sitting at the foot of his dinner-table, seemed for the first few minutes to be still living in the book that had enchained him all day. He was a slight, fair man with dreamy eyes and a sweet, lazy smile. In the company of others he required time to come to the surface of the conversation. After he had eaten his soup his eyes rested with pleasure on the fresh faces of his young sisters, gleaming and glowing with the pure, cool tints which are produced by exercise and mountain air.

"Any news in the village, girls?" he asked. "I hear you have travelled half the county to-day."

"No news," said Shana, "except that Betty Macalister talks of giving up her holding and emigrating. She cannot see her way to paying her rent."

A shade crossed Alister's face.

"Betty must not go; anybody but Betty. Who is her landlord, by the way."

"Major Batt," said Rosheen, with a stolen glance at Lady Flora.

"She can go to the Land Court now like others," said Alister, "and get her rent reduced, if it be too high."

"I must say," said Shana, "that I don't think Major Batt is to be particularly blamed in this matter, for Betty seems to think that she and Nancy are unable, on any terms, to manage their land."

Lady Flora gave Shana a glance of approval.

"Major Batt is a most worthy gentleman," she said, "and, unlike some others, will be able to stand against the worst attacks of the Land Court. His fortune is too substantial to be undermined by any number of defaulting tenants."

"'Others,' meaning your unhappy husband," laughed Alister. "What a pity we were not all born to an inheritance in the three per cents like you, Flora!"

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Lady Flora arranged her bracelets and said nothing, and the children came into the room for their share of dessert. There were six of them, the eldest being Duck, a little maiden of eight, who walked straight up to her Aunt Shana and fixed a pair of inquisitive eyes on her face.

"Where were you all day, Shana? The house is not nice when you are out all day."

"What will you do when I go away altogether, Duck?"

"I will go with you," said Duck emphatically, and dived with her head under Shana's elbow.

"Duck, you nearly upset Aunt Shana's raisins into her lap!" said her father.

"It was Shana's own hand that was shaking, papa," said Duck. "I saw it before I poked her with my head."

That night the wind roared as usual round The Rath, coming down with many a swoop and rush from that near, overhanging mountain, and hurtling strangely over the girls' low, slant-roofed rooms. A sound as of blowing of organ-pipes was going on in the chimney, and Shana and Rosheen lay awake listening to the rude, familiar music, and Duck lay sound asleep in her crib between them.

"Shana," said Rosheen, in a pause of the wind, "why does Flora dislike Willie Callender?"

"Say *Mr.* Callender, Rosheen. It is not nice, dear, to call young men by their Christian names."

"But we know him so well. What does Flora see in him to dislike?"

"He has no money in the three per cents," said Shana grimly.

"O Shana!"

"Nothing but an honorable name and a profession," continued Shana; "so what is there for any one to like about him?"

"I should think," said Rosheen, "that when a young fellow has such a pleasant face and such a kind, gentlemanly manner any one might get on without disliking him."

"Well, dear, he is nothing to us, so we had better not talk about him."

"I am sure he thinks a great deal of you, Shana."

But Shana pretended to be asleep.

Rosheen was soon asleep in reality, and, after lying long awake thinking, Shana got up and, lighting her lamp, dressed

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herself. Passing by Duck's bed, she held the light above the little face, and then knelt beside the child and kissed her tenderly.

"Eat your bread, my darling?" she murmured in an aggrieved whisper. "Stand in your light? Encroach on your little worldly inheritance? No, my Duck, your Shana has more pride for herself, more love for you than that! Come, then, Shana, and try what the storm will tell you this lively night!"

She passed into the sitting-room and closed the door of the sleeping-chamber softly behind her. Shading her lamp and rousing up the fire, she opened a drawer in the old schoolroom table and took out some paper and pens. A cup of strong tea stood ready on the hearth to scare away the natural sleep from her young eyes. Having drunk this, she settled herself at the table and listened for inspiration in the hurtling of the wind.

"Rosheen was right," she said. "There ought to be love in it. But how can I write on such a subject?" As she listened a tale of love and sorrow and struggling grew out of the sobbing voices round the window and came to her. A smiling face with fair curls, a manly young face, a cheerful voice came across her thoughts—not the sort of hero for a harrowing tale.

"I must make my hero exactly the reverse of that vision," she said with a smile, and then, as the wind bullied on through the trees and piped weird ditties through the ancient sashes, Shana drooped her head on her hands and struggled with a serious and unexpected difficulty—that of keeping a certain living individuality out of the interesting tale she was hoping to write.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE Episcopalians in this country form a most respectable body; and, as they are of a religious character, they ought to influence public opinion, and produce a conservative effect upon the nation. To a certain extent they should have the credit of such a beneficial influence. We are glad when we hear them announcing any correct principles or expressing a belief in any of the truths of the Christian creed. Still, we must admit that from the point of doctrine they are most unsatisfactory. Sometimes we hear them proclaim articles of faith; but when we look for the practice which should follow such profession we are disappointed. Sometimes we are led to hope that they will, when they meet in convention, assert some principles which might lead the sincere to the knowledge of the whole truth; but just when we expect to hear something certain, we listen and hear nothing but unmeaning generalities. They beautifully draw near to the boundaries of a Christian profession, and then quickly, with an assumption of dignity, draw back. They will sometimes defend a practice which is in accordance with Catholic belief, and we might look to see them standing by our side in the battle with infidelity. But whatever they profess they are unwilling to be found in alliance with us. Some of them will even turn against us in contradiction to the principles they teach. And the reason of this inconsistency is to be found in the fact that, whatever they call themselves, they are essentially a *Protestant* body. Each of their members is as independent as is the whole body. Their ministers and their bishops have only the power of their personal influence. They do not agree in matters of faith, and even when they recite the same creeds each one has his own interpretation of them. It could not be otherwise. God alone can make unity; and there is only one divine body on earth which possesses it. With all its pretensions, and with due justice to all its merits, the Episcopal Church is perhaps most distinguished by the fact that it embraces under one name the most widely differing beliefs. In some of their churches doctrines are taught which are contradictory of those which are professed in other churches; and yet they agree to let every man have his own liberty. One minister puts on vestments which are those of the Catholic Church, and professes to celebrate Mass.

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Another minister of equal authority declares his brother to be an idolater. Yet both are good Episcopalians, and enjoy "the liberty wherewith Protestantism has made them free." The best way to settle disputes is to let every one do as he chooses; and this is the true Episcopalian way. There is a minister in good standing in New York who has spoken of our adorable Lord as if he were a mere man, and has criticised his words and deeds. Yet no one dares to try him for heresy because, as a churchman of the High kind informed us, there was no way to detect and define heresy. These remarks introduce the few words we have to say about the convention. It was, as far as we can see, worthy of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Convention opened with much ceremony. According to the journal, a *crucifer* led the procession. In the old times we never heard of such a minister, and we are very glad the Episcopalians have found him, even though he bears a Latin name. The sermon at the opening of the deliberations was preached by Bishop Bedell. It is a most remarkable one. It informs us that "the church to which he belongs has existed for six thousand years," that his ministry has been in existence for the same period of time, and that "the sacraments have been the divinely ordained means by which men have been acknowledged as members of the family of God beyond the memory of man." He tells us that "the Passover was in every sense a sacrament," that "the sacrifices ordained by God in the patriarchal church were of the nature of a sacrament," and that when Christ came "the faith was not changed, and those whose hearts were one in Christ Jesus learned that forms are not of the substance of religion, and may and ought to be *unified* in such wise as to produce peace and love among brethren." He says that the theory of Darwin had nothing to do with this; and that "he knows of no principle of *natural selection* which could have produced such a constant series of events." We confess we do not understand these remarks. We do not see how the Jewish and the Christian faith were the same, and we are sure that the Episcopalian Church is not six thousand years old. Fortunately or unfortunately, neither Adam, nor Noe, nor Abraham knew anything of it. Still, the bishop might as well claim this great antiquity, as claim to be in any way a representative of the Catholic Church.

Proceeding upon this great claim, one of the first movements of the deputies was to change the *name* of their church. How so very old a church came to have a false name is quite strange. A resolution was offered that "the name *Protestant Episcopal* is

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too narrow and exclusive a designation of a *branch* of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and should be expunged." Another resolution was "that this church in the United States by her descent from the *Ecclesia Anglicana* is the *Ecclesia Americana*, and therefore should be called 'the American Catholic Church.'" We always like the use of Latin, but we do not see the sequence. The "Ecclesia Anglicana" might not be the Catholic Church, and it might have offspring which, even according to Episcopalians, are not churches. We humbly beg to state that the reasoning is not conclusive. However, it was not permitted to these churchmen to change their name, as the majority of the house was opposed to it. We sympathize with the members of this "Ecclesia Americana"; but, as Bishop Bedell said, "forms are not of the substance of religion, and ought to be unified." We would advise them not to despair, as the happy day may come, and in this country a man may call himself anything. The name *Catholic* covering any species of Protestantism would be a strange anomaly. Perhaps the *crucifer*, were he well directed, might lead to this in some way.

Another resolution which seems extraordinary to us, though no doubt well meant, was the proposition to welcome to their unity all mankind and any who would conform to a few conditions, just the most simple in the world. We give the text because it was queer, though it did not pass:

"The Church is also willing to receive into union any congregation of Christian people who will give satisfactory pledges touching these four points—to wit:

"1st. That they accept the definitions of the faith as set forth by the undisputed general councils.

"2d. That they will have, and continue to have, a ministry of apostolic succession, given either hypothetically or absolutely.

"3d. That their members will receive Confirmation at the hands of a bishop; and

"4th. That they will use only valid forms in the administration of the two great sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist."

It is queer because no body on the face of the earth which has "a ministry of apostolic succession" recognizes that of the Episcopal Church; and, secondly, because we fear the Protestants who do not believe in the apostolic succession will not run to them in large numbers.

Of the same nature was the resolution offered by Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks:

"*Resolved*, That the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal

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Church sends cordial greetings to the assembly of the Congregational Church now in session in this city, and expresses its devout hope that our deliberations, though separately conducted, may minister together to the glory of God and the advancement of our common Christianity."

Upon this resolution there was a discussion which became quite animated. One gentleman said that "it was an approval of a schism from the Catholic Church." Another remarked that it was "the place of *this branch* of the Holy Catholic Church to make efforts to bring back again those who have gone off." Another member thought "this was an invidious discrimination against our Unitarian brethren, who were also in session in Chicago." The Rev. Dr. Harris made the following appropriate remarks:

"Mr. President, a person of high authority in the Holy Catholic Church wrote, many years ago, 'There are differences of administration, but it is the same Lord,' and 'It is the same God that worketh all in all'; and if any one holds the doctrine of the Incarnation as the very fundamental doctrine of Christianity, he is a Christian brother, albeit his 'administration' may be modelled otherwise than our own, and we may stretch out to him the hand of Christian brotherhood. It seems to me that those who speak so constantly of the Holy Catholic Church, and would apply that title exclusively to themselves, would do well to remember that the whole Western Church is in a state of schism. There is not a correct copy of the creed called the Nicene set forth for use in the whole Western Church."

Finally, in place of the original resolution, the following was carried unanimously:

"*Resolved*, The House of Bishops concurring, that we send our Congregational brethren, now in this city, our cordial greeting, and beg them to unite with us in prayers for the peace and unity of Christendom."

We do not hear that the Congregationalists sent back any message, nor that they were flattered by the notice taken of them. If they pray for Christian unity they will do so, no doubt, in their own way, and invite the Episcopalians to come to them. On matters of faith their platform is equally broad, and in matters of discipline it is broader.

The House of Bishops seem to have at heart the effort to draw to the Episcopal Church any and all of the Protestant bodies. So in the fulness of their charity they publish a declaration, first attacking, as a matter of course, the Bishop of Rome. They do not desire any unity with the Catholic Church, but they wish to throw the shield of their protection over those

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who protest against it, using their private judgment without limit. They do not seek "to absorb other communions, but rather to co-operate with them on the basis of a common faith and order." All they ask is that they shall accept what they believe, and let *them* teach them; that they shall hold the episcopate of Elizabeth and Barlow to be essential to the church. It is very little for them to ask, and we do not see why they should ask more. They only demand that all Protestants shall become Episcopalians. When shall we see that blessed day? There is only one thing which strikes us unfavorably when they demand an "historic episcopate." They should amend this by beginning their history with their great queen and founder or their illustrious grandfather, Henry VIII. We doubt if Protestants generally will be pleased with this kind of episcopate, so much so as to go after it. We candidly admit that the whole "declaration" sounds like words without meaning. It reminds us of the one juror who called the eleven obstinate because they would not adopt his opinion. We recommend to the venerable body the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Davenport, which are entertaining as well as instructive:

"The Protestant theory of theology has been from the very inception —I speak historically—that true theology is the evolution of the individual mind. If this be so, then there is no standard of truth, and truth becomes only what a man troweth or thinketh, as Horne Tooke has said in the *Diversions of Purley*,' published in 1776. Now, sir, this man comes and asks you this question. What answer shall you make? If the house will pardon me, I trust it will not be too undignified if I recount a personal experience. I was once talking with an Irish Jesuit father, sharp, shrewd, and cunning. I was trying to do the act which a great many Episcopal ministers do, of proving to him that I was a Catholic, but used a Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book. 'Well,' said he, 'my friend, let me give you a little advice. If you send your card up to me in a public-house, John Smith, don't you expect me, when I meet you, to believe that your name is Wm. Brown; if you Protestant Episcopalians believe you are Catholic, do not send out your card labelled Protestant.' Well, I am free to confess that it was rather a hard argument for me to answer. Of course I proceeded to explain to him that we did not mean anything by it, that we really were Catholics. Of course I explained to him that we were Catholic in theory, although we might be Protestant in name; but his only answer was: 'Don't send out your card labelled Protestant.'"

How a Protestant body can ask others to give up their distinctive opinions and embrace its doctrines on the principle of authority is a mystery to us.

There were many discussions in regard to the alteration of

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the Prayer-Book and the discipline of bishops and presbyters. We believe nothing was definitely settled, but that the most important questions were referred to the next convention. At any rate, these matters have no general interest. There was some deliberation on "marriage and divorce," and on the subject of "Christian education." Some good and true things were said, and we wait with patience to see if the action of this convention will have any permanent results. Both these subjects touch the great evils of our day, and any religious body which has a belief of its own, and any desire to propagate it, cannot speak with any uncertain words. Our divine Lord says: "He that gathereth not with me scattereth." "He that is not with me is against me."

In regard to the subject of "marriage and divorce" several canons were presented, none of which were adopted. One proposed to adopt the impediments of the Mosaic Law, as in Leviticus, xviiith chapter. Another forbids divorce except for adultery or fornication, and permits re-marriage only to the innocent party. These canons were to be enforced by ecclesiastical penalties. No legislation was, however, deemed expedient, and all the result of the debate was the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, Toward restoration of American civilization, decaying already at its root; for the promotion of stability in church and state; for the protection of social purity and order; for the sake of natural good morals; in advancement of the glory of our Lord Christ, who is head over all things to his body, which is the church, that this house will not abandon the subject of marriage and divorce until legislation upon it be effected in accordance with the law of God as set forth in nature and revealed in the Word; and that it appoint a committee, to consist of three presbyters, of whom its president shall be one, to sit during the next three years, take into consideration the whole subject, and report to the next General Convention as early as possible in its session."

This is surely encouraging. Three years hence there may be another postponement. One would think that a body calling itself "*Ecclesia Americana*" might have definite rules on the fundamental question of marriage.

The bishops in their pastoral make the following declaration:

"Separation in any form should be regarded, and is regarded by the church, as a last and dreadful expedient, only to be justified by the gravest considerations, and, as it were, conceded to the unfortunate beings whose position constrains the grant of such relief. But no separation carries with it the *right* to seek another alliance; nor, except in one case, can a subse-

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quent marriage be permitted. To parties who have been lawfully joined together, according to the will of God, divorce with permission to marry again is not conceded by the church, unless the ground of divorce be adultery, and in that case the guilty party is absolutely excluded from marrying again during the lifetime of the other, and to the innocent party only is permission conceded to contract another marriage."

We would respectfully ask the bishops if they believe that adultery breaks altogether the bond of marriage. If it does, why is not the guilty person free to marry? And we would commend to their study the words of St. Paul, i. Cor. vii. 39: "A woman is bound by the law *as long as her husband liveth:* but if her husband die, she is at liberty." The words of our Lord are even more plain: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and he who shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery" (St. Matt. xix. 9). These words of our Lord, according to the universal explanation of the church, permit a *separation* for adultery, but affirm that death only can solve the tie of marriage. Any other interpretation would make the context absurd and directly contradict the language of the apostle: "The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth. The woman also is bound to the law whilst her husband liveth. Wherefore if she be with another man while her husband liveth, she shall be called an adulteress" (Rom. vii. 1–3). To say, as the bishops seem to do, that the marriage tie can be dissolved by the sin of either party is to put divorce into the hands of the vilest, who can free themselves from their wives or husbands whenever they choose to be unfaithful. And, as we remarked, the tie cannot be broken for the innocent unless it is broken for the guilty. It is not a question of discipline. It is simply a question whether there shall be a marriage or not. Surely a man, according to the law of Christ, cannot have two wives at the same time, nor can a woman have two husbands.

We wish that the Episcopal Church would make some laws in regard to marriage which its ministers would feel bound to obey. It is a source of many evils, and often a grief to us, that Catholics who are forbidden to marry for just reasons by their own pastors, who are even prevented by serious impediments, have only to go to Episcopal ministers to be married. This is not true of all the ministers, but surely there ought to be some law. Such disobedient Catholics know that their marriage is sinful, and sometimes null. We have known one of the principal Episcopal churches in this city opened for the solemn celebration of a mar-

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riage between a Catholic and an infidel unbaptized who had hardly a belief in a God.

The subject of education received some notice also. With much that was said in the debates we are pleased, and would be consoled if such discussion would lead to action. The bishops in their address utter these appropriate words:

"The Church of God must change her attitude, must take higher, stronger, more definite ground in regard to the education of the young life entrusted to her, as well as of the young life in the broader sphere of the nation. She has a message to deliver, a duty to discharge in this matter. Too long already have both been held in abeyance. At the close of this first century of her own and of the country's history, so full of solemn warnings as well as of great achievements, let her voice go forth, declaring that, whatever others may do, she cannot without protest and resistance allow the salt of Christ's Gospel to be cast out, little by little, from the education of the children of this land; that she cannot without disloyalty to her divine commission acquiesce in what has grown to be the policy of the day on this subject, which, because of its inability to agree upon the fundamentals of religion to be taught in the public schools, has lapsed into the perilous heresy of modern secularism, that these schools can best do their proper work when giving no religious teaching whatever. We are the friends of these schools, sustained by such liberal expenditure; and because we are so, we desire all the more to see them placed on the only basis which will be at once enduring and beneficent. It is not to be denied that we are confronted with tendencies in the training of the children of the church and of the nation which indicate changes in the feeling and opinion of this generation as dangerous as they are profound—changes which strike at the church's hold upon the loyalty and love of the children now being nurtured in her bosom, and threaten to inflict an incurable wound upon the moral interests of the nation. We are drifting into an apostasy from the eternal law of righteousness, the supreme factor in the making of public and private character, which can end only in an eclipse of the noblest hopes and franchises of a humanity redeemed by the Precious Blood of the Son of God."

These words are strong and high-sounding. But what do they mean? It is evident that they condemn the public schools as they are at present administered. Do they mean that their people ought not to frequent them until religion be taught in them? Will they command their members to take their children from them? Or will they wait until in some way an expurgated Christianity, very little more than deism, can be taught within their walls? For *this*, even, we think they will have to wait a long time. And in the interim what will become of their children?

If we are not mistaken, the Episcopal Convention some time ago passed a resolution recommending parochial schools.

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Will any one tell us if many have been established? And will any one explain why Episcopalians are generally in favor of the public schools, and take sides with the unbeliever and the atheist on the subject of education, seeming at least to favor the divorce of religion from education? We venture to hope that the words of this pastoral will have some effect.

Before we close these few remarks we will express some regret that no rules of discipline were made to govern those ministers who profess to say Mass and to hear confessions. Does the Episcopal Church permit any of its ministers to put on the vestments of the Catholic Church, and to adopt ceremonies which are expressly forbidden by the Book of Common Prayer? They must give an answer to the question. If they say nothing, then, in effect, they say yes. If so, what is the use of the Prayer-Book or of the Articles of religion?

As to confessions, it is a very serious and practical question. If Episcopal ministers are to hear confessions ought not some rules to be adopted for the dignity, safety, and, we will say, decency of the ceremony? We well know that their absolutions are utterly invalid; but all the more is it unsafe for any man or woman to trust his or her conscience in their hands unless stringent rules be enforced.

What we have said has been said in the spirit of justice and true Christian charity. We will hope for better things at the next General Convention, and in the meantime we will hope that even the little that has been resolved will be put into practice.

A "BLACK" CHRISTMAS.

IT began to look like it towards the middle of December. We were enjoying our afternoon tea on a certain Thursday when some one came in with the news that a very dense fog was settling, gradually creeping about Kensington and blotting out all prominent objects from view.

"It looks like the thing the oldest inhabitant talks about," said B. "Suppose it should engulf us for Christmas." Two of our party knew a London fog only theoretically, and were inclined to be cheered by the prospect of enjoying the genuine article this season; but alas! the others had experienced every variety of "black" weather, and knew too well what would be the result even in the midst of the most hilarious Christmas cheer and

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good-will. The evening of that day deepened our forebodings; the next morning the dark mist had increased, and I am inclined to think that all those who remember London in that special Christmas-tide will bear witness that never was such a terrible envelopment of gloom as greeted our little world the day before Christmas eve. We had made some peculiarly American preparations for the day; stockings were to be hung up and the servants' presents given in Transatlantic fashion. But here was an unexpected misery. Who could be cheerful Christmas day with gaslight indoors and an absolute veil of blackness shutting out every object from view without. The records of notable events go to prove that in more than forty years such a fog had not been known. Leaving my own house to make a call in the immediate neighborhood I found myself absolutely lost, and that peculiar sensation which all who have experienced it understand, of losing calculation of time or place, points of the compass and distance, etc., overcame me, and staggering blindly on in this dreadful vapor I found myself at last at least a quarter of a mile out of my way, having had no consciousness of anything but movement, carried along in the whirl of the black mist in and out of which now and then came the flash of a lantern or the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs as some cabman pulled up his steed, against which I was stumbling. After that I made no attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the vapor, but there settled upon our minds a conviction that to spend Christmas in London under these circumstances would be to deprive our little circle of all its literary or artistic vitality for months to come. Decisions for what we called a "wander" were always easily made, since there were to be only the suggestion of a destination, some careless discourse while a railway map was studied, a few desirable elements or qualifications jotted down, and behold we were *en route;* light-hearted travellers who knew or cared only for a spice of novelty and adventure set up against a background of something fair in the landscape and interesting in the traditions of the place to which we wandered.

I have no remembrance of our deciding to go to the cathedral city of Winchester for that Christmas when we left London. It is true that somebody had been reading aloud *Henry Esmond*, and our enthusiasms had found expression the week previous; that we had skirted Kensington Square, looking up at the yellow stone houses, which are said to be quite unchanged since the days of the Castlewoods, and our talk had been of the hero dear to our hearts who had ridden forward out of Kensing-

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ton Square, journeying down to "Walcote," Lady Castlewood's quaint manor-house near to Winchester city. And had not Esmond left his horse at "The George Inn"? And was not "The George" a place of traditional importance? Winchester teemed with the story and romance of kings. Winchester had been the Camelot of King Arthur. In that same city had not Queen Emma walked triumphantly over the red-hot ploughshares? There had Canute hung up his crown after commanding the waves to do his bidding. There, on a quiet bridge, the "White Ladies" were wont moonlight nights to appear; there had the curfew been rung and the *Domesday Book* compiled, and moreover about the ancient city cluster associations far less remote than all of these, but scarcely of less interest, since they suggest the form and features of Jane Austen, whose work, carelessly received more than half a century ago, was just now the talk of certain London circles.

To Winchester, therefore, we took our way, qualifying the decision to remain there only by a reserve in case the fog should hold the town also in its drear embrace. But we had not been twenty miles out of London before the vapors seemed to roll away. With them all our depression vanished, and it was a merry little party who arrived in the biting cold of a starlit night in the old cathedral city. Quaintness in architecture being the first necessity in the mind of one of our company, we chose an inn which might have been a monastery in its day, and which certainly presented now as curious a mediæval aspect as the heart of technical artist could desire. But the service was wretchedly inferior. We languished through an evening meal; we retired to barracks of sleeping apartments, cold and comfortless in spite of heavy oaken carvings, deep window-seats, and yawning fire-places. It was Christmas eve, and we determined that Christmas day should see us elsewhere, for this was assuredly not "The George" of Esmond's knowledge. Of all Christmas mornings it seems to me that which dawned on us in Winchester was the brightest, the crispest and clearest I have ever known. The air as I went along the old streets to early Mass seemed fairly vibrating with tidings of good-will, of cheerfulness and vitality. The old year would certainly die vigorous if this fine, crisp weather would continue. The church to which I went, quite by chance, was one little known to tourists I fancy, and yet it had all the charm of mediæval antiquity in form; indeed a suggestion of earlier days, of having been the crypt of some ancient edifice. A band of quaintly-dressed school children passed under

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the low-arched doorway just in advance of me. Their round, blooming faces, encased in little caps, looked the most fitting of Christmas countenances; the smile which the season evokes on every human face, I believe, who recognizes the meaning of the day, touching the childish lips and cheeks, bringing dimples and that charming air of suppressed merriment which is so captivating in small people. Two by two they demurely passed in, taking their places in the rear of the church, presently caroling forth a happy-hearted sort of hymn while the sunlight of the winter's morning streamed in through the painted windows, bringing into prominence the quaint old stone carvings, the faded frescoes, falling aslant upon the altar itself, while the wreaths and arches of green holly caught beams enough of the morning's glory to make them look thoroughly what they meant to be—emblems of good cheer and peace on earth to men of good-will. It was a simple, comforting service. The priest addressed a few words to his flock, thanked them for certain Christmas liberality they had displayed, and put himself, as it were, tenderly in sympathy with their feelings in this happy festival, and then the organ played the Christmas carol once again, the children's voices were raised, and I went out filled with that protective sense which our services in any land or on any occasion produce in the loneliest or weariest of hearts.

To "The George Inn" we took our way about ten o'clock on Christmas morning. Down a queer old street we went, passing under an archway to the entrance.

We fancied Esmond loitering here in the flagged courtyard of "The George" for a moment, filled, no doubt, by thoughts of Beatrix and his fair mistress, of his lord laid dead upon that cruel field of voluntary battle; and it was with a confusing sense that the associations of romance were the most real after all that we turned to answer the polite inquiries addressed us by a pompous head-waiter, who presently conducted us up a staircase at the left and down a wide, somewhat gloomy hall to a suite of rooms which contained an imposing sitting-room overlooking a fine street and displaying the usual works of art, horsehair furniture, large centre-table, and bright coal fire which are to be found in every country inn in England. Lord Nelson dying confronted Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, and a hunting morning glowed finely in a colored print above the chimney-piece. I have often thought of that waiter at "The George." He was not unlike an attendant whom Mr. Aldrich once so cleverly described in a Dover street hotel. He ushered us into this sitting-room

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with the air plainly of a man who would form his estimate of us solely upon the manner in which we accepted the luxuries of the hotel. Tall, portly, calm, and dispassionate, he measured us every one, and from that first moment we yielded him a submission which only grew less the very last half-hour of our stay, for at that late moment his whole attitude and manner towards us was changed. The rash generosity of one member of the party in repeating a fee and casting from his own purse a guinea suddenly transformed John James into what might have been our slave had we remained longer, but, alas! at that moment we were starting from the archway of the door, and we have only been able to speculate as to what we might have demanded of that abject menial, a last vision of whom we had standing in the doorway, gazing upon us with a smile that was positively fond and a manner which was almost maudlin.

It was somewhat difficult, in spite of the clear, cold weather, to create a domestic feeling of Christmas-tide over the dinner which we left John James to provide. Every one knows how hard it is to be spontaneous on such an occasion on the proper subjects, but there was hilarity enough, and the banquet at an end, we started out for a saunter through the town. The grand old town, with its narrow streets dignified by solemn architecture, its wide and open spaces, the central of which is dominated by that cathedral which has witnessed so much that is romantic, picturesque, pathetic, and tragic in England's history. The sombre tones of winter were here and there modified by the perennial green of ivy and other foliage of the season, and at no time in the English country is there an idea of gloom to be connected merely with the cold months of the year. The steep high street of the town has a solemn look of the past which even Christmas-tide did not brighten; but it was on that very afternoon that we saw members of a company of people who were to provide for us next night such an evening's entertainment as I would go many miles to enjoy again. Two of these people, a man and a woman, were standing near the open doorway of a sort of hall, and their attitude, or a something dramatic in their manner, suggested to our minds the strolling players we had once seen—and, oh, how heartily enjoyed!—in another county. I forget which one of our very indolently contented party spoke to the gentleman, but I remember that we were soon in possession of the interesting fact that he was to perform Macbeth the following night. There were no programmes, but he mentioned to us, with a sort of Macready manner, that the play would be given with Lock's music. Now,

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as very seldom at Drury Lane, or Booth's Theatre in New York, or possibly the Chicago Opera House, could we hope to see *Macbeth* so lavishly put upon the stage, we decided immediately to secure places for this, to us, unique entertainment, and, being a party of four people, we spent two shillings at once for reserved seats.

I fear that comments on the traditionary greatness of Winchester Cathedral would be superfluous, since the subject has been treated of so often and in so masterly a manner; but it is not possible to pass by unrecorded the feeling of solemnity and awe with which we found ourselves standing on the very ground which had been consecrated for one of the first Christian churches in Great Britain. The seal of St. Augustine was laid upon the place. Here were buried those Saxon kings of Wessex who held the faith of Christ in its integrity; here Edward the Confessor was crowned, and here William of Wykeham knelt many an hour in that prayer for enlightenment with which he began and ended his great work of education of the English people. It is not possible for the Catholic heart to rest tranquil when standing within an English cathedral consecrated, as is that of Winchester, by memories which can turn to dust and ashes the uses of to-day. All present associations seem to drift away from eye and mind, all appeal to the imagination and fancy which the service here presented might make elsewhere is of no avail. Back hundreds of years the Catholic intelligence must travel, and, behold! it is a king crowned and anointed by the successor of St. Peter whom we see here; it is a saint whose prayers we seem to hear; it is a Catholic bishop and a scholar—the man of progress and learning, one of the innumerable blazing torches lighted by the church in ages which indeed would otherwise have been dark—whose presence seems to animate the place.

Of the original edifice very little remains, but the new cathedral, as it is called, was begun in 1079. It was completed in 1093, when the monks, in solemn procession and in presence of nearly all the bishops and abbots of England, entered to offer thanks to God on taking possession of the sacred building. In length the cathedral of Winchester exceeds any other in Great Britain, and if the vast enclosure seen on entering the western part produces an impression of coldness from the lack of color, one soon learns to appreciate the exquisite beauty of form in arch and pier, the balustrade of the triforium producing an exquisite effect, whether viewed from a distance or near by. Cromwell and his troops did not, of course, pass by Winchester in their devastations, but

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they defaced less here, no doubt, than elsewhere, since the traces of their raid were soon done away with. In Winchester cathedral the honored dead represent lives and periods as various and as remote from each other as the centuries which separate them. Think of the transition from William Rufus to Mrs. Montagu, founder of the Bas-Bleus in the London of the last century; from Beaufort, Shakspere's cardinal, to Jane Austen, whose gentle life of genius ended in the town of Winchester, 1817! Izaak Walton's tomb is here, with an inscription written by Bishop Ken, and which runs as follows:

"Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crowned with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his."

Dr. Hawkins, who was son-in-law to that "prince of fishermen," was prebendary of Winchester in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and Walton died at his house, not far from the Itchen, so that the neighborhood still resorted to by peacefully-minded anglers is full of associations connected with the genial author of works which will be classics as long as the language endures.

From the cathedral to the college seemed a natural transition. Christmas day found us in almost solitary possession of this interesting public school. We passed under the gateway and found the porter in his lodge, quite ready to show us through the college. A day or two before had seen the exodus of boys for the holidays, and so we wandered about the buildings of this famous "nursery school" of Great Britain, free to gaze at the places of master and scholar and brood over the associations which belong to the college which William of Wykeham founded as a preparatory place of instruction to his college at Oxford. King Egbert, it is true, had chosen Winchester as a school for his son Ethelwulf, and Alfred the Great had received instruction here from St. Swithin. Wykeham himself had studied in Winchester in a grammar school near the Minster gate, where he must have formed the idea of establishing a school on an improved and altogether superior model. We are told that the

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first stone was laid in 1387. In 1396 the buildings were completed. Once under that gateway, a grand procession passed when Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., was born in Winchester Castle; and again when Henry VIII., accompanied by Charles V., paid a royal visit to the city and to the college; and, again, Edward VI. stood in the hall to receive Latin verses written for the occasion. With the visit of Henry VIII. is associated another special point of interest to the tourist who goes to Winchester. In the old palace there exists a hall built by Henry III. in the thirteenth century, and which now is used as the county court. Thither we bent our steps chiefly to gaze upon what is known as the Round Table of King Arthur. It hangs at the eastern end of the hall above what was formerly the royal seat, and is simply the round disc of a table painted, as is supposed, early in the sixteenth century, a double rose red and white in the centre, above which is the figure of King Arthur. Twenty-four rays extend from the rose, in each of which is the name of King Arthur's knights. Tradition asserts that this is the original table of the blameless king; but as everything of the Arthurian romance is shrouded in mystery no historian or chronicler is willing to assert any facts connected with it prior to the reign of Henry VI. Hardyng alluded to it as "still hanging in Winchester," while a Spanish historian present at the marriage of Philip and Mary alludes to it as a piece of antiquity. Certain it is that Henry VIII. and his royal visitor examined it with interest as a relic from some previous epoch. The next visit of royalty to Winchester was that of Henry's daughter, Mary, and her bridegroom, Philip; the nuptials were celebrated at the cathedral.

Sixty thousand Spanish grandees and cavaliers attended Don Philip to the altar, the queen having her own train of ladies and the principal nobility of England. The Spanish ceremonial at an end, Don Philip, we are told, took the queen by the hand and conducted her back to the episcopal palace, the services in the cathedral having lasted from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon. The chair on which Queen Mary sat during a portion of the service is still shown in the cathedral, it having been sent to her from Rome for this purpose. A gorgeous banquet, presentations, and dancing occupied the rest of the day and evening, although it is said that in the suburbs of Winchester party feeling ran high, and the liveliest of quarrels went on between the Protestant and Catholic attendants of the royal people. The next day, however, the Spanish fleet sailed for the coast of Flanders, some four thousand Spaniards, who had come over

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with Philip, being compelled by the marriage articles of the queen to return to their own country, or at least to pledge themselves not to remain in Great Britain. The next day the queen and her spouse retired to Basinghouse, the residence of Sir William Paulet, created Marquis of Winchester by Edward VI., a place well known later for its being the refuge of many a proscribed and hunted-down Catholic. During Cromwell's time this house became a refuge for the royalists. In 1645 Cromwell writes to Speaker Lenthall that "he thanks God he can give a good account of Basing," which may be interpreted as meaning that the Parliamentary troops had stormed the loyal place, reducing it nearly to ruins, while the plunder of the soldiers was enormous. Not very long ago some skeletons, cannon-balls, and coins were found by excavators in the neighborhood, supposed to have been buried there when Basinghouse was taken. A week after her marriage Queen Mary left Winchester for Windsor Castle, and the place seems to have known her no more. But Elizabeth visited it later, making use of Basinghouse as a residence.

We spent the day after Christmas in idle saunterings that proved very pleasant, since they included walks about the town and suburbs, down some country roads and lanes such as abound in the neighborhood. The hedgerows of this part of Hampshire are especially dear to the lovers of the spring-time, since they are noted for the early bloom and the shelter they give to the wild flowers which appear in abundance directly the first frosts of the season have departed. We reserved a visit to Holy Cross, however, for the next day, and remembered, as we lingered over our six o'clock dinner, that we had reserved seats for the performance of *Macbeth*.

The strolling player, pure and simple, is supposed to be extinct in England, but on no less than three occasions was it our good fortune to come upon types of this class in the profession which afforded us richest material for studies of human nature and the most hilarious amusement. We had seen a company in Surrey perform a melodrama based on Miss Braddon's novel of *Lady Audley's Secret*, and considered it the very height of burlesque absurdity; but our acme of enjoyment was reserved for this "Boxing Night" performance of the immortal William's tragedy of *Macbeth*. The performance took place in a sort of hall, the auditorium having benches of a careless character, on the first one of which we took our places, beholding a drop-curtain and a stage rather suggestive of very small amateur theatricals. Lock's music

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is a treat, and as the curtain rolled up disclosing a woodland scene we could not help wondering how it would fare with these wandering minstrels. Apparently this sylvan grove before us was the background for the witch scene. Presently there entered a strange, uncouth individual dressed without the slightest regard for concealing his sex, having a full beard, wearing a vest turned inside out and drapery made of chintz which did not conceal heavy gray trousers underneath. He was cross-eyed and had his head bound in a sort of bandanna handkerchief, and it was with a slight start of surprise that he began the lines of the first witch, taking hold of his impromptu petticoat, if I may so call it, and executing a little mild dance between the dreadful statements concerning the caldron which he made, and treated us to various dreadful rollings of his crooked eye and an occasional gleam of angry and irregular teeth. He presently remarked, "When shall we three meet again?" and, executing a few more steps in his dance, beckoned another figure attired much like himself upon the stage, clasped hands with him, and danced around, muttering things about the thunder, lightning, and rain, and, leaving his companion for an instant, he darted around, appearing by another entrance, and, with a very slight variation of costume, impersonated witch No. 3. This intimidating spectacle was followed by the entrance of King Duncan and such of his suite as the company could afford for the time being, the murderer of Donalbain, I may as well mention, being performed by a very watery-eyed youth, who doubled and quadrupled his part throughout the play, becoming to us finally worse than any ghost of Banquo, since we never knew when he made an exit how or why or wherefore he was to return and confront us with a new impersonation, the only indications of change being the manner in which he wore a short canton-flannel cloak or exchanged a velvet cap with a plume like a quill pen in it for a kind of Roman scarf bandaged about his head, while some of the company contrived to introduce a statement concerning the part he was performing, and we knew, for instance, that, instead of Donalbain, he was one of the three men "who were resolved," or possibly Fleance, or even Seyton, the attending officer. He was very tall and very thin and very young, and we concluded that the management regarded him in the light of an animated stage-property, and, out of what two of the party insisted upon calling appreciation of his versatility, he was wildly summoned back by applause from our bench whenever such a thing was possible, and in his various characters called before the curtain to be stimulated to new variety. Perhaps the predominant effect of the performance

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was its solemnity. The music began very soon, and all that we can say of it was that it wandered through the entire performance, sometimes in uncontrollable bursts of song or melody, at others like incidental music in the melodrama, ushering on Lady Macbeth or her spouse, or the three military people in a sort of First Empire costume who formed Macbeth's retinue and army, gentlemen and retainers, etc., etc. Lady Macbeth made her first appearance fairly flying on to the stage, and did the letter scene so madly that the dramatist who was in our party declared she mistook it for the night-walking horror. She gave her lines with fearful energy, considering that the original text of Shakspere was followed scrupulously. In fact we concluded that an early British Museum copy of the play must have furnished these conscientious people with their parts. She was a very haggard-looking woman, somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, and she wore a rather tawdry ball-dress with artificial flowers and rosettes of ribbon, and her hair was elaborately puffed and frizzed. Her idea of Lady Macbeth's sentiments regarding her husband was evidently that of a snappish, irritable wife, and she commanded him to the deed of darkness and subsequently jeered at him in a manner which was simply aggravating. We thought the murder scene the most interesting until there came that of the banquet. Although we had already counted up the number of people in the company, we were hardly prepared for the small attendance of one guest, and this the person who had performed the part of Hecate, and who, with but a slight change of costume, sat at a small kind of restaurant-table, while Lady Macbeth occupied a large cane-bottomed arm-chair on a platform whence, when the time came for Banquo's entrance, she acted tragically. It was rather disheartening to have Banquo enter and, on Macbeth's saying "The table's full," to have the guest answer "Here is a place reserved, sir"; and Macbeth's tragic "Where?" was a curious remark considering the very informal character of the company, while Lady Macbeth's mandate to stand not upon the order of going, but to go at once, was an invitation which the solitary guest greeted with intense relief and the utmost agility in disappearing. It was useless after this to expect composure from the benches during the night-walking scene and the final tragic warfare of Macbeth and Macduff; but I well remember the sort of concert-hall manner in which Macbeth cried out "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he"—with a Pike County sort of manner—"that first cries, Hold, enough!" accompanying this bit of tragedy with certain steps of a dance not unlike that of witch No. 1.

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If we left this hall in a hilarious frame of mind it was not to be wondered at, nor that some of our company waked the echoes of "The George" rehearsing the performance by the aid of the antimacassars from the sofas of our parlor for drapery of head and shoulders, while the inimitably burlesque manner of Macbeth and his bloodthirsty wife, of the witch and the bony Donalbain were reproduced, one of the party finally making sketches of the scenes and characters which I have before me now.

I fear, even in spite of John James' withering manner, our good spirits were not subdued by the dawn of another day, for we started for Holy Cross hospital in a frame of mind which was not worthy of the tourist who, as one of us remarked, really and conscientiously desires to be informed and have his mind improved.

Every one knows how these old hospitals or almshouses of England were founded, and this one of St. Cross is notable as being far and away the most interesting of all such foundations in England. In 1136 Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, built the hospital for the maintenance of thirteen men, "decayed and past their strength." William of Wykeham and Cardinal Beaufort carried on the charity, greatly increasing it, and adding an "almshouse of noble poverty"; but in the sixteenth century the widow of one of the stewards of the hospital destroyed certain of its ancient charters and grants in order to cover up her husband's defalcations. After innumerable disputes rules were drawn up and put into execution, and at present the management is in the hands of twelve trustees, who elect the thirteen brethren and govern the institution. To each brother five shillings a week in money is allowed; a small domicile, consisting of two rooms and a pantry, with a certain daily allowance of meat, bread, and beer, while the ancient rule still in practice provides an extra supply on festival days, plum-porridge and huge mince-pies. On Good Friday, after service, they all partake of a hot liquid known as the "Judas sop," the ceremony being quite an impressive one. On the feast of Holy Cross, May 3, doles of wheaten bread are given out to the poor, but the provision which is most entertaining or interesting to the tourist, and which animated our party with a reckless kind of hilarity, is what is called "The Wayfarers' Dole," almost the very last relic of mediæval customs of the kind kept up in England in its integrity. This, we were told, would consist of a horn of beer and a slice of bread to all travellers who chose to demand it at the porter's lodge. One of our company declared that no human

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respect or false pride should deter him from making this demand, but when we presented ourselves at the gate leading into a small court he was rather overcome by the way in which the porter received a demand rarely made nowadays, but which was calmly and firmly insisted upon as a right by this audacious visitor. A swift Nemesis, however, followed, since the horn of beer and the slice of bread proved almost impossible to consume, the quality being abominable and the quantity beyond our friend's capacity to swallow, while the porter stood by glowering upon our party, wondering, no doubt, why hunger and thirst had seized us in that moment and decidedly inclined to let us go no further.

We passed through the gate, whence was a view of buildings around three sides of a quadrangle, in and out of whose doorways the brothers were seen coming and going. Beyond was the church picturesquely grouped, and a glimpse of fertile meadow-land and grand old trees, a cloister forming one side of the quadrangle, and which we learned was one of the best examples of transition Norman existing in England. It led to the church built by Henry of Blois, and which has an interior worthy of the most careful study, the windows, screens, and carvings, the choir and transepts, displaying various forms and periods in decoration and architecture extending over three centuries, while in the hall the master's house and the cloister are evidences of the original building which give both dignity and grace to the hospital as it now stands. We speedily found an ancient brother who was glad to show us his own rooms and conduct us through the buildings, talking with garrulous pleasantry of his own life, many years of which had been spent here. These "decayed gentlemen" always take a great pride in their hospital, and feel themselves rather better than the friends at home who have not such preferment as enables them to spend their declining years in the security of a lodging and allowance, which has its dignity and meaning in ancient custom and tradition. They are curious studies for the most part; aged men or women who seem to have lost all sense of the life that ebbs and flows without their mediæval gateways, and who, as it were, have entered upon an existence which conforms to the customs of long ago, creating, as it were, a sort of mediæval centre of life and feeling in the very heart of a nineteenth-century town. The boisterous spirits of our party were subdued in sauntering about this quiet cloistered retreat. The old boy in his black gown, and wearing his cross as a proud badge, might have been one of William of Wykeham's pensioners, although certain decorations

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in his room betrayed that his spirit was or had been a martial one, and connected with soldiering days as recently as the war of the Crimea. We idled away an hour or more with him and drove back over a brown and golden road to Winchester, and to our farewell dinner at "The George," on which occasion John James did his very noblest, presenting to our minds a picture of superb but tolerant compassion for people who apparently cared only to "eat, drink, and be merry," and who took Christmas time and "The George" in so frank and jovial a spirit.

It was, I think, about seven o'clock when we started for the train, after bidding farewell to the people of "The George," that we produced the exhibition of weakness on the part of John James which I have mentioned before. The night was divinely starlit; the air crisp, clear, and cold. The heights of the cathedral seemed to pierce the moonlight, and the town as we drove over it lay bathed in a transfiguring and, we could not help feeling, gloriously Christmas kind of radiance. The stars seemed telling one to another the message of the season; in one great wind-swept space of the heavens we could almost fancy the figures of those triumphant angels who sang their carol of peace on earth, good-will to men, and it was with a sense of purely Christmas joy that we departed from the old cathedral city, forgetting that we had ever known or seen a London fog, and quite prepared for the transformation which seemed to have taken place in the Kensington to which we returned. The vapors had rolled away and the new year was coming towards us with open brow and vigorous tread; icicles hung upon the trees in the old gardens, but the sun that was to rise on the morrow was making his way joyously and untrammeled by the misty veils of the earth.

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ACTA CONCILII NEO-EBORACENSIS IV.*

THE Acts of the Fourth Provincial Council of New York have been published in a very accurate, tasteful, and even elegant form by the Catholic Publication Society Co., which deserves our thanks for what it has so well done. The Council was celebrated in 1883, but has only now been promulgated, with the approbation of the Holy See. It was a model for all similar councils in respect to the quietness and harmony with which its deliberations were conducted; and as to the solemn public ceremonies, the discourses delivered from the pulpit of the cathedral, and, above all, the pathetic dignity which the presence of the dying cardinal gave to the whole majestic scene, no one who was present will easily forget the impression made on the mind and heart of every beholder of the sanctity and glory of the Catholic Church.

The decrees of the Council, so far as they directly concern the whole body of the laity in the province of New York, were made known, as to their chief points, through the Pastoral Letter which was read in all the churches.

We propose now, for the benefit of those who cannot read these decrees as published in the Latin language, to enumerate a certain portion of them—those, viz., which seem to us to be of the most practical importance to the faithful generally, or which have some special interest.

The first chapter of the decrees relates to Faith. It is not within the powers of a provincial council to make those definitions in matters of faith and morals which are of themselves infallible and universally binding. It belongs to the Holy See and œcumenical councils to issue decrees of this kind requiring the exercise of supreme authority.

The bishops of the province of New York, in the exercise of that subordinate authority which they possess as judges and teachers in matters of faith and morals, have only repeated and enforced the doctrines already defined and inculcated by the supreme authority in the church. From the whole body of the decrees contained in the first chapter, "De Fide," we select one as specially important at this particular time. The principal part of it—*i.e.*, all which is contained between quotation-marks—is an

* *Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

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extract from the encyclical of His Holiness Leo XIII. entitled *Quod Apostolici Muneris:*

Art. III. Moreover, we detest and anathematize all heresies condemned by the sacred canons, by general councils, and by the Roman Pontiffs, whether openly showing themselves under their original name or masked under a new and fallacious appellation, but especially those false doctrines, or rather negations, which at this present time even among the members of our own flocks are insidiously spreading like a cancer, such as are Agnosticism, which denies reason itself; Materialism, which denies the spiritual nature; Naturalism and Rationalism, which subvert the sacred Scripture and supernatural revelation; finally, Socialism and Communism, whose adherents, "scattered through the whole world, and closely bound together by a mutual compact of iniquity, no longer seek for a safe shelter in the obscurity of secret assemblies, but, openly and boldly coming forward into the light, strive to accomplish the design which they had long ago agreed upon—viz., of overthrowing the foundations of every kind of civil society. It is this sort of men who, as the divine oracles attest, *defile the flesh, and despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty* (Ep. Jud. v. 8). They leave nothing intact or entire which has been wisely decreed by divine and human laws for the security and adornment of life. They disown obedience to the higher powers to which the Apostle admonishes us every soul ought to be subject, and which have been entrusted by God with the power of ruling, and they proclaim the equality of all men in rights and duties. They degrade the natural union of man and woman, which is sacred even among barbarous nations; and weaken or even abandon to lust the bond of that union by which chiefly domestic society is held together. Finally, allured by cupidity of present goods, *which is the root of all evils, and which some desiring have erred from the faith* (1 Tim. vi. 10), they attack the right of property which is sanctioned by the natural law, and, committing by so doing a heinous crime, while they appear to provide for the necessities of all men and to afford them what will satisfy their desires, they strive to seize and hold in common whatever has been acquired by the title of lawful inheritance, or by intellectual and manual labor, or by economy in living."

The third chapter, "On Certain Obstacles to Faith," specifies among the causes of the weakening or loss of faith and of moral corruption "the incautious reading of books and periodicals which revile religion as superstition, praise at least indirectly vice and describe it immodestly, vituperate or deride virtue." All are admonished to beware of this poison and to remove it from the reach of those over whom they have authority. But, besides this, the provision and perusal of books distinctively Catholic, pious, and religious, of those which are in various ways instructive, and of those which afford mental relaxation and amusement without endangering the faith or morals of the reader, are recommended as a positive remedy against bad literature.

This is a most important matter, and one in respect to which

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by far too great a laxity prevails in many circles. Yet, in order that the vigilance and admonitions of pastors, teachers, and parents may be wisely and efficaciously directed, they need to guard against a too indiscriminate censure of popular books and periodicals. For this reason, as well as others, it is important that clergymen should make themselves acquainted with the literature of the day—a point which has been very strongly and ably urged by the Rev. Dr. Barry in the Dublin *Review*, as well as by other writers of note elsewhere.

In respect to societies which are of doubtful legality, the Council of New York gives certain cautions against hasty and particular condemnations by pastors and confessors, and suggests the propriety and necessity of awaiting the decisions of episcopal authority. The Council of Baltimore has made provision for this by reserving judgment on these matters to the metropolitans, not deciding and acting singly but collectively.

The Masonic Society, and others like this, are absolutely and undoubtedly condemned, and their members must be deprived of the sacraments. There are societies which are good, and others which are harmless. It does not follow, however, that a society must be so certainly unlawful as to make it obligatory on a priest to exclude its members from the sacraments, in order that it should be more prudent and safe for a Catholic to keep out of it. The safe rule is to shun all risk, and to join only such a society as is in all respects really beneficial to its members, or at least a means of innocent relaxation, and also exempt from any danger either to faith or morals.

The third chapter, "On Certain Aids to Faith," prescribes the erection and sedulous care of Catholic schools, in which masters and mistresses from religious societies are in general to be preferred, though, for sufficient reasons, lay persons who are competent teachers and of exemplary morals and piety may be employed.

One most timely and important admonition is given to all rectors—viz., that "the rector should omit no effort to make his schools in no respect inferior to the public schools of the neighborhood, but rather in many respects superior to them."

The late Diocesan Synod of New York, in obedience to the direction of the Council of Baltimore, has adopted one important measure for securing this result. Two commissions of clergymen have been appointed in each of the four deaneries into which the diocese is divided, for the examination of teachers and the inspection of schools.

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The Council also strongly recommends that, besides the sermons at High Mass on Sundays and festivals, short sermons should be preached at Low Masses and at other public offices. It is in place here to remark that there is much room and great need for improvement in preaching, and for a much more careful training of ecclesiastical students in the composition and delivery of sermons. Rather than to omit preaching, to hurry it over in a perfunctory manner, or to deliver a slipshod apology for a sermon, it would be better to read a good sermon from a book.

A great part of the seven ensuing chapters relates to the clergy, and we pass it over in silence, with the exception of one point—viz., the direction given concerning the study of Latin and Greek in colleges and Preparatory Seminaries where the young ecclesiastics are educated for the Greater Seminaries. It is ordered that both these languages should be learned, not in a merely elementary manner, but so that a "prompt understanding" of both should be acquired, and, moreover, an easy use of the Latin. By this we understand that the alumni at their graduation should be able to read Greek easily, and to read, speak, and write Latin with the same facility as they do their mother-tongue. It is true that the continual use of Latin through a long course of study and afterwards does give a fair knowledge of this language to all who are able to pass their examinations for orders, and a very thorough and facile use of it to those who range above the line of mediocrity. In respect to Greek, we doubt if the actual, average grade of scholarship is near the mark set by the Council. If we consider the quantity of time and labor spent upon Latin and Greek by all students who go through college or through an equivalent course, whether in the Catholic or the non-Catholic schools and colleges of the United States, it is our opinion that the result gained is not equal to the expenditure. In regard to the colleges and academies of the highest class under the improved methods adopted during the recent period, we write under correction from those who know more about them than we do. It has been, however, and we think still is the case, in a general way, that instruction in Latin and Greek, especially in Greek, has not been up to the mark of the instruction given in Europe. English graduates who have been reasonably diligent have gained a much better knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and a much greater facility in reading them at sight, than American graduates, a few of the best scholars excepted. We have been told by one of our college presidents, who made his whole course in France, that those who

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passed the final examination in his college were expected to read any Greek author at sight. In American colleges the quantity of Latin and Greek read is far too small, and the manner of reading too much after a school-boy fashion. We do not think these languages so very difficult that they cannot be mastered in a reasonable time by a good method. Mr. Lowell, in a speech at the Harvard sesqui-centennial in favor of the classical course, for which every scholar must thank him, implies that the method is faulty, beginning at the wrong end. We understand him to mean the same thing meant by a friend, an Oxford graduate, who has recently expressed his opinion that the common method makes the language an illustration of the grammar, whereas the grammar ought to be used to illustrate the language. We hope that those who have the direction of these studies will put their heads together and propose an improved method. But, at any rate, let us have the recommendations of our councils practically enforced, so that not only Latin but also Greek may be thoroughly taught in our colleges.

In chapter xi., "On the Sacraments," it is ordered that a lamp be always kept burning before the Blessed Sacrament, which must be fed with *olive-oil*, if that can possibly be had, and otherwise only with some kind of vegetable-oil.

Also, that at Mass, Benediction, and Exposition the number of candles required by the rubrics must be of *wax*, and that never must any gas-lights be put upon the altar. All persons who have good taste and some idea of symbolic propriety must be rejoiced at the disappearance of sham Paschal candles, sperm candles, and odious gas-lights. It is to be hoped that all the supernumerary candles lighted on altars will be also of wax, and that the hideous tin tubes which do duty in the large candelabra as candles will be banished. If nothing better can be done, it would be an improvement on the present fashion to have candelabra made tapering in their upper part, like a slender spire rising from a church-tower, with an ornamental tube at the apex, in which the largest kind of wax candle that can be conveniently used can be inserted. We also venture to suggest to the ladies in convents who have charge of their chapels and altars that they should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with all rubrics and ritual directions which are obligatory, and observe them strictly.

In regard to Baptism, the faithful are admonished that infants should be brought to the font as soon as possible after their birth. Deferring baptism for months, or even weeks, where there is a

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convenient opportunity for its speedy reception, is a grievous sin in those who know their obligation and yet neglect to fulfil it.

The Sacrament of Matrimony receives the attention due to its great importance.

The publication of banns is insisted on with urgency, a dispensation from all the publications being only sanctioned where very grave reasons exist; and the publication is required in the two parishes of the bridegroom and the bride, in case they have a different domicile.

The contracting parties are reminded of their obligation to confess before marriage; this supposes, however, that they have need of the Sacrament of Penance in order to make them morally certain of receiving the sacrament of marriage in the state of grace. They are also earnestly exhorted to receive Holy Communion, and to have the ceremony of marriage performed with the celebration of the Nuptial Mass, when the rubrics allow it; and, if this may not be done, that the ceremony be performed after an ordinary Mass and after Communion. Priests are admonished to make every effort to eliminate the custom of celebrating marriages in the afternoon or evening, and are forbidden to marry persons at home without special permission of the bishop.

In virtue of a decree from Rome the nuptial benediction belonging to the Nuptial Mass may be given to those who did not receive it at their marriage, at any time afterwards; provided, however, that the woman can receive this benediction only once in her lifetime. Married persons are exhorted to ask for this benediction, and converts already lawfully and validly married are advised to receive it after their reconciliation to the church. Of course it must be distinctly understood that the sacrament of marriage is not identical with this benediction, and that those who are already married are not remarried when the solemn blessing on their marriage is afterwards given.

In the case of mixed marriages for which the bishop has granted a dispensation, it is decreed:

1. That the non-Catholic party must sign a written promise to grant to the Catholic party full liberty of conscience and practice of religious duties; and

2. To bring up the children of the marriage, of both sexes, in the Catholic religion, even in case the Catholic parent should die in their infancy.

3. That the Catholic party must promise to endeavor to obtain the conversion of the other.

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4. That assurance must be had that another form of marriage will not be gone through with before a minister.

5. That the priest must not perform the marriage in the church or sacristy, wearing stole or surplice, or making use of any sacred rite.

In respect to ceremonies and religious exercises belonging to divine worship in the church there are several decrees and instructions. One of the most important is the following, which we translate literally and entirely (chap. xii., "On Divine Worship," Art. v.):

Whereas churches, even though they have received only a simple benediction, are truly houses which Almighty God deigns to regard as his earthly habitations, it is becoming that nothing should be enacted in them which does not directly pertain to the exercise of divine worship or tend to the awakening of the devotion of the faithful people. We regard as far removed from these objects the custom, or rather abuse, of holding, in these places dedicated to God, so-called sacred concerts, musical oratorios, and similar performances, which are not intended for the increase of the piety of the audience but merely for their entertainment, although this is done for the sake of aiding pious causes by the means of the money received for admission. Therefore we reprobate and prohibit this practice; and we admonish in the Lord all rectors of missions that henceforth they never derogate in this way from the sanctity of the temples of God, whether the Blessed Sacrament is present in the tabernacle or has been removed from it. "My house is a house of prayer."

In Requiem Masses it is forbidden to put black drapery upon an altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved; also to sing hymns in the vernacular at the Offertory or during the other funeral rites.

It is forbidden to sing hymns in the vernacular during the celebration of High Mass, Vespers, or Benediction. Nevertheless hymns and prayers in the vernacular are not forbidden while Low Masses are said, before and after public offices, or on the occasion of extra-liturgical religious exercises. The bishops of England are about to issue a collection of approved prayers for such occasions. It would be desirable to have a similar manual for use in this country.

The Council strongly recommends the chanting of every part of High Mass and Vespers, discountenances a certain style of florid, unchurchly music which has been in vogue, forbids the curtailed Vespers at which two or three psalms are sung in the long-drawn-out, operatic style, and recommends the Gregorian chant according to the form contained in the books published with the approbation of the S. Congregation of Rites at Ratisbon.

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It is, nevertheless, the opinion of many in England, chief among whom is Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, and also of at least some in this country, that in churches where the office of Vespers cannot be made sufficiently solemn and beautiful to attract the people and satisfy their devotion, it would be well to substitute some form of devotions in English. When Vespers can be duly and properly rendered there can be no objection to have these additional devotions in English, German, or French for the people to whom these languages are their vernacular tongue. In fact, they are in common use already, with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority, and this is the case also in all parts of the universal church and in Rome. The question of substituting in certain cases such devotions in the place of Vespers is one which it belongs to the bishops to decide.

In respect to funeral rites, it is the mind and law of the church that the faithful should be buried in consecrated ground, from which all others are excluded. Those who are pervaded by a Catholic spirit attach great importance to the privilege of being buried in consecrated ground. All the legislation and influence of the church tends in the direction of inducing and enforcing a strict observance of the entire Catholic law in regard to the burial of the faithful departed.

Nevertheless, the Holy See and the Plenary Council of Baltimore have sanctioned some mitigations of this law on account of peculiar circumstances existing in this country.

Catholics who have burial-places in uncatholic cemeteries purchased before the law of the Council of Baltimore in 1853, or who have purchased them since that time in good faith—*i.e.*, in ignorance of the law—may still retain and use them.

Converts whose families have such burial-places may also make use of the same.

Those who have vaults or lots in Catholic cemeteries may bury the non-Catholic members of their family in the same.

Where a Catholic lately deceased has provided for his burial in a non-Catholic cemetery contrary to the law, but in good faith, or where the members of the family do the same, the priest may remain passive in the matter and leave them to carry out their arrangements, though he may not accompany the funeral and perform any sacred rites at the tomb.

In all except the cases mentioned, a rector cannot sanction burial in an uncatholic cemetery without special leave of the bishop, which it is to be supposed he will grant for sufficient reasons.

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The Council of New York earnestly recommends that bodies should be brought to the church, and a requiem Mass celebrated for the deceased.

It reprobates the extravagant display and worldly pomp of funerals, the use of floral decorations at the funerals of adults, the use of the more solemn modes of performing funeral obsequies over the bodies of persons who have led scandalous lives and whose repentance before death is doubtful, and the scandalous custom of *wakes*. It is also recommended that the custom of celebrating the funeral rites of young children with white vestments and appropriate ceremonies of a joyous character be introduced.

The decrees of the recent Diocesan Synod of New York contain the statutes of previous councils and synods in an abbreviated and codified form, with a few special statutes for the diocese in addition. The English, Irish, and American councils of the last quarter of a century are worthy of the best ages of the church, and may be compared even to the councils of Milan under St. Charles Borromeo, which are considered as the most perfect models. The system of legislation contained in them is so comprehensive and complete that in future little remains to be done except by way of perfecting details. The acts of plenary and provincial councils, brought down to practical application by the statutes of diocesan synods, are put into a convenient and tangible shape, so that rectors of parishes have a plain and sufficient rule for their administration. Their effect does not reach the laity so immediately by a direct acquaintance with the statute-book. It is through the pastorals of bishops and the instructions of the parochial clergy, chiefly, that they learn the spirit and letter of the ecclesiastical law, and by the administration of those who are set to rule and teach in the church that they receive the practical benefit of the legislation of councils. The ideal and theory of Catholic life have been admirably expressed in the decrees and instructions of the bishops; it is to be hoped that both clergy and laity will faithfully work together under their bishops to reduce this rule of doctrine and morals to practice.

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TOTA PULCHRA ES.

HARK! from earth a song of gladness
Floating through the golden gate
Floods with joy veiled seraphs bending
Low at Mary's throne of state.
Hark! to dulcet harp and cymbal
Angel voices swell the lay:
"Tota pulchra es Maria;
Macula non est in te!"

Long ago, when evening breezes
Leafy shades of Eden fanned,
Pure of soul and fair of feature,
Fresh from his Creator's hand,
Man met God—like friend rejoicing
Greeteth friend. O wondrous grace!
God conversed in sweetest union
With his creature—face to face!

Sad, sad end to blissful friendship!
Soon those bright hours fade away:
Serpent-tempted, longing, sinning
(Ah that woful, woful day!),
Man's fair soul, by sin defilèd,
Loseth its white robe of grace;
Sin's sad plague-spot darkly tainteth
Every scion of his race.

But a light dispels the darkness!
Many thousand years have rolled,
And to sad earth angels welcome
One whom prophets had foretold.
Eve's fair daughter, pure and spotless,
Wholly free from every stain,
Brings to humankind, long fallen,
Grace and dignity again.

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As, when Jordan's swollen waters
High as mountain cliff were rolled,
Israel's priests, on dry land treading,
Bore the ark on staves of gold;
So that new ark—God's own dwelling—
Pure from sin's defiling waves
Staining every child of Adam
God in signal mercy saves.

Mary, Mother! in the fountain
Of my dear Redeemer's blood
Cleansed was I from every stain-spot
Of that foul, all-reaching flood.
Angels stooping down from heaven,
With all holy rapture glad,
Saw me, once so dark and loathly,
Now in shining raiment clad.

Spake God's priest in that blest moment:
"Keep thy white robe free from stain,
Till thy God, when life is ended,
Take thee to himself again;
Till the angel's clarion pealing
Call thee to the great white throne:
Till thine everlasting portion
To the listening world be known."

Ah, my Mother! dark and toilsome
Seemed the road I had to tread,
Rough the stones and sharp the brambles,
Lowering dark the skies o'erhead.
Red, red roses, sunny meadows,
Lure my careless feet astray;
Mire of sin and thorns of passion
Rend and stain that white array.

But a fountain still is open—
Floweth yet that healing stream
Whose forestalling virtue robed thee
In thy purity's fair gleam.
Lead me to that fount, O Mother!
Washed therein, full well I know,
Though my sins be red like scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow!

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Cleansed in Sacramental laver,
Keep me, Mother, free from stain;
Never let the serpent's temptings
Draw me from my path again.
Then at thy pure feet in heaven
I may hope to sing one day:
" Tota pulchra es Maria;
Macula non est in te."

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

A NOVEL written nowadays by a man who has Faith is worthy of grave consideration. Mr. Randolph's *Mostly Fools: A Romance of Civilization*, just published at London by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, is such a novel. It is worthy of consideration because society is depicted in it by an artist who has on his palette all the colors necessary for the making of a perfect picture. The novels of our time have value so far as they reflect the society of our time, so far as they keep before us high ideals, and so far as they give us the clue to the present unrest which permeates society and suggest a remedy; for it has come to pass, so busy are men and so hastily do they read, that the novel has come to be the surest method of reaching the greatest number of people in the civilized world. There are many English writers who "make books" for the market without thought and without hope except that a balance at their publisher's may be on their side of the account. Among these are nearly all the English "lady novelists," whose stock in trade is a generous supply of "passion," a knowledge of millinery, and ink, pen, and paper.

Three late novels, representing two different schools, are the work of thinkers. Mr. Mallock's *The Old Order Changes*, which we noticed last month, has the virile force that distinguishes *Mostly Fools*, without the coarseness of the latter. Mr. Mallock and Mr. Randolph are of the same school—the school of men who think deeply on the issues below the surface of society. Mr. James seems to think only of what he is writing. He is an "impressionist," and his late novel, *The Princess Casamassima* (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.), is an "impression-

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ist" view of certain phases of life in their relations to what is called Socialism.

It is worthy of remark that in these three novels of English contemporary life the encroachments of the people on the limited and privileged classes form the main points in the story. In Mr. James' novel the Princess Casamassima, who does not represent her class, is only a singular personality, with nerves and a craving for excitement, but no heart; she says she is a Catholic, but this is only testimony, not evidence, probably because Mr. James has not seriously thought of the influence of the church on such a character. In *Mostly Fools* there are several Catholics—the hero, Roland Tudor, being one of them. They are more or less eccentric and objects of the author's cynical gibes, but it is plain that Mr. Randolph's belief in the church and the saving power of the church in social as well as spiritual matters is impregnable. But his views of the present action of the church on society at large are more pessimistic, if possible, than those of Mr. Mallock. They both admit—Mr. Mallock with the coolness of reason, Mr. Randolph with more heart-warmth—that the church holds the remedy for the social ills that threaten English society with the convulsions which, in France, were foreshadowed by the sarcasm of Beaumarchais. Mr. James does not pretend to see a remedy anywhere. Mr. Mallock thinks that the church will have to adapt her measures to a new phase of social evolution without precedent. Mr. Randolph despairs of her exerting the power she possesses. He pretends to view the present condition of English society as a thing of the past, but this is an unworthy trick; he even takes us into the twentieth century. And this is his summing-up of Roland Tudor's state of mind after he had tried to lead a lay Catholic body to the rescue of the social world:

"All through the night he travelled on; the next day he was again in London. He was met by the news of the appointment of the man he had feared to the primacy of the church in England. It was the old story—misrepresentation at Rome from influential quarters; the real state of things concealed; the Pope persuaded against his better judgment. This had been tried with disastrous effect in the Irish episcopate, but never before in England. An accredited envoy had now been installed at the Papal Court (with a nuncio at St. James'). The move had come as a necessity. England, who had to govern in person a few odd millions of Catholics—not all of the most governable sort—woke up one day to the conviction that the greater the governing prestige in her hands the easier it would be for her. The importance of the post could hardly be over-estimated, but it cut both ways. Secular interference and advice as to the selection of the bishops was the least desirable outcome of it. He had hoped to see his

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church a shining light on the questions of the day, but he found it likely to be hid and obscured by every species of contemptible fashion, and a factor of no public use or account whatever. Had it been otherwise, or could he have made it otherwise, he would have stayed; as it was, he shook the dust from his feet and washed his hands of the catastrophe to be."

In this pessimistic condition Roland Tudor, an English gentleman and an ardent Catholic, leaves England and forms a plan for the renaissance of South America. As he has said a sad and last good-by to Miss Grey, whom he devotedly loves, the usual interest of novels has ended, and the ordinary novel-reader will not care to follow him through his career of conquest in this new country. In *The Old Order Changes* the hero and Consuelo become man and wife, to devote themselves to the salvation of humanity. In *Mostly Fools* Roland Tudor gives his *fiancée* up, to introduce a new social system, somewhat after the manner of Henry George's, into South America, after having conquered the States composing it.

"In the re-founding of the South American States the church was given no advantage over the veriest conventicle of ranters. He had been heard to affirm that the progress of faith must be from within, not from without; that advancement of other description must necessarily be false; that in a fair field the truth must prove itself, and could stand at no odds."

The election of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York to the see of St. Peter has the happiest effect in the South; but Mr. Randolph does not tell us more of this interesting occurrence. Miss Grey has become a nun, having been an æsthetic Pantheist, and Ronald Tudor dies at the end of an awful battle between the North and the South.

Let us hope that Mr. Randolph does not represent the Young English Catholic way of looking at things or the Young English Catholic manner of writing about them. He is both cynical and coarse. Miss Austen showed us how fools could be not only tolerable but delightful. Mr. Randolph's are vulgar, and his method of portraying them leaves one under the impression that he has been looking at a group of repulsive idiots. His hero—who has been educated under the best influence and had every opportunity of perfecting himself—turns in weak despair from doing the work before him in his own country, and seeks for new lands. Nevertheless, Mr. Randolph has faith, and though we may be offended at his broad and crude treatment of certain episodes, where he mistakes unconventionality for originality, we must admit that he has hope as well as Faith, though his attitude is pessimistic.

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He has a vigorous style, full of muscle, keen wit, and none of that simulation of humor which has become a disease of modern stylists. His book, in spite of a tendency to sensuousness, is a tonic, and not a poison. Lord St. Maur, with his wonderful attributes and gorgeous house, is a figure of the romantic aristocratic kind that Disraeli invented. Lady Victoria Gage and the Squeeds are hateful people whom the sensitive reader will regret having been introduced to. The first volume is decidedly the strongest and freshest. It deals principally with Roland Tudor's life at a Catholic college, and the picture is true and graphic. Mr. Randolph's testimony to the purity of Catholic boys in Catholic schools, and also to the only danger of these schools, is valuable:

"Under this new *régime* he was thrown with an entirely new set, foreigners for the most part, and Frenchmen—young men of some means who had come to the college solely to learn English, and who were mostly scoundrels of a very finished type. Unhappily, St. Augustine's was sadly in want of funds, and these paid well. It was the rector's idea to place a series of saints in marble outside the building, but to achieve it it was necessary to fill the inside with sinners in the flesh. Roland's eyes were speedily opened to things he had never heard nor dreamed of previously. Every liberty was given to these young men, who were under private tuition, and who rejoiced in the name of 'philosophers.' They received him with open arms as a likely addition, but a few days' companionship showed him their hand; the sort of thing was not to his taste, and he quietly withdrew, marvelling less at the idiocy of these gentle youths than at the blindness of the authorities. One fact should be recorded; if well-nigh incredible, it is true: until he reached this stage he never heard an immoral word spoken through the whole of his college life."

Mr. Randolph, a Catholic in spite of his radicalism—a fault of youth—and his sneers at the multiplication of "foreign" devotions, asserts that the world can only be saved from a horrible revolution by the church. Mr. Mallock, an Epicurean, who acknowledges the greatness and purity of the church, insists that she alone can protect the world against humanity without a God. Mr. James even makes Prince Casamassima say the same thing, though without much emphasis. The last thing gives us hope that American writers whose philosophical culture begins and ends with Schopenhauer may come to see—as all thoughtful Englishmen see—the importance of the church as a prime factor in civilization.

Mr. Randolph's *Mostly Fools* is a book of hope, though it does not bear the burden of hope. When a young Catholic, bred in a Catholic school and firm in the Faith, can write such a novel as

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this, it is a positive proof of the vitality of a movement of which this young Catholic, because he is young and impatient, despairs. But the despair of youth leads invariably to the forceful conservatism of later years. It is the most paradoxical despair on earth.

Mr. James' *Princess Casamassima* is the best thing he has done, if we leave out his short stories. It does not end at all, though the hero commits suicide. The princess, a beautiful young person, is the wife of an Italian. She is exceedingly restless; she deserts her husband, an honorable, simple-minded nobleman, and comes to London to get as close as possible to the "lower classes." She has no principle, no constancy, no morality; but she is clever and interesting. Hyacinth Robinson, whose unknown father was believed to be a lord, and whose mother was a murderess, is investigated as a member of the "lower classes." He is a type, perhaps somewhat too refined, of the state of mind to which unsuitable education and impossible aspirations, joined with a taste for luxury, bring a great class of young men. He is singular only in having skilled hands and in using them as a workingman in love with his work. He is led by the princess into loving her. He and she are both entangled in secret societies—she to amuse herself, he because he has been drawn into them. He has sworn to commit an assassination, and, when the time comes, he, left without hope or object in the world, assassinates himself.

The studies of the Socialists, Paul Muniment—who sees his way to power through destruction or a threat of destruction—the Germans, and Eustache Poupin, the French Communist, are exquisitely careful and true. When Hyacinth is suspected of cooling in "the cause," Poupin, a workman of fine words, tells him that it is between him and his conscience. The Communist says:

"'The conscience of the individual is absolute, except, of course, in those classes in which, from the very nature of the infamies on which they are founded, no conscience can exist. Speak to me, however, of my Paris; *she* is always divine,' Poupin went on. But he showed signs of irritation when Hyacinth began to praise to him the magnificent creations of the arch-fiend of December. In the presence of this picture he was in a terrible dilemma; he was gratified as a Parisian and a patriot, but he was disconcerted as a lover of liberty; it cost him a pang to admit that anything in the sacred city was defective, yet he saw still less his way to concede that it could owe any charm to the perjured monster of the Second Empire, or even to the hypocritical, mendacious republicanism of the *régime* before which the sacred Commune had gone down in blood and fire. 'Ah! yes, it's very fine, no doubt,' he remarked at last; 'but it will be still finer when it's ours!'—a speech which caused Hyacinth to turn back to his work with

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a slight feeling of sickness. Everywhere, everywhere he saw the ulcer of envy—the passion of party which hung together for the purpose of despoiling another to its advantage. In old Eustache, one of the 'pure,' this was particularly sad."

Mr. James' affectations, so obnoxious in his international books and so tiresome in *The Bostonians*, are not apparent in the *Princess Casamassima*. The novel has no story; but the play of character on character is direct, and there is little tiresome analysis. The prince and Madame Grandoni, the honest German lady with the Italian name, are genially painted, and are as true to their national natures as Thackeray's De Florac. It is regrettable that Mr. James should prefer realism to idealization and offer us only a finely-limned panorama with all the apparent indifference of a showman who disdains even to introduce into his exposition one ideal sentence or one line of poetry. The tone of the book is that of a mind that sees the present without caring for the past or the future—a tone of doubt so settled that it does not care to ask even Pilate's question.

A Modern Telemachus (New York: Macmillan & Co.) is a new story by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, who, the older she grows, seems to be losing that fierce dislike to the Catholic Church that marked her earlier historical romances. A recent one, *The Armorer's Apprentices*, was exceedingly sweet and elevating, and did justice to the character of Sir Thomas More. A translation of the narrative on which *A Modern Telemachus* is founded appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD in July, 1881. It was the sketch of the adventures of the Countess de Bourke and her daughter. It enabled Miss Yonge to correct in her preface an error into which she was led by "a person named Scott," who, "in the true spirit of the eighteenth century, thought fit to suppress" that certain Catholic priests were at Algiers at the time of Mademoiselle de Bourke's captivity among the Cabeleyzes, and helped, according to the purpose of their order to relieve captives, to rescue her. Miss Yonge has made a beautiful and pathetic story out of the adventures of this French-Irish family. The pathos of it is true and heart-moving, and the beautiful heroism of Estelle and her willingness to be martyred for the Faith is told with the truest art. One could wish that the Scotch Protestant, Arthur, were less uncompromising in his comments on "popery"; but, if the test of a good book is its effect in elevating the thoughts to higher things than the work-a-day world, *A Modern Telemachus* is an extraordinarily good book.

Sir Perceval (New York: Macmillan & Co.) is a Quietist rhap-

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sody by Mr. Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant.* There is a young lady in it, remotely connected with Port Royal in some manner, as everybody in the book seems to be. She delivers herself in this modern way:

"'I suppose,' she said, 'that mankind will always find some incentive to moral action in symbols. So long as the Christian faith is admitted to consist of mere symbols, I do not know—I really do not know—that I should object to it much. Some of its shadow music is beautiful—quite beautiful. But when these shadows are imposed on us as realities, then it becomes the highest duty of us all to show that these dogmatic idols have no greater value than the productions of men's hands—the stocks and stones which they have replaced.'"

Into *Sir Perceval,* too, the questions of Positivism and Socialism enter, but no answer is made to them. The Positivist girl with Socialistic tendencies dies.

"'She is gone,' I said, 'to that God whom she loved when a child. She is gone to that God whom she died serving, though she fancied that she did not know him.'"

One can scarcely blame her for refusing to accept the shadow of a religion which Mr. Shorthouse's personages offer her—a religion beginning and ending with the right of each person to read the Bible from his point of view. However, Mr. Shorthouse's Quietistic religion, though a vague and uncertain heresy, is better than no religion at all. Most of the novels that fall into our hands remind us of a speech in one of M. Augier's plays. A marquise says: "I was surprised even to-day by a shameful temptation. Where shall I find help? Who will save me?" To which an old marquis replies: "*In my time we had God.*"

In our time and in the literature of fiction God has gone out of fashion.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") has written a new novel, *Katy of Catoctin; or, The Chain-Breakers.* He calls it, too, "a national romance." It is founded on the events preceding and succeeding the assassination of President Lincoln. The movement is rapid and the interest well kept up, in spite of its length, which stretches over five hundred pages. There are some noticeably good passages in it. For instance, of the theatre:

"That mimic world, between this world and both the worlds to come. so seductive and so deadly: joy of the senses, rest of the inquests of toil and intellect, framework of folly and of grandeur, home of genius and deceit. It lifted the mind to heaven and sunk the habits to the shadows of hell. It made shame and ignorance look angelic, like pedlars' jewels in pinchbeck gold."

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Katy, the heroine, is loved by a Catholic ecclesiastical student, who performs the marriage ceremony, that "she may not suffer." Naturally he regrets it and takes to a "secular occupation, fearing the legal and eternal consequence of his sacrilege." Rome, according to Mr. Townsend, out of regard for a certain Abel Quantrell and "for the poor privilege of closing his eyes in death and numbering him among its distinguished converts," allowed this young Jesuit scholastic to be ordained on condition that he would become a monk! Rome, too, to make Katy's marriage "straight," courteously ante-dated his ordination, so that Katy might seem to have been married in the presence of a priest! "The Sisters of the church," adds Mr. Townsend, "resolved to have the secular law punish Fenwick for personating a priest, if he refused to become a monk."

Mr. Townsend does not explain who the "Sisters of the church" are; he merely gives this as an historical fact. "Nothing," writes Mr. Townsend sagely, "showed the legal and worldly incapacity of neophytes and priests more fully than the behavior of Fenwick and his enemies in this matter, and proved, while denouncing secret societies, the church forgot its tendency that way."

Even "Gath" must have his wicked, wicked Jesuits! It is an unpleasant book—a mixture of facts, observation of life, sentimentality, and clever sayings. It is published by the Appletons.

Miss Sarah O. Jewett's *Deephaven* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a series of quiet studies of life in a New England seaboard town. It has many charming bits of humor and tenderness; and the description of the old house at Deephaven is worthy of Hawthorne, with a touch of womanly sentiment. Among the contents of faded Miss Katharine's escritoire—

"There was a box which Kate was glad to find, for she had heard her mother wonder if some such things were not in existence. It held a crucifix and a mass-book and some rosaries, and Kate told me that Miss Katharine's youngest and favorite brother had become a Roman Catholic while studying in Europe. It was a dreadful blow to the family; for in those days there could have been few deeper disgraces to the Brandon family than to have one of its sons go over to popery. Only Miss Katharine treated him with kindness, and after a time he disappeared without telling even her where he was going, and was only heard from indirectly once or twice afterward. It was a great grief to her. 'And mamma knows,' said Kate, 'that she always had a lingering hope of his return, for one of the last times she saw Aunt Katharine before she was ill she spoke of soon going to be with all the rest, and said, 'Though your Uncle Harry, dear'—and

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stopped and smiled sadly; 'you'll think me a very foolish old woman, but I never quite gave up thinking he might come home.'"

Goldsmith's always new comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, has been illustrated by Mr. Abbey so exquisitely that the lines one knows by heart take more emphatic meaning. Messrs. Harper & Bros. have printed these pictures with marvellous vigor and clearness. The setting of the text is tasteful; the volume is a good example, needing no comment, of the progress of the arts and of art in the United States since 1876.

The only book of poems this month is Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's *Songs and Satires* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) A very ordinary woodcut of the moon shining through palm-trees does not add to the value of this beautiful little volume. There is ease, grace, wit in the satires, but higher qualities in the songs. "If," in the satires, seems to be influenced by Swinburne's "Interlude," and "Ad Lydiam" ought to have no place in a book that holds "Andromeda." The songs fix Mr. Roche's place among the poets, and high among them. The force and fire, the intense passion and exact expression, of "Andromeda"—one of several poems of the highest order—make it worth quoting, as a better incentive to the reading of Mr. Roche's book than a dozen lines of description:

"They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone!
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

"My beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no sorrow was brooding on the main.
But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main:
O Ireland, O my country, he comes to break thy chain!"

"Hubert the Hunter" is a ballad with the right ring and swing. In fact, Mr. Roche has both genius and taste.

The late Admiral Hobart Pasha's *Sketches of My Life* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) are as full of strange adventures and vicissitudes as one of Captain Marryat's novels or Lever's *Con Cregan*. Hobart Pasha seems to have gone anywhere, everywhere in search of a fight. He found that the sneers and calumnies of enemies of the government established by the Spanish

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Jesuits in Paraguay were the result of malice or prejudice. He was delighted with the result of the plan of government arranged by the Jesuits—"the respect for the clergy, the cheerful obedience to laws, the industry and peaceful happiness one saw at every step, made an impression on me I have never forgotten." Hobart Pasha was a messenger from Lord Palmerston to Pope Pius IX. just before the departure of the Holy Father to Gaëta. The ship Hobart Pasha was in was at Civita Vecchia, "partly," he writes, "with the object of taking that half-hearted part in religious politics which has always been such a humiliating rôle for England. We did not, and we did, want to interfere."

Hobart Pasha's experience during the late civil war and in the service of the sultan are told with frankness and entire enjoyment of adventure and danger. He was a modern free-lance.

A Demi-god (Harper & Bros.), which bears the motto *Ετερχ Ἐκτραδῖον*, is an anonymous novel written on the supposition that a perfect man may be gradually "evolved" by several generations of careful selection of ancestors and fortunate circumstances. Probably this experiment will never be tested in real life until each individual succeeds in choosing his own ancestors. An English physician living in Amsterdam was several centuries ago smitten with the Dutch mania for the "evolution" of perfect tulips—a mania similar, and no doubt as expensive, as the fashionable mania for orchids. Hector Vyr was the result, in this century, of Dr. Vere's application of the theory of improving the race by artificial selection, suggested by the Dutch burghers' success with their tulips. An American group, consisting of the irascible Major Wellington, whose mildest oath was "Boswell's Life of Johnson!" his daughter Madeline, her Aunt Eliza and her lover, a Mr. Griffin, invade Greece. They are taken by brigands, who sneer at England and America, and defy their own timorous government. The captives, unable to raise the fifty thousand dollars demanded, are almost in despair, when Hector Vyr, the demi god, arrives, puts the brigands to flight, and rescues the Americans.

The demi-god speaks English; he admires Miss Madeline and asks to look at her teeth—it is a tradition in his family to examine the teeth of ladies they admire. The teeth of the charming young Boston lady were probably false, as they were so perfect; but the author does not mention it, and Hector shows himself to be such a simple-minded demi-savage that Miss Wel-

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lington perhaps preferred that he should keep his illusion. The doctor's policy of selecting a handsome Greek barbarian shows its results in the intense stupidity of Hector, who is anything but a demi-god in mind. Of course he and Madeline—the first Bostonian to enter the Vyr family—are married, and modern and ancient Athens become one, as it were. The author stops here, unable, no doubt, to bear the dazzling future which must come to Greece from the marriage of this elaborately-cultivated demi-god and a Bostonian of the proper circle!

Towards the Gulf: A Romance of Louisiana (Harper & Bros.) touches the problem of heredity, too. The scene is laid in New Orleans, and the narrative is straightforward, scarcely containing a superfluous word: the author's brevity has prevented it from being suffused with the glow and color of Cable's Louisianian stories. A Louisianian marries a beautiful young woman, seemingly of English descent. Celine, an old negress, warns him, before his marriage, that she has negro blood in her veins. He does not believe it. Later he finds that it is true; and his wife, discovering the cause of his depression, commits suicide, because —the author says—"it is easy for the descendant of a self-murderer to commit suicide." The Louisianian has a son left. His horror of the tainted blood in this boy, and the fear that he may revert to some original African type, are dispelled by the sudden death, by an accident, of the boy. The author of *Towards the Gulf* seems to look on heredity in the light of fate. The will, and the action of grace on the will, do not seem to be dreamed of in his philosophy. This is a pity; for, with a less narrow scope, the story might have been made very powerful. As it is, it drops into the commonplace.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES, THEIR CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS. By S. F. A. Caulfeild. With an Introduction by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. London: Hatchards.

It is a gratifying sign of progress that this book should have been published by the Messrs. Hatchards. That a publishing-house so distinctively "Evangelical" should issue a work which is so Catholic in its tone and character is a sign that the movement towards the truth outside the church is extending the area of its influence. The object of the author, as indicated by Mr. Baring-Gould in his introduction, is to make the belief in the Communion of Saints an active principle and to lead to the reverence and love of the saints; to teach that the saints "are not petrifactions in an historical cabinet, but living brothers, active members of the one undying body, sympathizing with him—*i.e.*, the man who is a true Catholic—pleading for him, obtaining for him many blessings." Although the lives comprised in this volume are those of the saints of the first three centuries, the spirit in which they have been chosen is not that of the Protestant, who limits the life of the church to this or even to a shorter period. For, as Mr. Baring-Gould goes on to point out, "God's ways are not, as our ways, finite. Man runs in a rut. God's course is varied. This is a fact which Protestant historians and theologians have failed to grasp. They point to the first age of the church, the sole type of perfect Christianity, and they repudiate every subsequent type as an innovation, a departure from the original form. They would freeze the brook, lest it should become a river and finally a sea; . . . they would make the plant live with iced leaves only. . . . But be it remembered that the church, like a living body, is moulded and adapts itself to outward conditions." And he proceeds to show how the church grew and developed in subsequent ages, living and energizing in all. Would that he could see that she is as full to-day of the divine life as in any preceding period, and not, as he says, "tossed in the tempest of doubt, waiting for God's touch on the harp-strings of life."

We have not left ourselves room to say much of the work itself. Without, of course, committing ourselves to every statement it contains, we are able heartily to commend it. The lives, while written in a popular and pleasing style, give evidence of accurate and thorough scholarship, and form a valuable addition to already existing literature. Worthy of special commendation is the discussion of the evidence for St. Peter's visit to Rome.

THE GLORIES OF DIVINE GRACE: A Free Rendering of the Original Treatise of Eusebius Nierenberg, S.J. By Dr. M. Jos. Scheeben. Translated from the fourth revised German edition, by a monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana. New York: Benziger Bros.

This book belongs to that higher kind of spiritual reading of which St. Francis de Sales' Treatise on the Love of God is a type. It embraces and mingles into one the doctrinal and the ascetical principles of the Christian life—a method frequently pursued by the early Fathers of the church. It

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is evidently the best, one might say the ideal, method. The bare knowledge of doctrine however complete, or the bare knowledge of the ascetical principles, even when joined with some amount of practice of them, leaves the soul in the one case in a state of theoretical barrenness, and in the other subject to the delusions of ignorance or fanaticism. No man advances far in the way of Christian perfection except he acquires by some means or other a true spiritual insight into the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. The ascetical practices by which the wildness of nature is tamed into subjection to Reason, and Reason brought under control of the Holy Spirit, must have a firm basis in the understanding. They must either be accompanied by a study of theology, or one must trust to the supernatural infusion of knowledge; and this cannot be counted on except by a presumption altogether fatal.

Now, the value of this book of Nierenberg's, as interpreted by Dr. Scheeben, is that the doctrinal light it pours into the soul is gifted with a warmth which follows the roots of the intellect down into the will. This makes the work of special interest for those who have never made a regular course of theology or philosophy. Bright minds, especially those living in the world, yearning to devote themselves to God's love, longing to practise mental prayer, hungering for the fruits of the inner life, will find in this book a full statement of the divine plan in the elevation of the human soul to the partaking of the divine nature, and at the same time a devotional treatment of the ascetical principles full of unction and of sufficient fulness for the purpose in hand. If there be any royal road to the fulness of divine love it is that of intelligence, and it is shown in this book.

The translation is well done, the English is good, the theological and Scriptural passages correctly rendered. In reading these pages it has occurred to us that the translator could do a great service to the cause of intelligent piety by translating another book somewhat similar to this one; we refer to Lessius' work *De Perfectionibus Moribusque divinis*. It is called the *Liber Aureus* of its great author, and (omitting a chapter or two on the knotty controversy *De Auxiliis*) is as inspiring to the love of God as it is profoundly instructive on the doctrine of the divine attributes.

POPE LEO XIII.: His Life and Letters, together with useful, instructive, and entertaining information for the Catholic people. Edited and compiled by Rev. Jas. F. Talbot, D.D., Cathedral, Boston. With an introduction by Rev. P. A. McKenna, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough, Mass. Illustrated. Boston: Martin Garrison & Co.

This is a subscription-book, large, well printed, and beautifully bound. Besides a sketch of the Holy Father's life, it contains a pretty full collection of his encyclicals, making the book of value for reference. The publishers have added, by way of appendix, much information valuable for general reference, including the distribution of Catholic population, list of popes, cathedrals of the world, growth of the Catholic press, councils of the church, and a small cyclopædia or Catholic dictionary.

SIMPLE READINGS ON SOME OF THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By G. G. G. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A little book modestly presented to the public, but of much worth.

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Nearly all the parables are treated of, and in a way to show the hand of a master of homiletics. Nothing indicates the advance now being made in preaching more than the fact that such books are published and sold; for they are at once the effect of careful and practical study of the art of religious popular oratory and the school of good preachers. One whose vocation is to instruct could use these eighteen little discourses pretty much the whole winter or summer through with great comfort to himself and equal profit to his hearers.

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY: Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In this well-printed little volume the author, a Protestant clergyman, has undertaken to explain the social questions now pressing for answer, and to suggest the Christian solution; although we cannot say that his treatment is profound, it is certainly intelligent. His view of actual facts is generally fair; he really knows and seems to appreciate the state of antagonism between owners of money and owners of labor. He is also fair in his estimate of the shortcomings of Protestant Christianity (the only form he considers) and its failures in dealing with the people. "Your present industrial system," he causes Christianity to say to the rich, p. 15, "which fosters these enormous inequalities, which permits a few to heap up the most of the gains of this advancing civilization and leaves the many without any substantial share in them, is an inadequate and inequitable system, and needs important changes to make it the instrument of righteousness." Very much is gained when a representative Protestant can thus admit the need of searching reform in social relations. "The time may come," he says, p. 17, "when the nation will be compelled to take under its control, if not into its ownership, the railroads and telegraphs, and administer them for the common good." Again, p. 18: "Certain outrageous monopolies exist which the state is bound to crush. It is an outrage on public justice that half a dozen men should be able to control the entire fuel supply of New York and New England. . . . The coal-barons must not be permitted to enrich themselves by compelling miners to starve at one end of their lines and the operatives to freeze at the other. In like manner the great lines of transportation from the West, etc."

As to just how the Protestant religious world shall stand relative to the toiling world the author has much good advice to give, chiefly bearing upon the private duties of rich Christians and rich churches. Beyond the private action of single men and separate churches, Protestantism can hardly extend its influence upon the people generally, for it lacks the power of a great public organism. But what Protestant Christians can do, and that easily, Mr. Gladden shows to be very much indeed; but, in our opinion, to carry out his views and apply his moral remedies will call for an amount of heroism scarcely to be expected from the present condition of Protestant Christianity. At any rate, the continuance of the present system of work and wages will, he is persuaded, be felt by the "masses" to be slavery, and as such be resisted and peaceably or forcibly abolished.

We are glad that the religious standpoint is taken by such fair men and such vigorous writers in studying social problems. Protestantism has instant need to look for some true explanation of the reason why the stream of

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American humanity has swept past it, leaving its churches idly drifting backwards in the eddies along the shore. Mr. Gladden is prophet enough to know that the main business of zealous Protestants should be to catch the ears and win the hearts of the common men and women, and that if they fail to do so their churches will go completely down. As to the Catholic Church, thank God! she has the common people in her very bosom, close to her heart. Let us trust that Catholics of public spirit, and of all grades of society and of office, are fully aware that unless the church shall maintain her influence over the minds and affections of common men and women, down they go to ruin, and down she herself goes into companionship with the petty sects of error and caste.

APPARATUS JURIS ECCLESIASTICI, IN USUM EPISCOPORUM ET SACERDOTUM PRÆSERTIM APOSTOLICO MUNERE FUNGENTIUM. Auctore Zephyrino Zitelli. Romæ. 1886.

This work, as its title indicates, is a summary of Canon Law, intended chiefly for missionary countries all over the world. It does not, of course, enter into the details of the peculiar legislation of any particular country, but confines itself generally to giving that which is common to all missionary countries. Hence the reader in this country cannot expect to find in this work anything like a specific treatment on the ecclesiastical law of the United States, particularly as perfected by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Nevertheless, the author explains a number of points peculiar to us. Every country, even missionary, has, besides the general law, certain peculiar laws and customs. Hence canonists, especially of late, have found it necessary to write and adapt their works for a special country. Rev. Dr. Smith has done this for the United States by his *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law*, a new edition of which, revised completely in accordance with the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, is now in press.

But to return to our work. The author, Mgr. Zitelli, is *Capo Minutante* of the S. C. de Prop. Fide, and is well known by several works already published by him. He is, therefore, well qualified by his position and learning to write a work on canon law for missionary countries. His style is clear and concise. The book is divided into three parts. The first is *de personis;* the second, *de rebus;* the third is an appendix giving several other matters not contained in the other parts.

In the first part the author treats of bishops, parish priests, and other ecclesiastics exercising sacred functions, especially in missionary countries. In the second he discusses the Sacraments. In the appendix he speaks of intercourse of Catholics with Protestants in missionary countries. The work cannot fail to be highly interesting also in this country. It is ably written and deserves a large patronage. We sincerely congratulate Mgr. Zitelli on his learned work, and commend it cordially to the reverend clergy of this country.

THE BIBLE AND BELIEF: A Letter to a Friend. By the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

This is a clearly and ably written piece, and in substance conclusive and satisfactory. The explanation given of the Catholic dogma that God is the author of the Bible appears, however, to depreciate or neglect another side

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of the complete truth in this matter—viz., that each inspired writer is also the author of his own work, sometimes in a more and sometimes in a less comprehensive, but always in a true sense.

Again, the predicate "infallible" is applied in a sense not approved by the best philosophers to our natural faculties of cognition, which, although not liable *per se* to error, are thus liable *per accidens*. The argument for the necessity of an infallible authority is somewhat strained throughout, and we think that the author would have better proved his main thesis, the moral necessity of an infallible interpreter of the Scripture, if he had not aimed to prove quite so much.

THE IRISH QUESTION: I. History of an Idea; II. Lessons of the Election. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for Midlothian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

This is a statesmanlike paper. It adds one more to the proofs of the consummate ability of Mr. Gladstone. It holds out great encouragement to the friends of Ireland. The author seems to anticipate that the work of carrying out the policy which he recommends may be reserved to a Tory government. They may have the political wisdom to take this work out of the hands of the Liberal party and begin it, even if they do not carry it through to completion. Perhaps the necessity of engaging in war and the internal troubles of Socialism may help to drive them into this course. If this be so, Mr. Gladstone magnanimously exhorts the Liberals to sink party interests and give them a generous support. Mr. Gladstone estimates that twenty-eight per cent. of the English voters are favorable to Home Rule for Ireland, and that in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales it is favored by seventy-five per cent. Of the actual Parliament he says: "Without reckoning, then, on any Tory help, we seem to have in this anti-Home-Rule Parliament a real majority ready to act in the direction at least of Irish wishes, and to run the risk of seeing the grant of a portion used as a leverage to obtain the residue." As to the Land Bill, he states that this and the Home-Rule Bill were bound together like the Siamese twins during his administration, owing to peculiar causes, but that a final severance has been effected. Mr. Gladstone's conclusion is: "If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes. . . . She has now a full constitutional equipment of all the means necessary for raising and determining the issues of moral force. She has also the strongest sympathies within as well as beyond these shores to cheer, moderate, and guide her. The position is for her a novel one, and in its novelty lies its only risk. But she is quick and ready of perception; she has the rapid, comprehensive glance which the generals she has found for us have shown on many a field of battle. The qualities she has so eminently exhibited this year have already earned for her a rich reward in confidence and good-will. There is no more to ask of her. She has only to persevere."

To one who has taken some notice of Irish affairs for fifty years, the fact that such an utterance has been made by an Englishman who has been prime minister is simply phenomenal. It is impossible that the Irish people should be finally defrauded of their just hopes and demands. What Mr. Gladstone says of the sympathies they have in foreign countries we

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affirm to be simply true in regard to this country. It is not true that the sympathy in America is merely that which resides in the bosom of our Irish population. The writer of this notice is not an Irishman, but an American having a descent of two hundred and fifty years. We profess the warmest sympathy for the Irish people in Ireland and in America, though without any desire for the injury of the British Empire. It may be thought that American Catholics are biassed by their religion in favor of Ireland; and why should we disclaim honoring and loving the Irish people chiefly for their heroic fidelity to their ancestral faith? But we aver that the American people, as a whole, sympathize with Ireland, and take her part in her demand for the repeal of a Union brought about, as Mr. Gladstone says, by means "unspeakably criminal, for utterly insufficient reasons." We are on the side of Ireland because her cause is just. If our cause against the crown of England in 1776 was a good one, the cause of Ireland is still better. She has more to complain of than we had, and she demands much less than we did. Our condition and our well-being made it necessary for us to declare independence and gain it by war. We do not think it possible or desirable for Ireland to become independent of the British Empire. It is, however, desirable, and it seems to be possible and feasible, for her to gain Home Rule. We Americans are bound in consistency to give our moral support to a demand so just, so reasonable, and so important to her welfare and that of the whole British Empire. We are consistent and generous enough to give our sympathy, and we do give it sincerely and cordially.

EMINENT AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Literary Portraits by Dr. Georg Brandes. Translated from the original by Rasmus B. Anderson, United States Minister to Denmark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

It is interesting to learn what foreigners think of our celebrated men. This volume consists of literary portraits of nine writers and thinkers of our own times, of six different nationalities, drawn by a well-known scholar of Denmark, who, if he has not had a personal acquaintance with all of them, has at least had a close view. These writers have been chosen as representatives of the "modern" mind. The portraits which will be of the greatest interest to American and English readers are those of John Stuart Mill, Renan, Flaubert, and Hans Christian Andersen. The account of Mill is based on impressions derived from a number of visits made to Mill in Paris and in England. In our opinion these impressions are very just and fair. Particularly interesting and somewhat amusing is the way in which he depicts the attitude which philosophers of our day hold to one another. Our author was brought up in the University of Copenhagen. His professors, while they were mutually opposed to one another, had all at first been theologians, had become Hegelians of one school or another, and then had been emancipated from Hegelianism, yet looked upon the errors of Hegel as more valuable than the truths of other philosophers. In their eyes, to Germany belonged of right in modern times the study of philosophy and the right of teaching it, and neither in England nor France had it even existence. Educated in these notions, our author goes to J. S. Mill; finds that he thinks so little of German philosophy that he has not thought it worth while to learn German; has read Kant only in a transla-

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tion; has not read a single line of Hegel in his own works, and knows him only at second-hand. He has formed, however, a decided opinion of his philosophy, and it is "that everything metaphysical in what he has written is sheer nonsense." Bearing in mind that this volume is written by one who has not the faith, and has for its subject those who for the most part were also without the faith, the work will prove interesting as a portraiture, by a thoughtful and intelligent man, of certain "modern" prophets and teachers.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NATCHEZ, MISS., on the Occasion of the Consecration of the Cathedral, Sept. 19, 1886.

The early history of Catholicity in Natchez goes back to the year 1682. During the last two centuries it has seen many vicissitudes. Martyrdoms, burning and massacre, the visitations of pestilence and war, changes of dominion from France to Spain, England, and the United States, confiscation, poverty, obstacles of all sorts, are recorded in the annals of the church of Natchez. The long series of events narrated in the pamphlet before us terminates auspiciously with the dedication of the cathedral, and we trust that the future of this diocese will be one of prosperity.

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS. Part I. By H. J. Coleridge, S J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

This part describes the events of our Lord's public life from the first announcement of the Passion to the supper in the home of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary Magdalene. We have given so many notices of Father Coleridge's work on the occasion of the publication of the foregoing parts that it is not necessary now to repeat what has been already said in praise of its many excellent qualities.

LIFE OF FATHER BARBELIN, S.J. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: F. A. Fasey. 1886.

Those who were familiar with the affairs of Catholicity in Philadelphia during the time of the present archbishop's predecessors will remember well Father Barbelin, and the swarming, busy beehive of St. Joseph's Church in Willing's Alley. We feel assured, from personal knowledge, that Father Barbelin was a saint, and a very amiable as well as original saint of marked individuality and wonderful activity. The gifted lady who has written his biography has made it very readable and vivacious, and has filled it with a great number of historical and personal reminiscences.

THE GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION: Prayer; Mental Prayer; The Exercises of a Retreat; Choice of a State of Life, and The Vocation to the Religious State and to the Priesthood. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

Those at all familiar with the ascetical writings of St. Alphonsus know the value he places upon prayer. "Pray, pray; never cease to pray," he says; "for if you pray your salvation will be secure." This volume of the centenary edition of

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the works of this glorious Doctor of the church contains the saint's treatise on prayer.

The subject is treated as only a master in the spiritual life could have done; he exhausts his subject. His whole soul is in this work, which he deems of the very highest importance. "I have published several spiritual works," he says, "but I do not think that I have written a more useful work than the present, in which I speak of prayer as a necessary and certain means of obtaining salvation and all the graces that we require for that object. If it were in my power I would distribute a copy of it to every Catholic in the world, in order to show him the absolute necessity of prayer for salvation." How well he has written on prayer is a matter of world-wide repute, and needs no further comment. But we wish to call attention to the subject of vocations, taken up towards the end of the volume. There is food for thought for young men and young women, and especially for those who think of entering upon the ecclesiastical state. Let them read and consider and weigh well the words of wisdom the saint there gives them; perhaps the hours employed in that occupation may prove the best spent of their lives.

EUCHARISTIC HOURS: Devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Wise and of the Simple in all Times. Gems from the treasury of the church's doctrine and the deep mines of her history, offered to them that hold and to them that seek the Gospel pearl of great price. By the author of *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament*. London: R. Washbourne. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Eucharistic Hours is an exceptionally good book. It may be compared to a necklace of jewels, each precious by itself, but the whole enhanced in value by the arrangement and the setting. The author does not claim originality. Yet she presents to English readers a very original book. She has drawn from the Fathers and Doctors of the church, from the lives of the saints, from ascetical and mystical writers, all that her volume contains. The testimony of the ages is adduced. The love of men for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the burning words that gave evidence of that love, are given to us to inspire in us like sentiments. From the early days when the church lay hidden in the earth until this our own day, praise of the King, his tenderness to us, his lowliness for our sakes, have been the themes of the best of men. And the best that they have said concerning the greatest evidence of God's love—the Blessed Sacrament—is given in *Eucharistic Hours*. We hope this book will be widely read and appreciated as it deserves.

MARY, THE QUEEN OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID AND MOTHER OF JESUS: The Story of her Life. By Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, D D. With an introduction by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Henry S. Allen.

There are more ways to the union of Christendom than comparison and adjustment of creeds; that is essential, but it may be itself brought about by indirect means. One of these is to make an effort to agree on the general features of the divine plan in the mediatorship of Christ. Indispensably necessary to a proper appreciation of this is a study of the office of that being, Blessed of all generations, whom the Father chose to be the mother of his incarnate Son. When Catholics and Protestants can sit down together and extol the virtues of Mary in concord, when they can feel their hearts thrill with equal pride in her exalted office and in her most extraordinary holiness, they have advanced one good step towards fairly reaching agreement—a step all the firmer because springing from

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the gentler force of the affections as well as the imperative demands of the understanding.

We know that all that this Protestant minister writes of the Blessed Mother of God cannot be true, yet he doubtless means to tell no lie; and he means to do very great honor—the greatest he considers proper—to one dear to every Catholic heart. May she be mindful of him before the throne in heaven, and of all who seek to know her Son's truth through her own entrancing loveliness!

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT: Sayings of Eminent Catholic Authors. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The second title of this little volume gives a better indication of its contents than the first. It is made up of the "Sayings of Eminent Catholic Authors" rather than "Gems of Catholic Thought." We open the book at haphazard, for instance, and find a thought like this: "No two persons ever read the same book or saw the same picture." Now, this can hardly be called a gem of Catholic thought, although it is a saying of an eminent Catholic author, Mme. Swetchine. It also might be objected that some of the quotations from the poets are too brief at times to fully express the thought in the author's mind. The book bears evidence of extensive reading, and is published in a neat and convenient form.

LITTLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, AND OTHER TINY RHYMES FOR TINY READERS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1887.

Between the pretty covers of this book are many simple and charming verses for the little folks. Under the title of "Little Compliments of the Season" are selected and arranged, as the sub-title explains, "simple verses—original, selected, or translated—for name-days, birth-days, Christmas, New Year, and other festive and social occasions." Under the title of "With the Babies," "At Play," "At Work," and "At Prayer," Miss Donnelly has collected from various publications for children, and has herself contributed, many pleasant rhymes sure to be given a cordial reception by the little ones. It is a pity that the illustrations in this book are so far below the mark of those of the many beautiful children's books that are published nowadays.

GENIUS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, for one imagines that he will find between its covers a record of the ups and downs in the lives of great men, and be able to arrive at an estimate of the effects that prosperity or adversity had upon their characters. Instead, it is a sort of *olla podrida* of facts in the lives of great men, chiefly great literary men and artists, with a good deal of small gossip thrown in. The author suggests in his preface that the volume might better, perhaps, have been entitled "Library Notes," which title gives a clearer idea of the contents of the book. There is too much small gossip, too many minute and not interesting facts recorded, such as that one great man was fond of figs, and that another great man had a liking for roast pig. Altogether, though some wheat is found among the chaff, the book is too loosely constructed, and lacks dignity and definiteness of purpose.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ROMAN CONSTITUTION. By Ambrose Tighe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

This little book is one of the series of History Primers issued by Appleton & Co. Within its pages is condensed in a clear and lucid manner much useful information concerning the Roman people and Roman law. It is based chiefly upon Mommsen. It will be found a valuable handbook for all young students of Roman history.

MICROBES, FERMENTS, AND MOULDS. By E. L. Trouessart. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Had Alexander the Great lived in these times he need not have sighed for new worlds to conquer. The microscope has revealed to us worlds within worlds; and could Alexander have bent his mighty intellect to the conquering of any of these, he would have performed a real service to mankind. Had he invented a method of destroying the microbes that are said to impair or destroy the vitality of man, instead of himself helping to destroy his fellows, he would indeed be deserving of the title of Great.

The book is written in a lucid manner and can be readily understood by the public in general for whom it is intended, being not overburdened with scientific terms. The importance of knowing something about microbes is pointed out by the author in one of his opening paragraphs. After dwelling upon the microscopic fungi which are useful in the general economy of nature, he says:

"But, in addition to these useful microbes, there are others which are injurious to us, while they fulfil the physiological destiny marked out for them by Nature. Such are the microbes which produce diseases in wine, most of the changes in alimentary and industrial substances, and, finally, a large number of the diseases to which men and domestic animals are subject. The germs of these diseases, which are only the spores or seeds of these microbes, float in the air we breathe and in the water we drink, and thus penetrate into the interior of our bodies.

"Hence we see the importance of becoming acquainted with these microbes. Their study concerns the agriculturist, the manufacturer, the physician, the professor of hygiene, and, indeed, we may say that it concerns all, whatever our profession or social position may be, since there is not a single day nor a single instant of our lives in which we cannot be said to come in contact with microbes. They are, in fact, the invisible agents of life and death, and this will appear more plainly from the special study we are about to make of the more important among them."

However, it is well to add that this germ theory of disease, though it has many distinguished advocates, has not yet been absolutely proven. Many physicians consider that when microbes are found in the blood they are neither the cause of the disease nor the vehicle of contagion. Among the opponents of the microbian theory are Robin, Béchamp and Jousset de Bellesme, and Lewis and Lionel Beale. Mr. Trouessart maintains in this book, however, that Pasteur's microbian theory is the only one that explains all facts.

TECHNIC: A System of the Most Necessary Daily Exercises to Produce a Perfect Piano Technic in the Shortest Possible Time. By Hugo L. Mansfeldt. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

This is a capital work. The author has succeeded in condensing into a very small compass a vast amount of study. He discards entirely the old-fashioned "five-finger exercises," and substitutes for them in the first part of the work a series of exercises on five notes in close, extended, and

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contracted positions in all the keys, having for their objects the strengthening of the weak fingers of the hand and securing the utmost mobility of the thumb. The second part consists of exercises for rendering the hands and fingers independent of each other. They seem to be constructed so as to preclude the possibility of committing them to memory, thus compelling the pupil to read every note. The third part consists of twelve series of exercises in all the keys and ranging over the whole field of execution. The arrangement of the whole work is very clear, and ample explanations are given of the mode of practising, etc.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD TESTAMENT TEXTS. (Clerical Library.) New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

While there are many things in this volume which the preacher will have to reject and discard, and much unsound and erroneous doctrine, there are not a few things of which he will be able to make use. The greater number of the anecdotes have been taken from Protestant evangelical sources, a few are derived from the lives of the saints, and even artistic, political, and scientific celebrities of our own times have been made to contribute. There are in all 529 anecdotes, arranged according to the order of the Old Testament. Two useful indices of subjects and of Scripture texts are appended.

FROM MEADOW-SWEET TO MISTLETOE. Verses with pictures. By Mary A. Lathbury. New York: Worthington & Co.

This is one of the loveliest Christmas books for children that we have seen for many a day. The pretty little poems for children which it contains are each illustrated with a large full-page picture, very soft and delicate in execution. The spirit of happy and innocent childhood has been caught in a deft manner by the author's pen and pencil, and the result is a book so charming as to make one almost envious of the children who will receive it as a present.

EARTHQUAKES AND OTHER EARTH MOVEMENTS. By John Milne. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Although this volume bears the marks of great care and wide research upon the part of the author, it is somewhat disappointing, because the science of seismology seems to be mainly hypothetical and scarcely as yet an inductive science. Professor Milne, who holds the chair of mining and geology in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, Japan, appears to be furnished by the Japanese government with every appliance for the furthering of his work, and is situated in a very favorable district for the observation of earthquakes, so that he has been enabled to make observations concerning the characteristics and effects of earthquakes, and has furnished a number of formulæ which may some day bear rich fruit and help to place seismology upon a solid basis.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

There are books which are made for the parlor-table, and there are books which are made to be read anywhere and to be carried about as companions. The former are the ornamental, the latter the useful class. The book before us is

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a parlor-table book too large to be read with comfort, but it will be always looked at with pleasure. It is beautifully printed, and contains a great number of illustrations, of uneven merit, by some of our prominent American artists. Mr. St. John Harper contributes the frontispiece and some excellent full-page drawings. One of these, representing Fair Margaret watching from the turret, is very lovely, although the face of Margaret lacks expression and is not the face that haunts us in the poet's lay. Some of the landscapes which are scattered throughout the book, reproducing the famous localities of the poem, are well worthy of praise. There are very many, no doubt, who will be glad to find an old favorite decked out in so choice a garb.

DIARY OF A TOUR IN AMERICA. By Rev. M. B. Buckley, of Cork, Ireland. Edited by his sister. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

An entertaining book by an intelligent and sympathetic observer of men and affairs. The author, deceased a few years ago, was an Irish priest who made a hasty journey through the United States and Canada, and whose sister has here collected and published his observations, especially interesting in reference to the industry, enterprise, and native genius of his countrymen in America.

A TREATISE ON PLANE AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. With Logarithmic Tables. By J. Bayma, S.J., Professor of Mathematics, Santa Clara College. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

It would be hardly correct to say that this is a contribution to the science of trigonometry, for that is a complete science; but it is a contribution to the study of it, being a neat, compact little work by a very distinguished mathematician.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY; or, Practical Meditations for each day of the month of November. By the Abbé Berlioux. Translated from the French by Emily Cholmeley. With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THE DRAGON, IMAGE, AND DEMON; or, The Three Religions of China. By Rev. Hampden C. Du Bose. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

REMINISCENCES AND OPINIONS OF SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE—1813–1885. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PASTORAL LETTER ADDRESSED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK TO THE FAITHFUL OF HIS CHARGE on occasion of the celebration of the Fifth Diocesan Synod, November 17 and 18, 1886. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By Rev. Louis Cornelis. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffman Bros.

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THE

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SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

THE Catholic politicians in the Congress at Liege during the last days of September, endeavoring to find some remedy for the evils of society, held out Catholic faith and practice as the unerring guides for solving the social problems. After the reading of a brief of Leo XIII., in which the pope referred to the Christian lessons to be found in his encyclicals disclosing the foundation of true social philosophy, the local bishop developed the subject in the same direction. He spoke of the excessive luxuriousness of living and desire for pleasure and amusement among the educated and wealthier classes, the mischief arising from which is increased enormously by the selfishness, the indifference for others, and the greed of wealth rampant among the upper and middle ranks:

"These things provoke naturally the envy or hatred of those who are dependent; they diminish the means available for benevolent and useful objects; and, what is worst of all, the evil example from above works the demoralization and corruption of the lower classes."

The bishop dwelt on the obvious elementary duties imposed by the profession of Christianity. The church was a great society, and all were bound to take an interest in it, and to help what was of advantage for their parish, their province, and their country. He exhorted his hearers to support Catholic associations, especially the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; to do all in their power

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to secure Catholic education in all its branches, for the Christian education of the young was the first step to restore a Christian life.

M. Woeste, an ex-cabinet minister of Belgium, professed his belief that no genuine solution of "social problems" could be found outside of Catholic principles, and declared his approval of "arbitration committees" between employers and workmen, adding that he would prefer to see a little more of individual action, and referred earnestly to the idle, aimless life of the unemployed educated youth of the day.

The resolutions adopted were very practical. Agricultural societies are to be set up to promote friendly relations between land-owners and tenants, and to raise the condition of the agricultural laborer; people's banks are recommended; the observance of the Sunday is to be promoted, and public works on that day to be stopped; mutual benefit and insurance societies are to be encouraged, which would assist men in illness, procure them employment, and aid them when out of work. The Bishop of Treves expressed himself decidedly in favor of the restoration of guilds or trade-societies, but in a way adapted to the conditions of our time, and leaving ample liberty for individual action. Resolutions were also passed demanding protection for the morality of girls and women employed in workshops and manufactories, and also the institution of schools for the children of workmen.

The Liege Congress took these topics for discussion on account of the fearful riots which had recently burst forth in different parts of Belgium, the most thickly-settled country in Christendom. The members of the Congress admitted that there was not only a great deal of impiety and vice amongst the working-classes (so-called), but that their condition was so hard, and they were so pressed for the very means of existence, that it was no wonder they broke out, and that unless something was done, and that at once, a social earthquake might be expected, and "to-morrow it would be too late." As similar symptoms even in our own thinly-settled country betoken like causes for discontent, it behooves us to consider what may and must be done for the "working people." Even self-interest binds us to this, for, to use a colloquial metaphor, "we are all in the same boat," and if the sailors get mad and make a hole in the ship's bottom or set her on fire, down we all go. Hence we must see that the men before the mast are properly fed and well treated.

But "here's the rub." The Declaration of Independence says, and says truly, that we are "created free and equal," which

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is commonly interpreted to mean that we "*are* all free and equal"; and, indeed, as the law views us, so we are. Every man has but one vote, and manhood (as distinguished from property and from womanhood) is the only requisite for suffrage in the citizen. Now, one feels delicate about taking care of his "equals," just as the equals feel delicate, even rebellious, at the idea of being taken care of. Hence our equality forces us apart. The mistress of the house dare not suggest to her "help" a less expensive attire, because the latter will at once assert her right to dress as well as any one else; and the tramp asks us for a loan instead of an alms, at once reminding us of the propriety of getting security before we pass over the money. Now, as self-defence and the law will tax us to support the servant-girl and the tramp when their extravagance and their idleness cause them to break down and enter the almshouse, it would seem but just that we should be enabled to prevent their reaching that state of dependence (on us) by forcing them to dress according to their means and to work while their health allows. But no. "This is a free country. Paternal government is not desired. Let every one do as he pleases and take the consequences." Yes; but the sober, industrious people *must pay for these same consequences.*

This same spirit of personal freedom and equality, and the peculiarities of our political system, are often exemplified in this manner: Here is a man, with a wife and children, who spends all his money for drink, most of his time in saloons, and comes home for no other purpose than to reproduce his own beastly image in other and yet other subjects. The superintendent of the almshouse is a political officer; he gives the "relief" at his discretion. The priest and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul provide flour and meal for the ever-increasing mouths of the undesirable family. But why not put the axe to the root? Why not place this worthless man, this enemy of society, in jail, and thus prevent his begetting any more images of his disordered self, and compel him to work for the maintenance of those already generated? You can't. He's a voter; and, besides, you'll be considered "too hard on the poor." The difficulty is shown in another example. You see many people out of work, many on the list of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and you say: "I have a hill in that field that might be better in the hollow. I don't care particularly about it, but I will give these poor men fifty cents a day and let them dig away at it; it is better than to have them getting flour and meal in alms, and it will save them from the dangers of idleness until spring opens." "What! he offers us

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fifty cents a day! No, sir." "But this is not regular work; it is an alms." "It makes no difference. I'll not work, nor will I allow any man to work, at such rates. I'll never work for fifty cents a day. I'd rather starve." And if you let him starve he'll break out into riot and burn the town, and thus make work at full wages. So, in order not to interfere with his ideas of independence, you must let him remain idle and his family suffer, unless you are willing to smuggle the flour and meat secretly into his house while he is away at the saloon running up a bill for whiskey, or on the corner talking politics. Let us give another example: In a remote country district, after the first snow in the year 1886, comes along what is known as a tramp. "Father, would you have a pair of boots? These I have are 'most worn out, and my feet are nearly on the ground with them." "No, I have no boots; but wouldn't you like to earn a pair? We are husking corn now. I'll give you board, lodging, and forty cents a day." "No, father. I'll not be like one of them Italians that are ruining this country. I belong to the Knights of Labor, and *can't work for nothing.*" "Very well. Good-day!" Was this a true Knight of Labor? Should we pension such men during the winter, or provide work for them at a high rate of wages, and tax the community proportionately? According to ordinary thinkers we should provide work for them, if they cannot, on account of exceptionally hard times, tide over the winter—for it were not well to relieve them of the burden of caring for themselves; but the rate of wages should be proportioned to the need and value of the work proposed. And then we should legislate in such a way that the whiskey-business, gambling-saloons, and such institutions shall not exhaust the pockets of the laborers and force the community to the alternative of suffering riot and arson or else of providing employment.

Do we, then, claim that they are wrong who hold that the poor should be supported by the community? By no means. Else we would have to condemn all our public institutions of benevolence, our almshouses, hospitals, orphanages, etc. Only we do not say that justice, as the word is commonly understood, obliges us to maintain such institutions. It is charity. Hence the expression used of these establishments in New York: "*Public Charities and Correction.*" Does it make the obligation less that it should arise from charity and not from justice? Not at all. For the same God that imprinted the law of justice on his tablets and in our hearts said to all: "Thou shalt love thy neigh-

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bor as thyself." But the "quality of mercy is not strained," and so neither is charity to be exercised with the same machinery as justice, but belongs properly to the individual; and it is a sad commentary on modern society in England and the United States that the government is forced to assume the duty of the private citizen and tax him for its fulfilment. If we were all Catholics this would not be the case. We are wanting in our duty, and lose the great privilege and merit of God-like brotherly love, when we merely pay our percentage of tax, leave the poor to the politically-installed functionary, and never go to "feed the hungry," to "visit the sick," or to "bury the dead" ourselves. But the individual here has and does neglect the duty of charity or love, and therefore rightly does the state with its Christian traditions force him by taxation to provide for his infirm and disabled and helpless brethren.

Another difficulty in the way of solving our problem by private charity is this: Respectable people—that is, people worthy of respect—like to be independent. This laudable, God-given feeling relieves society immensely, as it throws every family and individual more or less on himself; for there is scarce any one who can bear to be called a dependant, much less a beggar. On the other hand, it is inconvenient when we wish to economize in the care of the poor, because no individual wants to go into the almshouse, nor even to room with another acknowledged dependant, and every family wants to have its own privacy and "decency" preserved, or else will not accept alms at all. All this is intensified in our democratic system, where on election-day the voters are sought even in the poor-houses and brought in carriages, to exert the same weight in the fate of the country as the richest man in it by casting their ballots. Then, again, people want self-government, and will not be content with beautiful homes, good wages, libraries, cleanliness, and peace, unless they have a personal influence in providing and regulating all these things. Witness the Pullman City experiment near Chicago, and its not unexpected failure. The writer knows an almshouse one of the rules of which obliged the inmates to bathe every two weeks. The result was cleanliness and health, but the result was also to increase the hatred of the poor for the institution. A railroad laborer, injured by a blast, was brought to a clean, comfortable, cosey hospital, where he was tended by kind, womanly hands, and treated by the best physicians, all purely for Christ's sake. He stood it for a few weeks, but at length requested the doctors to discharge him. It was the middle of winter. "Give me a bottle

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of that liniment," he said, "and let me go. I'll rub it on myself in the shanties." And to the comfortless shanties he went, this wifeless, childless, homeless man—doubtless because he felt more independent there, and freedom was dearer than food, cleanliness, and warmth.

Yet another difficulty: While the poor, like the rich—and, indeed, more than they—love liberty, they are quite as gregarious in their inclinations and habits. Hence poor people want to live not only near each other, but actually with each other. The lack of education, culture, and wealth, with all the surroundings these united can command, renders the poor laborer more dependent on the society of his fellows for that genial companionship and sympathy for whose absence nothing can entirely compensate. Therefore it is that the poor congregate and crowd and "pile" into the great cities, and cling ever closer to the city's heart, as if loath to lose the enjoyment of the strong life-pulses that beat there, anxious to be in the very head and front of every social, human movement. The equal rights of all have been, in theory at least, recognized in the greater part of our territory; but the trouble is either that all are not equal themselves, or else that their instincts and prejudices and preferences drive them to house like bees. It is getting to be in Chicago, a prairie city, very much as it is in New York. Why live a hireling's life in any city when one may easily become an independent farmer on the broad bosom of Illinois or Minnesota? Does the reader know how many families the enthusiasm of Bishop Ireland and the eloquence of Bishop Spalding induced to leave the loathsome tenements of New York and accept the sweet air, the rich land and comfortable homesteads of the West, offered almost as a gift? We doubt if they made one single convert in the metropolis for every time they jointly occupied the platform or the sanctuary. No tenements! Is the reader aware that since the establishment of rapid transit it has become easy for multitudes to own their own homes outside of New York, on Long Island or in Westchester or New Jersey? Yet how hard it is to persuade them to abandon the wearing, nerve-destroying noise and the unhealthy stench of the great city, and lead a healthy, quiet, natural, and virtuous life in the near suburbs! What is the use of speculating without taking account of human nature? There was a time, and that not long past, when it was the poor who were called ignorant, and even senseless—and perhaps rightly—for swarming into tenements. But now the rich even, and the very rich, are guilty of the same folly, and even in a far greater degree; for

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whereas the houses in Mott street seldom reach seven stories, the "apartments" on our finest avenues run up to eleven or more. And these families pay a higher rent for one single flat in such a dwelling than would, and sometimes actually did, obtain them a beautiful mansion with several acres of garden and meadow out in God's country. And it is true of these latter-day abominations called "apartment-houses" that they also are injurious to the physical and moral health of the race; in many cases are in fact, or soon will be, reeking pest-hills, which will gradually work the ruin of their occupants and reduce their physique and their morale to the level of that Paris whence their idea has been taken. "Let us take a walk out in the fields," said Boswell. "Oh, hang the fields!" replied the doctor. "Let us take a walk down Fleet street! One field is like another field." It is useless, then, to blame the poor for preferring the cities; the rich do likewise. Nay, even with the educated and refined the passion for living in the midst of society is so strong that, amongst the clergy, a country mission will be accepted willingly only by the philosopher or the saint. Now, where people will crowd in this manner it is inevitable that sickness, intemperance and other vices, poverty, filth, and death shall prevail, and to such an extent that it is simply impossible to reduce these evils to natural limits. The exercise of charity thus becomes immensely more difficult than it would be if the population were more scattered. But what remedy is there? Legislation forbidding crowding can do a great deal. Why doesn't it? We shall see later on.

Another reason why it is hard to help the needy is because so many are in want by no one's fault but their own. One-half the race lives off the other half; or perhaps it would be truer to say two-thirds of the race live upon the remaining third.

We maintain that if the poor would only practise temperance they would in a multitude of cases infallibly rise out of, or escape falling into, poverty. Why? The answer is in the statistics of the saloon business. Further, because the rich would find a motive of natural attraction, in addition to the divine command enjoining brotherly love, if the poor were blameless for their misery, and it would be not only easier but delightful to help the needy. Every one knows that "decent" poor people find friends in their distress. If they sometimes do not it is because they are hidden in a repulsive crowd, or because the presumption is that their condition is accompanied by filth, profanity, and intemperance—that is to say, that they are not "decent," and it would require the love of St. Vincent de Paul to draw near and

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help them. How then? Do we insist that the poor shall practise the four cardinal virtues before they may be helped? No. We must help them, such as they are.

Here comes in the need of those Christian principles advanced in the Congress of Liege, and by which alone is temporal well-being equally with eternal happiness to be gained. Let these but prevail and every one will take an interest in his brother, for we would be all brethren, children of one Father, who would have us love one another and will ask each: "Where is thy brother?" And this is natural as well as positive law. Like loves like. Men are naturally beneficent, and it is only because they fear theft, or dislike filth, or hate drunkenness, or fear strife that they avoid each other's company; and we think that the rich man would be quite willing, as a rule, to "consider the poor," if both he and his poorer brother were honest, sober, neat, and peaceable.

Having so far looked over the field of private effort for the solution of the social problem, we are now to consider that which is public. We have said that legislation might do something to remove or remedy some of those circumstances which make the exercise of charity difficult. Yes, the government might order at least the worst of those huge tenements to be removed, and forbid more than a certain number of people to live under one roof. Why doesn't it? Because the people don't want it. But the tenements are destroying their occupants. There are only two ways of remedying that: either persuade the voters of the evil and let them elect men pledged to reform it, or else—call in Bismarck. But you can't do the former; then you must put up with the evil. We are bound to practise charity anyhow, and if we changed our form of government we might indeed get rid of the tenements and run splendid boulevards over their ruins, but you would have the tyrant and the standing army eating up your people instead. So the young men won't be sober, and will spend their wages in vice and folly instead of laying in a stock of good health and morals, and making to themselves a comfortable home for a long and happy life. Persuade them to vote for honest officials who will make and enforce good municipal laws, or else abandon your democracy and let Draco rule and devour us. So the remedy is in a great measure in the hands of the people after all? Certainly it is. If they want the crowded tenements abolished next year let them elect men pledged to this. If they want to get rid of the occasion of sin which they are unable to resist, let them vote for local option and then sweep

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away the saloons. But this, you say, they will never do. Very well, then. You can't remedy their ills by any artificial arrangement: there is no use of taking quinine while the green, stagnant pond is still behind the house.

But before adverting further to the means whereby the duty and practice of charity may possibly be facilitated, we would again insist on the fact that the voters can, if they will, bring about some necessary reforms which we ourselves, brought up in New York, know well the need of. They can have playgrounds for the children. It is merely absurd to answer by pointing to the meadows in Central Park when you consider the size of the city and the number of young Manhattanese who have the desire and the right to play base-ball. So they can have a dozen more free baths for every one they now have. Even these are a great improvement on the state of things in the writer's boyhood, when we got a swim at the risk of imprisonment, and washed ourselves at the imminent peril of a clubbing from a *guardian of the peace* (bless the mark!), or pitched our ball in mortal terror among the logs in Webb's shipyard. They can prevent that special legislation which makes over to the owners of the Hudson's lovely banks the ownership also of the river-bottom, so that no one dare anchor anywhere above low-water mark without the consent of the riparians. We will not discuss the strict justice of such a law, but surely it appears uncharitable—something like various practices prevalent in that woebegone country, Ireland. So, too, the Hudson is intended by God for men to drink of, to sail on, to admire, and to bathe in. Hence they should have frequent and free access to its waters, and not be forced to walk six miles for a lane leading down to it, nor ask permission of some proprietor—who perhaps never bathes except at Newport or in his own mansion—before they can enjoy their rightful prerogative.

We know a small city with a beautiful and well-stocked reading-room maintained by taxation, a delightful place to spend a couple of hours, especially of a winter's night. Now, the library is closed punctually at eight o'clock in the evening, precisely at the hour when it would be useful to those who need it most, as they have no such resources at home, and must either accept the alms of the Y. M. C. Association, instead of enjoying what they are taxed for, or else go and stay, at more or less expense, amid the smoke and profane vulgarity and temptation of the saloon.

Why don't the voters remedy these things? We did not see our way clearly to follow the now famous "sixty-eight thou-

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sand" of New York's last election; but it is a consolation to know that sixty-eight thousand men had the courage to give up the "two dollars a head" that it is said they usually get for their votes, and follow their own judgment at the ballot-box at least once. It is a good sign, if democracy be indeed a stable and reliable system of government. The people generally are monarchists in practice, though democrats in theory, and follow a "boss" as they used to follow a king. Or else, like children, they want to eat their cake and have it at the same time; sell their sacred right of voting, and then complain because they are deprived of its proper fruit. They remind us of a man we met in California who was shouting, "The Chinese must go!" "Why don't you begin here?" we said. "Here are five Chinese laundrymen in a village of one hundred and fifty inhabitants, and not a single family, of a surety, that did not do its own washing before the Chinese came. Why not wear your shirts for a month, as you did formerly, or let your women-folk do the washing just for four weeks, as they used to? Or else pay the rent of the store occupied by the Asiatics for a few weeks, and so force them to go." "No," he said, "the people won't do that. They want the government to put them out." There it is again. They want to pass for self-governors, and are proud of the name of democrat; yet they throw the care and responsibility on the shoulders of whoever has ability and the decision to seize and play the part of father, master, boss, or king.

However, even if we all cast our votes conscientiously, honorably, judiciously, and properly, there will be always room for the exercise of charity—that is, of brotherly love. The curse is upon us, the curse of original sin, and therefore there will be actual sin and its consequences—poverty, disease, filth, insanity, crime—in the world. While the publicist is training the voters to correct some of the social wrongs by the ballot, why can't the well-to-do, God-fearing, man-loving Christians unite in organizing and systematizing and developing the ever-needful work of charity? *Christians*, say we? Nay, why not unite the Jew and the Samaritan, the Catholic and the infidel, in this virtue? Are we afraid of losing faith by practising charity? Or do some of our readers think, perhaps, that it would be a *communicatio in sacris*, and therefore forbidden? It does not appear so to us, nor, apparently, to that apostolic man, the Archbishop of Westminster, who joins hand and word and purse with every one who is engaged in works of beneficence. As yet we Catholics have hung back from aiding in the collections of Hospital Sunday. Why? Is it

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because our people don't avail themselves of the good results? Everybody knows that as we have most of the poor, so a great share of this alms is bestowed on our members. Or is it that, being mainly composed of the poorer classes of society, we do not feel called on to contribute? Yet we build fine churches and splendid hospitals and asylums of our own. The writer may be mistaken, but that policy strikes him as narrow, false, and injurious which prevents us from joining our fellow-citizens in any movement that is really good, even though the direction of it be not placed in our control. What is the cause of this holding back? and is it really to the greater glory of God and our neighbor's good?

Now, suppose that the priest and the Levite in the parable had said: "We have no means, and cannot undertake to provide for that poor man; but as you, good Samaritan, are rich and willing to do it, permit us to offer our little contribution also, because he, being a Jew, is even more our brother than yours; in any case charity binds all of us together." Do you think Jesus Christ would have blamed them or allowed them to fall into temptation or lose their faith in his true church for such co-operation? What are we afraid of, then, or what prevents us from uniting with our fellow-citizens in every good work? Enlightened co-operation in public charity will not only save us from the reproach of incivism, which will, until it is removed, be an almost insuperable obstacle to the conversion of our country, but it will tend to bring the guidance of every good work under the highest principles. Far from us any selfish motive, but we know a priest who joined, as far as he might laudably, with one of those "charity organization societies," and who in a very brief time became one of its chief officers, although the other members were exclusively non-Catholic. For those people know that the church is the best manager of such institutions. As a Protestant preacher said to us: "We are only copying your Society of St. Vincent de Paul." But we cannot expect them to come and beg us to organize and take them under our direction. We ought to be very grateful for the Christian spirit that prevails, and that shows itself in those various societies for the diffusion of beneficence, the suppression of vice, the prevention of cruelty, the promotion of temperance; and if we do not misinterpret the words of Leo XIII. in his encyclical of November 1, 1885, our joining in such movements is in harmony with his advice to "take part in public affairs, . . . not in order to approve what is not right, . . . but to change it into sound and true provision for the public

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good, having a fixed determination to infuse into all the veins of the state, as most wholesome sap and blood, the wisdom and virtue of the Catholic religion."

Our space is already outrun, and we have only broached these vast and deep and difficult yet vitally interesting subjects, but are glad of a chance to urge on their study that they may be pursued to a successful issue, so that our progress may be real and sound. The best country for the poor man is the country where he is least likely to starve to death. Even the France and Italy of to-day are, by this criterion, superior to England and the United States. Let us do our duty at the polls, and we will save democratic institutions from disgrace and from the sneers of titled aristocrats and kings. Let us join hands with all our fellow-citizens to practise the divine virtue of charity. So shall we be free indeed, because God's truth shall be practised amongst us and shall make us free; so shall all nations acknowledge that Liberty hath indeed enlightened and elevated us, and the more easily and speedily shall she then proceed on her mission of "Enlightening the World."

ANATOMY OF SELFISHNESS.

SELFISHNESS is the world's master-sin. Using the word "sin" in its colloquial sense, apart from its theological bearings, selfishness is the *fons et origo* of all the evils which are commonly called social. Nay, selfishness is the cause of most of the vices of men's lives, of their own lives and of the lives of those who know them. Is this going too far? Not one inch. Let us consider selfishness in its effects on a man's self, as well as in its effects upon others.

Selfishness is the preference of a man's weaker disposition to such as is stronger or more pure. It is the choosing, perhaps listlessly or half-consciously, what occasions him least trouble, most pleasure. It is the putting aside such suggestions of force as come from what is nobler in nature, and the heeding only such impulses as say, "Ah! this will be agreeable; this will get rid of that bore." Carry out this disposition to its full behest; spread it over a lifetime—over seventy years; permit it to comprehend the two spheres of human action commonly known as the "natu-

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ral" and the "spiritual," and you have the disease which blasts the whole of a career and nips every perfection in the bud. It will be well to avoid in the present paper any allusion to "the supernatural virtues," because the present writer, being a layman, has no pretension, no fitness, to speak of high matters which are beyond him. It is as a man of the world he would speak of selfishness; and a man of the world knows what it is. Selfishness corrodes every heart. There is but the question of the degree. More or less, a man is only half of himself, because the whole of a man's self ought to include every relation towards those who are brought into contact with him. No Ego can be complete in itself. Ego is only fractional or relative. A man who is "wrapped up in himself" is not a whole but a part. It is said of water that it is formed of rounded particles, and that its unity is the harmony of its innumerableness. Its rushing music is only the voice of myriad embraces; its sweeping waves are the one motion of all the atoms. Water is, therefore, a symbol of social unity. How very unlike to society! Human Egos, when rubbing together like mites of water, make anything but a sea of one idea. Indeed, mind—the human Ego—by some inscrutable mystery, cannot intuitively apprehend other Egos. It can only apprehend them by great effort. For example, two persons pass each other in the street; possibly they may be strangers, perhaps acquaintances. They are endowed with like capacities, like affections. They have everything in common but one thing, and that one thing happens to be self. One of the two persons is perhaps intent on his own enjoyment; serenely comfortable in the assurance of his own income; or mightily wrapped in some passion of self-indulgence, to which he is about to give full swing. The other person, perhaps superior in disposition and also in the merit of his career, is full of sadness from some little common want which the happy person could supply to him without effort. Yet the happy person passes the unhappy person in the street, without knowing, without so much even as suspecting, that the unhappy person would envy him his superiority; or, if he does suspect it, is not in the least degree disturbed by the thought that his own Ego is the happier. Now, morally this cannot be said to be culpable, for the simple reason that it is quite unavoidable. It only shows how very small is the human Ego. Naturalists tell us that there are some creatures of the "instinct-world" ("reason" is assumed to be man's monopoly) which intuitively apprehend each other's moods; so that if one instinct-stranger meet another instinct-stranger he or she shows both

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knowledge and sympathy. Such instinct is a bit bigger than human reason! Not one man in a hundred busies himself for a moment in the interior longings of a perfect stranger. How should he, it may be asked, seeing that from morning to night he might have to busy himself a million times? This is true; yet there is a something which is humiliating in such oneness of the individual career. If I am so one that I can pass by a hundred men, all of whom are less happy than myself, yet can pass them so serenely, so opaquely as to be either unconscious of or indifferent to their sufferings, I cannot feel proud of my sympathetic capacity, which is locked up in my own Number One. *A fortiori*, if I *know* another's sufferings and have it in my power to lessen them, yet am too lazy, too feeble in inward action to put myself out of the way to do good, I cannot regard myself as a superior being—superior to those little insects who have sympathy. St. Paul says (and it sounds like a bitter sarcasm): "We are every one members one of another"; and again: "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." This might be rendered, in the modern-world sense: "We are members only of our immediate surroundings; and if any member suffer who is not allied to me by interest, I really cannot suffer *with* him, nor even feel with him." Indeed, it is not too much to say that the misfortunes of others are sometimes even consolatory to ourselves. Thus, I can ride in my carriage, and can be happy in my wealth, without being made unhappy at sight of woe. So far from being made unhappy because I know that my own opulence will make the beggar to feel more houseless, more hungry, I am, on the contrary, rather pleased with the consideration that "the public" will admire me as being well off. (Human nature likes to be respected for being prosperous.) There may be no question of my willingness to "relieve" woe, if woe bend the knee in supplication; but the fact remains the same that my knowledge of existing woe does not impair my fruition of my own goods. I am not made uncomfortable by the certainty of the fact that my comfort stirs pain in the less fortunate. This is selfishness. This is the mood and temper of human nature. And if it be not disgraceful that it should be so—and it can hardly be called disgraceful, because it is but the natural smallness of that strange mental compound, the human Ego—it is nevertheless a subject for humiliation, a sound reason for intellectual modesty, and a ground for suspecting that possibly, in another world, I may have to walk, instead of riding in my carriage.

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Let us say that the three great troubles of this life are Disgrace, Bodily Sickness, and Poverty, and let us consider how selfishness affects them all. As to Disgrace, it means the consciousness that the undisgraced look down on the disgraced from a lofty eminence—that is, they look down on them, not from any real eminence, but from the eminence of not being themselves disgraced. They may be gross sinners, but they are not disgraced; and mere sin is not what the world scorns. We may illustrate our meaning by a few examples, so as to work out the anatomy of selfishness. Take the commercial world, the men of business. Not one man in a hundred is always scrupulously ingenuous in his dealings with that cosmic vagrant, "the public." A wine-merchant will mix wines (or will mix tartar and sugar with a distillation of raisins and currants) while charging for "the prime vintage of '65"; or a "'cute" tradesman will take advantage of a brother-tradesman's misfortunes to buy his goods of him for a smaller sum than they are worth; or a jeweller will sell poor stones for good stones; or a horse-dealer will know a defect, but will not mention it. The tricks of trade are the real sources of half the profits. But then all this is quite strictly "within the law." No policeman can arrest you for any amount of legal fraud; he can only "want" you for such fraud as is illegal. So that the man of business can defraud everybody all day long—and a vast number of business men do so—provided only that he do the thing legally. Now, in regard to disgrace—the disgrace of being punished—it is manifest to the philosopher that the punishment is no disgrace; what was disgraceful was the disingenuousness. Yet men of business rather respect a man for being "'cute" (that is, for getting the better of his fellow), while they shut their doors on any "thief" who has been found out—that is, found out so as to be punished. Yet the sole difference is that the "thief" breaks the law, whereas the "'cute man" (who is the more immoral of the two) is too selfish to incur any such risk.

To pursue, then, the anatomy of this selfishness, so as to see where the Ego most offends: First, in the visiting disgrace on a "fellow-thief" (the expression is offensive, but most just) who had not the science or the opportunity to rob legally, the disingenuous man poses as a perfectly innocent man, who has himself *never* taken advantage of any other man. This, to begin with, is a lie; and a lie is the cowardice of selfishness. But this posing as a perfectly innocent judge is invariably followed by prolonged cruelty; for in refusing compassion to one who has sinned, *after* he

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has been punished for his sin, there is the commission of a flagrant injustice, since a man who has been punished has done penance for his sin, and ought, therefore, to be restored to social credit; nay, morally he is in a better position than are the majority of the unpunished, for he has made atonement to God and to society. In England, if a man has been convicted he is socially and financially damned, no matter what his sorrow may be; indeed, the English system of "social ostracism for ever" is the greatest of all incentives to repeating crime. Now, this injustice is a most cowardly form of selfishness. It involves falsehood, hypocrisy, malignity. It assumes that we ourselves are perfectly free from all offence (for no one who has ever broken one Commandment of God can have the right to judge his fellow for breaking another Commandment); and by withholding assistance and compassion from the penitent it compels the outcast to remain always the outcast, although he has done full penance for his sin. It monuments itself as typically moral and just by the very censure it passes on the punished, saying: "Look at me! I never broke a Commandment; whereas this wretch not only breaks one but is found out."

Yet, that we may bring this particular selfishness still more home, let us take a not uncommon illustration. A man has made a fortune by wrong means—no matter whether by cruelty or disingenuousness. He is mightily honored by society, which dines with him, and not only dines with him but goes to church with him, and is delighted to marry its daughters to him. Now, one of this rich man's poor dependants, under the impulse of temptation (illegally) abstracts one dollar from his purse. *He* is sent to prison and is ruined. Society makes no inquiry after *him*. Poor wretch! he did not know how to rob legally; his education in disingenuousness had been imperfect; besides, he had not the rich man's opportunities. Society therefore punishes *him* for his clumsiness. Society—that pretentious mass of selfishness, which worships successful craft but hates punishment—says: "Disgrace is not in thinking what is wrong, not in doing what is canny or equivocal, not in ruining the widow or the orphan that you may pile up your own gold on their dèbris; disgrace is not in being cruel to dependants, or in using others' flesh and blood for your own gain: disgrace is in doing wrong so very clumsily that you get caught and sent to prison for your clumsiness." *This* is the vulgar sin which is unpardonable. "Go, and sin no more," is what God says. "Sin as much as you like, but do sin like a gentleman," is what disgrace-hating society calls "respectable." Now, the essence of this social doctrine is selfishness. In order to pose

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as being virtuous it is necessary that prosperous men should consent with one accord to *disgrace crime*. But the crime must be of a kind which "no gentleman" would commit, not of a kind which every Christian should abhor.

So much in regard to disgrace. Of Bodily Sickness it will suffice to say here that human nature shrinks from it with horror; and where others are so afflicted human nature keeps away—human nature untouched by something higher. How terrible is the thought that as we walk through the streets, admiring the bright shops and gay equipages, and smiling at the jocund tripping of young men and young women who are bent on the full enjoyment of the hour, within many of the houses are persons lying in suffering; some persons actually entered on their last agony; some bodies just bereft of their souls! Now, true, it is not disgraceful to forget this; it is only perfectly natural, perfectly human. Human nature is but egoism in flesh. Let us not blame it for what it is. Oblivion is more facile than sympathy. I may know, perhaps, that in this very street there lives a lonely sick man who would love that I should call to ask him how he is; or who, bed-ridden, would experience a touch of paradise were I to take to him some flowers or some fruits. I cannot do it. Life is so full of trouble, even of my own trouble. And sickness is so repellant to my robustness that I must keep the one joy which I have unalloyed—that of forgetting that my time of sickness must come. Do you tell me that I am selfish because I do not visit the sick? Well, if I were asked to do so I would do it. But it upsets me to enter a sick-room. Besides, priests do it, and doctors, and nurses; and I am never sure that my visits would be welcome. True, I have known what it is to lie on a sick-bed, to hear the laughter of children under my window, to envy the birds which flitted happily past my prison, and to long for sympathy from all whom I loved. But I try to forget all that now. And is this selfish? Perhaps it is. But it is natural! Sickness, like disgrace, is a violence done to nature; for nature abhors everything but joy.

As to Poverty, it is certainly the master-trouble, because it makes all other troubles so much worse. Sickness and disgrace are both worse for it. If we consider selfishness in its relations to poverty we open out a world of deep reflection. We are almost afraid to enter upon it. A rich man and a poor man need not be opposites, because mere poverty need not make a man unhappy, any more than mere riches must make him happy. What we mean by poverty—the affliction of poverty—is that state of acute

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want which might easily be removed by a little effort of kindness and sympathy. Yet selfishness will not rouse itself to this effort. Selfishness prefers always to make excuses: "Oh! it is his own fault"; or, "I have helped him before"; or, "You may do such an enormous amount of injury by encouraging habits of dependence in the struggling classes"; or, "I am so absorbed in my own affairs, and in my family affairs, that I really have not time for other people's." And so on, according to the ingenuity. Now, observe that in all excuses three attitudes of selfishness are invariably combined and most pronounced. First, there is the Judicial attitude, which finds it easier to *judge* a poor man than to take the real trouble of personally *knowing* him. Next, there is the Vain attitude, which assumes superiority in self; for how else can any prosperous man judge a poor man? Thirdly, there is the Lazy attitude, which has plenty of time for self, plenty of time for pleasure and dissipation, plenty of time for lounging and shop-studying, or for even less innocent or exalted pastimes or wanderings; while for *another* who is in trouble—oh! no, not a quarter of an hour, not the time even for politely answering a letter, not the interest or the sentiment to care as much for a suffering pleader as one cares for a favorite dog or a good cigar. Thus the selfishness which neglects poverty has three disgraceful attitudes: the Judicial, which presumes to judge a (possibly) superior; the Vain, which imagines itself to be all-deserving; and the Lazy, which gives less care to active virtue than it gives to the choice of a champagne.

II.

In the anatomy of selfishness it is obvious that we must look for *motive*, so far as selfishness can be said to have motive. Now, motive lies at the very bottom of the soul, while complacency floats upon the top of it. To detect this motive, to dig it up out of the depths, we must draw the curtains upon life, and die living. Keeping clear, however, of purely religious considerations (for the supernatural, as has been promised, shall not be touched upon, since this would be to preach, which would be out of the question), let us try to detect the motives which may be set down as being selfish, by the counter process of detecting the motives which are generous.

A generous man is one who will shut the eyes of his soul, from the pure delicacy of his moral sensibility, upon the faults,

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even the defects, of another person, whenever he is called upon to do good to that person—do good in any real sense of the word. Say he knows that a person is "undeserving"; that "it is his own fault"; that he is a gross sinner, if you will, or at the least weak. The first feeling of the generous man is: "I do not judge. I judge myself, because I know all about myself; but it is impossible for any one, save Almighty God, to know the *all* of another person's merit." Temperament, constitution, education, surroundings; the accidents of human circumstances or the decrees of the Divine Will; health, provocation, temptation, wear and tear, with the exceptional influences of exceptional trials on exceptional minds—will not philosophy, magnanimity, and a profound acquaintance with mental phenomena know that *all these* must be taken into the reckoning before any man dare to say, "I judge"? So that generosity will begin with big brains—or, to put it more truly, with a big soul—and will make its starting-point the axiom that, as it cannot know the all, it is bound, in simple justice, to believe the best. Father Faber said that there was more good than evil in every man; only evil rises to the top and good keeps down below, and we see a good deal more of the top than of the below. Generosity will believe in the below, and will not form its conclusions from the top. It is perfectly hideous to hear many men judging others for particular faults which have been babbled by the unthinking, taking for granted what is injurious or depreciative, but never assuming what is favorable or apologetic. Let any one judge *them* in the same way, and they will exclaim, "How unjust, how uncharitable!" But a generous man will always look on the bright side. As St. Paul says, he "thinketh no evil." His science of the human heart makes him contemptuous of small judgments on the superficies of a man's outward, seeming self. He knows that the human heart is a delicate instrument, which the east winds of a bitter world put out of tune, and he remembers well a thousand occasions when, but for unmerited rescue, he would himself have fallen a victim to horrid woes. This is true in every department of human evil, the physical and the financial, the social and the domestic, nay, even the religious or the spiritual. "Ne judicas" will be the generous man's motto, and his philosophy will be all one with his wide heart. Indeed, philosophy is only that bigness of human wisdom (philosophy in regard to human judgments) which, taking everything for what it is, makes the best of the very worst, and prays: "Let me forgive another his sin as easily as I forgive

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myself my own sin." It is marvellous with what facility we can forgive ourselves, or how leniently we can pass sentence on our convicted conscience; and generosity will simply transfer the same facility, the same leniency, to our judgments upon the frailties of our acquaintances. Generosity, intellectually, will not apply its own two-foot rule to the measurements of the mental processes of any one else; morally, it will take some details of its own weaknesses, and will build up a good defence of others from them alone; socially, it will remember its own acute sensibilities when there is the opportunity of receiving homage or of receiving coldness; financially, it will act on a favorite axiom of Edward III., "Qui non dat quod habet, non accipit ille quod optat"; sympathetically, it will always forecast the possible yearnings of another's mind, so as to anticipate every mood, every desire. Turn all this upside down, and you have selfishness! Selfishness does not forecast another's thought. It does not go without a dinner once a week to give a dinner to those who dine *only* once a week. It does not dive into the hiding-places of the scorned to rebuild the opportunities which have been lost. It does not say to society, "You are a sham"; nor to respectability, "You are a most decorous impostor." Selfishness has not the pluck to be manly. It cringes to the social tyranny of false maxims. It is supercilious to the crowd of the unlucky, but genuflectory to the favorites of fortune; gives costly presents to the already too possessive, and a few cents to those who are without a home; sits in a front seat in a church, near the sanctuary, and turns its back on the free-seat victims of "unholy poverty"; and generally regards life as an institution which is intended to enable every man to use others for his own benefit. Selfishness is the brute part of man. Man is the most voracious of all beasts of prey. Other beasts limit their eviscerating propensities to a certain range of living things not of their own kind; man alone devours his own kind (in a score of senses), as well as every other kind that suits his palate. Human selfishness means preying upon other persons when we happen to have an appetite for what they value. Let us take one particular example of this kind of "preying"—an example which is as popular as is immorality.

A person has got hold of a bit of scandal. Perhaps he is the only person who knows it. He is sole possessor of the dynamite of disgrace. If not sole possessor, he knows that there are but few persons among whom the scandal is at present known. If he keeps the scandal to himself but very little harm will be done.

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If he talks the cannon's roar will wake the echoes. Now, to make known this scandal is a selfishness which is as imbecile as it is grossly, almost infinitely, immoral. There is, first, the selfishness of doing unknown harm to thousands by the immensity of the evil thought which is occasioned. There is next the selfishness of seeking to monument our own innocence by pretending to be so shocked at another's sin. Thirdly, there is the selfishness of gratifying our own craving for a most delicious bit of abuse of another person. To repeat a scandal may be more criminal than to originate it. Temptation, provocation, may excuse the scandal-*giver;* selfishness is the sole high principle of the scandal *monger*. Tongue-wagging about the sins of other people implies the relish of the sin which is wagged about, *plus* the affectation of being ourself loftily superior to the possibility of a grave offence of any kind. It is an act of selfishness involving vanity as well as meanness, cruelty as well as moral imbecility, with an utter scorn of the edification of society. Yet this kind of selfishness is common among "good" people, who realize truthfully what De la Rochefoucauld meant cynically: "In the misfortunes of even our best of friends there is a something which does not displease us."

Two more bits of anatomy shall be hazarded. Say that interest, vanity, love, are the three principal levers of the natural life. Interest is egoism in the act of calculation—the arithmetical cultus of Number One. Vanity is egoism in the act of self-worship. Love (that is, the passion called love) is egoism watching the reflection, as in a mirror, of whatever it most ardently admires, and longing to possess it, as its own ideal.

Secondly (and though the allusion is religious, the anatomy is equally just in the natural senses), the seven deadly sins are seven different expressions of the greatest foe of man's nature—his selfishness. Pride is the undue inflation of the Ego. Anger is the wild disturbance of selfishness. Luxury is the lower abandonment to selfish pleasure. Sloth is but the indolence of the higher self. Envy is the preferring self before another. Covetousness is the passion for self-aggrandizement. Gluttony is self's delight in self's palate. So that, religiously, it may be said that the anatomy of selfishness is all one with the anatomy of sin.

III.

To glance for one moment at a modern "philosophy." Mr. Frederic Harrison has at least this apology for his "Humani-

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tarianism," that it is better to worship unselfishness than to worship self. Yet we fancy that if we spelt Unselfishness with a big U it would make a much better cult than does Humanity. We must be glad, however, that in these selfish days a "philosopher" of modern thought dares to start with these two supreme postulates: the one, that the age *is* intensely selfish; the other, that it *ought not* to be so. We must, however, part company with Mr. Harrison the moment he gets beyond such first platitudes. To worship Humanity is, poetically, pretty. But Unselfishness does *not* worship Humanity; on the contrary, it compassionates it profoundly. And it does so, not from contempt of others' selfishness, but because it is painfully conscious of its own. Had Mr. Harrison inverted his philosophy, bidden us aim at perfection within ourselves instead of worshipping the supposed virtues of other people, he would have placed his virtue-cult in the only shrine where it is needed; though, as to a religion, mere virtue-cult is not one. No man can make a god out of creature-virtues. If he could do so he could make a god out of his own virtues. And this would be the very essence of selfishness. The principle for which we contend in this brief essay is that unselfishness is in the proportion of modesty, just as selfishness and dull complacency are twins.

Yet if we wanted to build yet one more human altar in the already crowded temple of human cults, we should build an altar to Unselfishness, as the most neglected of divinities, compared to whom mere Humanity has many votaries. Even Charity might kneel humbly at that altar—that is, Charity in its modern signification. And here let it be noted—since Charity and Unselfishness *ought to be*, but *are not*, twin sisters—that the word charity is most offensively misused. People use it in the spirit of condescension, as in the act of stooping to do unmerited favors (the very essence of the attitude of rotten selfishness!), whereas the highest privilege known to mortals—the purest exercise of unselfishness—is to make others' happiness their own business. Charity has come to wear the pomp of a feeble selfishness; as Mr. Ward says, it puts on the "clothes of Christianity": it attitudinizes in cant and hypocrisy; delivering lectures from platforms upon philanthropy; giving cents to a person who has no shoes (while giving jewels to a person who keeps a carriage); subscribing to this or that "charity," with one's name publicly advertised; and, generally, thinking of self, not of others. Whereas, Christianly, what is *true* charity but unselfishness?

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For, after all, it is but modesty in operation, justice in doing for others what God does for us, gratitude in return for our own blessings, love in seeking to imitate the blessings-Giver; and all this is the flower-family of unselfishness—very unlike to the conventional idea of popular alms-giving! We might imagine, from the normal tone of professing Christians, that charity was a sort of poor-law necessity, or a gracious bending of the superior self to the less fortunate, instead of being the luxury of the true gentleman, precisely as it is the perfection of the true Christian. What is a gentleman? An unselfish man—the man who, thinking least of himself, does most by act and word for every one else; the peacemaker, the merciful, the self-suppressing, the kindly judging, is the gentleman, because he is the Christian. There is not any real difference between the two.

It is obvious, then, that in the anatomy of our own selfishness (never mind the anatomy of other people's!) it would not be safe to begin the process save by summoning to our judgment-bar all our weaknesses, our omissions, our littlenesses, our unkindnesses, our shams, our deceits. Plenty of them! In the imagination alone lie worlds of selfishness—in the dreamland of the unreal, the fantastic. The spear of Ithuriel—as Milton so well pictured—when it touched the angelic form of the Evil One, made him start into his truthful appearance. Modesty is probably the only Ithuriel spear which can make selfishness start into its true proportions. But since the world, or say Society, has made it a primary canon to use selfishness as its coat of armor against trouble, it is not easy for the individual to live in an atmosphere of selfishness, and at the same time to hate the atmosphere which he breathes. We are all of us so malleable, so impressionable, that we take the stamp on our minds of others' mottoes; and because Jones, Smith, and Brown think and act in a particular way, we take it for granted that their ideas are good enough. If *I* am selfish—may well argue Number One—well, so is the whole world, that is, human nature; and I really cannot create a human nature for myself: I must take life precisely as I find it. Besides—and Number One actually *says* this in some of the pet philosophies of modern thought—all such points, my dear sir, are metaphysical. Selfishness, like appetite, is only organic; and to attempt to formulate a philosophy out of the bias of a constitution is only a pretty, virtuous vagary of the imagination, and won't hold water in the real business of life. Here we are, and here we must grovel, and here we must eat and drink

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and go to sleep, and here we must (legally) extract money out of other people's pockets in order to fill our own mouths and our children's. Do not indulge in rhapsodies about unselfishness. It is perfectly true that ants, when they come to ford water, drown themselves to build a bridge for surviving ants. Pretty poetry! You don't catch me drowning myself for my survivors, because I know that not one of them would do it for me. My dear sir, unselfishness is utopian. It is only fit to be written in stanzas; it is not meant to be mottoed on larders. And our modern-thought Number One is perhaps right—that is, from his own point of view. Selfishness *is* life's primary law. But is it life's primary object? One of the saints was asked: "Do you think that most souls go to Purgatory?" He said: "Yes, because the selfishness of human nature can scarcely be eradicated in this life." But if it cannot be eradicated it can be subdued. And the greatest man in the world is he who lives most for others, and *therefore* lives most for himself. Paradox as this seems, it is true. No subtlety of objection can get rid of the fact that the larger the sphere of a man's sympathies, the greater amount of happiness he must confer, and *therefore* the greater amount of happiness he must enjoy; unless, indeed, he be constitutionally contemptible. It was said at the beginning of this brief essay that selfishness is the cause of most of the vices of men's lives, of their own lives and of the lives of those who know them. But in the proportion as you excite vice in other people by your own irritating and demoralizing egotism, you must increase the sphere of misery around you, and so must lessen your own sphere of happiness. Unselfishness is selfish! Sweet paradox! Let us glory in the truth that every act of unselfishness is the sowing the seeds of a ripe harvest of our own enjoyment; for it is the widening of our own intellect, the increasing of our self-respect, the fortifying of our best and bravest faculties, and the living more like God than like man.

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THE TURNING-POINT IN IRISH HISTORY — THE LEINSTER TRIBUTE.

IF there ever was a country that suffered from ignorant and incompetent writers of history, that country is assuredly Ireland. Some dozens—perhaps we might say some scores—of men have, during the last hundred years, written either histories or historical sketches of Ireland. Men with no knowledge of the language in which the ancient annals and literature of the country are written, and which alone contains all that is necessary for the elucidation of its history, have published books on Ireland's past, and have given their opinions about it with as much positiveness and boldness as if they could read a Gaelic manuscript of the tenth century as easily as an article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The fact is, in the words of Eugene O'Curry, "the history of Ireland has yet to be written." Even Keating's history, although written by a learned man and a profound Gaelic scholar, is not at all what it should be, and what it probably would have been had it been written four hundred years earlier. The age in which Keating lived was probably the darkest and most dismal that Ireland had ever seen. Religious persecutions on one side, and violence and uncertainty on every side, had so degraded the persecuted and brutalized their oppressors that one shudders as he reads about the Ireland of the seventeenth century. Arts, science, and literature were well-nigh blotted out, and it is no wonder that one feels disappointed with Keating's *History of Ireland* and with the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Profoundly learned, not alone in Gaelic but in other languages, as the compilers of these works undoubtedly were, and precious as their books are to Ireland, they seem, nevertheless, to have been suffering under the blighting influence of the seventeenth century when they wrote them. It was an age of decadence, and both Keating and O'Cleary were under its influence; where they should have given us facts they give us legends, and about some of the most weighty and salient parts of Irish history they are either silent or skip them over with most unaccountable brevity.

The imposition of the Leinster Tribute is beyond all doubt the weightiest and most important event that Irish history tells of. Nine-tenths of Ireland's misfortunes, politically and socially, can be traced back to it. Keating mentions the imposition of the

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Leinster Tribute, but makes no attempt to draw conclusions from it. He leaves us to think what we like about the matter; and we are forced to believe that although the *Book of Leinster* was compiled five hundred years before either he or O'Cleary was born, neither of them had ever seen it; if they had, they should have seen the tract it contains on the Tribute and its causes, and they would have given more particulars about it. The *Annals of the Four Masters* do not mention the imposition of the Tribute at all. Here is all they say about the king who first levied it:

"A.D. 106. Tuathal Teachtmhar, after having been thirty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain by Mall, King of Ulster."

This omission by the Four Masters, and by such a learned man as Michael O'Cleary, the chief amongst those by whom the *Annals* were compiled, is most extraordinary and unaccountable, and is all the more so from the fact that he is obliged to mention the Tribute many times in relating the events of subsequent Irish history, for battles almost innumerable were caused by it for more than five hundred years after it was imposed on the people of Leinster. Keating's narrative of the imposition of the Tribute agrees pretty closely with the following one, now for the first time printed in full; but it is plain that he got his information about it from some other and, in all probability, less trustworthy source. The Leinster folk would be the most likely to possess the documents that gave the most reliable and most detailed account of a matter which pressed so heavily on themselves.

This article contains something never before published in any American periodical—namely, the translation of a historical episode from an ancient Gaelic manuscript, the *Book of Leinster*. The precious manuscript from which it was taken has been handed down to us from the time when Ireland had real "home rule." The exact date of its compilation is unknown, but that it was in existence before the Anglo-Norman invasion is a certainty. Irish antiquarians believe that it was compiled, or in a great part transcribed, from much more ancient documents in the monastery of Kildare in the early part of the twelfth century. The language in which most of it is written is what Celtic savants call "Middle Irish" to distinguish it from a more ancient form of the language which was in use until about the ninth century. The translation now given is as literal as it could be made without doing too much injustice to the English language. I have endeavored, as far as I could, to preserve the quaint style of the original. The

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title of the tract is *Incipit Borama*—"The Commencement of the Tribute":

"An arch-king took possession of Ireland, to wit, Tuathal Teachtmhar, the son of Fiachra. It was this same Tuathal that took Ireland by force. By him was killed Ellim, the son of Conrach, in the battle of Aichle, near Tara; and he defeated the Ultonians in twenty-five battles, and the Leinstermen in twenty-five others, and the men of Munster in thirty-five, and the Connacians in twenty-five. In revenge for that, his father and grandfather were killed by the Atha-Tuatha* of Ireland, for it was the Atha-Tuatha that Tuathal defeated in all those battles. He was at Tara after that, so that the parliament of Tara was made by him; and the people of Ireland came to it, men, women, boys, and maidens, so that they gave an oath by all the elements that they would not contend for the kingship of Ireland with him or his seed for ever.

"These are the kings of the provinces that were at that parliament, to wit: Eogan, King of the province of Conrui; Fergus Febail, King of Ulster; Eochu Domlén, King of the Leinster-folk; Conrach, King of Connacht, etc. Now, Tuathal had two beloved daughters—Fithir and Darine were their names—until Eochu, the son of Echach Domlén (King of Leinster), took the daughter that was the elder, namely, Fithir; for it was not customary in Ireland at that time for the younger to marry before the elder. Eochu then took his wife with him to Rath Immil in Leinster. A dear foster-child to the King of Connacht was that daughter of Tuathal. Howbeit, the Leinster-folk said to Eochu: 'Better is the daughter thou hast left.' So after that he went northward again to Tara and said to Tuathal: 'The daughter that I took with me is dead,' quoth he, 'and I would like to take thy other daughter.' Then Tuathal said: 'If I had fifty-and-one daughters I would give them to thee, to the last woman of them.' After that the other daughter, namely Darine, was given to him. She was foster-daughter to the King of Ulster, and he took her with him to Rath Immil, where the other daughter (Fithir) met her. Now, when Fithir saw Darine, Fithir died immediately of shame, and as she (Darine) saw the death of her sister, she died of grief. After that the sepulchral mound of the two daughters was made, and every one said: 'Rough is this mound.' Hence is said: 'Rough burial mound.'

"After this the truth of that news reached Tuathal at Tara. Then word was sent from Tuathal to the King of Connacht, to wit, to the foster-father of Fithir, and to the King of Ulster, the foster father of Darine. These gathered their forces with them to the place where Tuathal Teachtmhar was. When they were gathered together in one place Tuathal said: 'Great,' quoth he, 'is the deed of the King of Leinster; the death of my two daughters to be brought about by his treachery.' Thus was he saying, and he made a poem:

"'Fithir and Darine, two daughters of sorrowful Tuathal:
Fithir died of shame, and Darine died of her grief.
They are the grindings of injustice; I say it was bold
To promise their protection by the wise in an assembly of sages—

* The Atha-Tuatha, or Atticots, as some writers call them, are supposed to have been a race not of Milesian origin. Others believe them to have been a sort of first-century socialists.

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Their lamentation by the wise at another time by their death!
Of one birth (?) were they born, the two daughters of Tuathal of herds.
Fithir, beautiful amongst the daughters of the high King of Tara,
Perfect was her marriage, the woman the King of the Barrow* took.
If Darine is killed by the King of Leinster of numbers,
I take anger of mind; to me it belongs to avenge her.
As my daughters have fallen, I say to you no foolish saying,
Let them be avenged on Leinstermen, on the warriors of the Liffy.' †

"What the men of Connacht said was that they would not go from the Leinster-folk without a fight. The Ultonians said but the same. Then the King of Ireland said: 'It is not pleasant for me,' said he, 'to give battle to the men of Leinster; however, if it be your advice, let all go against them.' Now, their whole number (that of the allies) was twenty-two thousand. The Connacht provincial forces passed by Guala to Naas, and camped there. The army of Tara with the King of Ireland moved by Grifrend, by Buaidgein, by Righe, by Magh Nuadhat (Maynooth) to Naas, and went into camp there. The forces of Ulster went by Esa, by Odba, by Fithairt, by Foendrum to Lethduma, and made their camp there. Now the Leinstermen gathered together in company and made battle on the Ultonians, and Fergus Febail, King of Ulster, was killed in it, together with the savagery of Ulster in general. The forces [of the allies] moved and burned Naas and Alind, Maistin, and Rairind; and they destroyed the boat of Bresal, a boat of undecaying wood that was made by Bresal, brother [or near relative] to the king of the world [the Emperor of Rome]. The Leinstermen gathered together, nine thousand their number, and fought the battle of Ocrait, which is called the 'Garbhthanach' to-day. A fierce, extraordinary battle was fought between them, until the Leinstermen were defeated, for they had not an equal number of men under arms. Eochu, son of Echach Domlén, King of Leinster, was killed in this battle, and twenty [sub] kings along with him. From the beginning of autumn to the beginning of November the forces of Leath-Chuin (the northern half of Ireland) were devastating Leinster. The Leinstermen made peace at last with Tuathal, that is to say, they gave him a fine for his daughters, and the kingship of Leinster was left to Erc, the son of Echach Domlén. Now, this was the fine, to wit, three fifty hundred (15,000) cows, three fifty hundred pigs, three fifty hundred mantles, three fifty hundred wethers, three fifty hundred chains of silver, three fifty hundred copper caldrons, a great copper caldron that would hold twelve pigs in the house of Tara itself, and twelve ags, † and thirty white, red-eared cows with their calves of their color, with bronze tyings and bronze fetters, and with the rest of their bronze tyings."

In proof of the extreme antiquity of the above extract it will be only necessary to point out the fact that of the *eleven* places through which the allied armies are said to have marched, only *two*—namely, Maynooth and Naas—can now be identified; and it

* King of the Barrow—this is only a poetical name for the King of Leinster, the Barrow being the principal river of that province.

† The meaning of some parts of this poem is very obscure, and I would feel obliged if some Celtic scholar would point out any errors I may have made in its translation.

‡ Twelve *ags*—I cannot find out what sort of creature an *ag* was. The word is entirely obsolete. O'Reilly says, in his *Irish Dictionary*, that an *ag* was "an animal of the cow species."

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is fair to conclude that the tract was copied into the *Book of Leinster* from a vastly more ancient manuscript, the language of which was modernized by the transcriber to that extant in his own time.

The reader has in this extract, translated literally from a language which, according to some "Irish patriots," contains "nothing worth reading," the history of the imposition of the Tribute so clearly and graphically put before him that he can understand its every phase. The part translated is not one-tenth of the entire article contained in the *Book of Leinster;* the remaining part gives an account of the kings who raised the Tribute, and of the battles that were fought because of it, and those battles were well-nigh innumerable. It was evidently the agreement between the contracting parties that the Tribute was to be paid every year, and the *Book of Leinster* says so plainly; but the unfortunate Leinstermen very naturally resisted paying it whenever they could. The article gives a list of the kings to whom it was paid, and it would appear that nearly all of them had to fight in order to get it. We are told that such a king demanded the Tribute, and that "he did not get it without a fight." It was paid, however, on and off for over five hundred years, but was at length temporarily remitted through the intercession of St. Moling in the seventh century. Keating, in treating of this, says:

"The province of Leinster was delivered from the payment of this tax by the intercession of St. Moling, who obtained from the monarch, Fianachta, a forbearance till *Monday*. The saint, it seems, had an equivocal evasion, for he meant the *Monday* of Doomsday, by which artifice he overreached the king, who remitted the Tribute."*

To understand fully the immensity of the Tribute we must bear in mind that ancient Leinster was little more than half the size of the modern province of that name. Its southwestern boundaries were the same in ancient times as at present, but it reached no farther north than Dublin on one side, and Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon, on the other side. The whole of the present counties of Meath, Westmeath, Louth, Longford, with the northern parts of Dublin, Kildare, and the King's County, belonged to the province of Meath. It would to-day tax to the utmost the resources of the territory embraced in ancient Lein-

* *Lá Luain* is the phrase generally used by speakers of modern Gaelic to express the day of judgment or the end of the world. The same words also mean *Monday*. This pun made by St. Moling is one of the most ancient on record.

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ster to pay such a tribute every year. The largest fair held in any town of modern Leinster does not generally contain forty-five thousand head of pigs, sheep, and cows. Then there are the fifteen thousand silver chains, the fifteen thousand cloaks, and the fifteen thousand copper caldrons to be taken into consideration, and also the fact that silver was worth at least *twenty times* more then than at present. It must also be remembered that the silver chains were not watch-chains; they were in all probability three times the size of an ordinary watch chain, and were worn round the waists or shoulders of the upper classes. In fact, the Leinster Tribute, sad and ruinous as it was for Ireland, shows unmistakably that that country, even in remote pagan times, was wealthy and civilized greatly beyond what is generally believed. It shows also how high the position of women was in ancient Ireland. We need not go back to ancient history to find stories of women of high rank that were worse treated than Fithir and Darine were, and no wars or difficulties followed. It is evident that if those daughters of Tuathal had not been brought up in a pure moral atmosphere they would never and could never have taken their degradation so much to heart as they did; and if a high idea of morality had not generally prevailed in the country at the time, public opinion—for it must exist in a greater or lesser degree in all countries—would never have sanctioned even an over-king in taking such extreme measures for revenging the insult and indignity suffered by his daughters.

It is to be hoped that no more attempts will be made to write histories of Ireland until some one is found with a sufficient amount of industry to read what remains of "the host of Ireland's ancient books." This phrase was used by Aongus the Culdee when speaking of the ocean of literature that existed in Ireland in the eighth century. O'Curry, in his splendid work, *Manuscript Materials for Irish History*, has shown clearly how utterly untrustworthy most modern histories of Ireland are, and how impossible it is to compose a true history of Ireland until *all* its ancient records are thoroughly searched and understood. It is pleasant to be able to say that the work of elucidating Irish history is making steady progress. The progress is, however, much too slow. Take, for example, the *Book of Leinster*, out of which the translation in this article has been given. Of the nearly five hundred pages which it yet, in its incomplete state, contains, probably not fifty pages have been translated, although it is nearly ten years since the fac-simile issue of it was published. But the *Book of Leinster* hardly contains a twentieth part of the amount of ancient

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untranslated manuscript matter yet extant, and with which one should be thoroughly familiar before attempting to write a history of Ireland. It may be said that a very large part of ancient Irish writings is mere legends and fables. What if it is? Are not the writings of all ancient nations in the same state? Who can thoroughly separate fact from fable in the histories of Greece, Rome, or Egypt? It ought to be a source of joy rather than sorrow to an Irishman that the documents bearing on the history of his country are, in the matter of containing fictions as well as facts, like those of all other ancient peoples, for it proves them to be *natural*. The office of the historian is to discriminate between fact and fable, and this, unfortunately, is what Keating has not done; if he had, his history would have been a noble literary monument, instead of being regarded as of little real historic value.

Before speaking of the disastrous effect the imposition of the Leinster Tribute had on Ireland, it may be interesting to say something about the manner in which the fac-simile copy of the celebrated *Book of Leinster* is got up. Nothing can exceed the perfection and thoroughness with which this great repository of ancient Celtic learning has been put before the public. It is an absolute reproduction of the original manuscript, minus its disfiguration and blackness, the results of nearly a thousand years of existence. It should be said, however, that while the material on which the original was written is vellum, the fac-simile is on paper. The book was edited by Mr. Atkinson, who is, perhaps, the only Englishman living that understands the Irish language. He is not, in the meantime, infallible, for he has made some mistakes in the preface to the fac-simile; only one of them will be noticed here. In his notes on the tract relating to the Leinster Tribute he says that the fine was 350 cows, etc. If Mr. Atkinson had read the tract carefully he could not possibly have made such a mistake. The words are *tri coicait cét bó*—that is, *three fifties of hundreds of cows*, or fifteen thousand. By no possibility could the Gaelic words given above be construed into meaning "three hundred and fifty cows."

It is thought by some Irish historians that fully half a million of lives were lost in the battles brought about by the Leinster Tribute. For nearly six centuries it filled one portion of the island with bloodshed, and its baleful influence was felt from one end of Ireland to the other. It does not appear that the people of Munster had anything to do with the first imposition of the Tribute; but it is the opinion of some of those best acquainted with Irish history that in later times Munster claimed

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her share of the spoils wrung from Leinster, and some are of the opinion that the invasion of Leinster by Cormac MacCullinan, King of Munster, in the year 903, had for its sole object the reimposition of the ancient Tribute. Owing to the destruction of so many Irish manuscripts by the Danes, and the fragmentary state of such of them as have been preserved, it is very hard to find out the exact truth about the affairs of Ireland in ancient times. However, fragmentary and incomplete as these manuscripts may be, when they are all translated a flood of light will be shed on the history of ancient Ireland.

In spite of what Keating says about the Tribute having been abolished at the instigation of St. Moling in the seventh century, there are good reasons for believing that many attempts continued to be made to enforce it down to the tenth century, and even later. What Keating says about St. Moling's having been the means of abolishing the Tribute is in the main true; but we can read between the lines of Irish history that it was abolished only for a time, for almost from the day when the Danes got a firm footing in Ireland, until their military power was crushed at the battle of Clontarf, we find them and the Leinstermen in an almost constant alliance against the four provinces of Ireland. The Danes and Leinstermen warred on one another at first, and the Danes burned and plundered some of the most famous seats of piety and learning that ancient Leinster contained; but they seem very soon to have found out how matters stood between Leinster and the rest of Ireland, and in the long run Leinstermen and Danes became fast friends. Keating and almost all other Irish historians acknowledge this. Without the aid of the people of the harassed province the Danes never could have got a firm foothold in Ireland. It was quite natural that the Leinstermen should form an alliance with the Danes; barbarous and cruel as they might be, they could hardly be worse than the tribute-raising men of the four Irish provinces. Keating says: "The Danes, notwithstanding the discomfitures they met from the natives, continued their hostilities, and were supported by the army of Leinster." And so we find it down to the memorable battle of Clontarf in 1014; twelve thousand Leinster soldiers fell there fighting *for* the Danes and *against* their country, and all on account of an evil deed committed by one of their kings nearly ten centuries previous!

But the influence of the accursed Tribute did not end at the battle of Clontarf. Still reading between the lines of Irish history, we can trace it down for a century and a half after the great

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fight near Dublin; and there seem to be strong grounds for believing that the banishment of Dermott MacMorrough was not caused by the wife of O'Ruarc, but by the Leinster Tribute. If the *Four Masters* * are to be relied on, MacMorrough must have been banished for some cause other than having eloped with Dearbhorgil, for, according to them, that affair took place about *thirteen years* before his banishment. The fact seems to be that MacMorrough was banished, not because he was an ardent lover, but because he was a distinguished warrior, and Roderick O'Connor and the provincial kings wanted him out of their way, as they seem to have thought that the reimposition of the Leinster Tribute was in order. To make this matter clear it must be borne in mind that at the time MacMorrough was banished Danish power was at a very low ebb in Ireland. The Danes never recovered their defeat at Clontarf. They made strong efforts to do so, but, from some cause or other, they failed, and were constantly getting weaker and weaker, until in the time of MacMorrough they had dwindled to a handful of traders; their military power was gone, and they could do but little to help the Leinstermen. The four provinces wanted to raise the Tribute; but MacMorrough was a fighting man, and might prove a difficult one to subdue, so he was banished.

But the disastrous influence of the Tribute was not yet ended, for no sooner did Strongbow arrive with a handful of followers than the whole population of Leinster gave him their support, and he was able to face Roderick O'Connor with an army nearly as large as that of the allied Irish, and in the end he made himself master of the denationalized province, and Irish independence was no more.

Thus we see what woes the Leinster Tribute brought on Ireland. It totally denationalized nearly one-fourth of the island, and made its harassed inhabitants welcome any one, Christian or pagan, that would be likely to free them from the intolerable wrongs they had suffered for so many centuries. They welcomed the Danes first and the Normans afterwards. It has often been said of the Irish, by those who write but do not know Irish history, that any nation that would allow a few hundred adventurers, were they ever so brave, to take away its liberty, was not fit to be free and deserved no sympathy. But those who are really acquainted with Ireland's history will not pass so harsh a judgment; they will know that a single false

* According to the *Four Masters*, the wife of O'Ruarc was taken from MacMorrough in 1153, and he was not banished until 1166.

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step, taken perhaps in a moment of thoughtlessness or passion, may ruin the whole after-career of a nation as well as of an individual. The great false step that Ireland took was when a province was made responsible for the wrong-doing of its ruler. When all the manuscripts that treat about ancient Ireland are translated, and when a proper history of that country is written, it will probably be found that of all the causes of Irish political weakness and misfortune the Leinster Tribute was the first and greatest.

THE LEGEND OF ST. LONGINUS.

THE legend saith that when on Calvary
  Christ, God and Man, for man's redemption died,
That soldier who transpierced His heart was he
  Who later, conscience-smit, in anguish cried,
When earthquake split the rocks, and o'er the sod
That darkness passed, "This was the Son of God."

It saith that at the instant of his crime
  Blindness from God on that centurion fell;
That on his knees he sank and knelt long time;
  That cure there came to him by miracle:
That with that blood which stained his spear, in awe
Taught from above, he touched his eyes, and saw.

"Sinners shall look on Him they crucified"—
  The legend saith his eyes, thus opened, turned
Straight to that wound purpling the Saviour's side;
  That more than eyes can see his heart discerned;
That, ranged so late with sinners—with the worst—
That soldier made of Christ confession first.

He rose; in wrath he cast that spear away:
  Foot-bare he fled to Cappadocia's shore;
There dwelt at Cæsarea: day by day
  He wept; ere passed a year his head was hoar:

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There thirty years he lived, and by his word
And by his life drew many to his Lord.

For evermore he preached to man and maid,
"Cling to the cross! That cross retrieveth all;
Raised on his cross, Christ for his murderers prayed:
He prayed for me, the last and least of all."
And still to Christ he sued: "Since thou for me
Didst pray in death, grant me to die for thee!"

Nero ruled Rome: for sport that Rome he fired;
Then from a tower, while up the smoke-wreaths curled,
Sang to his lyre, and feigned himself inspired;
Next day, to shield a hated head, he hurled
Abroad that charge, "The Christians' Crime," and dyed
With innocent blood the ruins far and wide.

At last to Cæsarea reached that cry:
"If any scorn upon our gods to call,
Why cumbereth he earth's pavement? Let him die!"
Longinus entered first the judgment hall:
There sat the Roman prefect, robed and crowned;
Twelve statued gods were ranged that court around.

Thereof the lower half that hour was thronged
By men in Cæsarea one time great
And wealthy still; to them her lands belonged,
And they to Rome, their army, and their state;
Rome had required their presence there that day:
They loved her not, yet dared not disobey.

Lightly that prefect spake: "More serious task
Than that of scourging fools, good friends, is mine:
Longinus, speak: thou wear'st, I think, no mask,
Rome's soldier once; her gods, remain they thine?"
He answered: "Mine they were that day gone by:
My Christ forgave my sin; and His am I."

Then fell on all a great astonishment:
Across that prefect's face there passed a leer;
Far back upon his gilded throne he leant,
Then thus: "What further witness need we here?

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Yon man has courage: what he lacks is sense:
Death by the axe! Ho, Lictors, take him hence!"

•

Of various minds that throng till then had stood:
Most part were zealous for the pagan rites;
Whilst others shrank from shedding brothers' blood
For themes which, shrouded on the cloudy heights
Of thought—for so they deemed—had never once
To questioner given oracular response.

But when *her* voice was heard whose voice was one,
Whose Law o'er-ruled all laws, whose will unflawed
Spake to all lands, "Do this," and it was done,
There came to them a change: not only awed,
But with a servile rapture filled, aside
They cast all doubts: "Death by the axe!" they cried.

Sadly the captain of the Lictor band
Approached to lead the sentenced to his death:
Calmly Longinus drew from out his hand
The axe; he spake, yet scarce above his breath:
"I die: 'tis well; but first I will to show
If these be gods ye worship—ay or no."

Forward he stepp'd; sudden up-heaved on high
O'er him, that statued Jove, his battle-axe,
And smote. From each stone idol rang a cry
Piteous and shrill. Then, frail as shapes of wax,
Those twelve great gods fell shivered to the ground,
While all who saw it stared in panic round.

Their panic changed to anger. Where was now
That fixed resolve and single, theirs so late,
To stand with Rome close bound by will and vow?
A single moment can precipitate
A thousand jarring motions into one:
A thread gives way: their unity is gone.

That panic changed to anger: madness fell
On those who thronged that hall, both guard and guest.

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Each smote at each: that hall seemed changed to hell;
Its inmates into men by fiends possessed:
One only in the midst, serene and high,
Stood up unmoved—that man condemned to die.

Unmoved he stands; who is it before him kneels
Forth lifting, like some drowner in the wave,
Hands ineffectual, agonized appeals,
To him, the sole, who, if he wills, can save?
That prefect on the sudden stricken blind!
His victim thus made answer meek and kind:

"I blame thee not; according to thy light
Thou madest decree: by law that word must stand.
Fear nothing! God will give thee back thy sight;
Let two young children take thee by the hand,
And be to thee as eyes, and with soft tread
Conduct thee to my tomb when I am dead.

"There kneel, and register thy vow; and I,
If God gives grace, will prop with mine thy prayer;
For though, ere regioned yet in yonder sky,
Christians plead well, they plead more strongly there
Where He who grants each prayer that prayer inspires,
The nearer nursling of His heavenly fires."

Next, turning to that raging host, he raised
His hand, and made the Venerable Sign:
And straight the tempest ceased. They stood amazed;
Then, drawing to the sentenced, knelt in line;
And thus he spake, as one who speaks with power:
"Spirits impure, where dwelt ye till this hour?"

Then came an answer: "There where Christ is not,
Where no man makes His Sign, or names His Name,
We dwell; but most in idols deftly wrought:
In them our palace-fortresses we claim;
In yon poor wrecks for ages we had rest,
Houseless through thee this hour, and dispossesed."

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To whom the conqueror: "Think not that for long
Ye shall retain man's godlike race your thrall;
For Christ, Who drave you forth so oft, is strong,
And strong the house of them that on him call."
He spake; then passed, with lictors girt around,
To that fair hill-side named the "Martyrs' Mound."

Softly it rose, half-girdled by a wood,
Open elsewhere to every wind that blew,
And violet-scented. On its summit stood
A company of grave-stones—some were new—
Grav'n with dear names of those in days gone by
Who died in Christ, rejoicing thus to die.

In those old days the name of "Holy Rest"
That hill sustained: but when the Roman sword
Went forth 'gainst all who Christ their God confessed,
The "Martyrs' Mound" they named it, to record
That laureled band which braved an empire's frown.
Of these Longinus wore the earliest crown.

They read the process: he no word thereof
Noted: in heart he stood on Calvary;
Looked up again upon that Lord of Love;
Followed the Eternal Victim's wandering eye:
Saw it once more upon him fix. It said:
"Centurion, fear not; I for thee have prayed."

Ah! then well knew he that Christ's potent word,
His prayer, though spoken by the eye alone,
The hour he spake it had in heaven been heard,
Likewise another, later prayer—his own—
Rushed on his memory back: "Since thou for me
Didst pray in death, grant me to die for thee."

They read the sentence: straight there fell such grace
On that centurion from the Crucified,
Such splendor from the Eternal Father's face,
Full well he knew—the moment ere he died—
Those proud ones, late from demon bond set free
Through prayer of his, Christ's servants soon would be.

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When the third morn, brightening the horizon's bound,
Touched first the snow-white portals of that tomb
New raised upon the holy "Martyrs' Mound,"
A stately man drew near it. Twilight gloom
Between him and its bosky bases lay;
The grave-stones on its summit laughed in day.

Why should a man so stalwart pace so slowly?
Why should a port stamped by habitual pride
Sustain the shadow of a grace so lowly?
What boys are those his doubtful steps who guide?
Each clasps a hand—a little lags behind,
Though zealous, shy. The man they lead is blind.

Is this the man on whom, but three days since,
All Cæsarea hung for life or death,
In name a prefect, yet in power a prince?
Whence came the change? Alas, how slight a breath
Can shake the light leaf from the autumnal tree!
When summer flushed his veins how strong was he!

Before that tomb the vanquished Strong One knelt;
Down on that grave his head discrowned he laid;
With each blind hand its lintels cold he felt;
He raised his sightless eyes: to God he prayed:
At idol shrines he made that hour no plaint:
To God he prayed; to God and to his Saint.

In heaven God's Saints fasten their eyes on God;
Yet, as a man beside a lake's clear mirror
Notes well the trees behind him sway and nod
In that still glass reflected without error,
So, in the mirror of God's knowledge high,
His Saints the things of earth in part descry.

Longinus from the haven of his rest
Descried that supplicant bent, and with him prayed,
While prayed with both the synod of the Blest;
Since God, sole source of Love and loving aid,
Wills that his creatures, each to each, should bear
His gifts; and what He gives concedes to prayer;

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That so in heaven and here on earth alike
All creatures may be links in one great chain
Down which His gifts, innocuous lightnings, strike
From loftiest to the least. Unmeasured gain
Is this, since thus God's creatures, each and all,
One temple grow through love reciprocal.

A sinful soul is ofttimes not so far
From God as worldly men of faith suppose:
The sea-rim brightens though unrisen the star—
In him a star of hope thus gradual rose:
He mused: "The Christian's God may help me yet!
Thus spake Longinus: he will not forget."

Strong in that hope the blind man raised his eyes—
O wondrous change! Where lately all was black
Flashed the green wave and laughed the purple skies:
The sun had risen: the night, a cloudy wrack,
Fled like some demon host repulsed with scorn;
Glad as a pardoned spirit rejoiced the morn.

But he, that man late blind, the child of Rome,
What heart was his? That world, his own once more,
Seemed less the earth we tread, our ancient home,
Than pledge of worlds to be! That sword, of yore
Barrier 'twixt man and Eden, was withdrawn:
Beyond there lay some new Creation's dawn.

Old songs he heard, sung by his Hebrew nurse:
"God stands around our Salem like the hills:
His light is Truth: He made the Universe:
Like the sea-chambers are his oracles:
Who shall ascend his Holy Mountain? They
Whose eye is single; undefiled their way."

On that vivific Vision long he gazed;
Then, shivering, sank upon his face, with eyes
That sought once more the darkness, splendor-dazed,
Still as some creature bound for sacrifice.
Wondering those children stood. He rose at last
And spake: "A Task is mine. The Past is past."

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To Cæsarea straight his steps he turned:
Near it a throng came forth to greet him! They
Who sinned like him that sin to expiate burned:
The madness of a life-time, not a day,
At once had left them. To themselves restored,
Self they renounced, and found, instead, their Lord.

They stood with countenance glad, yet wonder-stricken,
Like face of one who some great sight hath seen,
And still, with heart whose pulses ever quicken,
Seeing no more, fronts the remembered sheen.
Silent they stood, their eager eyes wide bent
On him, with hands forth held in wonderment.

With him returned they to their ancient city:
A light till then unseen upon it shone;
Christ they confessed: they sought nor praise nor pity:
Sharp was the conflict; the reward soon won:
The "Martyrs' Mound" holds still their hallowed dust:
Their spirits abide with Him in Whom they placed their trust.

Farewell, Longinus! Thou one hour didst seem
Of all mankind, save one, unhappy most,
Yet lived'st, reserved from Satan to redeem
Not one poor sinner but a sinful host;
Pray well for men sin-tempted to despair:
Lift up thy spear and chase the fiends their souls that scare!

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRAN.

TOR CASTLE stands on a breezy height a quarter of a mile inland above the bold promontory of Tor Head, opposite the Mull of Cantire. Here have dwelt for generations the elder branch of our Fingall family, at present represented by a young man, cousin of Shana and Rosheen, and by his grandmother. [Gran, a striking and well-known figure in the district, is also grandmother to Alister and his sisters, and a fond great-grandmamma to Flora's children.]

Between The Rath and Tor Castle lie miles of beautiful country: romantic Glenariff and Glenan, the lovely shores and strange caves of Cushendun, the rugged and splendid headlands of Cushlake, with their rocky climbs and flowery ravines. Far below Tor Castle the waters of Moyle wash the rocky walls of the great Tor Head—fairy Moyle, haunted in days of eld by the enchanted swans, the princess Fionnuala and her brothers. Scotland looks so near that, on a fine day, one would think a ferry-boat might bring one across in a quarter of an hour, and from the windows of Tor Castle the exquisite outlines of the hills of Jura show their fantastic outlines on the bosom of the glittering sea.

Gran is the real head of the clan Fingall, loved by rich and poor. Her tall, spare, and still active figure is often seen moving from cottage to cottage about Tor, her stately old head with its snow-white curls stooping to enter at their lowly doorways. She is a rigidly upright, God-fearing, and charitable soul, kind rather in her deeds than her words, though a rare tenderness sometimes shines out of her keen and penetrating eyes. A slight degree of sternness in manner and demeanor deceives no one as to the quality of her heart, and it is never forgotten that she has known a terrible sorrow in her life.

On certain days the whole of the Rath family were accustomed to come all the way from Glenmalurcan to spend a day and stay a night with Gran. At other times Tor Castle was empty and silent enough, even when Rory, the master of Tor, was at home—he and Gran making but a small family to occupy it; but when The Rath people appeared it became as busy and

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merry as a hive. Such stirring visitations were the delight of the old lady's life; and preparations, in the airing of rooms and providing of sweets and good things for the children, were begun many days before the expected guests arrived.

On a bright May day the usual migration from The Rath to Tor was taking place. Lady Flora had gone early in her brougham with the nurse and two youngest children, leaving Shana and Rosheen and the elder babes to follow, walking, and riding on the family car.

The drawing-room at Tor had not been restored and re-restored like Lady Flora's; the ancient furniture had performed no journeys up and down the garret-stairs, had known no period of ignominious seclusion: there it stood just where it had been since the beginning of all things, as might be imagined—the old bureaus, and tables, and china-presses, and sconces, black with age and bright with well-polished brass. The round, convex mirrors which Lady Flora had once thought so hideous, but worshipped now, hung where they had always hung, except when removed for purposes of cleaning; the carpet was so worn that, but for rugs adroitly spread, it would have shown too plainly the marks of its valuable antiquity; the curtains had no particular color left in them, but had a ghostly dignity in their folds better than the richness of many modern fabrics. The well-wrought brasses about the fireside shone with a comfortable splendor when the fire glowed all across its width between the high-shouldered pilasters and carved panels of the time-darkened chimney-piece.

All the chambers at Tor were furnished in the same style of unquestionable antiquity. They and their contents seemed as old as Tor Head and the waves that beat against it; and they suggested the truth that more dignity than money belonged to the inheritance of the ancient clan Fingall. Gran, who prized every stick and stone in the castle, saw nothing amiss; but Flora perceived keenly with her more worldly eyes that Rory would have to marry an heiress, as Alister had done, if only that he might restore and replenish his ancient home.

Even in bright May weather the breeze that blows up from the great Tor is sharp and cool, and Gran and her granddaughter-in-law sat in two grim arm-chairs facing each other by the fire. Gran looked like some old queen in a historical picture, with her white head posed against the carving of her high-backed chair, and her long black draperies flowing round her on the ground.

"I am glad you arrived first," she was saying, "because I want to talk to you apart from the girls. If Manon comes here

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I should not like them to have heard a word to the prejudice of her or her mother."

"Certainly not," said Lady Flora; "and I do not know why any one need be prejudiced. You did not like her mother when you knew her as a young woman, but her grandmother was your friend. The girl is of good birth and an heiress. Why should she not come to you, if her mother wishes it?"

"Why should she not?" said Gran reflectingly. "But then why should she do so? I mean, what is the reason for her wishing it? Aimée was a young woman I could not bear—sly, untruthful, cold-hearted."

"But she was charmingly beautiful and married the son of a wealthy marquis," laughed Lady Flora; "and that ought to cover a multitude of sins."

Gran sighed and fingered the letter she held in her wrinkled hand impatiently. Hers was not a worldly mind like Lady Flora's, and she had not been thinking of the position of this mother and daughter who were putting themselves forward to claim her friendship, but of their moral worth. It had once been a trouble to her that she could not like the daughter of the friend of her youth, and now it was vexing her that she might have to dislike the granddaughter as well. True, the grandchild might reproduce the estimable and lovable qualities of the grandmother; but then why did Aimée, the mother—so worldly, so cunning, and always, in former days, so unsympathetic with Gran herself—now ask to send her child under her roof, into the undesirable seclusion of the Antrim highlands?

"I cannot guess her motive," said she, folding and unfolding the letter. "Manon is handsome and an heiress, and in France, in Paris, she ought to have the world at her feet. The grandmother is long dead—the only link between me and this mother and child; and even while she lived Aimée took but little interest in her mother's friend. And now she writes to me like this:

"'DEARLY LOVED FRIEND OF MY DEPARTED MOTHER:

"'My darling Manon, of whom you have heard tell as the heiress of her grandfather, the late Marquis de ——, husband of your dear friend my lamented mother, is now of age, and the world is full of snares and attractions for her. I have taken a strange fancy, sentimental if you will, to place her under your care for some few months before launching her on the dangers and pleasures of life—'"

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"There now!" cried Flora. "What would you have more unworldly than that? If not very wise herself, she has a high opinion of you, and would like her daughter to have the advantage of your friendship."

A little color stole into Gran's dear old face, partly at the suggested praise of herself, and partly with pleasure to think that Aimée's motive might, after all, be a high one.

"I do not consider myself a very good person, Flora. I tremble to think of how much better I might have been if I had tried."

Flora made a little mouth behind her fan. In her opinion Gran was a great deal too good—"too high-flown," as her granddaughter-in-law would have called it.

"Any virtue I have had has been too much of a negative kind," the old lady went on. "One cannot be very bad, always looking at Tor Head and the sea. But I would be glad to think that Aimée had some delusion on the subject, for better a mistake of that kind than no desire to look up to any one. Aimée has lived in the midst of the gay world, with its snares and temptations, and her daughter will probably do the same—"

"Why?" asked Flora coolly, putting down her screen and looking Gran in the face. "If Manon comes here with her mother's graces, her French noble birth, and her grandfather's money, why need she ever return to France, except for a visit as Rory's wife?"

"Flora!" exclaimed the old lady, grasping both arms of her chair and looking indignantly at her granddaughter-in-law.

"Dear Gran, don't fly up the chimney with horror at my depravity. I don't mean that we are to entrap and capture the young woman, force her into a marriage behind her mother's back; but all I can say is that, under the circumstances, such an event as Rory's marriage would be very likely to ensue from Manon's stay in his house. When her mother sends her here she knows that there is an unmarried master of Tor, thirty years old, and if she makes inquiries she can discover that he is not unattractive—"

"Stay, Flora. You run away with me. I fear I was thinking of wrong to Rory more than wrong to Manon."

"The heiress of a marquis, young and lovely!" exclaimed Flora.

"We have yet to judge of the personal charms of Mademoiselle Manon," said Gran. "I was thinking of her qualities of

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heart and head. I put the heart first, you see, Flora, though I do like a woman to have a few grains of sense."

"So do men, dear Gran," said Flora, with a slight sneer. "Such a thing was never heard of, you know, as a man marrying a pretty face with nothing behind it. They always inquire about a girl's brains and right feelings before they look at her eyes or feet."

Lady Flora set up her own pretty feet before her on a foot-stool as she spoke, and Gran glanced at them and then at her face with a slight sigh. But the mistress of The Rath had not meant at all to imply that she herself had neither brains nor heart.

"If," began Gran, slowly and earnestly, after a pause—"if Manon should prove to resemble her grandmother rather than her mother, and if she and Rory were to love one another, I should be happy to see such a marriage; but if she be worldly, vain, and deceitful" (Gran frowned as if confronting a well-remembered image which rose before her mind's eye), "rather then would I see Rory dead than standing by her at the altar."

Lady Flora shrugged her shoulders and glanced slightly round the bare, faded, noble old apartment.

"At all events," she said, "I do not see how you can refuse to receive the granddaughter of the friend of your youth. Rory is in London at present, and as the girl is coming there with friends he can escort her across the Channel. He will thus have an opportunity of discovering even sooner than ourselves whether she is a wretch or a saint."

"Of course, as you say, I cannot refuse to receive her," said Gran gravely; "but, at all events, I will write to her mother at once to tell her exactly how I am circumstanced here, and warn her of how little the girl can expect in the way of entertainment."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BACKWOODS-WOMAN.

WHILE Gran came to this conclusion the rest of the family from The Rath—nurses, children, and aunts—were proceeding along the romantic road towards Castle Tor. Shana and Rosheen, being capital walkers, only needed "a lift" now and again, and when within about a mile of their destination they sent on the roomy family car without them, keeping Duck by their side at her own urgent request.

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As the girls trudged along, laughing, talking, glowing with exercise, a figure appeared suddenly on the slope above them and began rapidly to descend—a fair-haired young man, who pulled off his cap as he leaped to the road and stood smiling before them.

"O Wil—" began Rosheen, and checked herself, glancing at Shana.

"How are you, Mr. Callender?" said Shana gravely, giving him her hand.

"It is so long since we have seen you!" pouted Rosheen. "What have you been about?"

"Mr. Callender called yesterday when we were out, Rosheen, and he has been so busy. It is very hard and absorbing work bringing a narrow-gauge railway down the side of a mountain, is it not, Mr. Callender? Rosheen does not consider," said Shana briskly.

"It is not, perhaps, as hard as it looks," said the young engineer, who did not feel as if he had much to say just for the first two or three moments. A few minutes ago he had been walking through the heather with sad enough thoughts, and lo! here he was looking in the face that was everything to him in the world.

"O Rosheen!" cried Duck, "do get me some of those sky-flowers down in the hole there!"

"Nonsense, Duck! Sky-flowers!"

"Flowers like bits of sky, I mean. O Rosheen!"

"If I get you three will they content you?"

"Six," said Duck. "I do so love them."

"Three!"

"Twelve!"

"You little extortioner! There, I will get you six, but not one more, for the rest are too far down." And off scampered aunt and niece, dropped over the roadside bank, and began to do what Duck called "slithering" down the seaward slope, while Shana and Callender walked on together.

"Miss Fingall—Shana!" began the young man eagerly, "I want to tell you, if I may, why I must for the future refrain from visiting at The Rath. I have thought much about how to tell you. I had hoped yesterday to find an opportunity; I was disappointed then, but chance now favors me. I hope it is not wrong of me to speak—at all events, I must. I cannot allow you to think I am careless of seeing you, even if you do not care—"

"I do care," said Shana abruptly. Then she added, "I like to see my friends."

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"Ah! your friends. Well, Lady Flora has been so cold to me, has in fact so snubbed me on several occasions when you were not present, that I feel I cannot again force myself into her house. When your brother invites me I will come gladly and endure Lady Flora's slights, but I cannot enter The Rath uninvited any more."

"You are right," said Shana quietly.

"O Shana! if I may say a little more. Ah! I will say it, come good or come ill. Shana, I love you. Unfortunate beggar that I am, with a couple of hundred a year, and my fortune yet to make—Shana, I love you, I love you!"

A flash of brightness and color suffused Shana's face, and she trembled, but she said nothing.

"I know I am an idiot to speak, for I dare not ask you to marry me now. I dare say I am very wrong. I may be a dreamer to hope I may one day be able to give you a place in the world worthy of you. At present I can say nothing except that I love you, and perhaps I ought not to say it. But, Shana, I love you, I love you!"

Shana had conquered her trembling and lifted her grave, dark eyes steadily to his.

"And I love you, too, Willie Callender," she said with a still earnestness of manner, as if she were uttering a vow. "I am glad you have spoken to me, and you need not fear to have done me a wrong."

"O my love! I do fear it, I do fear it."

"Come good or come ill, I am yours," she went on steadily, "whether you can claim me or not. If you were to die to-morrow, and I were to live to be a hundred, I should never love another man."

"Shana! Shana! do you know what you are saying? Do not say it rashly. I shall live on your words, and work on the strength they will give me."

"I have said it," said Shana, a radiant smile breaking over her face. "I have given my promise to you, Willie Callender," she went on, as they stood with clasped hands, looking in one another's eyes, "and now my life will be full of light and my future glorious. Come when you like, stay away when you like, Shana will welcome you, wait for you, trust you, work with you. Now here are Rosheen and Duck, and we must go on to Castle Tor."

"Are you going to leave us so soon?" cried Rosheen, as she saw Mr. Callender turn away from Shana.

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"The men are waiting for him yonder on the road," said Shana. "He is out surveying, and has no more time for us."

"Good-by, Rosheen; good-by, Duck," said Callender wistfully, and as he raised his hat his eyes flew back to Shana's, still shining with the light his impulsive words had kindled in them.

"Good-by," he repeated in an altered voice, and was gone.

"How oddly he looks!" said Rosheen. "What could you have said to him, Shana, in such a little moment to make him like that?"

Shana smiled. "Perhaps I told him not to break his neck leaping down hills," she said. "One can say a good deal in a little moment, sometimes."

"It is a good deal, from you, to express even so much interest in him as that," said Rosheen, "so I don't wonder it overwhelmed him."

"I hear hoofs!" said Shana abruptly. "Duck, do you think papa can be coming?"

Duck believed it possible, and in a few moments Alister Fingall galloped up and sprang from his horse, crying:

"I have good news for you, girls. Guess—"

"Major Batt is married," said Rosheen with sudden solemnity.

"No," laughed Alister; "as far as I am aware, he is still in a position to flit from flower to flower."

"Betty Macalister has got her rent."

"Hopelessly wrong. I see I must tell you. There is an offer for Shanganagh Farm."

"The farm!"

"Alister! What delightful news!"

Alister stood smiling at his sisters, watching their pleasure grow as they realized the welcome truth. That the letting of the farm was very important to them he knew, but of all it meant to their proud young spirits even he was unable to imagine. Independent bread, a shield from Flora's taunts, power to look Duck and her following unremorsefully in the eyes, composure of mind with regard to the fate of the novel just begun—these were but a few of the boons which the rent of Shanganagh, paid regularly every half-year, would bring into the lives of its young-lady landlords.

"What kind of tenant are we to get?" asked Shana, radiant. "And will he pay?"

"It is not a he," said Alister. "It is a she."

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"Really! But of course she has a man of some kind to act for her."

"It seems not; and there is nothing very odd in a woman taking a farm, if only she knows how to manage it. Miss Ingram writes—"

"Writes? Have you not seen her?"

"I only got her letter just before I left, and thought best to show it you before seeing her. She is in lodgings at Nannie Macaulay's."

"Where has she dropped from? We were in Nannie's a few days ago."

"She is an Irish farmer's daughter from Minnesota, come to Ireland with the little savings that her parents left her. She wants to live in the country of which she heard so much from her father. Immediately on arriving she made inquiries about lands to let, and applied at once for Shanganagh."

"Without seeing it?"

"Oh! I believe she has been to see it. These Americans lose no time; and from the tone of her letter I gather that she is a woman who knows what she is about. She thinks she understands farming; and let us hope that she is right."

"What women these Americans are! I suppose she is a sort of female grenadier."

"No matter what she is, if she be solvent. Her only reference is to a Dr. Ackroyd, in St. Paul. She is willing to wait till I can get an answer from him."

"Is it necessary to wait?"

"We may be able to judge about that when we have seen and heard her. She offers either to come to interview me at The Rath or to receive me at Nannie Macaulay's."

"Oh! let her come to The Rath," cried Rosheen. "I do so want to see an American farmeress!"

After this news Shana and Rosheen were impatient to return to The Rath, and the days at Tor Castle with Gran seemed longer than such days were usually found. Shana had a great deal on her mind, and longed for the seclusion of the old schoolroom in which to think out her thoughts. Here she had not a moment alone to realize the fact that Willie Callender had spoken to her, and that her life had gone out of her own keeping. Smiling quietly at Flora from the opposite side of the great Tor hearth-place, she wondered what her sister-in-law would say or do if she knew what had happened to her that day. But Shana was not much afraid of Flora. And the letting of Shanganagh

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made it easier to be brave. Alister left Tor the morning after he had brought his news, promising to see the proposed tenant and to invite her to come on a certain day to The Rath.

"Ask her to come in the evening," said Shana. "Major Batt is dining with us, and her visit will be a welcome interruption. And all hours must be the same to a farmer who has travelled from Minnesota."

Back in their own sanctum, the sisters hugged one another and laughed aloud. That Heaven should have sent them an American farming-woman to pay them the rent of Shanganagh and make them independent of Flora seemed too delightful to be true. On the eventful evening of her expected visit they dressed early, even though Major Batt was in the drawing-room, and hurried into his presence, eager to get a word with Alister about the heroine of their dreams.

"Well, what is she like?" asked Rosheen, sidling up to her brother as soon as he appeared.

Alister's face was twitching all over with fun.

"As like a backwoodsman in petticoats as anything you can imagine," he said. "Big, brown, and bony. Swings her arms as if she was accustomed to carry a hatchet, and walks like a dragoon."

"Exactly what I pictured her," said Rosheen triumphantly.

"I did not think she would be quite so bad as that," protested Shana; "I fancied her a short, thick-set person with a knowing expression and a nasal accent."

"Add the knowing expression and the nasal accent to my first sketch," said Alister, "and you will have her to the life."

"I don't think you need have brought her here," complained Lady Flora. "A person like that ought to be dealt with in an attorney's office."

"I am not an attorney and I have not got an office, and you know I never take more trouble than I can help. It is easiest to do the business in my own way. If she bullies us too much Major Batt and I will be able to manage her. Eh, major?"

"Oh! certainly; anything you please," said the major nervously. "Though in the case of a woman—"

"American females from the backwoods hardly count as women, major, do they?" said Alister. "Oh! by the way, girls, I told her you could put her up for the night."

"For the night!" A look of blank dismay overspread the faces of the three ladies, dismay developing quickly into indignation on Lady Flora's countenance.

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"Most inconsiderate," she pronounced. "Where do you think we could put such a person?—unless she will go among the servants."

"There is the brown room," suggested Shana. "If she has been invited we must welcome her."

Lady Flora turned her bracelets on her white wrists, which, with her, was a sign that all the family knew. What the savage man means when he dances his war-dance, that Lady Flora meant when she turned her bracelets. She would not have that American farmeress sleeping in her house.

"If you are afraid," said Alister, "we can lock her in and put a couple of the dogs outside her door."

A peal of the bell was heard, and everybody started.

"By Jove! there she is," said the master of The Rath. "I begin to feel nervous. Only that Major Batt is here—"

"Don't be ridiculous, Alister," said his wife. "As you have brought her here, you must make the best of her. Only please send her word that the car must wait. I will not have her here for the night."

"It's Miss Ingram, sir. Wants to see you, sir," said the butler confidentially in his master's ear.

"Will you receive her in the drawing-room, Flora?" asked her husband; and then, seeing the bracelets turning, he said to the servant:

"Show her into the library. I will be with her immediately."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

BAWN stood on the hearth in Alister's library, looking round her with the most lively interest. She had now been several days in the Glens, and had walked and been driven in various directions, making acquaintance with her father's country. Each evening she had returned to Nannie Macaulay's and mounted the bit of narrow stair that led to her nest over the needle-and-tape shop, with her heart and imagination vividly impressed by the scenery through which she had been moving all day. All over it she saw the sorrowful details of her father's history, and every creature she met on the way seemed an actor in the tragedy of his youth.

Afraid to ask many questions, lest those around her should guess her identity and purpose, she contented herself with hearing

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the general remarks of the car-drivers, and encouraging Nannie Macaulay to gossip when she brought her her tea. Like most people who live absorbed in one idea, she fancied every word and look of others bore in some way on the question so present to her own mind. How could persons who had once known or heard of Arthur Desmond outlive their interest in him, or suffer the life of the present moment to thrust him and his story far into the background of their thoughts?

Now she had penetrated into the very camp of the enemy, and stood upon the hearth of a Fingall. Nannie Macaulay had not been slow in pouring forth, almost unasked, the pedigree of Alister, the master of The Rath, and of Rory, master of Castle Tor. Her own wit and previous knowledge had discovered the exact relationship between these living men and the Roderick whom Desmond was supposed to have killed. Nannie had not mentioned the murder, nor touched at all upon the tragedy. She had only hinted at it by saying that the old lady at Castle Tor had known a terrible sorrow in her life. And Bawn knew that Gran must be the mother of Roderick, and that Alister and Rory must be the sons of his brothers, now dead.

In making her way from American prairies to Irish glens she had not counted upon coming at once into such close contact with the family so intimately connected with her father's misfortunes, the descendants of those "friends" who had condemned and forsaken him. When Alister Fingall, seeing her young and a lady, had asked her to come to The Rath and there conclude the arrangements for the farm with his sisters, her landlords, she had at first shrunk from accepting his invitation, disliking to enter his house. Curiosity, however, had overcome her hesitation, and she was here.

Now she stood under the roof that must have sheltered her father on many a happy day before the horror came. These walls had heard his laugh, these old books must have been touched by his hands. This fireside, towards which she instinctively stretched her fingers after the chill drive on an outside car through the evening mists of the glen, must often have reflected its flame in his eyes and welcomed it freely among its own. And the friends who had sat here by his side had deserted him in his misfortune, had cast him forth out of their home and their hearts.

She withdrew herself from the warmth of this fireside of a Fingall, and stood aloof, frowning round the quiet, comfortable room with its book-lined walls, felt-covered floor, reading-lamps, reading-desk, and pictures.

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Here they had dwelt, the cruel ones, all this time, happy, honored, beloved, and at ease, while he whom they had persecuted wasted his life in an alien country, pining under the calumny with which they had helped to load him. After a few minutes these thoughts so grew and wrought in her mind that had she been left much longer in the room alone she might have walked out of it and made her escape from the house. Fortunately for her reputation as a sensible woman, very desirable to her at present, she was prevented from so acting by the entrance of Alister Fingall.

"Miss Ingram, pardon me for keeping you waiting. My sisters will be with us shortly. In the meantime sit down, please, and let us discuss our business. Have you thought over all I said to you this morning?"

"I have thought it all out long before this morning, Mr. Fingall. One does not cross the ocean without knowing why one comes. The desire that brought me here was to possess a farm in Ireland. You have a farm to let, and I will give you the rent at which you value it."

"You are very young and—excuse me for being so personal—very fair to enter upon so bold and independent an undertaking."

Bawn inclined her head with a stately movement, and a slight look of impatience crossed her smooth brows.

"If your father" (Bawn started) "had lived he would probably have advised a different course. I am older than you, and I have young sisters. I should not like to see one of them place herself in the position you are so anxious to take up."

"Your sisters are young ladies, Mr. Fingall, brought up in luxury and holding the place of ladies in the world. I am a farmer's daughter, hardily reared, understanding my father's business and wishing to practise it, and with no family traditions to be hurt by my plebeian occupation."

Alister Fingall observed her attentively as she spoke, and followed the imperial wave of her white hand, from which she had forgetfully removed the coarse glove it pleased her to wear. He thought the would-be tenant of Shanganagh Farm did not look exactly like a humble farmer's daughter. However, he could interfere no further on the score of the girl's apparent gentility. His remonstrances took another form.

"Farming is different here from what you have seen in Minnesota, and you will be obliged to trust servants to manage your business. If you lose your money in a year or so, have you considered what you will do?"

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"I will not lose it," said Bawn with decision. "And, at all events, I have made up my mind to try this venture. However, if you think me an unsafe and uncertain tenant, please say so at once, and I shall seek for what I want elsewhere."

"I have no objection to you as a tenant—on the contrary. It is not easy to let land just now, and a solvent tenant is highly welcome to my sisters at this present moment. Anything I have said to dissuade you has been for your own sake alone."

He spoke with an accent of sincerity which Bawn, despite her prejudice, could not mistake. But she said to herself that she did not want his friendship, and that she had already repaid his courtesy by explaining to him her views with regard to her own position—a piece of confidence which she had intended vouchsafing to nobody.

"As you have quite decided, I will now introduce you to my sisters," he continued, and rang, and sent a request that the young ladies would come to the library.

Shana and Rosheen came into the room, each in her own characteristic manner. Rosheen hovered behind her sister, glancing inquisitively into the room, half-frightened and half-hoping for fun. Shana held her head well back and her eyes well open to take in the whole situation, and resolved that this brawny backwoods-woman who had come to their rescue should be treated as a friend, however disagreeable she might unfortunately be.

Both sisters paused speechless on the threshold at sight of Bawn, whose heart at once throbbed involuntary approval of these fresh, sparkling-eyed, white-armed girls in their graceful though well-worn black silk frocks, and their simple and virginal ornaments of pearl.

"Miss Ingram, these are my sisters, the Miss Fingalls, who will be your landlords. Shana, this is your new tenant—if all goes well. Miss Ingram will not be dissuaded by me from the difficulties and responsibilities of farming."

"I am a farmer's daughter," said Bawn, turning on the two girls a warm, broad smile which lit up her whole face and showed it in a new aspect to Alister. "I cannot persuade Mr. Fingall of all that that means. I have taken my little fortune in my hand, and I wish to turn my American gold into Irish butter and wheat. If you will trust me with Shanganagh, Miss Fingall, I will do my best to prove a desirable tenant."

Shana had by this time recovered from her astonishment.

"Forgive me for staring at you," she said pleasantly, "but I

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expected to see such a different person." And she cast a reproachful glance at Alister.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Ingram," said her brother, "we were all dying with curiosity to see a backwoods-woman. And we could not picture her without a hatchet."

"Will not a spade do?" said Bawn, with a smile. "I shall be at work with that implement soon."

"Not with your own hands?" protested Rosheen, who had been standing rapt in admiration of Bawn's changing countenance and golden hair.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to come and see," said Bawn, forgetting her enmity to the Fingalls for the moment. She had never seen any one of her own sex look so temptingly companionable as these charming girls. "At all events, if you will give me the key of Shanganagh I will enter into possession at once."

"But who will live with you there?" cried Rosheen.

"I think I have found some one. The person with whom I lodge recommends" (here Bawn grew grave and cold) "a Mrs. Macalister and her daughter. They were thinking of emigrating, and will be glad to take a home with me instead."

"Betty Macalister!" cried Rosheen, clasping her hands. "O Shana! what a shower of good luck at once!"

"I am exceedingly glad," said Shana, fixing grateful eyes on her future tenant. "You hardly know what good you will be doing there. And Betty is a faithful soul."

"Yes," said Bawn, the grave look on her face deepening almost to sternness, "*I believe she is a faithful soul.*"

The brother and sisters noticed the sudden alteration in Bawn's countenance and tone, and thought her mind had been crossed by a sense of her own loneliness among strangers.

"And now will you come up-stairs and take off your hat and shawl?" said Shana, quickly resolving that she would brave Flora's displeasure rather than send this delightful stranger back through the miles of Glen to Cushendall that night. She must be warmed up and made to forget her loneliness. Rosheen, always an admirer of her sister's superior audacity, heard her now with satisfaction.

But Bawn was not to be suddenly led into the bondage of friendship like this. The mention of Betty Macalister had recalled her to herself and reminded her of her cause against this house.

"You are very kind; but my car is waiting and I must go. I have business in the morning which must be attended to."

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And in spite of renewed and pressing invitations she got upon her car and was driven from the door of The Rath.

"Well, have you dismissed the backwoods-woman?" asked Lady Flora, who, notwithstanding her interest in Major Batt, was rather tired of her *tête-à-tête* with him.

"O Flora! what a pity you did not see her," cried Rosheen. "She is simply glorious!"

"With ugliness?"

"With beauty."

"Alister, has this girl gone crazy?"

"She has lost her head about Miss Ingram, evidently. What would have become of the major, if we had introduced her here? Our new tenant is a young woman eminently fitted by nature for the breaking of susceptible hearts."

"Is she really handsome?"

"Really."

"And young?" asked Major Batt.

"And young."

"And what is she going to do at Shanganagh?"

"Waste her money, I am afraid; but as she will not be advised, we must allow her to pay us the rent. You might as well have been civil to her, Flora."

"I do not like handsome women who go gadding about the world alone," pronounced Lady Flora. "When did she get here, and how?"

"Oh! a few days ago, and by the car round the coast."

"Humph!" said the major. "My dear Fingall, I think I know the lady. It was extremely improper for her to come here. She has just recovered from the small-pox."

"*Small-pox!*" cried Lady Flora, horrified.

"I travelled on the car with her, and she told me of her misfortune," said the major. "A handsome young woman, as you see her through a veil."

Shana and Rosheen laughed and exchanged glances.

"I think Miss Ingram has her wits about her," said their brother slyly. "Are you sure she did not want to get the car to herself, major?"

"I am very sure she did not," said Major Batt stiffly.

"At all events, this decides me that I will not have her coming here," said Lady Flora. "Small-pox in a household like this! Audacious creature, to subject us to such a risk!"

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CHAPTER XX.

A LITTLE REACTION.

SHANGANAGH FARM lay on the opposite side of Glenmalurcan, looking from The Rath. To reach it one followed the old road by the river up the middle of the glen, and turned off into a by-road or "lonan," climbing the hill by easy zigzags between hawthorn-hedges to the bit of table-land, midway up the mountain, on which the farm-house stood. The beetling crags hung immediately over it as over The Rath, but the farm lay full in the sun—green fields, old mossy orchard of gnarled apple-trees, strips of tillage, and a house with whitewashed walls and yellow thatch.

Except for a few scrambling, fragrant cabbage-roses, rakish larkspurs, and ragged, spicy gilliflowers rooted long among the apple-trees at the end of the wild slip of orchard, there was not a flower about the place, as Bawn remarked, missing the flushing flower-growths to which she had been accustomed.

Here, if she wanted color, she must lift her eyes to the opposite mountain-ridges and view the violet and saffron tints, the orange and rose and crimson hues, cooled by grays, infinite in variety of depth, which hung for ever between the plains below and the mid-heavens above her head. Now that it was nearing summer the whole vale of Glenmalurcan, from its mountain-tops to the sea, was steeped in color. Of the ponderous gloom of its winter days Bawn as yet knew nothing.

Inside, the house consisted of four rooms, opening out of one another on a flat, and a dairy and store-room behind. The house-door led straight into the kitchen, and off the kitchen was Bawn's sitting-room, and off that her bed-room. Overhead was a servant's apartment, under the roof, and a loft for apples, and for the hanging up of sweet and bitter herbs in bunches to dry from the rafters. Of this simple dwelling Bawn and her serving-women, Betty Macalister and her daughter Nancy, took possession during the week that followed Miss Ingram's visit to The Rath.

Having with much difficulty procured sufficient furniture, the new tenant went to work to try and make what she called her "shanty" a little habitable; and it was well this occupation lay to her hand, as, her fields being already sown, she had little out-door employment in this season, and disliked the idea of sitting down to think.

Even as it was, while she stained her parlor-floor brown, and

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waxed it bright, and spread it with the goatskins of the country, she found it hard to keep the sailing away for ever of that steamer out of her mind, to suppress a voice in her heart that accused her of treachery to a friend.

Where had those ardent, dark eyes sailed to out of her life, and what bitter things against her was that brave, brown man thinking now as he reflected on the trick she had played him?

Well, he was gone. One cannot both have one's loaf and eat it, and she had swallowed her bread, sour and bitter as the mouthful had been. She had thought the swallowing of the morsel everything, but it had left a taste on her mouth which was neither nice to endure nor easy to get rid of.

Even so, would she give up the position she had now gained, the footing on which she stood, the hope of accomplishing her purpose which seemed already floating all round her in this mountain atmosphere? As she hammered a nail home in her house-place she declared that no, she would not own to any desire that she had been weak enough to relinquish her enterprise, or suffer herself to wish for a moment that she was back on the high seas with still the option of holding for life the lover who had so strangely, suddenly, extravagantly loved her.

When a few unexpected tears dropped on the nails she drove in, almost as heavily as the blows of her hammer, she told herself they had welled from the depths of her heart solely because she was lonely, home-sick, all forlorn in a land of strangers; and also because, curiously enough, now that she was here in the scenes so long dreamed of, had kindled her hearth-fire on the mountain-side looking towards Aura, had spoken with the descendants of those whom she considered her father's enemies, she found it more difficult to realize certain dire events in the past than when sitting by a solitary grave on the now far-distant prairie.

The people here all seemed so utterly unconscious of Desmond's tragedy. Even Betty Macalister kneaded her cakes and arranged her pots and pans as if all memory of it had passed away from her mind.

For what, then, had Bawn come here, after all? To what end had she quenched for ever a light that had unexpectedly shone on her out of a stranger's eyes, warming her who had not known herself cold till the warmth was withdrawn?

These were sore questions, such as she had never thought to be beset with, and for the moment she was not able to answer them.

And meanwhile, as she was at work with her women, putting

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her house in order, cleaning and polishing, and arranging her scanty furniture, a storm broke over the mountains and rolled down the glens, hiding away the opposite ridges behind sullen cloud and tattered mist, and lashing the walls of the farmhouse with a scattering rain. A noise like thunder roared in the wide chimneys, and angry drops hissed into the fire, and in the midst of the tempest Bawn wrestled with her own regrets, which were as fierce and unexpected in their onslaught on her heart as the assault of the elements on her dwelling.

But Betty and her daughter proceeded with their tasks as if nothing was the matter, only called to each other a little more loudly than usual, so as to be heard above the hurly-burly of the wind and rain.

No one came near the farm for a week, and when the week was at an end Bawn had grown visibly thinner, and thought that she must already have lived a year by herself at Shanganagh.

CHAPTER XXI.

BETTY SPEAKS.

AT last one day the wind ceased to bully, the rain dripped and stopped with many a wild sob, and late in the evening the clouds opened overhead and a great, broad, burnished moon looked over at Bawn from The Rath side of Glenmalurcan.

Never before had night appeared to her in such lovely and romantic guise. She went out and walked up and down before her door, trying to fathom the o'ershadowed glen with her eyes, which magnified the height of the dark mountain ridges against the moon-illumined sky; to measure the depth of the apparently bottomless valley, the bottom of which seemed to have been swept away into the bowels of the earth. She was in a new world, as new to her as the ocean had been, with the worshipping lover it had brought to her feet and carried away with it again into infinite obscurity.

Do what she might, this reality would not seem real. This promised land which she had striven to reach and had touched would not feel solid under her feet. Something had risen to make mischief between her and herself of a month ago. "It cannot be that this will last!" she thought. "If it should last, what is going to become of me? Does one's own imagination ever baffle one, even after every tangible thing has failed?"

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All her romance had been born with her and was of a well-braced, close-knit fibre, quite opposed to weakly sentimentalism. It was so well disguised from herself in its garb of home-spun that she neither fostered it nor was afraid of it, and only knew it under the name of common sense.

Her father being her hero, and his troubles and wrongs having always been sufficient to feed the flames of her young enthusiasm, she thought herself the least likely woman in the world to fall at the feet of any other idol, to concern her whole being about any mere beginner of a man whose story should be all in the future instead of in the past.

That women with purposes will make fools of themselves by hurling their whole souls into the identity of some masculine creature, losing their individuality of heart and intention, she was not unaware, but she had not classed herself with the women who so act. Having triumphantly escaped from her importunate fellow-traveller, she had proved herself self-contained and not easily interfered with; and now because of a week of loneliness, shut up with a tempest, her will seemed to have gone off its wheels, her imagination was playing her wild tricks. Was she even seeing ghosts, or what the Irish call "fetches"—

For, turning sharply to take a fresh turn on her rude terrace above her fields, she thought for an instant that she saw Somerled of the steamer coming swiftly along the path to meet her.

There he was, his height, his gait, his brown face looking pale in the moonlight, now grown dim behind a cloud-veil, his deep-set eyes darting anger. She thrust out her arms before her to push away the vision, and as she did so a thought of her father and Roderick Fingall on Aura flashed across her mind. Was it a man who had passed so near her, or had she really gone crazy and fancied that one of the gnarled old apple-trees had moved? She stepped quickly inside the open door and nearly stumbled over Betty and Nancy, who were sitting on three-legged stools by the threshold, bent, like herself, on enjoying the sudden beauty of the night.

"Mistress, what's the matter with ye? Did you see a ghost?"

"Have people the right to come past here at night, Betty?"

"They haven't the right, but they take it—makin' foot-pads and short-cuts up the glen."

Bawn came forth again and began resolutely to think of her work as she walked. To-morrow she would begin to make butter, comparing ways and methods of her own with those of her handmaidens.

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"Nancy," said Betty's voice, coming distinctly to her across the silence of the night, "if it was the banshee I heard a minute ago I wouldn't wonder. Many's the time this week I thought of the ould Hollow cratures. How much of the roof fell in, d'ye think, this wheen o' days back? I always know by the banshee when one o' them's gone. Sich a screech as she let the night the poor gentleman died in the poorhouse! An' small blame to her to be mad at the disgrace. But there was sich squeals in the storm itsel' all this week back I couldn't tell whether she was cryin' or not."

Bawn listened. The "ould Hollow cratures." The "Hollow fokes" of Betty's letters written so long ago to Desmond in Minnesota; this very Betty, sitting here so tranquilly on her three-legged stool and maundering about the banshee! How was it to be believed? In what way was she to join these broken fragments of life, past and present, and patch them into any whole thing and make them hang together? The woman must be speaking of the Adares of Shane's Hollow. Some of them were alive, as Bawn had learned, and still living in the ruin of their home over yonder behind that black ruggedness of mountain, not so far away either when you consider "foot-pads" and "short-cuts."

Was it not to make the acquaintance of these crumbling remains of a rotten humanity, to wring their secret, if they had a secret, out of their faithless souls, that she had crossed the sea? If they had a secret? Of course they had a secret. Bawn threw up her hands and pushed the ruffled gold hair away from her feverish forehead. If they had not a secret, or if Luke Adare should be dead—should the banshee have already screeched for his soul's flight from its long purgatorial imprisonment behind yon mountain—then, again, she must ask herself why in the name of Heaven had she been so mad as to come here, wandering over the ocean to search a casket that had already been rifled, disembarking secretly at Queenstown, stealing away from a friend like a thief in the night—

"Betty," she said abruptly, "you are always talking about 'hollow people.' Do you mean people hollow inside like a penny whistle? You make me exceedingly curious."

Hitherto she had been afraid to ask questions of Betty. Many good opportunities she had deliberately lost during the past week, always feeling that her time would come, and fearing to do anything rash. Now she spoke with what she considered extraordinary cunning.

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"Lord love you, misthress, they're hollow enough, I'm feared, if you mane emp'y. But Hollow 's the name of a great ould place that wanst was. A great, grand family in their time, miss. Nancy and me were talkin' about them."

"And why are they hollow, if it means empty?"

"I was manin' hunger, misthress, savin' your presence."

"Tell me about them, Betty; I want to hear a story."

"Och! misthress dear, sure you're young an' hearty an' well-to-do in yourself, an' you little know what it is you're axin' about. It's an ould story, an' badness is the best of it. They were great an' grand, but cracked with pride; and pride always gets a fall, I'm thinkin', from Lucifer down to Luke Adare. Sure the father of them wouldn't take money from the tenants, wouldn't touch it with his fingers, till his steward had washed it in a basin before his eyes. No good comes of insultin' the poor o' God. Then the sons had the curses o' women draggin' round their feet, an' where could their road go to but down hill, anyway? It's at the bottom they are now an' sure enough. They're shut up in the trees yonder so long by theirselves that the very dogs has forgotten them. Nobody but Peggy an' the banshee takes any heed o' them. The world's that set away from them that I would walk over there to look afther them a bit myself, only for the rheumatis an' a grudge I have against them. Many a grudge is against them as well as mine. But mine's enough for myself."

Bawn gazed on the picture which at Betty's suggestive words had sprung up in vivid colors before her eyes. It seemed there were other tragedies in the world besides Arthur Desmond's. The Adares of Shane's Hollow would not appear to have fattened on their ill-doing. But what about Betty's well-treasured grudge against them? Come, now, let her be bold and probe for Arthur Desmond in an old woman's memory.

"What is your particular grudge?" she asked carelessly. "Did they turn you out of their house, or anything of that kind?"

"Och! dear, no. They never were my landlords. Little land they've held these long years back; it all went from them: too many graves they put in it. But they were sore an' hard on wan I had a regard for, long before you were born, misthress. An' I could never forget it to them, though it was none o' my business."

"Tell me about it, Betty. I love to hear tales about long ago."

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"Well, it's such an ould story, misthress, an' most people forgets about it, an' wants to forget it, too, on account o' the Fingalls. You're a stranger here, an' I wouldn't like you to be talkin' about it."

"I have nobody to talk to; and, as I am a stranger, I feel curious."

"Surely, surely. An' why shouldn't I tell you about poor Misther Arthur—God be good to him?"

"Poor Mr. Arthur!" Bawn's heart thrilled and her eyes grew moist. She had touched the link that connected the father she knew with the tragedy of his youth, had heard his name familiarly pronounced by one who had spoken to him in the day of his trial. There was that in the old woman's tone pronouncing those three words which hinted of unforgotten sympathy. Bawn hardly restrained herself from throwing her arms round Betty's neck and crying, "Faithful heart! tell me about my father." But she was learning to place a bar between her actions and her impulses.

"Who was he?" she asked, as soon she could attune her voice to the tone of a mere gossip.

"He was a young gentleman from Kerry that come here; soft in the tongue an' sweet in the eyes, so he was, an' made our hearts jump with the pleasant way he had. An' Miss Mave over there in the Hollow—good Lord! to think what she was then an' is now—she took him for her sweetheart, as any young lady he had 'a' fancied couldn't ha' helped doin'. An' they might have been happy an' rich—though the Adares was goin' down-hill even then—for there was a quare foreign gentleman—"

"Old Barbadoes," thought Bawn.

"With a dale o' money, that was thought to be goin' to lave all he had to the pair. But, ochone! to think o' the muddle that everything got into with them. Roderick Fingall, away at Tor" (here Betty dropped her voice), "he was for Miss Mave too, an' went clane mad because she took up with Mr. Arthur Desmond; an' he was a bullyin' fellow, though good-natured enough when he was at himself. The long an' the short of it was that the two young men were both walkin' on Aura wan evening, an' *somethin' took place*, an' Roderick's dead body was found at the bottom of a precipy. It got whispered about that Arthur murdered him to get him out of the way, partly on account of Miss Mave, and partly bein' afeared ould Barbadoes would lave him the money; for there was always great talk about which of the three he would lave it to."

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"Who were the three? Arthur Desmond, Roderick Fingall—"

"And Luke Adare. The ould man had give out that wan of jist them three should get his money."

"Well?"

"Faix, I don't know what way to tell you about it. It would take bigger words nor I know how to use. Poor Mr. Arthur was hunted out of the country for the murder; even Miss Mave —Heaven forgive her! she has put in her purgatory since—she believed the lie against him—"

"Was it a lie?" asked Bawn sternly.

"'Deed an' nobody but a fool would ask the question. I beg your pardon, misthress. I forgot you were a stranger an' not born at the time. Anybody that ever knowed him would know it was a lie."

"But these people knew him—the Fingalls and the Adares."

"Ay; an' it be the divil that bewitched them. Some people praised them because they wouldn't lay han's on him; though may be it would ha' been betther they had, for then he could ha' spoke up for himself. Anyhow, they let him go under a bad name, an' he took himself off to America an' never was heard of no more."

Bawn stood silent for a few minutes, struggling with her heart. At last she took up her questioning again with a steady voice.

"It is a very sad story, Betty. What did the young lady do after he was gone?"

"Just fretted herself into an ould woman, she did; wouldn't look at man of mankind, but sat in a corner like a dummy, while her brothers was sportin' an' spendin' about the world, an' up an' down the country, pickin' up all the curses that money could buy. For ould Barbadoes, he left Luke his fortune. Roderick and Arthur were both out of the way, and to be true to his word he was bound to lave everything to Luke. But little good it did the Adares; they only sunk it in more sin an' sorrow. It ran through their fingers like sand; an' before many years was out they were as pinched as ever they were before. There they are now, beggars that's too proud for the poorhouse. It's a'most enough to make a body forgive them, so it is, in spite o' their sins; though wan would need to be nearhand as good as God himself to do that same. Och! dear, sure if the poor's poor, it was the Lord that made them poor, an' that's their comfort; but when the rich makes themselves poor with wicked-

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ness, there's no oil at all can be got out o' *that* crule rock o' desolation."

Bawn's mind was not in a condition to pity the Adares. It was fit and proper they should be miserable. Her thoughts ran on to the conclusion of Arthur Desmond's story.

"Has nothing ever occurred since to throw light on the mystery of Roderick Fingall's death?" she asked. "If Arthur Desmond did not kill him, how did he die?"

"Troth an' nobody knows, barrin' he fell down the clifts. As for light, it would take light from the other world to clear people now of believin' that Arthur done it. As I said before, if they had took him an' put him on his trial he might ha' had a chance; but whispered guilt 's the hardest to get shut of. He was too proud to defend himself from what he was not openly accused of. He held up his head as long as he could, but when he saw Miss Mave was gone against him like the rest I think it crushed him like. He got a down, melancholy look, an' the people said it was guilt that ailed him. You see there was Roderick Fingall's mother an' brothers, an' whatever was the reason, *they* were firm set on believin' that Arthur had murdered Roderick. They were that mad they could hardly be kept from tearing him in pieces—"

Bawn stepped forward suddenly with a wild glance at the talking old woman.

"Is anything the matter with you, misthress?"

"I am only horrified at this story. Don't mind me, but go on. Was there no one in all the place to take his part?"

"Nobody but Luke Adare. I raged an' swore myself; but quality dozzint mind a poor body like me. It was said that, only for Luke, Arthur would ha' been laid han's on an' hanged. It was the only good turn I ever heard o' Luke—"

"The villain!" burst forth Bawn. "He knew that if Arthur Desmond had been put on his trial the character might have been cleared that *he* had whispered away!"

Betty stared at her mistress in astonishment.

"Whisht!" she said. "Sure, as I said, that's what many's the time I thought myself. But Lord, my dear, don't you take the whole of it so terribly to heart. It's an ould story now, an' may be poor Mr. Arthur made himself happy afterwards in another country. He was young enough to get over the trouble, and he had no bad conscience, I'll go bail, to keep him down. America's a grand country, from all I hear, for puttin' everything right that goes wrong in other places. There's not so many

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crooked turns in it as there is here; all's plain sailin' and plenty of room. Whether he's there now or with God above, he's safe an' well, I'll be bound, an' a young crature like you, that never seen him, an' come into the world long after his trouble, needn't be vexin' so sore about him."

"It's a story that would pain any one," said Bawn, trying to control the passion that Betty's recital had roused in her.

"Och! dear, it pained many's the wan; but a stranger like you oughtn't to feel it so bad."

"No," thought Bawn; "she is right. A stranger like me oughtn't to feel it so bad. If I show feeling about it I shall attract attention."

She turned her back on Betty and gazed over at the black mountain behind which lay Shane's Hollow with its sins and secrets, and then suddenly wheeled round on the old woman with a smile.

"At all events you have told me a story," she said—"just what I wanted. You see we Americans have a way of wanting to know about everything. My father was an Irish farmer—an emigrant, as I told you before—and all the old stories of the hills and the people interest me. I'd like to hear more about the Adares, and Fingalls, and Arthur Desmond; but it is late now. Another time you must tell me more."

"Nancy," said Betty Macalister to her daughter that night in bed, "the misthress has a good heart. There she was in a red-hot passion, all about poor Mr. Arthur Desmond thirty long year ago. An' she may say what she likes about being only a farmer's daughter, but she's a rale lady. That comes of bein' born in America, I'll be bound. All the shillin's is pounds there, an' why shouldn't all the women be ladies?"

"If the Lord hadn't sent us the rheumatis we might have gone there an' been ladies, too, you an' me; an' I might have wore my parasol, like Kate Maginnis, that only went out last year," grumbled Nancy, half-asleep.

"Spake for yourself," said her mother. "I'd rather have the rheumatis in ould Ireland than wear a parasol in America. An' I'm thinkin' America has done well enough for us when it sent us a misthress like yon—"

Bawn went to rest feeling that Betty had administered to her the tonic she had been much in need of. Somerled had sailed quite out of sight in his steamer, and the real hero of her dreams, Arthur Desmond, with his sorrows and wrongs, had arisen again to fill his rightful place. As she laid her head on her pillow she

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was free from the bewildering pain that had shaken her for days, and in the arms of her old and settled purpose she fell asleep, satisfied that in outwitting her troublesome fellow-traveller she had escaped a very formidable danger.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW SHALL WE SUPPORT OUR ORPHANS?

How shall we support our orphans? is a question for church and state alike. For Catholics especially it becomes daily more serious and interesting in view of the many theories which are offered by philanthropists for the betterment of the dependent classes. Conventions are held in the various States and in the nation; plans are elaborated and discussed; conclusions are reached or pointed out as advisable; State boards of corrections and charities are formed and endowed with various powers more or less extensive—all this and much more is done by the philanthropists of our country, by the lovers of the state. But does this reach the question? Does this afford the proper means whereby to support the orphans in our charge?

If orphans were material beings only, and not composed of spirit also, such a plan might prove sufficient. If they were to be imbued with merely natural science, or the science of created things alone, again we might not take exception. But they are more than such a view would make them; they have greater claims upon their fellow-men. Orphans are children, and therefore need education. Hence it is that in the orphan question the church must have her proper place; hence it is that this question, like the troublesome school question, pertains, under certain conditions, to both the church and the state in their respective spheres. The church will not give over to a godless education the child whose parents are still living; much less, then, will she consent to such a course in the case of children who have a double claim upon her.

Under God the child belongs to the parent, the church, and the state in the order named. Hence, in the first place, the parent is responsible for the proper development of the child until it reaches the years of emancipation. Should the parent fail in this respect through death or inability, and the child in

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consequence be left alone, the church should next assume the burden. Because, however, the child is destined for the state as well as for the church, and actually belongs to it even when under the government of its parents, the state is bound to assist the church to an extent proportioned to the benefits which it may expect to derive from the child in later years. The state, nevertheless, may not presume to go too far, may not invert the order laid down by God himself: the state, unaided by the church, may not assume the education of orphans.

Education is threefold—physical, intellectual, and moral. Whatever may be said of the physical and intellectual development afforded its orphans by the state, it must be confessed that its vocation is not to instruct in the principles of morality and the truths which bind man back to his Creator. This is the mission of the church, and, like her God, she is jealous of it. This question has a history, and the state should curb its over-zealousness to help the orphan to the exclusion of the church. Were it not for the church the state undoubtedly would treat the orphan to-day exactly as it did two thousand years ago. In the light of history the state is building without prudence. Its excessive zeal to take to itself the entire responsibility for the child tends but to bring society back to the condition from which the church delivered it in the cruel centuries of the past.

Before the establishment of the church among the Gentile nations there was not an institution of any kind for the benefit of orphans. More than this, throughout all the nations of antiquity we fail to find even one benevolent institution, no matter what its purpose. The ancients had two methods which Christians have not to rid themselves of the poor and the unfortunate—infanticide and slavery. "The exposure of infants," says Aristotle, "was permitted, and was a common practice throughout all Greece except at Thebes." But here their fate was not much better, because the government took them in charge only to make them the slaves for life of any one who was willing to rear them. We learn from Grote, in the *History of Greece*, that "the most shameful mutilation of children was seen with melancholy frequency in the domestic life as well as in the religious worship of Phrygia and other parts of Asia." This heartless treatment of poor and unfortunate children was not confined to Asia, the cradle of the human race, and to Greece, the most civilized and highly polished of the ancient nations, but was characteristic also of Rome, the mistress of the world and of the provinces dependent on her. Justin, the great apologist, in his defence of Chris-

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tianity upbraids the emperor and the senate, and glories in the assertion that the Christians of the empire never abandon their offspring, and that they look with horror on the abominable pagan practice of casting their children out to die or to be picked up by strangers. He goes on to say:

"Should they die we would consider ourselves guilty of murder; but should they be gathered up, as is often done by you, into flocks, kept in the same manner as your herds of oxen, or goats, or sheep, or horses, we would dread even more the unspeakable horrors which go along with the support of such evil troops of children. The seraglios composed of such wretched foundlings, and maintained in all nations, should be exterminated instead of being made, as you Romans make them, a source of taxation and revenue."

Sad indeed was the condition of the orphan when the church began to leaven the material progress of the ancients with supernatural charity. Familiarized as we are with a universal system of beneficence, it is difficult to realize the effort required to uproot the cruel customs of pagan antiquity. The benign influence of the Gospel has changed the face of the world. The church has saved the orphan from destruction. True religion and true beneficence connote each other. We cannot, then, exclude the church from a share in the bringing-up of orphans. Civilization without religion will soon be civilization without beneficence; and history, repeating itself, will bring us back to pagan times.

The church, agreeably to her history and to the purpose of her existence, not only has the right to participate in the education of orphans, but is strongly bound to do so. Her reason for existence is to lead men to God by supernatural means. Her history is one continuous chain of bright actions having the necessitous of all conditions, but chiefly the widow and the orphan, for their object.

From the time of the apostles, who set apart the seven deacons for the charitable work of providing for the widows and orphans of the early church, down to the present day, we find numerous laws and regulations which attest the spirit and the action of the church in this regard. She was not satisfied with inculcating the support of orphans as a work of charity, by considering them, in the words of the Apostolic Constitutions, "altars for holocausts (the greatest of sacrifices) in the temple of our Jerusalem"; but in succeeding years, when her influence for good was felt in the legislation of semi-barbarous Europe, she reserved to herself and her bishops the jurisdiction of all cases which involved the interests of widows, orphans, minors, and all persons known to be helpless and miserable.

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From the sixth century religious communities were also established whose chief object was to provide assistance for the dependent classes. The Protestant Bishop Tanner says that in England, before the separation from Rome, "there were in every county about twenty monasteries belonging to such communities, the produce from whose lands and property was in fact the portion of the poor, the infirm, the aged, the widow, the orphan, the stranger, and all the necessitous; which portion was lodged in the hands of the clergy for just and wise distribution." Many of these communities still exist, in spite of the greed and persecution of the governments which they greatly benefit. In three of the Catholic countries of Europe—Italy, France, and Spain—we find over fifty thousand heroic female religious whose work is charity to their neighbor. The number of men who give their lives to similar works will, if counted, also reach the thousands.

In the United States the record of the church for charity is one that may well invite inspection. She has institutions for nearly every kind of misery to which mankind is subject. She has hospitals for the sick, hospices for strangers, refuges for the foundling, houses for the poor and the unfortunate, asylums for the insane, homes for the aged and the young, protectories for delinquents, and asylums for orphans. As her name implies, she is catholic in her charity. Of the two hundred and twenty-five orphanages which belong to her in this country, some are for colored and Indian orphans as well as for white. Some, again, are destined for those whose parents were English speaking, while others are set apart for those of German, French, Belgian, or Polish descent.

It is not without reason that in the census report of the United States we find a mark designed for the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. Her institutions for the reformation of delinquents are thus distinguished from the State, municipal, and private ones. If the census report contained a list of orphanages and other charitable foundations—which we are sorry to find is not the case—it would thence be evident what the charity of the church is doing for our country. From the information we have been able to obtain regarding the orphan asylums of the sects and of the state, we doubt not there are more orphan asylums conducted by the Catholic Church in this country than by all the other religious denominations and the state combined.

The Lutherans seem the most anxious of the sects to have their orphans brought up in asylums of their own. In 1885 they had throughout the United States twenty-six orphan homes, con-

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taining in all twelve hundred children. Very few of the other sects have any asylums, and the state also has few in proportion to our population. The church, however, can point with lawful pride to her work in behalf of the orphan. Wherever she exists her spirit, which is that of charity, causes her to look upon the orphans as a precious charge. Hence she has gathered one hundred and seventy-five thousand of them into her asylums in the United States.

Orphan asylums are the outgrowth of circumstances. In former times it was the practice of the church to distribute charity from the Diaconiæ, or chapels of mercy, which existed in Rome and other episcopal cities. In order to exclude "professional beggars" from the fund of charity, the worthy poor and the orphans, on the recommendation of some well-known person, had their names enrolled on the list of beneficiaries which was prepared and kept in the chapels for reference. In later years the monasteries also had their regular dependants. The portion designed for needy orphans was handed over at times to their relatives or friends in whose families they chanced to live. Abuses thus crept in, and what was intended to relieve the orphans sometimes went to increase the store of their greedy kinsfolk. Gradually the religious communities received orphans into their convents to provide them with a better education, because they expected novices from among their number, or because the orphans had no relatives, and consequently no home which they could call their own. So natural and at the same time so advantageous was this method of support that soon a portion of the convent was set apart for orphans, or an asylum built contiguous to the cloister. Many of the orphanages in the United States have an origin similar to the older ones of Europe.

After religious communities were established with the special object of nursing the sick and supporting the orphan and the foundling, numerous asylums were built in the cities at a distance from convents with the view to provide homes for orphans which might be easily reached. As necessity required these orphanages were enlarged or new ones built. At present there are in the United States two hundred and twenty-five orphan homes under the management of the church. Their charity supports one hundred and seventy-five thousand dependants—a number which is greater than the total of inhabitants of either Delaware or Oregon, and about three times as great as that which the census reports for the State of Nevada. Surely this exhibit made by the church merits well of the State.

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The chief, and in many cases the only, means whereby these orphans are supported is charity. There is scarcely one asylum which derives its support from endowments. Our richer Catholics seem to forget in their wills those whom the Saviour was pleased to call his own. The bequests occasionally received seem all the greater because of their rarity. However, the inexhaustible fund of Catholic charity at present well supplies the place of rich endowments, and gives rise to the delicate question whether in benevolent institutions of the present time it is not more advisable to let uncertain daily charity take the place of periodically accruing interest. Reasons may be advanced on either side. Undoubtedly a firmer reliance on the providence of God and greater faith must be the effect of the more precarious method of voluntary donations, which always seem to come when needed most. Still, it may be urged that if orphanages were richly endowed they could with greater safety receive more orphans and provide them with more advantages. Possibly; but, on the other hand, these institutions might then forget the object of their being, which is to afford, not a permanent abode, but a temporary stopping-place, as Bishop Maes puts it, where the children remain out of reach of immediate want, squalor, and wretchedness, temporal and spiritual, until homes are secured for them among Catholic families. Later on, and perhaps even now in some of the larger cities, when orphans become so numerous that homes cannot be provided for them, and asylums must consequently supply their need, large endowments may be of greater benefit and necessity than in general they seem to-day. The fact that an asylum depends for its support on charity causes its directors to receive only those children for whom family homes cannot be procured. Ordinarily the friends who apply for the admission of orphans to asylums will not see them neglected, and at times they apply simply as a matter of convenience. Where there are no orphanages the case is rare in which homes cannot be obtained for the pleading little ones. Orphanages are a necessity, but they should not increase the necessity by an unwise reception of applicants. Asylums are the exception; family life is the rule. Merit is judged, not by the greater number who are received and kept within an asylum, but by the manner in which its protégés are prepared for after-life and its temptations. In the United States, however, we need fear no danger from the excessive endowment of our Catholic asylums. They are not endowed, not even partially. The danger for them is not an excess but rather an insufficiency of earthly goods. Were they par-

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tially endowed they would be assured of their own existence and thus be freer to gather means for the support of their dependants.

The asylums of the church seem to realize well the end of their existence, for the general method of disposing of orphans is to procure good homes for them in Catholic families. This is done as soon as possible, and seldom are the orphans retained in any institution after completing their thirteenth year. From many they are placed out long before this time. It is the experience of most of the Western asylums, and of many of the Eastern ones also, that there are more applicants desirous of adopting orphans than there are children to meet their wishes. Naturally the weakly and deformed ones, as well as those whose habits are somewhat vicious because of their surroundings before they were received into the asylum, cannot be given out to families, and must prove a burden on the authorities of the orphan home.

The Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children in Boston may be taken as an instance of the working of our asylums in Eastern cities. In the course of the year 1884 it took in and cared for nearly five hundred children, while during the same time it sent out four hundred and fifty to excellent family homes. A large proportion of this number was sent to the Middle and Western States. Similar is the practice of the New York Foundling Asylum. Many of its protégés are to-day becoming prosperous citizens in the West. In Baltimore, likewise, the Dolan Children's Aid Society has for its specific object the providing of homes for indigent and orphan children. It has an asylum, but this is truly only a "stopping-place," for the children are easily given out to good families. If they who adopt them prove recreant to their promises, the children are withdrawn, returned to the asylum for a time, and provided with other and more suitable homes. With such facility in procuring good family homes for the orphans even of our crowded Eastern cities, there seems no need of our orphanages being anything but "temporary stopping-places."

Orphanages, however, are necessary in our present social condition, and, because they are necessary, are entitled to support. Whether it is preferable to raise the money required for them by taxation on our parishes or by voluntary collections seems a vexed question in many quarters. The solution of it may depend greatly on circumstances. What is advisable in one place may be detrimental in another. Some asylums are private, while others are diocesan. This fact necessarily implies a difference in their claims upon a diocese. If a certain amount of money is

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required to support the orphans of a diocese in an asylum of its own or by arrangement with a private one, and a *pro rata* assessment made on each parish tends to compass this result satisfactorily to all concerned, such a plan is good for that diocese. Difference of circumstances, however, may render it impracticable for another diocese or for the same in later time. Such a plan does not eliminate charity, though at first it may appear to do so, for the parishes are left free to raise the money by collections or by other means, as they judge best. The assessment, though fixed, is raised by voluntary charity. This question, like many others in our country, seems the natural outcome of our anomalous condition, which, being very different from that of earlier times, necessitates new ways of action.

Institutions for the support and education of orphan and dependent children are beneficial not only to the church but also to the state. If the one hundred and seventy-five thousand inmates of our Catholic asylums were turned over to the State to be supported, the latter would have no reason to complain. These children have a natural right to demand what is necessary for their sustenance, and the State is bound to grant it. They have, moreover, a natural and constitutional right to religious instruction, which the State is bound to respect and not infringe. With us the State may not impart religious instruction or make discrimination between particular creeds. Hence private or sectarian asylums are necessary to an equitable solution of the question of supporting dependent children. By these asylums the claims of the child, the church, and the State are equally satisfied. If greater physical and moral assistance can be rendered by them than by State institutions, it is prudent and politic, as well as just and equitable, that needy children be entrusted to their care.

England has tried the system of granting state aid to private institutions, and has found it highly successful. Schools which are found combining industrial features with the elements of common-school education, and which clothe, feed, and lodge their pupils, may be certified after proper examination and enrolled among the beneficiaries of the government. In some of our States the same plan has been introduced and gives eminent satisfaction. Louisiana, until the second year of the late war, granted a yearly appropriation to its benevolent institutions. New Mexico at present allows ten dollars a month for each child supported in the Catholic Female Orphan Asylum of Santa Fé. California yearly donates one hundred dollars for each orphan and seventy-five dollars for each half-orphan or abandoned child

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cared for in its asylums. In order to obtain this allowance the certified register of the orphanage must be presented and the management be subject to the inspection of persons delegated by the State Committee on Asylums.

In New York also the State contributes to the maintenance of orphan and delinquent children. Various State and municipal funds are applied to this purpose. The allowance is made *per capita*, and some institutions, on account of their character, are enabled to draw from several funds. St. Michael's Home, which was incorporated in 1883, receives from the excise fund of the city of New York two dollars a week for each child committed by a magistrate. The Catholic Protectory draws a *per capita* allowance from the city and county of New York, from the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections, and from the superintendents of the poor for Westchester County. The Orphan Society of Brooklyn receives a *per capita* assistance from the Board of Education of that city and from Kings County, which sends some of its pauper children to the Catholic asylums to be supported. However, the *per capita* allowance is received for only five hundred of the sixteen hundred dependants; the eleven hundred others are diocesan charges.

The statutes of Illinois provide that when a child is found dependent it may be committed by a magistrate to an institution or training-school, and the county from which it is sent is bound to pay a reasonable sum for its support therein. The amount allowed ranges from seven to ten dollars a month. All religious denominations may found institutions under this statute, and when approved by the governor they become entitled to State aid.

The Board of Public Charities appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1870 to examine and report on the subject advised the adoption of a similar plan, and seriously questioned the advisability of establishing State schools for the support of dependent children. It says: "The State should do her part in educational work by making moderate *per capita* allowances to schools and homes established by private and philanthropic enterprise wherever they are needed for the industrial training and education of the class referred to." The International Congress of Charities also warmly approved and recommended this system.

Private institutions have many advantages over those conducted by the State. Not the least of these is freedom from political influences, which can scarcely ever be predicated of the

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State asylums. Nice theories are advanced on this point, but theory is one thing and practice quite another. Moreover, it is a fact well grounded on experience that the guardians of State asylums, who necessarily draw upon the property of others far more largely than upon their own, are tempted and yield to a prodigality which is anything but real beneficence; while at the same time the apparently inexhaustible fund tends to increase the number of those who desire to draw therefrom. Again, the assistance rendered through private institutions establishes no legal or political right in the recipients of it, though a moral claim to such support is recognized and respected.

Private institutions are more economical than those of the State. In Massachusetts we find that the cost of maintaining children in the public pauper establishments is in many cases over three dollars a week for each child, while the cost of supporting each child in the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children is only $1 26 a week. Moreover, the children in the latter institution are well fed, comfortably clad, and in every respect healthy and happy. Similar is the experience of Michigan. It requires much less in proportion to support the orphans of the diocesan asylums than those of the State Public School at Coldwater.

And what a difference in this support! The support granted by the State is politic and cold; that furnished by private institutions is warm and charitable. Children are quick to appreciate the difference between those who care for them from mercenary motives and those who support them through charity and love of God. Herein, then, is found the reason why the asylums conducted by private benevolence are immeasurably superior to those of the State for purposes of real reformation and education. There is no aversion in the heart of the child, and love is met by love.

The natural, logical, equitable, American way of providing for our dependent children is to place them in temporary stopping-places, called asylums, until good homes can be procured for them. In these asylums, which should be private, they ought to be maintained by voluntary charity, assisted to a certain extent by a *per capita* allowance from the State.

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SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.*

SECOND SERIES.

No. III.

BIOLOGY—THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION—THE DOCTRINE OF FAITH—SCIENTIFIC ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST EVOLUTION—THE MONISTIC AND ATHEISTIC FORM OF THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION—THE ORIGIN AND PLACE OF MAN IN THE COSMOS—THE TRUE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT.

AFTER the consideration of the formation of the universe, of our own particular world, and of the planet we inhabit, during the azoic period, comes the investigation of the origin and development of life on the earth. The science which treats of these topics is named Biology. It is full of obscurities and difficulties. Let us say, at the outset, that for the present all consideration of the origin of *man* is excluded. We intend to speak, not of human life, but of vegetable and irrational animal life, of non-sentient and sentient living beings, the flora and fauna of our earth.

And, first, what *is* life, in its primary and most generic sense, as the essential difference which distinguishes organic from inorganic corporeal beings? To begin with its lowest form, in what is a vegetable essentially different from an inorganic material substance?

Scientists of the highest class affirm that there is a *vital principle*, distinct from and superior to any element or composition of elements which is made known by chemical analysis. It eludes all mathematical laws, generates movement from its own centre, is constructive and reproductive. Its virtue, beginning with a germ, will produce the gradual growth and perfection of a tree, for instance, with its leaves and fruit, which will generate other individuals of its kind.

What this vital principle is they confess they do not know, and they do not seem to expect that their successors will ever know. It looks like an inscrutable secret. It has often been called *a vegetable soul.* Certain eminent philosophers affirm that it is an immaterial, simple, *substantial form*, distinct from its or-

* In the last number correct Leeser's rendering of Gen. i. 2 to read: And the Spirit of God *was waving* over the face of the deep.

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ganized matter, but not capable of existing separated from it, giving it specific nature and life, making with it a substance having its quantity, qualities, passive and active potencies, and different in kind from every inorganic substance. But this description does not clearly and distinctly define what is a substantial form or a vital principle of vegetative life. The terms "vital principle," "vegetable soul," "substantial form," merely give names to an unknown somewhat.

The vital principle of a sentient being or animal is something which discloses its simple, immaterial, substantial or quasi-substantial character, as a somewhat which is distinct from and superior to the organic stuff of the body which it animates, in a much more unmistakable manner. It is hard, if not impossible, to draw an exact line between protozoa and vegetables, and to designate the point where sentient life begins and leaves off. But as we ascend from the lowest living species which are probably sentient to the higher forms, the properties of living beings become much more distinctly marked and wonderful in the rising scale of sensitive cognition and spontaneous action. These phenomena reveal to us most certainly the existence of a soul, irrational, it is true, yet cognoscitive through sensitive organs, in a wonderful way, a way which adumbrates intelligence and reason. *What* this soul is the best philosophers are unable to tell us, except in vague and obscure terms. They say it is *a form*, quasi-substantial, the active principle of the body, having its existence and operation dependent on the organic structure, incapable of surviving the death of the body, educed by generation from the potentiality of matter, containing in itself whatever is in the principle of vegetative life, together with the active force which makes the animal specifically different from the vegetable. After all has been said, the ant, the dog, the elephant, remains a puzzle to science and philosophy.

There is no explicit teaching of revelation and faith on this head. Whatever may be implicitly or virtually involved in the doctrines of the Christian religion in regard to the principle of life in plants and animals, it is free ground for the questionings and discussions of philosophers, and such answers as they may be able to afford to our intellectual curiosity. Some of these answers are grotesque and extravagant in the highest degree. None of them, in our judgment, are perfectly clear and satisfactory.

The fact that it is not clearly known *what* life is makes the question of its origin one which cannot be absolutely determined

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à priori. That God is the author and giver of life is, of course, certain by philosophy and by faith. That life first appeared on the earth after its inorganic structure had attained a sufficient stage of development is a certain fact. The wonderful exuberance and variety of the flora and fauna which began to cover the earth in the palæozoic period, and which have continued to adorn it to the present time, science has delighted in describing. But as to the *origin* of life—viz., whether a new creative act was necessary in order to give existence to a new principle of vital organization, or merely a new formative action upon inorganic matter evolving life from its dormant potency—science cannot say a word. So far as science thus far has learned anything certain about the possibility of bringing organic life out of the potency of inorganic matter, it cannot be done by human art. Moreover, there is no evidence of any living being having been actually produced except by generation from a prior living being. These living beings must have had a beginning. There must have been an origin of the first activity of the principle of life which was manifested in the earliest flora and fauna that appeared on the surface of the earth, whatever that principle of life may be, and whatever may be the cause, the law, the process, of the differentiation of the various species of the flora and fauna which exist or have formerly existed upon our planet. Science cannot concern itself with the origin of life; it begins with the actual development of life from this origin, as far back as it can find the remains or traces of organic structures from which to make its inductions, and thus deduce its general laws and construct its probable theories.

One fundamental fact and law of the development of life over the earth, from the first living beings to the appearance of man, is universally admitted. This is the law of constant, organic progress in respect to the entire collection, if not in respect to all its parts.

In respect to the method by which this development has been effected, the traditional doctrine which has been dominant until the most recent period has been that of the invariability of species, and the development of distinct species, each within its own limits, from its own distinct, original creation. That is, individuals of each species were at first created, or were created by successive interventions of divine power in the different geological epochs.

During the last half-century another doctrine has come into great vogue—viz., the theory of the transformists, which starts

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from the notion of the indefinite variability of species. This is the theory of evolution, or derivation of species from species, by a slow and long process, beginning from a few or even from one single primordial organic type, one or several living germs, from which all the species and individuals of the earth's flora and fauna have proceeded.

M. de Saint-Projet has given an excellent exposition of the arguments for and against the general theory of evolution or transformation of species, which is fair and impartial. We will now present an abstract of the same in a condensed form.

ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF EVOLUTION.

1. *Geological, palæontological, and geographical arguments.*—There is a continuity of organic forms running through the geological periods. New intermediate forms are being constantly discovered, showing a passage from one form to another by such insensible degrees that the discrimination of fossil species often becomes difficult. Although numberless intermediate varieties which must be supposed to have existed are absent, this can be explained by the paucity of specimens which geology furnishes.

The gradual progress of species in perfection, and the increase of their numbers in an ascending series from the lower to the higher strata, is in harmony with the transformist theory.

The animals of a geographical division of the globe resemble the fossils of the same region, but present marked differences from those of different countries, although there is a sufficient analogy between these various forms to show a common origin. This is explained by the migration of species into different conditions producing these divergencies of form. Analogous proofs are found in the vegetable world.

2. *Arguments from physiology, morphology, and embryology.*—The conformity of structure and the resemblances existing between organic forms of different groups, together with the types of transition intercalated between some of them, prove a common descent.

Another proof is derived from the numerous rudimentary organs found in the higher animals.

The resemblance between the embryos of different species furnishes another proof. This is much relied on by transformists. They insist on the analogy between the development of the individual from its germ, and the development of species from primitive types. Just as embryos which cannot be distinguished from

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each other by any specific differences develop into the most diverse organic forms, so from homogeneous primitive types the numerous and diverse species may have originated by transformations like those which are undergone by embryos in their development.

Akin to these are the phenomena of the transformation of larvæ into insects. The grub becomes a butterfly. Larvæ which seem to be exactly alike turn into insects which are totally different, not only in their outward appearance, but also in their organic structure.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST EVOLUTION.

1. *Arguments from palæontology and geology.*—A general, synthetic view of the history of life on the earth seems to favor the theory of transformation. Yet a closer, more analytical examination of each telluric epoch dissipates this semblance and conducts to an opposite conclusion.

For example, a plateau in the centre of Bohemia presents a complete series of strata of the Silurian period, overlying each other in their regular order. Joachim Barrande, after a thorough examination, pronounces its results totally incompatible with the transformist theory. Completely organized trilobites appear of a sudden in the primordial fauna, without any transitory forms or known predecessors before them. Barrande found six thousand specimens of some of the three hundred and fifty different forms of trilobites, which he examined. Ten only of these species show a trace of variations. The rest are invariable during the whole duration of their existence as species. Moreover, these variations do not efface the characteristics of the species, and, instead of becoming more accentuated, they disappear after a time.

Similar statements are made by Davidson, Carruthers, Pfaff, Gousselet, and Grand 'Eury respecting other fossils of the flora or fauna of the Silurian, Devonian, early Triassic, later Tertiary, and other periods. This is an argument which has never been answered, and which appears to be the strongest of all against the theory of transformation.

Moreover, the continuity of structure in the series of organic groups, observes Agassiz, does not correspond with the chronological order. And Pfaff remarks that various species, classes, and orders appear simultaneously through vast geological regions.

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Forms of transition ought to be expected in vastly greater numbers than those of definite species. They are entirely wanting. The so-called intermediate forms are only species connecting other species by a gradation. It is not sufficient to allege the sparse and incomplete materials furnished by actual discovery, and make a hypothetical credit out of future discoveries which may possibly be made. Although only small slices of the strata of the earth have been subjected to investigation, yet these slices are from every one of the strata and from many parts of the earth. They are alike in furnishing the same sudden apparitions of perfect organisms, and in their lack of intermediate forms. Among the regular types there are others which are aberrant, and some which are in their form intermediate make their appearance long after the types of the two extremes.

Arguments from embryology.—The relation between the genesis of species and the genesis of individuals is merely analogical. The inability to distinguish between embryos of different species in their earliest stage of existence is no proof that they are really alike except in a remotely generic sense. They are determined to a specific development by the specific nature of the parent stock, and when the development has proceeded far enough for discerning what their specific nature is they show their differences.

There are several other physiological arguments and facts brought forward by M. de Saint-Projet which we omit. Some of them are very interesting and conclusive. But they are chiefly against certain specialties of Darwinism, which is only one of a number of different forms of the evolutionary theory.

So far as the authority of scientists is concerned, which, after all, has more weight with the majority than evidence or argument, the men of highest eminence are divided in opinion in respect to the genesis of species by transformation, while the verdict of the greater number of the minor devotees of science approves the Darwinian hypothesis. The great scientific bodies have withheld their approbation. This hypothesis has, therefore, no claim to be ranked among the certitudes or even the most probable theories of science. It rests on conjectures, and suppositions which are unverified and, at the present time at least, are incapable of verification. The solid, scientific basis of observed facts is wanting. And it is, by its very nature, relegated to a region and a period so remote from observation as to be inaccessible to observation. The most that can be said of it is

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that its advocates have accumulated a vast number of facts, not such as can furnish data for a conclusive induction, but which by ingenious grouping present plausible analogies. One of the most plausible arguments in its favor is of a doctrinal and not of a scientific nature, and is thus presented by a Catholic writer in *La Controverse* (October, 1884):

"It would be strange to admit that the Creator, discontented with his work, had partly destroyed it, afterwards had recommenced it to destroy it anew, each time making it more perfect. . . . Is it not certain, on the other hand, that nothing in nature appears suddenly in a complete and finished manner, nothing begins in an adult age, but everything commences in a nascent and rudimentary condition, arriving later at a more perfect state?"

This reasoning has a corroboration from the fact, as stated by Gaudry in *Les Enchainements Du Monde Animale*, that all the epochs, from the Cambrian down to the secondary period inclusively, "are connected together by entire fauna and flora" which are similar, so that "it is difficult to doubt that there were concatenations between the beings of the Cambrian period, etc."—*i.e.*, that is, that these successive fauna and flora which resemble each other were derived by natural descent and were not the product of separate creations.

F. Delsaux (in *Les Écrits Philosophiques de M. Tyndall*) remarks:

"The theory of evolution, taken in its general acceptation, has always had an irresistible attraction for me. This theory, if it were true, would correspond better than the easier doctrine of successive creations to the ideas I have formed of the divine wisdom and omnipotence. Have we not in astronomy the evolution of worlds? . . . I am only fearful lest, in searching after the truth on this head, foreign tendencies may come to be substituted for the demands of reason."

The theory of evolution in a wide, general sense, and, if development be taken as not synonymous with evolution, the theory also of development, cannot reasonably be discarded from physical science, philosophy, or theology. So far as we can determine with certainty, or even with sufficient probability, what are the exigencies of reason, operating within due limits by its own native faculty alone, or, beyond those limits, with the aid of divine illumination, we can construct a theory which either demands or persuades our assent. If we can detect and eliminate all foreign tendencies which are alien from science or philosophy or theology, or from two or all three of these, we can discriminate be-

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tween the genuine and the pseudo-science, retain the truth, from whatever source it comes, and reject the error, which can only come from the deficiency or the abuse of reason. These foreign tendencies may be alien from science, and give rise to hypotheses which are not essential to the general theory of evolution or development. It is the work of science itself to correct its own accidental aberrations. No one will dispute the fact that in the universal genus of terrene, organic, living beings, and in the two universal species of non-sentient and sentient living beings, there is a variability, produced by natural and artificial causes, within certain limits not precisely determinable. There is no decisive reason for asserting that these limits have not been wider in remote periods than in the more recent ones. Within certain lines, from certain points of departure and toward certain points of arrival, evolution has its play in a progressive movement. If we confine ourselves to the limits of inorganic substance, we must admit that, from all existing matters, whatever is contained in the potentiality of matter can be educed from it into actuality. Moreover, if the organic world is potentially contained in the inorganic, it can be educed from it by a series of substantial generations, terminating with the most perfect animal, and including the vital principle of vegetable life, whatever that may be, and the most perfect animal souls. There is no impossibility, therefore, *à priori*, admitting the premise just supposed in the first clause of the last sentence, that the law of transformation should prevail throughout the corporeal universe without a single exception. The scientific question relates to the fact. Does this law prevail? Is its prevalence proved by induction from observed facts? It does not follow from the possibility that it is necessary and actual. In the inorganic world the process of evolution described in the nebular theory, and in respect to our planet by the science of geogony, does not imply or even permit the recognition of any law of transformation which develops, in a regular series from the lowest to the highest, all the potentiality of all matter. There is no evidence that the chaos was made to go through all the stages of substantial generation from the simplest to the most complex chemical or mechanical combinations. The most inferior single bodies or worlds did not generate others in an ascending series. All kinds started forth from the chaos and went their way of progressive development in a simultaneous multitude, independent to a great extent of each other. The general law of development does not determine the origin of single bodies or classes of bodies from parent bodies by a genesis.

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This linking of members of a series by generation is effected by a particular law, which must be inferred in each case by an induction founded on the observation of particular facts. If it can be proved that the satellites have been generated by their primaries, it does not follow that the planets have been generated by the sun. In the case of the flora and fauna of the different geological epochs, the question of their origin and development must be investigated by an examination of facts, and theory must be based on induction. The theory of evolution cannot be positively proved or positively disproved by means of such an induction, on purely scientific principles, by purely scientific methods. In the face of such a state of things the attitude of Barrande and several other distinguished scientists seems to be the most judicious. They abstain from deciding how the succession of fossil flora and fauna has occurred. They consider, as Barrande expresses it, that "the harmony of the ancient organic worlds, the complications and apparent irregularities which are found in them, exhibit a *transcendental* order of things, embracing infinite combinations in time and space, inaccessible to human intelligence."

So far as the relation of the hypothesis of evolution to the faith is concerned, this is the judgment of M. de Saint-Projet:

"What ought we to conclude in the name of the faith? Nothing, except that the faith is completely disinterested in the controversy, and that no one has a right to engage it in a dispute which is purely scientific. There is not a word in the Sacred Scripture which is opposed to the hypothesis of an evolution; nothing has been revealed in regard to the manner in which the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom have been produced and developed. Neither can tradition be appealed to in the dispute, for we are *in the presence of a new question*" (p. 305).

As a mere biological hypothesis, therefore, evolution occupies a perfectly free ground, and the field is open to the effort of working out a solution of the problem. In itself considered, it seems to us that the problem is one of only secondary interest and importance. The foreign issues connected with it have caused the enthusiasm of its advocates and aroused the vehemence of its opponents. These foreign issues are tendencies, not inherent in the theory or natural to it, which have been violently forced upon it in the interest of atheism and materialism—tendencies alien alike to science, philosophy, and theology.

The monistic theory of evolution, a monster like the fabled centaur, is the embodiment of these alien tendencies. It is called monistic because it reduces all being to one category—namely,

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matter—and refers all facts in the physical, intellectual, and moral order to one origin, mechanical evolution from atoms of eternal matter in motion, according to a blind, necessary, irresistible law. It is not only alien from any reasonable theory of evolution, but altogether pseudo-scientific, anti-rational, and of course diametrically contrary to all faith and theology.

In the two preceding articles it has been shown that the first elements of the cosmos, atoms in movement, are unthinkable, except as created by the First Cause, and that cosmic evolution producing the harmony of the worlds equally demands the impulsion and direction of supreme intelligence and power. The origin of life allows only one alternative: spontaneous generation of organisms from inorganic matter, or the intervention of the Creator to give the principle of life to the pre-existing subject capable of receiving it. There is not the slightest scientific evidence of spontaneous generation, or of any development of life except from some previous living germ. Suppose the hypothesis of evolution to be true, the progress of development by evolution into a multitude of fixed species and of individuals having a specific nature is only the way by which the Creator determines the potential to assume an indefinite number of different forms of actual existence. Even spontaneous generation is unthinkable, without a direct act of divine power determining the transformation of inorganic matter into organic substances.

The atheistic theory of evolution is no scientific hypothesis at all, but a mean and monstrous sort of metaphysics. It is a chimera, an aberration of the human mind, the most ignoble and absurd of all the vagaries which have ever deluded for a time a crowd of human, foolish dupes, to become afterwards an object of universal scorn and derision. It deserves the unmitigated contempt which Carlyle heaped upon it, and the equally contemptuous though more calmly expressed condemnation pronounced upon it by M. Faye. We venture to predict that in the next century the prevalence of the degrading system of materialism in the present age will be esteemed by the common consent of all educated persons as the greatest blot on the nineteenth century. Genuine science is in nowise irreligious or anti-Christian, and we expect that a time will come when scientists as a class will resent such an imputation as an injurious calumny. Atheism never is or can be more than a temporary aberration of the human intellect, caused by moral disease, as delirium is caused by fever.

It remains to say something of human biology—*i.e.*, of the

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origin and nature of the life of man, the highest and most perfect of living beings on the earth. The monistic form of the evolutionary hypothesis, which makes eternal matter and atoms of matter eternally in motion the only origin of the inorganic and organic world, of course reduces all intellectual, moral, and spiritual qualities, powers, and acts of human nature to the level of sensitive, animal life and the category of material phenomena. The process which eliminates creative intelligence as first cause, working toward and for the sake of a final cause or end, necessarily eliminates intelligence as effect and second cause. There is a close connection between atheism and the denial of the spiritual nature of man. Man is made in the image of God, in respect to his intelligence and rational will, and in respect to the relations of paternity and filiation in that high order of human generation by virtue of which rational and immortal beings transmit life to other beings who are rational and immortal, in a mutual relation of love. Take away the original and the image disappears with it. Moreover, it is in and by the image of God in himself that man knows that God is, and, after an analogical manner, apprehends what he is—*i.e.*, his essence and perfections. Deface the image and the original can no more be seen in it.

The vestiges of the Creator are left upon all his works, animate and inanimate. But the irrational creature cannot be conscious that it is a creature and know its creator. It is only the rational creature, man, who, among all living beings on the earth, can rise by the contemplation of the works of God and by reflection on himself as he becomes self-conscious in his acts of intelligence and will, to the contemplation and worship of God. The two things go together: the idea of God as supreme intelligence and first and final cause, and the idea of man as being in his highest part, his vital principle which is the form of his body, a spirit, whose essence and nature subsists and acts in and of itself, is not derived from the body and not dependent on it, in respect to existence and operation, but only for a secondary mode of these —viz., *organic* life. The human spirit, indeed, contains in its pure, simple, spiritual essence the virtues which are in the principle of vegetative life, and the animal soul. Therefore it has an aptitude and an exigency for informing and vivifying an organic body. But it is not confined within the limits of vegetation and sensation. It communicates to the body all that it is capable of receiving, organic life of a kind higher than that which is found in any lower order. But this lower life in which the soul and body communicate in a natural and personal unity is

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only the least part of that life which is intrinsic to the soul. It transcends the material, it is akin to celestial spirits and to God. Its sphere is the invisible, the intelligible, the unchangeable, the eternal. It reads the thoughts of God as expressed in his works, participates with him in the eternal reasons after which they have been fashioned, is enlightened by a ray of the light of his own intelligence, and is capable of pursuing by its own spontaneous and voluntary acts the same end which God proposes to himself.

Man is like a swimmer, whose body is immersed in water while his head is above it. In respect to the organic, corporeal part of his essence he is akin to the inorganic and organic bodies of the earth which is his birth-place and temporary abode. The individual man is generated from the first parents of all mankind through a series of ancestors. The bodies of these first parents were formed by the act of God upon pre-existing matter, and made organically fit to receive rational and immortal souls as their informing, vital principle. Taking the whole man together, in his integral, human nature, he is not immediately created out of nothing, but derives his origin through a long series of second causes from the first, creative act which gave existence to finite being in the beginning. In this respect anthropology, or the science which treats of man as its object, belongs to physics. Chemistry, mechanics, biology, whatever science investigates facts and phenomena and laws of material substances, of organic structures, of vegetative and sensitive life, are within their legitimate sphere when they take the human subject, in so far as he belongs to this sphere, as one of their objects of study and experiment. Yet, notwithstanding this, the very best and most eminent scientists demur against the pretension that anthropology is to be included under zoölogy as a subaltern branch of science. There is such a chasm between the highest animals and man that anthropology may justly claim to be a science apart.

Psychology, or the science of the soul, has properly been assigned to its place as a branch of special metaphysics. This is the principal part of anthropology, to which the other parts are logically subordinate. It is the soul which gives life to the body, the same soul which is spiritual and intellectual. It is rationality which is the specific difference of the human essence. Man is therefore a kingdom by himself. Physical causes cannot give him being. They can only furnish the matter of that organism to which the soul gives life and a specific nature. Whatever it may be allowable to suppose concerning the origin of merely

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sensitive life, and the nature of that vital principle in animals which animates their organs of sense, the hypothesis of evolution must stop short of man. The human soul is something which cannot be educed from the potentiality of matter. It is an axiom that operation follows essence. Such as the essence or nature is, so is the operation. And such as the operation is, so must be the essence. The operation of the human mind transcends all material things, and has for its adequate object all being in all its latitude. It is a separate, an inorganic, a purely spiritual operation. Voluntary action, whether merely spontaneous and necessary, or free and self-determined, follows the intellectual action and is indissolubly connected with it. Here is a life which is above the senses and transcends all corporeal bounds. It cannot proceed from matter. It demands a principle, a substance, from which it proceeds and in which it resides, which is, like itself, spiritual. Yet the human soul is also the form of the body, substantially united with it, the principle of organic life. It has its organic operation as well as that which is inorganic, and the two are intimately associated in one human nature and personality. There are not two or three souls in man, but one soul. The human individual is one throughout, although composite, and this unity is given to him by the one vital principle, the soul, which is rational and at the same time possessed virtually of all that constitutes the sentient and vegetative principles of inferior beings. Whatever the merely physical links may be which connect the human person through the body with the material world, man, whose species is determined by his rational, spiritual soul, can be no product of evolution. Spirit cannot be derived from matter. One spirit cannot generate another by division of its own substance. For it is simple, indivisible. One finite spirit cannot give first being to another by creation, for this is beyond the power of a creature. There is no pre-existing matter or subject of any kind from which God can form or evoke into existence a spirit, by an act similar to that which transforms inorganic matter into an organic substance. It remains, therefore, that each individual human soul must be immediately created by God out of nothing, at the instant of its infusion into a bodily germ which is sufficiently prepared to receive from it vital influence which gives it human life. Intelligence, intellectual will, life which transcends the senses and the sensible, and is a participation in the life which God has in himself, can only come directly and immediately from God, and subsist in a subject of the same order which God immediately cre-

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ates. The only great importance of the earth is derived from the fact that it is the birthplace and the temporary abode of the human race. The animal life of man is only secondary, and his earthly period of existence is transitory. Science teaches that organic life on the earth—and there is no scientific evidence that it exists elsewhere—and the conditions which make that life possible, are rapidly going on toward extinction by the extinction of the light and heat of the sun. The other suns of the universe are also burning up, so that whatever organic life may possibly exist in other worlds is likewise transitory and must cease after a time. Evolution, whether of worlds or of organic beings, is therefore something of minor and secondary importance. Evolution within the bounds of organic species on the earth, supposing the evolutionary theory to be proved, is merely one way in which development of life proceeds for a time on this planet. Its limits and extent must be determined by evidence. It cannot be extended and exalted by analogy into the rank of a sole and universal law of the origin and progress of the universe and all the beings which are contained within its bounds.

This universal law is more properly called the cosmical law of order and development. The seat of this law is in the supreme intelligence and will of God. In his intelligence are the ideas and types of all that is possible beyond his own necessary, eternal, infinite being. In his will is the act from which all the possible which in his infinite wisdom and goodness he determines to bring into act, is brought into actual existence by his infinite power. The order is the gradation of all the beings which he creates in time and space, from the lowest to the highest, their relation to each other, their subordination and determination to the end for which he has created them. Development is the explication in time and space of the plan of God, from a beginning, through successive stages, to the consummation. When that is reached the universe will be a true *cosmos*, in which nothing inordinate will remain. The real value and dignity of man consists in this, that he is destined to a high place in this cosmos, the everlasting kingdom of God. As for the miserable monistic and atheistic hypothesis which for God substitutes a blind force moving material atoms in a never-beginning and never-ending dance of death, and for noble, immortal, godlike man substitutes a stupid and vicious beast, we may apply to it the negro proverb: *The noise made by the wheels is no measure of the load in the wagon.*

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A KING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

THE justice which has to do with the acknowledgment of spots on the sun has its supplement and complement in displaying the jewel in the toad's head. Montaigne somewhere claims it may be said of a thief that he has a handsome leg. Is there any consideration that should deter a vagrant thinker from delving for hereditary generosity in Commodus? or any argument against confronting the perfections of an American's mythical Washington with the oaths and bottles wherewith sublime Washington in the flesh sometimes regaled himself? Every one has the right to speak his mind of a name that carries interest with it, for better or worse, though to the sanest only falls the privilege of being heard and remembered. Let all the good and all the bad, temperately spoken, be brought before the Areopagus. We shall readily divine which is the severest judgment, which the most evasive, the most hasteful, the most lenient; but how shall we say which is nearest, amid the thousand solutions of the enigma of a man, to the one everlasting clue held by the high gods? When there cannot be question of applause or sympathy there is one of humanity; and so it is that the Cinderella-folk of history, to whose genius we do not owe so much that gratitude dazzles us as we take their moral measure, come in for the best word allowable, and for a leisurely after-testimony which, scorning to influence the extreme verdict, yet helps others, in rewording it, towards wider knowledge and toleration. As a bit of special pleading, *nil nisi bonum* is injudicious sentiment and of no lasting accidental value, unless it be, too, *nil nisi verum*, so far as finite honesty may detect both good and truth. The text will serve anon for a wretch of a peculiar type, who might have slipped into a blameless, nay, perhaps a renowned, grave, but for the perversity of circumstances which made him a king.

That is a point to be considered. Now, a king is scarcely so satisfactory as a hod-carrier, taken at haphazard; for the latter is what he is, at least, by no irrational and radically mistaken precedent. But Hod-carrier works out his little fortunes in neutral colors; his praise and dispraise are apt to stay where his forgotten neighbors put them; microscopes are not brought to bear upon the nails in his slipper-heel, and academies care not a straw for his habitual treatment of vowels. Rex, being a man of busi-

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ness under delicate and complex circumstances, gets everlasting charm from his indissoluble connection with a multitude of believing hearts and their web of intellect and passion. An idler, glancing at history, is caught first by the exploits of kings, just as, thrust suddenly upon a gallery of paintings, his eye takes in the paramount blues and yellows. Royalty, whatsoever else it may be, is noticeable, and sits for ever, as our spirit-summoning agents do not, with "lights on."

Behold a piece of ostentatious roguery, descended from the "guidman" James V. of Scotland and very like him, made of fair material, well put together ("Such ability and understanding has Charles Stuart," said his own jester, "that I long to see him employed as King of England!"), who may be worth examination on the sunny side. His career is a genuine collapse and anti-climax. Posterity ignores himself and his triflings. Pilgrims do not molest his slumbers at Westminster with any salaams. His name—partly because he was "the Lord's anointed" and not a wag of the laity—has a sorrowful after-sound since his wasteful life ended over two hundred years ago. But Charles II. never posed for better than he was; not for so good—spare the mark!—as he was. Neither has he suffered from too lenient apologists; justly held up, rather, to the unsparing disdain of mankind. The picturesque conditions of ancestry, and his separate wildfire bacchanal of a reign, draw attention from an eye in search of diversion; yet a critic must needs run into philosophizing, and, taking the most generous and impersonal view, find himself sliding into reproof. For, equipped and placed precisely where he was, logically deduced from his own premises, Charles should have been a king to be valued and remembered, above accidentals, as a man of worth. Many crowned heads, like his father, failed for lack of certain qualities; but he, first and last, for lack of using them. Leave his graver offences unnumbered and unrevived; even then one cannot face his memory with a laugh on the lips. The lightest review of his old comings and goings is a thesis on evaded responsibilities; and it is hard to think of that jocose and wayward spirit in any mood of levity or extenuation. Those who would keep a partiality for him, as Samuel Johnson, sturdy moralist that he was, did ever, must be saddened at his shameful indulgence, impatient at his childish frolics, worried at his torpor, distrustful of his promises, angered over his manly faculties held in abeyance, and over every weary procrastination of his life. Or disclaim partiality, and call it only a clearer vision which makes allowance with all men for the

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good that is consciously thwarted in them, and which, remembering what any gifted and ruined nature might have been, really brings in a judgment more severe and awful than the harshest stricture of time. A soft word sometimes is condemning beyond a curse.

When Charles I. set out from St. James' Palace, Westminster, at the head of a triumphant train, to return thanks at the cathedral of St. Paul for the birth of an heir, on the 30th of May, 1630, a noonday star was clearly shining. The people saw it, to recall it long afterwards at the Restoration, and were wild with superstitious joy. The poets struck their festal lyres with redoubled zest for that happy omen. "Bright Charles!" Crashaw began, and old Ben Jonson's voice arose in welcome:

> "Blest be thy birth
> That hath so crowned our hopes, our spring, our earth!"

And Francis Quarles, not long after, quaintly and deferentially dedicated his *Divine Fancies* to the "royall budde," "acknowledging myself thy servant ere thou knowest thyself my prince." Little Charles was the delight of the house, in that house where all the children were fondly measured and painted and chronicled from year to year, but "full of gravity," as his mother wrote to Marie de Médicis. Storms broke, and at fourteen the boy was leading an army in the west of England, steady, courageous, self-contained. He was shy and observant during his adventurous youth, cutting a rather awkward figure among the gilded courtiers of France; standing reticent, lamp in hand, more than once as his admired Mademoiselle Montpensier—the great prime-ministerial mademoiselle—flirted her satin gowns back and forth before his exiled mother's discriminating eye. He made his own plans and broke those of his enemies, and hurried hither and thither, an outcast orphan, fired with zeal for his inheritance. At the battle of Worcester his magnificent pluck and fortitude, through the perils preceding his final escape, make the most stirring tale and the heartiest romance of the seventeenth century. But decadence soon fell upon him. A century later his kinsman and namesake, the brilliant Prince Charlie of loyal Scottish toast and song, again exemplifying the astonishing interresemblances of the Stuarts, ran the same hazard with the same glory, and lapsed likewise, before the noontide of his days, into the same Asiatic lassitude and oblivion.

"In due time," says a chronicler, "the providence of God brought about the king's restoration; and then began a new

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world, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and out of a confused chaos brought forth beauty and order; and all the three nations were inspired with new life and became drunk with excess of joy." Our graver diarist pictures the wondrous procession from London Bridge to Whitehall, through thousands, "scarce one of whom," says Macaulay, "was not weeping with delight"; the king, whom the Speaker of the House of Commons was about to salute as "King of Hearts," riding, on his thirtieth birthday, in its midst past the long waving of scarfs and the glitter of Spanish rapiers, bowing to right and left like a tall pine in the wind; "the ways strewed all with flowers, bells ringing, steeples hung with tapestries, fountains running with wine, trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, and two hundred thousand horse and foot brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy." Joy! This was the atonement for all the wretchedness of dissension and war, for the upheaval of traditions, the death of the first-born, long heart-break and unrest. The historic documents of the Protectorate were burned amid cheers. Virtuous men like Cowley went into the frenzy of commendation at the outset of the "dancing, drinking, and unthinking time"; sensible men like Evelyn praised Heaven with seraphic devotion for each exhumation and execution wherewith Charles felt bound to inaugurate his reign. There never had been in mistaken England such a fever of national enthusiasm, such an outburst of impassioned loyalty, shaking the skies with acclamation and thanksgiving. The principles of the Commonwealth and its nobler spirits were eternally right; their application of them, perhaps, biassed and untimely. Protestations beat in many breasts, as in that of the whimsical clerk of the Temple "who never could be brought to write Oliver with a great O." The people at large clamored against the judges and thirsted for the king; and, like Saul, he came—tall, robust, straight, suave, comely—with the curse of retrogression behind him.

When, in 1660, General Monk furnished, in Walpole's phrase, "the hand to the heart of the nation" and brought Charles II. to his ancestral halls, the man reared in adversity, familiar with danger, able through exceptional intelligence and opportunity to be the salvation of distracted England, had already, in great part, unfitted himself for that superb charge. It was not long after his auspicious entrance that he put discipline and governance again behind him, unbarred the gates to his fantastic favorites, and began, at the expense of many who trusted him—though

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he refused to regard himself as so doing—an unbridled, wild, reparative holiday. In credulous faith and delight those whom the king had come to rule exacted no pledge to defend their inalienable rights from encroachment. Saving precautions, absolutely moderate and wise, urged in the House of Commons by Hale and Prynne, had been set aside by Monk and overruled. Yet Charles would have bound himself to any reasonable condition in the hour of his acceptance. A loyal understanding then between prince and people would have saved England the necessity of the revolution of 1688.

With the taste for whatever was beautiful and imposing, he revived at his coronation, for the last time and with inconceivable splendor, the ancient custom of proceeding from the Tower to Westminster; he also endeavored to revive the Masque, the most charming form of court entertainment, around which linger ambrosial associations, and which had not been in vogue since the earlier part of the reign of the first James.

Charles had the temperament which fitted him for the service and companionship of men of genius. Possessing mental endowments of the highest order, but insuperable aversion to industry and training, he fostered every intellect more assiduously than his own. Like his father and his great contemporary kinsman of France, he had (though in less degree) the tact of drawing forth talent and of keeping it active. He had a cordial and almost reverent appreciation of Christopher Wren, though he never lost the chance of a gay, unbarbed jest at him. He listened eagerly to Pelham Humphrey when the chorister-boy came back from over seas, with his heresies of time and tune, to be "mighty thick" with the king; and sat absently in chapel, nodding his head approvingly to Master Humphrey's rhythmic measures, and laughing at a dissonance in the anthem before the singers themselves were half-conscious of the slip. If his leaning was rather towards the development of French music, then first introduced in London, than towards the growth of the native art in its genial promise, it may be urged in his favor that it was he who re-established cathedrals, replaced the banished organs, and opened the way for the return of those beautiful choral services which have had a potent influence over later English music. It was Charles II. who gave the charter to the Royal Society, who started the Observatory at Greenwich and the Mathematical School at Christ Hospital. He himself was a good mathematician and a good draughtsman; he was fond of violin music, and understood the sciences of fortification and shipping. Cowley, sweet-

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minded, modest Cowley, who, in Charles' own phrase, "left no better man behind," once lapsed into a pretty conceit as follows:

> "Where, dreaming chemics! are your pain and cost?
> How is your toil, how is your labor lost!
> Our Charles, blest alchemist (though strange,
> Believe it, future times!), did change
> The Iron Age of old
> Into this Age of Gold!"

Would that the *blasé* king, who had a taste for chemistry, and who, in the very month he died, was running a process for fixing mercury, had remained politically the "blest alchemist" he seemed to be at the Restoration! How easily could he have verified Cowley's loving faith, which now is merely something for the cynic to snarl over!

Above all Charles prized poetry and poets. He walked familiarly with Dryden, two of whose strongest epics were undertaken at his solicitation; he enjoyed the man Waller, his slippery politics, and his gallant verse; he understood the peculiar charm of Sedley's style; he was drawn by the sweet conversation of Andrew Marvell, and may be credited with the honest wish, frustrated by Marvell's own independence, of befriending, not of buying, him.

At the king's coming he found all the May-poles down, all the shows over; races, dances, and merry-hearted sports cut short; the theatres were dismantled, and the sole public appreciation which actors got or hoped for was at the whipping-post. Quickly and thoroughly the whirligig of time brought about his revenges. One of the first thoughts of Charles was for the London stage; and then the way was cleared for those dramas of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, which manager and critic must now handle, as Thoreau said of a certain newspaper, "with cuffs turned up," but which, despite their hopeless build and basis, have never been surpassed for wit, vitality, and mastery of incident. The plays which our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pepys saw from the middle gallery were nearly all equipped at the expense of the gentry and the king, and brought out with nicety of detail, costly scenery and costuming. Charles, indeed, Queen Catherine, and the Duke of York gave their coronation suits to the actors. When Nokes played Sir Arthur Addle, in 1670, before the beautiful Duchess of Orleans, young Monmouth loosed the jewelled sword and belt which he wore, and enthusiastically clasped them upon the comedian, who kept both until his dying day.

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The King's Theatre, under Killigrew, on the precise site of the present Drury Lane, was opened in 1663, its main entrance on Little Russell Street. Kynaston, the comely youth who played women's parts, was of the company. On one occasion he caused a wait which annoyed the courtiers. The king had a call made for him. The manager came out with apologies. "May it please your majesty," he said, "the queen has not done shaving." It did not take much to mollify that mirth-loving audience, and the laugh which the swart king led and closed sealed Kynaston's reprieve. The rival Duke's Theatre stood at the back of what is now the Royal College of Surgeons, in Portugal Row, south of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here played Betterton, and Jo Harris—the perfect Andrew Aguecheek—and Samuel Sanford, whom Charles prized for "the best stage-villain in the world." One of the king's latest acts was to suggest to the poet Crowne, and obtain from him, the exquisite comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*. He also suggested the plot of Dryden's *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*, and called it his play; it was splendidly enacted at King's by Mohun, Hart, and Burt, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Knep (whom our ubiquitous Pepys knew), Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn (*Anglicè* "pretty, witty Nell"), and Mrs. Covey, in 1666. Of Nell's Florimel Pepys says: "So great a performance of a comic part was never, I believe, in the world before."

What was, surely, never in the world before, besides the accord between gallants on opposite sides of the curtain, was such a republic of fast-flying and eccentric revelry. The stage reflected the melodrama and farce of real life. It may be commended, on a subtle, unforgettable moral of Browning's, that they were consistent and heart-whole, these sorry Restoration-folk, and went through their carnival with a devotion worthy of any holier cause that can be named. Silence is charity to their effervescent lives; but, such as they were, they were lived to the brim. No time in history, because of the bitter contradiction between the outer sparkle and the inner rottenness, is more fascinating. There seemed to be an astonishing dearth of dull people. The tribe of the commonplace vanished by mutual consent, like moles from the noontide light. It is a commentary at once sad and humorous that so soon as art began to be lifted from its shackles, and while yet authorship lacked the inestimable service of the *Spectator*, out cropped the numerous and revivified obscure—

"The toads and mandrakes, and ducks and darnels,"

who cancelled the supremacy of the bad and bright by being vic-

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toriously good and stupid. Such cleverness, such dazzling unreason! such a rippling, jesting, laughing, intriguing time! when all that was salutary in the psalm-singing code of the Puritans, along with its gloom and wrath, had been pruned away; when all established custom, reverence, tradition, and respectability itself were sent spinning to some new, wild tune,

> "Like madrigals, sung in the streets at night
> By passing revellers."

"Charles II.!" wrote Hazlitt in his genial enjoyment. "What an air breathes from the name! What a rustle of silks and waving of plumes! What a sparkle of diamond earrings and shoe-buckles! What bright eyes! (ah! those were Waller's Saccharissa's as she passed). What killing looks and graceful motions! How the faces of the whole ring are dressed in smiles! How the repartee goes round; how wit and folly, elegance and awkward imitation of it, set one another off!" These are the days when young Henry Purcell sits for hours at the Westminster Abbey organ, and Child, Lock, Lawes, and Gibbons are setting ballads to entrancing old cadences, and conveying them to Master W. Thackeray, the music-printer at The Angel, in Duck Lane; when a certain worthy clerk of the Acts of the Navy, curiously scanning the jugglers and gymnasts on the leisurely way to his office, sails along in a "camlett coat with silver buttons"; when town-loving Rob Herrick, dean prior in Devonshire, raises his bell-like voice to ask for a last glass, and stands watching through the tavern window-pane the laced and jewelled king pacing the greensward with Hobbes and Evelyn or humming lyrics over D'Urfey's shoulder; when Walton angles with kindly Charles Cotton in the Dove, and Herbert prays at Bemerton; when the clink of duelling-swords is heard in the parks at sundown; knots of affectionate gentlemen sway homewards by the fainter morning ray; coaches roll by with glimpses of pliant fans and of Sir Peter Lely's languishing faces; and my lady in her boudoir confers mysteriously by letter with Monsieur le Voisin over in France, to whom the casting of horoscopes and the concocting of philters are, as Hamlet has it, "easy as lying." In and out of this whirl of thoughtless life move the august figures of Sir Thomas Browne, and "that Milton who wrote for the regicides," and, later, of Sir Isaac Newton; the healing shadow of Jeremy Taylor, and the childish footsteps of Addison, regenerator, as he grew, of all its evil; the vanishing presence of the chancellor, Clarendon; of the patriots, Russell, Algernon Syd-

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ney, glorious Vane; of Roscommon the student, Bunyan the prisoner; of the great bishops; of the fighters, Fairfax and Rupert; and of the choir of poets, idle flutterers of an idle day, who waste their sweet, spirited numbers on the phosphorescent decay of a memorable reign. It is the high noon of pleasure deified and splendid energies squandered. Extravagance is eating away the substance of the kingdom; the Dutch hurl defiance in the teeth of English ships; fire and plague arise and vanish; Jeffreys sits high and warm, while good men are languishing in dungeons or kneeling at the block; but still the banquet and the moth-hunting go on. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.* The merry-andrews scatter, and the heavy-headed race of Hanover comes in—and stays.

Charles II., with his soft voice, his grace of person, and his apparent lack of any austere characteristics whatsoever, had a countenance brown as a Moor's, singularly reserved and forbidding. His long hair had been of raven hue, ample and grim; but at thirty he was already "irreverendly gray." When he turned suddenly upon you, says Leigh Hunt in his novel, *Ralph Esher*, it was as if a black lion thrust his head through a hedge in winter! The king had little personal vanity, and left foppishness to his retainers. "Od's-fish! but I'm an ugly fellow!" he sighed, with comical admiration, standing before the gaunt portrait of himself by Riley. He had a healthful fondness for foot-racing, angling, and for all out-of-door sports. His chief difference from Béranger's Roi d'Yvetôt, whom he laughably resembles, lay in his habit of early rising and of morning activity. He partook of the endurance and agility of his father, who was the best horseman and marksman of his day. Up with the lark, Charles strode about the grassy walks at a tremendous pace, loitered, with his dogs about him, to feed the ducks and swans, or occupied himself with tennis—a game commended by Bacon as conducive to a quick eye and a ready body—weighing himself after exercise and measuring the gain of thew and muscle. From a garrulous chronicler we learn that his lonely leisure was sometimes utilized by admiring and afflicted subjects. "Mr. Avise Evans," according to Aubrey, "had a fungous nose, and said it was revealed unto him that the king's hand would cure him; so at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James' Park he kissed the royal hand and rubbed his nose with it; which did disturb the king, but cured him!"

For ceremony and trammels of all kinds Charles had a thorough disrelish, and passed his time but resignedly amid "the pomp of music and a host of bowing heads." He had as many

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pranks as harlequin. Imagine the profound gravity with which the mercurial scapegrace propounded his famous query to the Royal Society concerning the relative weight of fish dead and living, and with what unbetrayed enjoyment he watched the wiseacres argue, delve, theorize, and quarrel, without ever suspecting the impish fiction he had put upon them! He liked to forego his dignity, and to come as a disinterested spectator into the midst of a solemn debate. "It's as good as a play," he said. He would get down from his throne in the House of Lords to stand with folded arms by the fireplace, drawing a crowd about him and breaking up the order and impressiveness of the place. Any slight from his favorites the king took with supreme suavity. He kept no grudge, and merged his sensitiveness in a laugh. He relished the deftness of Waller's astute answer when rallied on his fine Cromwellian strophes. Rochester's peerless epigrams he set off with banter and repartee. Making his toilet, he turned on Killigrew, who sat in the great window reading aloud one of his plays. "What shall you say in the next world in defence of your idle words?" he asked, with a sudden severity habitual to him. "I shall be able to make a better defence for my idle comedies than the king for his idle promises, which cause more ruin in the world," answered Killigrew, seriously as well. No reply, were it but sufficiently pungent, jarred upon him. "Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury! I do believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions!" "Of a subject, sire, mayhap I am." Libels and satires only brushed by him. Mistress Holford, a young lady of the court, seated in her own apartment, warbles the savory ballad of Old Rowley the King at the top of her silver voice. A gentle rap comes at the outer door. "Who's there?" she asks with unconcern. "Old Rowley himself, madam!" in the "plump bass" of Carolus Secundus. The well-worn anecdote of Busby, of the Westminster School, with the reversed conditions of his majesty and the dominie, is characteristic on both sides—Charles all humor and toleration; the little man, stiffened with conscious rectitude, wearing his cap heroically even before visiting royalty, lest the boys should think there lived a greater than himself! But a prettier pass yet was between the Merry Monarch and that impregnable Quaker, William Penn. Penn came to audience with his hat, on the principle of the eternal fitness of things, firmly fixed on his brows. The king stepped down the broad stair, away from his attendants, in his gleaming dress, slowly and ceremoniously baring his head. "Friend Charles!" said Penn in meek surprise, "why dost thou take off thy hat?" "Because

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it has long been the custom here," said the king, with his serenest smile, "for but one person to remain covered at a time."

He was seldom moved, angered, or roused. But the ties of kin seemed to be strong with him. He loved his brother James much and Monmouth more, and forgave the latter his unrestful treasons. How sacred the affection, how magnanimous the pardon, none can tell. Charles' good parts, like his evil ones, were mainly the outcome of urbane carelessness. He showed his better self by side-lights, and, copious talker as he was, had nothing to say of his deep-sea emotions, preferring to pose as one who dispensed with such commodities. It would have terrified him had one subject in his realm taken him too seriously. He grew morose as he grew older, and sought amusement more and more. He was poor; he was bound by miserable obligations; he was aware of his weakness, his betrayals and indolent wrong-doing; and all these memories had to be stifled in one way or another. He beguiled the thing he was with perpetual cap-and-bells.

All readers know James Shirley's noble dirge,

"The glories of our birth and state,"

taken from the "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the Armor of Achilles," and placed on the lips of Calchas as the body of Ajax is borne into the temple. Charles II. knew it, too, and was paradoxically fond of it. Many a time old Bowman stood before the solitary king, and, at his bequest, sang again and again its austere and mournful measures. The true semblance of the king, undreamed of by Gibbons or Lely, would be his portrait as he sat listening in a tapestried alcove to that magnificent touching text, with its sweet closes, on the vanity of earthly pride; his stern, dark eyes fixed on the unconscious singer, the motley somehow fallen from him, and a momentary truce set up between him and his defrauded, thinking soul. How the court which he had taught, the court with its sarcasms and sallies, would have laughed at the preposterous situation! None other sermon we know of, not good Ken's nor Stillingfleet's nor Tillotson's, could keep his majesty awake in chapel, partly because in chapel his majesty had spectators and could not disedify his own.

Charles was a sharp observer, sifting all ambassadors, ministers, and persons of quality; himself, when he chose, impervious as rock. Yet he was apt to place a lazy and superfluous reliance on his advisers, often taking their word for any measure, and signing papers from them without so much as a casual reading.

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Despite his irresponsible air and his ease-loving, unimperious individuality, the king was a man of potent personal influence. Just as he whimsically turned dress-reformer in 1666, bringing the whole court, as a spectator records, to habits of simplicity, and just as there were no more slashed doublets and fantastic shoes until he saw fit to resume them, so could he have turned the tide of public morals and public taste, and brought a clean gayety out of the morbid, covenanting cant which had been pervading England. Society copied him in all his shortcomings; and it borrowed also his tolerance, accessibility, life, spirit, and gracefulness. He was popular in the extreme—an admirable prince, if measured only by Martial's test that it is a prince's main virtue intimately to know his subjects. Tradition does not aver that by any exertion of his privilege he ever helped one follower towards beauty and integrity of living. But nothing quite broke the faith of the English people in their heedless head. Thousands outside his own roystering circle watched him with longing and regret, never without extenuation and certain hope of change. But he lived on, the underhanded king of compromises, the secret pensioner of France, stunting his higher instincts, squandering his fifty-four precious years like a vagabond creature whose frolic means the ruin of everything valuable about him, answerable, in part, for the misuse of capabilities extraordinary as his own. There were many, like him and like Rochester, who died in their sober senses, crushed and appalled, and hardly wishing life save for wisdom and for penitence. Under the glitter and whirl of this immemorial Restoration are things of pitiful human interest; masks, one by one, fall away, and the ungodly hornpipes turn to misereres, and so

"Break, falter, and are still."

Charles once told Burnet, in a mood of transient earnestness, that he considered cruelty and falsehood the most heinous of all sins. He was, at his best, frank and blunt; and though he did some scoundrelly lying—never malicious, however—perhaps he felt with Lamb that "truth is precious, and not to be wasted on everybody"; for, by preference, he sheathed such truth as he cared to speak in a jest. Humane he was, through and through, and hated the sight of suffering. Taking a vital pleasure in natural history, he loved animals, especially dogs and horses, and they obeyed him. His real gentleness and chivalry for the weak was a trait in his character fair and unexpected as a water-lily in a slimy pool.

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The Stuarts were an ungrateful race, and "unthinking Charles," through his deliberate avoidance of care and painstaking, must rank with his clan. Thanks to Buckhurst, he carried *Hudibras* about in his pocket; but his fatal carelessness forgot Butler and his poverty until it was too late. He was always kind when the chance of being so was obvious and opportune; remembering to be kind was his unlearned art. His adherents, from the first hour of his landing to his death, made never-ceasing claims upon him, some exaggerated, the majority just. The king granted innumerable pardons and restitutions; "hearing anybody against anybody," sure to be of propitious bent, when petitions forced their way to him personally. But he carried no memoranda. As his apologist, Roger North, put it in plain Saxon: "He never Would Break his Head with Business." The Penderells, at least, the unbought hearts of Boscobel, who

"Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood,"

Charles never forgot, and extended his largesses to every branch of the family.

His letters show his strength and severity of will, expended chiefly on the appointment of maids-of-honor! To the last he had something left of self-command, which all but perennial misuse had not shrivelled. He could rend his ignoble shackles, and did rend them many times. He was verily, as Thomas Campbell wrote, "asleep on the throne," and yet, whatever darker blame attaches to him for it, able to be awake and alert. The great fire brought out for a season his readiness, judgment, and presence of mind. Not content with planning, he went among the workmen, acted with incredible energy, and wrought the saving of London hand to hand with them. He led his unhappy queen a life of martyrdom, all the bitterer inasmuch as she had become sincerely attached to him. But he had a last forlorn sense of honor in that he would hear no ill word against her. The celebrated Roos divorce case was shaped so as to give the king latitude and precedent; his juster feelings reviving, he rejected both with scorn, to the discomfiture of his worthy council. Torpor left him twice or thrice, as if to prove itself, despite its dominance, incidental.

Charles, aware of the reverence in which the memory of his father was held by the Royalists, would not allow his relationship to that estimable person—as we say in expressive common parlance—to be "thrown at" him. Once, when censured by a

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monitor for swearing, he shouted with boyish retaliation: "Your Martyr swore twice more than ever I did!" which was a shockingly brusque statement and quite undeniable. Atheism and infidelity the king would not abide. Controversies he stopped with a wave of his hand. "No man," says Roger North again, "kept more decorum in his expressions and behavior with respect to things truly sacred than the king. . . . And amongst his libertines he had one bigot, at least (Mr. Robert Spencer), whom he called Godly Robin, and who used to reprove the rest for profane talking." We need not doubt North's accuracy here. But while Charles would not allow religion to be abused in his presence, neither would he permit any of its influences to be brought to bear upon him. In truth, he was occupying a false position—temporizing, making matters of policy out of his heavy heart's desire. Every historian of the times has set forth that his instincts, when he paused at all, were for his mother's faith—the ancient, tabooed faith of England. Tradition, the desire of peace and security, his moral inertia, forbade him to declare himself. His uneasy brother James was a Catholic, and no less a hypocrite; had Charles been the first he would not have been the other. But by hushing up wrangles, by occasional attendance at the Established churches, by obloquy and exile equally of the undaunted dissenters and of missionary priests, he quieted suspicion; and by acted disregard of nearly every Christian precept he consummated the inexcusable wrong of his life and sold his divine calling—for conscience is none other, whithersoever it point—for the rose-leaves and musk of a crown. He was stricken down after a feast, amid gorgeous color and song, dice, basset-tables, courtesans, "inexpressible luxury and profaneness," on a wintry Monday, at Whitehall. "Six days after," writes thoughtful Evelyn, "all was in the dust."

Singularly enough, the king took his sudden summons and his lingering pain with unrepining fortitude. Joy-bells and bonfires bespoke the people's feeling at the report that he was convalescent. But the three kingdoms hoped for him and besought for him, "sobs and tears interrupting the prayers of the congregations," in vain. On the sixth day, after begging pardon of those whom he had injured, and who fell on their knees beside him; after blessing his subjects, giving his last commissions, and making smiling apology to his watchers, with the old exquisite grace, for being so "unconscionably long in dying," calm, contrite, and consoled, in the arms of John Huddleston, the Benedictine, who once had saved his life, on the 4th of February, 1684, died Charles

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II., and the curtain was rung down on "the only genius of the Stuart line" and the most tragic failure of history.

No sooner was he gathered to his fathers than the flood of flattery and panegyric, which he had never liked, and which he had held back considerably while he lived, burst forth over England—fond, steady, hyperbolic, universal, overwhelming eulogy and sorrow, unstemmed, moreover, by any welcome or affection for the ascendant Duke of York. Dryden in the "Threnodia Augustalis," Otway, Montague Earl of Halifax, and a hundred poets more, intoned his requiem. In a stanza of Richard Duke's came an apotheosis which only the shortsightedness of genuine grief could save from audacity. Following Dryden in his quasi-invocation, he named his royal master as "Charles the Saint"; and, wherever the poor ghost chanced to be, that surely hurt him like an arrow. For their worthless king the citizens wept and wore mourning, as if light and cheer had gone with him. With lifelong wantonness he had broken the hope and the heart of England; yet England cherished him to the end for his compassion, his bravery, his gentle temper, his lack of malice and vengefulness, and, with sadder reason, for his latent powers. Says Lingard: "During his reign the arts improved, trade met with encouragement, the wealth and comforts of the people increased. To this flourishing state of the nation we must attribute the acknowledged fact that, whatever were the personal failings or vices of the king, he never forfeited the love of his subjects. Men are always ready to idolize the sovereign under whose sway they feel themselves happy." Charles was weighed down to some extent by inherited faults. In his deliberate choice of moving in an atmosphere of insincerity he was the grandson of James I.; in his want of what Knight calls "the highest characteristics of an English gentleman—a firm, religious observance of his word, an unswerving fidelity to duty and to truth"—he was the son of Charles the Martyr, as he was also his son in perfect courage and unpretentiousness, and in steadfast appreciation of gracious and inspiring things. Charles II. was not a legislator, like an Edward; not a victor, like a Richard or a Henry; not a scholar and a domineering force, like Elizabeth. The Merry Monarch belied his *nom de guerre:* he was not merry at heart. He was neither great nor good; but it is the prime aggravation of his exasperating career that he was, beyond caption, lovable.

One of the household portraits painted by Vandyck for Charles I.—with whose copies we are familiar—brings to us the vision of three radiant children standing hand-in-hand, upon whom the

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chronicler looks with beclouded eyes. For the youngest, turned towards his stately little sister (fated to be the mother of that William who shall dethrone him), is James, perhaps the most unsagacious and intolerant of English kings. The elder boy, of finer mould, whose nature, sweet and conciliating, like Tito Melema's, ran all the more readily to riot and decay, is he who afterwards professed the horrible belief that the honor of each man and of each woman had its price; who for money's greed and need made the alliance with the house of Portugal and the barter of Dunkirk; who wavered and dissimulated, by a strange twist of temperament, whenever he had the more congenial chance of being "nobly right"; whose heaviest blame is not that he laid on his proud country the defiling yoke of a foreign ruler and lavished the splendid opportunities of his reign in Capuan pleasures, but rather that he did these things in the broad daylight of his better knowledge and in defiance of the mind and the conscience, ever beaten down and ever resurgent, which God had given him. Against this six-years child whom Vandyck drew, and his incalculable promise, rises many a black arraignment, cited to student after student at the threshold of history. So let it be. The sunnier annals of his wit, his keenness and urbanity, his bodily strength and skill, give no palliation to the tale of what he was when England needed the guidance of a faithful king. To rehearse them now is to toss a single rose where the shower of stones has long been hissing from the crowd—the merciless, approved verdict of the world, the stones; the rose itself but the sarcasm of a bystander, the melancholy satire on garlands never woven which might have fallen softly in their stead.

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THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION—A LAYMAN'S VIEW.

THE Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church according to some, and of the American Catholic Church according to others, has lately closed a lengthy session in Chicago. An Episcopalian convention, like an Anglican convention, is generally not devoid of a humorous element. The monstrous claims of the *High*-Church party, the reactionary views of the *Low*-Church members, and a dash here and there of *Broad*-Church doctrine give to the proceedings of this geometrical aggregation a charming variety not to be found in similar gatherings of other Protestant sects. To one not of that communion the chief interest centred in the efforts of the High-Church party to drop the name *Protestant* and adopt that of *Catholic* in some form or other, which were finally defeated. Some of the reasons for the proposed change are here given in the words reported to have been used by a lay deputy who has always been an enthusiastic advocate of it:

"The name Protestant Episcopal implied that this same church was organized and existed for the purpose of protesting against something or other. Now, this was an untruth, and as such should not be allowed to blot the name of their fair mother. . . . They believed in one baptism for the remission of sin: why not call the church 'The Church of the Holy Baptism'? . . . It misled those of the Latin race who only believed in the Catholic Church. It was impossible to convince them that the Protestant Episcopal Church was not one of the sects created during the past few hundred years. There was another reason: . . . to bring the name of the church in harmony with the name that had been since the time of the apostles."

The effort of a section of non-Catholics to drop the name "Protestant" is not without some show of reason; for, at the rate that High-Churchmen are adopting the doctrines and practices repudiated by their forefathers a few centuries ago, it will not be long before there will be scarcely anything left to Rome worth *protesting* against. A change of name, any more than an adoption of the doctrines and ceremonies of Catholicism, will not bring them any nearer to the Centre of Unity; but a delusive appearance may prove a stumbling-block in the way of many, on the principle that a counterfeit is the more dangerous the nearer it approaches to the genuine article. It is fatal to the claims of

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Anglicans and Episcopalians that they do not agree among themselves as to the nature of their church or the time when it came into existence. While some scorn the idea of its being a product of the "Reformation," or of its being any less than divine in its authority, others are less lofty in their pretensions. Even in the Convention was the singular spectacle of a lay deputy in regular political style claiming everything for the Episcopal Church, and *per contra* a clerical deputy denying the apostolic succession in that same church! A Catholic Church without the apostolic succession would be of the invertebrate order. The Rev. Dr. Elliott, Dean of Bristol, and (if I mistake not) later a bishop, in a volume of sermons published some years ago thus defines the position of his church:

"The Church of England is created by the law, upheld by the law, paid by the law, and may be changed by the law just as any other institution in the land."

And, as if to prove the sincerity of his belief, he adds:

"I cannot desire you to accept either what I affirm or what the church affirms as undoubtedly true, or as the *only true* interpretation of the mysteries of God."

This would be more satisfactory had the good dean given a definition of truth, so that his readers might form an idea of the number of "true interpretations," there could possibly be.

To aid a consideration of this important subject the following facts and arguments are respectfully submitted to earnest Episcopalians:

That Christ established a church on earth is admitted by High and Low Churchmen. That this church at some time departed from the apostolic teaching and fell into error is asserted by both. I will leave out of consideration the promise made by Christ to his apostles of the abiding presence in his church of the "Spirit of Truth"—which, to most minds, should be a sufficient guarantee against the possibility of error—and will follow another line of argument. The body of doctrine or teaching committed by Christ to his apostles constitutes the "deposit of faith," which, from its being intended for the guidance and salvation of all men, is called Catholic faith or doctrine; and the church that holds and teaches this in its entirety can alone have a valid claim to be The Catholic Church. The marks or signs of this body of doctrine, as laid down by Vincent of Lerins, are, if I am rightly informed, accepted by Anglicans: "That which has been believed *everywhere, always, and by all men.*" Judged

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by this standard the Anglican and Episcopal churches have not the shadow of a claim to the above title.

If the *Book of Homilies* is to be believed, the Anglican Church is not only not the Catholic Church or a part of it, but there is really no such institution in existence. In the "Homily against the Peril of Idolatry" we find the following: "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children of the whole of Christendom, had been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more.' Such a sweeping calamity never before in any form visited the human race, in whole or part. From the waters of the deluge were saved Noe and his family; from the fire and brimstone rained down upon Sodom and Gomorrha Lot and a few others escaped, and so on in other cases; but from this cataclysm of idolatry not even a child escaped! That the worship of the true God, faith in Christ, and the Christian virtues could exist in the same individuals along with "abominable idolatry" is too great an absurdity for a sane mind to entertain. The conclusion is, then, inevitable that the church established by Christ ceased to exist. Was it ever re-established? And if so, by whom?

As the first five centuries of Christianity are admitted to have been ages of faith, it follows that if the Anglican Church "was not one of the sects created during the past few hundred years," it must, in common with the rest of Christendom, have been "drowned in abominable idolatry," and consequently lost the character of a church of Christ claimed for it. When did it regain this character? And in what manner? Furthermore, it may be asked, what object was gained by Christ's coming into the world, if mankind were to be in a worse condition than before? Under the old dispensation, at least a few tribes of the chosen people worshipped the true God, although surrounded by idolatrous nations; and faith in the promise of a future Redeemer caused a ray of hope to enlighten one spot of a cheerless pagan world. But, just a few centuries after the coming of the promised Light which was to enlighten the world, mankind suddenly became helpless unbelievers, without consolation in the present or hope for the future.

This homiletic picture gives a dismal view of more than one-half of the Christian era. It would be hard to say how many Anglicans believe in its reality; but as the 35th Article declares that "the *Book of Homilies* doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times," and as all clergy-

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men of the Church of England are required to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, it remains an authority that cannot be altogether ignored. Despite this let us suppose the church to be still in existence, and consider the claims of the Anglican Church on the basis of immutable truth.

The variations of the Anglican creed during the past three hundred years are scarcely credible except to those who have made a study of the matter. The Supremacy of the Pope, Transubstantiation, "the Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead," Purgatory, Invocation of the Saints, Prayers for the Dead, Extreme Unction, and Auricular Confession have at some time or other been enjoined by either Parliament or Convocation. This has been followed in each case by a denial and condemnation of the same doctrine by one or the other authority. Thus in 1559 the Mass was declared "a blessed privilege," and in 1632 it was condemned as "a blasphemous fable." In 1534 Parliament declared that the pope had no jurisdiction in England. In 1536 the Convocation at York declared that "the King's Highness nor any temporal man may not be the head of the church by the laws of God," and that "the Pope of Rome hath been taken for the head of the church and Vicar of Christ, and so ought to be taken" (Strype's *Eccles. Mem.*, vol. i. part ii. pp. 266, 267). In 1552 this was condemned and the king made the supreme head of the church. In 1559 both houses of Convocation asserted the pope's supremacy, which was again condemned by Parliament in the same year, and the queen made the supreme head of the church. In the first edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, compiled by Cranmer and others "*with the aid of the Holy Ghost*," Extreme Unction and prayers for the dead are enjoined. In the next edition the former was pronounced "the corrupt following of the apostles."

In this connection I would ask any fair-minded, reasonable individual, of any or no religious belief, what should be thought of the following articles of doctrine, both promulgated by the same authority, "the supreme head of the Church of England":

"As touching the sacrament of the altar, we will that all bishops and preachers shall instruct and teach our people committed by us unto their spiritual charge that they ought and must constantly believe that under the form and figure of bread and wine, which we there presently do see and perceive by our outward senses, is verily, substantially, and really contained and comprehended the very self-same body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which was born of the Virgin Mary, and suffered upon the cross for our redemption; and that under the same form and figure of bread and wine the very self-same body and blood of Christ is corporally, really, and

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in the very substance exhibited, distributed, and received of all them which receive the same sacrament" (Articles of 1537).

"Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord cannot be proved from Holy Writ, but it is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. . . . And since (as the Holy Scriptures testify) Christ hath been taken up into heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the world, it becometh not any of the faithful to believe or profess that there is a real or corporal presence (as they phrase it) of the body and blood of Christ in the holy eucharist. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped" (Articles of 1552).

This latter article by no means settled the doctrine concerning the "Lord's Supper," as the following extract from Burnet will show:

"It was proposed to have the communion-book (1559) so contrived that it might not exclude the belief of the corporal presence; for the chief design of the Queen's Council was to unite the nation in one faith, and the greatest part of the nation continued to believe such a presence" (*Hist. Reform.*, p. 573).

Thus, while an article of faith denied the reality of a "corporal presence," the communion-book would not "exclude the belief" of it—a *contrivance* that (under the circumstances) could hardly fail to be appreciated. Can a church, it may be asked, that has been a doctrinal weathercock, strenuously affirming at one time that which was as strenuously denied at another, put forward any claim whatever to be the custodian of divine revelation?

The above-noted variations would be bad enough had the Anglican Church settled down to the doctrines contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, interpreted in a "literal and grammatical sense"; but even this has not been done. It is only a few years since the famous Gorham case caused intense excitement in religious circles. The decision of the highest authority that clergymen of the Church of England might believe or not in baptismal regeneration, just as it suited them, should be sufficient to convince High-Churchmen of the absurdity of their claim.

In the "Resolutions" signed by the leaders of the party in 1850 it was declared "that by such conscious, wilful, and deliberate act such portion of the church becomes formally separated from the Catholic body, and can no longer assure to its members the grace of the sacraments and the remission of sins." Yet seven out of the thirteen signers inconsistently remained in a church in which they admitted that salvation was (to say the least) rather doubtful. The Gorham decision has been improved

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on by the Episcopal Church in the United States, which in 1872, by its bishops assembled in convention, decided that by regeneration *no moral change was implied.* From these decisions it is clear that both the Anglican and Episcopal churches would encounter as many difficulties in establishing a claim to the title of "Church of the Holy Baptism" as they do to that of "Catholic." The Church of the Holy Contradictions would be a more appropriate title, and one the right to which none would dispute.

To continue the argument, let us admit that the Anglican and Episcopal churches have uniformly held the doctrines laid down in 1632, and examine their claim to be the church of the apostles and of the early ages of Christianity. To establish such a claim involves a harmonizing of the Thirty-nine Articles with the doctrines of the early church attested by the ecclesiastical writers of that time. This experiment was once tried with disastrous results to Anglicanism. A little more than fifty years ago a body of learned men in one of England's great universities applied themselves to a systematic study of the writings of the early Fathers—those "silent witnesses to the faith and practice of the church." Century after century they followed through ponderous tomes the exposition of ancient belief, of truths affirmed and of errors condemned; all, however, gradually pointing to the opposite direction in which Anglicanism, and in fact all Protestantism, lay. At last the crucial test was made and the Articles subjected to a grammatical dislocation. It was an utter failure, though attempted by a master mind. It was more than the majority of Anglicans were prepared for, had it been successful. Condemnation by the church authorities followed, and it was soon apparent to the more logical of the leaders that the church of the Fathers must be sought on the Seven Hills and not at Westminster or Canterbury. There it was found and hailed as a haven of rest after years of anxiety and doubt by those earnest men, who were in search of truth and determined to embrace it, whatever the cost. The "tide which then set in Romeward" has continued to bear on its bosom others who, like those before them, have found "peace through the truth"; and the efforts of a few loyal churchmen to infuse the vital spark into a lifeless institution, and invest with divine authority a mere creation of the state, has resulted largely in swelling the ranks of "Rome's recruits."

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CREEDS, OLD AND NEW.

As the recovery to health of a sick man is not possible without the restoration to vigor of the weakened vital forces, as the social evils of to-day can be cured only by the maintenance of the rights of individuals and the rights of government, so the evils which afflict Christian society can be removed only by the eradication of false doctrines and bad morals.

Doctrines of faith and principles of morality are as intimately united in the Christian system as intellect and will in man. A perfect moral implies a perfect doctrinal system in Christianity. Unity in divine charity and hope presupposes unity in faith. This truth was well expressed by the late Professor J. L. Diman, of Brown University, in his lecture on "Historical Basis of Belief."* "Catholic unity," he says, "can never result from mere agreement in practical aims; it must rest on the hearty recognition of one truth. That there exists such objective truth independent of every man's opinions must be granted by all who would not reduce religion down to simple individual consciousness."

Let us consider on what the foundations of faith rest. If we are shut up to mere abstractions of subjective consciousness, if we have no means of finding out whether or not our conceptions of truth have any objective reality, belief is manifestly only a delusion. Belief ought to be the result of knowledge. There must be an objective fact which determines the mind before it can properly judge. Christianity, then, is a system of objective truths, or it is nothing. Belief which is in conformity with these objective truths alone constitutes true faith; yet it must be borne in mind that belief may, in certain instances, be materially erroneous by no fault of the believer, but this in no way changes the principle that objective truth ought to be the only authority for belief.

What means have we of knowing whether or not our belief is in conformity with objective truth? If it be granted that there is objective truth, an external as well as internal criterion, which testifies to the conformity or non-conformity of subjective belief with the objective truth, will be found, and these two testimonies necessarily confirm each other.

* Boston Lectures, 1870. Historical Basis of Belief. By Rev. J. L. Diman, Professor of History in Brown University.

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Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., in his paper "On the Present Necessity for a Restatement of Christian Doctrines," read before the Cleveland Congress of Churches and published in the *Methodist Review* for September, 1886, bases his argument for the necessity of restatement of Christian doctrines on what he calls the "mutability of men's conceptions" of the objective truths of Christianity, which objective truths, as he says, are always the same.

If the objective truths of Christianity are unchangeable, how can our conceptions of them be mutable and be true? Would not this mutability of conception evidence non-conformity of the conception with the external fact? A true conception is one which corresponds with the fact, and is unchangeable because the objective truth is unchangeable. Our conceptions of facts can never change. It is only our conceptions of theories that are mutable. Fact cannot revert to theory. A revelation is not a revelation if our belief or knowledge of it is not immutable.

What, then, is the nature of the creeds of Christianity? The authoritative creeds and formularies of the Catholic Church are certainly not inspired, like the Sacred Scriptures, for the church might have expressed the truths of revelation in different language, but the substance of her doctrines could not be different; yet, as promulgated by the church, the adopted creeds and formularies are of themselves irreformable, and any attempts of individuals to restate or modify them can only result in further disintegration of belief.

The Augsburg and Westminster Confessions of faith did not professedly assail the teaching of the Apostles' Nicæno-Constantinopolitan and Athanasian creeds, but denied their divine authority; and the breach of Christian unity made by the early followers of Luther and Calvin was not so wide as that presaged to-day by the advocates of a "new theology." Such changes as Dr. Curry proposes in the interests of Christian unity are only so many attempts at the further dissolution of Protestantism. He is advocating unity and disruption in the same breath; for, instead of seeking unity in the unbroken body of the original Christian society, he turns to the fragmentary portion of Christendom; for, he argues, the necessities of the age, the change in the forms of religious thought of our day, require a modification of the formularies of Christian doctrine, and he asserts that Protestants have a fuller and clearer understanding of Christian doctrines than the Holy Catholic Church, and are the "best minds of Christendom." The symbols of the Christian faith, he tells us, should be re-examined and restated not once but from time to

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time. Is not this nostrum for dissension a strange formula for unity?

According to Protestants the Roman Catholic Church has only been guilty of changing and adding to the faith, but Dr. Curry and the new school would do worse than they accuse us of having done—they would have perpetual creed-evolution as their principle!

Protestantism, he tells us, from the beginning has been an "unstable equilibrium." He is right. The Reformers were in fact evolutionists in doctrine; but a nothing could produce something, an effect could be without a cause, if they or any others could evolve a lost truth of Christianity. But Dr. Curry wishes that the evolution had been greater, and laments that so many Protestants have been only partially emancipated from the thraldom of the Western Church, and actually considers it a blessing that the Calvinistic churches became more widely separated from the Roman Catholic Church through adopting a false doctrine on divine predestination and free will while the Catholic Church had the true doctrine.

He wants unity of all Christians, but at the same time he wants, as his theory of creeds shows, the breach between Protestantism and Catholicism widened. He holds to "the right of personal free thought in all religious matters," which principle would lead to a perfectly creedless religion, if such a thing were possible. If "personal free thought in all religious matters" is man's right and privilege, then all the creeds of churches are tyrannical impositions; yet he says that "a basis of theological opinions made up of the great fundamental truths and doctrines of the Bible unmixed with fatal misbeliefs, set forth in plain and comprehensive truths, is necessary to the best interests of the church." What criterion has he for determining what doctrines and truths are fundamental and what are "fatal misbeliefs"? If, for example, Christ has given his church the power of binding and loosing, as by far the greater number of Christians believe, is not the contrary doctrine a fatal misbelief? Catholics have both internal and external evidence that Christ did give this power to his church, while Dr. Curry has only the subjective opinions of men for his belief to the contrary. Whoever denies the external authority of the church sweeps away the objective criterion of what is true and false teaching in religious matters.

The theory of creed-evolution is the very opposite of the Catholic teaching. The old creeds—that is, the Catholic creeds—are unchangeable and irreformable, while he new creeds of

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Protestantism are perpetually changeable, and are so *ex professo*. The reason is plain: the former declare divine facts and truths, the latter only human theories about these facts and truths.

Not only is creed-evolution opposed to Catholic teaching, but to the very idea of Christianity as a system of objective truths and facts. It directly tends to destroy faith, which can only have certainty as its basis. Happily this principle of Protestantism has not been carried out in practice. The positive teaching of Protestantism derived from Catholicism has been its mainstay. The Apostles' Creed is the strongest form of words in the Methodist statement of belief. It may be said in general that among all the Protestant sects those which have most tenaciously held to the old creeds have been most vigorous. To-day the new-departure theologians of all the sects are the subverters of those sects. Whether a reaction in favor of the old Catholic doctrines will yet take place among the Lutherans, Calvinists, and Wesleyans, as it has among the Anglicans, it is hard to tell. Possibly the unity movement, like the Oxford Tractarian movement, may yet lead great numbers of sincere souls into the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church to-day is fast outstripping all the sects in this country, as the great mass of baptized Catholics hold strongly to their faith, while the mass of non-Catholics are not adherents of any church. The Catholic Church, also, probably receives as many adult converts as any Protestant sect receives of the same class; and the spread of the Catholic faith will tend to check the growth of new creeds.

As to our faith we are secure. That "the gates of hell shall not prevail" against his church is the promise of Christ. The old creeds will never be superseded.

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"CLIFFORD ABBEY."

"IT is a marvel to me, my dear friend, that you do not spend more time at the Abbey. To my mind it is the fairest of your possessions." So spoke the Hon. Edward Marsden, M.P., addressing his college intimate, Lord Clifford.

The two gentlemen, comfortably ensconced in antique arm-chairs of carven oak, were idly smoking, and chatting with the ease and frankness appertaining to old friendship.

"I see," said the host in reply to his guest, "that this ancient library has a charm for you; yet my lady regards it with positive aversion. Not that she fears the good monks who once inhabited the Abbey still haunt these old cloisters with their ghostly presence, but because of the tragic fate of a later owner. The place, as you know, was bestowed by Henry VIII. upon one of my progenitors, who basked in the sunshine of the royal favor. Its legend is a weird tradition, credited by many of the county folk of high and low degree, and instilled into my lady's mind when she visited here as a child. I have occupied a few random hours in writing the story from a sketch found in the journal of a gentlewoman of the time." So saying, his lordship unlocked a quaint cabinet, took from a drawer a manuscript yellow with age, and another freshly written, and gave them to his friend.

"As at college you were something of a poetic dreamer," said he, "perhaps you will be interested in this dramatic record, which I have rendered into more modern English. It will serve to pass the time while with the steward I go over the business of the estate."

Left alone, Marsden leisurely took up the sombre history and read as follows:

The Lady Katharine Clifford reigned at the Abbey—reigned as imperiously as Queen Bess upon the royal throne. A beautiful widow, with one child, the heir to the fertile Abbey lands, she ruled in isolated grandeur, though at times she was wont to mingle with the gay society of the court. Yet what more could she desire from the favor of the sovereign? Young, fair, and wealthy, why was she not happy in governing her own domain?

Few, in that age, would question her right and that of her boy to the estates bestowed upon her whilom lord by royal

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bounty because of the return to the ancient faith of the nobleman who had held them in the time of "bluff King Harry." Her titles were clear enough to content the wooers who knocked at the Abbey gate, attracted by the charms of the lady and the glitter of her gold. But she looked coldly upon these gallants, for her day-dreams were ever of the young Lord Harold, whose handsome presence and courtly address had won him high favor with Elizabeth, despite the rumor, which had not, perchance, reached the royal ear, that he, like his father, the former lord of the Abbey, was a Nonconformist.

For many reasons he was the hero of Lady Katharine's fancy. His appearance had captivated her imagination; while, softened by tender musing, she felt that by a marriage with him she might render him tardy justice for the loss of his most valuable inheritance. Then came the alarming consideration: What if, from fear of the queen's anger, he should conform to the religion of the court? Would not royalty restore to him the possessions of his family? What then of her claims? Where her security? Therefore she strove by many arts to win the admiration and love of the young nobleman. But in vain. The handsome courtier regarded her first with high-bred indifference, then with calm disdain, which so stung the proud spirit of the dame that she vowed he should marry her, from fear if not from love, or feel the power of her vengeance.

Of the Lady Katharine's plots and intrigues, however, he was unconscious. Not the hope of bettering his fortunes, not the promptings of ambition nor the flattery of a sovereign's favor, held Lord Harold enchained at court; naught but the blue eyes of Edith Somerset, a little maid-of-honor.

Edith and Harold had long been secretly betrothed, but the troubles of the time had delayed their union. An orphan of noble birth, the young girl had, according to the law, become a ward of the queen, who graciously condescended to command attendance upon her royal person. Singularly guileless and sweet, Edith seemed to her lover an angel of goodness amid the vanity and frivolity of the court. He dreaded to leave her exposed to its noxious atmosphere, and quietly matured his plans for an early marriage and flight into France, where together, with the remnant of their fortunes, they might begin a life of happiness. Alas! on the eve of success these designs were mysteriously frustrated.

Wherefore had they failed? That were best known to Harold's evil genius, the Lady Katharine, whose jealous rage cried for

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vengeance and caused him to be inexplicably denounced as a conspirator of a supposed plot in favor of the unfortunate Queen of Scots.

At the trial all marked the fearless and proud bearing of the chivalrous nobleman. When informed of the charges against him he cried: "Who dare accuse me of treason? I have ever been a faithful subject of Her Gracious Majesty Elizabeth."

Yet in those dark days the balance of life and death was held, not by justice, but by a capricious and imperious sovereign. Before the setting sun Lord Harold was condemned to die—to die at sunrise of the second day.

What words can depict the agony of his betrothed, poor Edith Somerset, at the dreadful tidings? Struck down like a flower, her young life blighted ere its bloom, long she lay insensible, till it seemed that she would never rally from the shock. But anon consciousness returned, and with it the courage of a newly-awakened hope. Arousing herself, she summoned a wan smile to her despairing face and sought the presence of the queen.

Verily, the arts of woman are best employed in pleading for one she loves. The death-warrant had been signed as the royal retinue was about setting forth upon a journey to the castle of a powerful earl—one of those gracious but ruinous visits for which Elizabeth was famed. They were now far from London, and her majesty, after the exercise of imperial power, was in a condescending, holiday mood. Edith's mention of Lord Harold's name was, however, greeted with an ominous frown which would have struck terror to a heart less brave. But "love is stronger than death"; gladly would she purchase his life with her own. Thus, as if unconscious of the gathering storm, and as though the young nobleman's impending fate but recalled the incidents of by-gone days—for they had played as children together—she spoke of the time when he first beheld his sovereign.

A chivalrous and romantic boy, her highness won his allegiance as the Queen of Beauty, to whom, with poetic enthusiasm, he was wont to indite sonnets and sing soft madrigals as the loveliest regal maiden that ever graced a throne. She remembered his joy in coming to court, his assiduity in the royal service, his silent homage and zeal in all that might minister to her comfort or pleasure, oft in trifles which must pass unnoticed, but all from devotion to her majesty, nothing for reward.

She spoke of gala-days when the court was a brilliant scene, a glittering, gorgeously-apparelled throng of handsome courtiers

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and beautiful women. And when she, his child-friend Edith, ventured to remark to him many of the well-favored maids-of-honor, he had made answer: "I have no eyes for them, gentle lady; but how wondrous fair is the queen!"

Thus with sweet art did Edith dwell upon the unwitting follies of Lord Harold's boyhood, and summon his chance words of admiration to plead for him now with the vanity of Elizabeth. Taught by the instincts of love, so well had the girl spoken that the sovereign, accessible to flattery if not to pity, declared her royal heart to be moved to compassion. Inditing a pardon with her own hand, she despatched it in all haste to London by Sir Robert ——, while Edith knelt to her in fervent gratitude, and the court extolled her majesty's gracious clemency. Right joyfully did the jovial knight set out upon his mission. It was Christmas-tide; hence a thrice happy task to be the bearer of good tidings. Swiftly his charger bore him along the frozen highways, past scenes of merry-making, on through the silent forest. Thus for leagues he journeyed, heeding neither weariness nor cold. The twilight came, the stars gleamed in the blue vault above him, and at last the rising moon revealed the towers of Clifford Abbey.

A light shone from the ancient library. At the sight the pulses of the good Sir Robert throbbed with delight. Oft had he come a-wooing to this frowning mansion, unrepelled by the contrary moods of the fair lady of his devotion. Did not rumor whisper that he was her most favored suitor? Why not tarry now and greet her? He had the night before him in which to complete the journey to London. Why not seek refreshment for his faltering steed, relief from the chill and faintness to which he himself seemed about to succumb?

Riding round the stone parapet till beneath the casement whence beamed the enticing light, he paused a moment, then in a mellow voice softly sang the first strains of a popular serenade. Sweetly the melody floated upon the evening air, rang out clearer and richer, awaking musical echoes from woodland and hill. Ere the lay was ended the casement opened and the Lady Katharine in courteous accents bade him a hospitable welcome. Pages threw open the oaken portal, led away the horse, served the knight with wine and good cheer, then left him to narrate to his lady-love the gossip of the court and the object of his mission.

Breathlessly she listened to the tale. At the mention of the pardon she could scarce refrain from a movement of alarm and anger. Was, then, her cherished vengeance to be finally wrested

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from her? Must she still live in dread of being one day turned away a beggar from the Abbey gate?

"And thou, Sir Robert, art the messenger of life!" cooed she in entrancing approval, as she poured for him a beaker of blood-red wine. "I would that I might look upon the magic paper granting length of days!"

The weak noble gazed in enchantment upon the siren. The grateful warmth of the fire, the lights, the treacherous wine, and the sleeping-draught which she had secretly administered were wafting him to a world of unrealities. Mechanically he placed the precious parchment in her hands, while the soft, low tones of her voice charmed his senses and held him spell-bound. Fainter grew the sweet cadences, fainter, till they lapsed to silence. The unwary Sir Robert slumbered in his chair; the midnight hour had chimed, the fated morn had come, and London was still many miles beyond.

"Sleep well, Sir Knight," murmured the lady mockingly. "Well hast thou served my end! Revenge is mine. At sunrise Lord Harold shall die!"

In the mad joy of her triumph she paced the long library, the paper still within her cruel grasp. What had she to fear, surrounded only by the tomes and folios of monastic days? Ranged on dusty shelves from floor to roof of the hall, each in its dingy binding the exact counterpart of its fellow, they seemed like the mummies of a former civilization. Would not they be the most faithful guardians of her secret? Trembling and at random she slipped the precious document between the covers of a volume, then fled to her apartments.

But fearful spectres haunted her rest. 'Twas as though the fiends had already obtained possession of her soul. She awoke in terror; the form of the condemned nobleman stood beside her, a terrible, accusing spirit. In agony she arose. Perchance there might yet be time. She would not doom herself to thus endure the horrors of perdition. She would to the library, secure the pardon, rouse the sleeping, faithless knight, and bid him ride a wild, mad race with death. She sped to execute her purpose. Alas! In dismay she glanced over the countless, sombre volumes. In which had she placed the paper? One of these musty books held the treasure she now desired above all else in the world—"the life of the young lord"—but which?

O cruel tomes, that gave no clue, guarding with fatal fidelity the dreadful secret confided to them! The hours passed. Lady Katharine lived ages of remorse and despair, travers-

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ing the ancient library in her fruitless, hopeless search. The sun rose cruelly bright upon as fair a day as ever witnessed so foul a deed.

Its earliest rays fell upon the slumbering Sir Robert. He stirred uneasily, awoke, glanced about him as though dazed and dreaming, then started up in consternation, exclaiming: "Wherefore am I here? Merciful Heaven! the sun!—and Lord Harold?"

The wretched Lady Katharine quailed before him.

"False one, this is thy work," he cried in rage, appalled at the crime doubtless already consummated. "The paper!" he reiterated in unavailing fury—"woman, what didst thou with the paper? Accursed be thou! there is blood upon thy fair, jewelled hands."

In a paroxysm of remorse she clung to him, vainly striving to stem the torrent of maledictions called down upon her head.

He flung her off, rushed into the close where waited his charger, leaped to the saddle, and rode recklessly away—away from the Abbey, away from the court, for ever.

And Lady Katharine?

Naught could calm the delirium of her despair. Reason had fled. Ever and anon she grieved in heart-rending accents over the fate of Lord Harold, then shrieked in anguish that retribution pursued her; and again her voice was low and enticing, as fantasy renewed the scene with Sir Robert which had won him from his duty. For years she wandered amid the gloom of that dreary library, ever seeking the lost parchment—ever seeking in vain. Here she raved away the remnant of existence; here she died, clutching an old volume the leaves of which she had been turning with pathetic zeal and haste.

It is said that still she seeks the missing document within that shadowy hall. Amid the fury of the wintry tempest or the murmur of the summer breeze the wail of the expiatory spirit thrills the terror-stricken villagers, and oft at eventide is the belated traveller lured from his path by the Circean echoes that call from Clifford Abbey.

Slowly Edward Marsden laid aside the fascinating manuscript, musing on the tragic drama therein recorded. An uncanny spell seemed upon him. Was it here, perchance in this antique chair, that Sir Robert sat, charmed by the enchantress and unmindful of fealty to sovereign or friendship?

At the thought the fire appeared to burn less brightly, the lights flickered, the shadows assumed fantastic forms. It was a

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mild night, and at times a low, moaning sound re-echoed through the apartment. A violent thunder-storm raged without. At intervals the lightning illumined the nooks and crannies of the old hall with a spectral glare.

To obtain a respite from his morbid fancies Marsden paced up and down with measured tread. At length he paused and glanced at the mouldering tomes which encompassed him upon all sides like an army of gray ghosts. To dispel the illusion he took down a volume at hazard, idly wondering what vanished hand had penned it, what message it held for him. As he opened and peered into its quaint pages something fell at his feet. What could it be? A worm-eaten, yellow parchment! In a tremor of mysterious dread he stooped to recover it, yet stood aghast at the sight.

Was he awake or dreaming? With an antiquarian's knowledge he recognized the faded characters, the royal seal, the proud signature, "*Elizabeth, Regina.*"

"It is the pardon," he cried, and in a frenzy of insane triumph he waved the ancient parchment in his hand.

At that moment the wind shrieked with unearthly fury, a sudden gust swept through the room, and the old library swayed in the blast; there was a blaze of light, a terrific crash, and *the parchment was gone.*

Of course when Edward Marsden related his story to his friend, the practical-minded Lord Clifford laughed, and said he had dreamed a dream, from which the sudden storm had rudely wakened him. But even to this day Edward Marsden doubts whether that ancient parchment was snatched from him by a ghostly hand, or whether the sudden gust had blown it up the wide chimney-place. Certain it is that, though he instituted careful searches, the parchment was never found.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE latest novel by Madame Durand (Henri Gréville) is *Count Xavier* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) It has the false tone of all Henri Gréville's books. Love is, of course, the theme—that kind of love which absorbs morality, good manners, propriety, and everything reasonable. The characters are all Russians, and very uninteresting specimens of the subjects of the czar, without whom no modern novel seems to be complete. Count Xavier is handsome, and he is loved by a peasant girl. The peasant-girl begins to pine away. He meets the illegitimate child of his uncle, called Thecla. Thecla begins to pine away too, when her mother, with more discretion than she had shown in her own youth, takes her from the castle that Count Xavier has inherited from his uncle. Count Xavier concludes to marry Thecla, and, after some complications, they are married. The discarded peasant-girl changes her mind, does not pine away, and becomes nurse to the child of Count Xavier. What healthy-minded person wants to read a novel which has no prominent quality except sentimental artificiality? The atmosphere of Henri Gréville's novels is like that of a close room impregnated with heavy and cheap perfumes.

Two new novels by Ouida and Rhoda Broughton have been sent to us, announced with a great flourish. They are both evidences that unlimited audacity of language, aided by unrestrained imaginations, will not always pass for brilliancy. In fact, when a *femme-auteur*—as Louis Veuillot calls the class of writers of which Ouida and Rhoda Broughton are representative—begins to be slangy and immodest, she must become more so with each book she writes, in order to hold her public, until she merges into blasphemy and obscenity. Ouida, who has become a worn-out writing hack, has reached this last stage. *A House Party* (London: Hurst & Blackett) is a story of adultery. The scene is laid among English dukes and duchesses. The owners of an English country-house invite a number of aristocratic people there, that the Sixth Commandment may be broken with politeness. Ouida tells about this in a language invented by herself. The French would sneer at such a book—not because of its immorality, but because of its stupidity. *Dr. Cupid* (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.) is a story told wearisome-

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ly in the present tense. There is a country-girl, whose vigorous arms, pet foxes, and flowers grow more and more tiresome. There is one of the creatures created by Rhoda Broughton, sensual and silly and slangy; and there is a vulgar married woman who enamels her complexion, and who is divided between love for her child and passion for a man who is not her husband. *A House Party* and *Dr. Cupid*, and all other books by their authors, are signs of social decomposition, like phosphorescent lights over stagnant pools where slimy things breed and die.

Three notable novels are *Sarracinesca*, by F. Marion Crawford; *The Minister's Charge; or, The Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker*, by William Dean Howells; and *In the Clouds*, by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree). These three authors are Americans. *Sarracinesca* is a work of art, of admirable clarity and harmony of style and truth of portraiture. Mr. Crawford's pictures of Roman society before the spoliation are admirable. The relations of the old Roman prince and his son are described in a manner worthy of Thackeray. And so firm and true is Mr. Crawford's treatment of his epoch and his personages that—so far as *Sarracinesca* is concerned—it is impossible not to compare him with the greatest masters of his craft. It is a pity that the story of the Princess Sarracinesca could not have been written without the putting into it of that illicit passion that sent Dante's Paolo and Francesca to hell; but it is plain that Mr. Crawford, unlike the *femmes-auteurs*, does not describe passion in order to inspire passion in others. Mr. Crawford's opening chapters, in which he satirically contrasts the Rome of Pope Pius IX. with the Rome of the spoliators, are delightful. His is a very strong pen: it is well to see it in use against the vain and superficial spirit which is flippantly destroying at once the religion and the art of the world.

Mr. Crawford makes an etching of the Roman as he was and is:

"But Rome in those days was peopled solely by Romans, whereas now a large proportion of the population consists of Italians from the north and south, who have been attracted to the capital by many interests—races as different from its former citizens as Germans or Spaniards, and, unfortunately, not disposed to show overmuch good-fellowship or loving-kindness to the original inhabitants. The Roman is a grumbler by nature, but he is also a 'peace-at-any-price' man. Politicians and revolutionary agents have more than once been deceived by these traits, supposing that because the Roman grumbled he really desired change, but realizing too late, when the change has been begun, that the same Roman is but a lukewarm partisan. The Papal government repressed grumbling as a nuisance,

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and the people consequently took a delight in annoying the authorities by grumbling in secret places and calling themselves conspirators. The harmless whispering of petty discontent was mistaken by the Italian party for the low thunder of a smothered volcano; but, the change being brought about, the Italians find to their disgust that the Roman meant nothing by his murmurings, and that he now not only still grumbles at everything, but takes the trouble to fight the government at every point which concerns the internal management of the city. In the days before the change a paternal government directed the affairs of the little State, and thought it best to remove all possibility of strife by giving the grumblers no voice in public or economic matters. The grumblers made a grievance of this; and then, as soon as the grievance had been redressed, they redoubled their complaints and retrenched themselves within the infallibility of inaction, on the principle that men who persist in doing nothing cannot possibly do wrong."

It is refreshing to read this summing-up of fashionable science and art:

"Those were the days, too, of the old school of artists—men who, if their powers of creation were not always proportioned to their ambition for excellence, were as superior to their more recent successors in their pure conceptions of what art should be as Apelles was to the Pompeiian wall painters, and as the Pompeiians were to modern house-decorators. The age of Overbeck and the last religious painters was almost past, but the age of fashionable artistic debauchery had hardly begun. Water-color was in its infancy; wood-engraving was hardly yet a great profession; but the 'Dirty Boy' had not yet taken a prize at Paris, nor had indecency become a fine art. The French school had not demonstrated the startling distinction between the nude and the naked, nor had the English school dreamed nightmares of anatomical distortion.

"Darwin's theories had been propagated, but had not yet been passed into law, and very few Romans had heard of them; still less had any one been found to assert that the real truth of these theories would be soon demonstrated retrogressively by the rapid degeneration of men into apes, while apes would hereafter have cause to congratulate themselves upon not having developed into men."

Mr. Howells has neither the dramatic strength of Mr. Crawford, nor his respect for the ideal in literature, nor his fluent and correct style; but he, like all the more important male American writers, has absolute purity of tone. Lemuel Barker, the young New England rustic who goes to Boston, falls into temptation, but into no temptation of the grosser kind in which the true follower of the realists would delight to wallow. The truth is that Mr. Howells, though he professes to be a realist and to describe life as it is, is not a realist. He paints the life around him as he chooses to see it. He fits his human beings for presentation in the pages of a family magazine and in novels which may

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be read by every young girl in the country. He impresses us as a sincere and pure-minded gentleman who arranges his groups, carefully chosen, each member with his working-clothes on, and then photographs them. But this is not realism. Turguéneff, and Tolstoi, and De Goncourt, and, above all, Zola, would repudiate this method and manner. When Mr. Howells aims to be most realistic he generally succeeds in being commonplace.

His women characters are carefully photographed and gently colored until they almost resemble the miniatures of an artist. The trifles of life are so much a part of the surroundings of women that when Mr. Howells describes the trifles and the moods which turn on these trifles, we think—that is, if we do not think very closely—that we recognize the woman. Statira and 'Manda Greer, the giggling working-girls of *The Minister's Charge*, are known by certain tricks of manner and speech common to the most frivolous class of Boston working-girls. But we learn nothing of their inner lives—if they have any. Lemuel's love-making in the boarding-house room is innocent enough; but we feel that it is not Lemuel's tender New England conscience or Statira's principles which make it innocent, but the fact that Mr. Howells (though invisible, and with an eye to the fact that he writes for American families) is a most careful chaperon.

The Rev. Mr. Sewall, the minister whose amiable habit of telling pleasant fibs has brought Lemuel to Boston, is a charming character. He is true to life and—we really must admit it—something more than a photograph. He ministers to a very respectable Boston flock; he is sincere in spite of his amiable fibs; he wants to do right and to be father-confessor to his people, without the faintest knowledge of moral theology or any training for the work, except a good heart and some experience of the human race in general and the Bostonians in particular. If Mr. Howells had intended to show how inefficient the most conscientious Protestant minister is, so far as the healing of mental and spiritual wounds go, he could not have better demonstrated it than in showing us Mr. Sewall. Mrs. Sewall is a woman of strong common sense, who has suffered much from the subtle super-sensitiveness of her husband. To her Lemuel, with his recurring mental difficulties and his demands on the minister's time for sermon-writing, is a great trial.

Lemuel in Boston develops a gradual appreciation of the niceties of life. He has left a sordid country home, where his mother wears bloomers and his brother-in-law does all manner of unpleasant things. He runs up the scale from horse-car con-

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ductor to reader to a cultured old Bostonian. He thinks himself hardly good enough to marry the giggling Statira, pushed on by her energetic friend, 'Manda Greer. And the Rev. Mr. Sewall thinks, too, that he will throw himself away if he tie himself to the pretty, silly, and hopelessly narrow-minded Statira. In the meantime Lemuel meets a girl higher in the social plane—an artist—and Lemuel and she fall in love with each other. Mrs. Sewall is indignant at the concern which Lemuel's friends show in the fear that Statira may drag him down, after the marriage has been arranged.

"'Oh! his future. Drag him down! Why don't you think of *her*, going up there to that dismal wilderness to spend her days in toil and poverty, with a half-crazy mother-in-law and a rheumatic brother-in-law, in such a looking hovel?' Mrs. Sewall did not group these disadvantages conventionally; but they were effective."

Lemuel himself feels that he is a martyr. He contemplates taking his wife back to his native village, Willoughby Pastures, and of gradually causing that place to live up to him and Boston. The young artist is in the greatest affliction. She knows that Lemuel loves her better than he loves Statira. She asks Mr. Sewall's advice in the matter, without mentioning names. He gives her very unsatisfactory counsel. And so Lemuel—though Mr. Howells, everybody in the book, and perhaps the too sympathetic reader fears that he is "throwing himself away"—drifts towards matrimony with Statira. Statira is threatened with consumption; we are divided between a coming pathetic death-bed and a possible unhappy marriage. But when we have been made sufficiently afraid that she shall die, and quite as much afraid that she will live, Mr. Howells gets her to change her mind, and she goes off with her steadfast friend, 'Manda Greer, in search of a better climate. In this way the cunning author leaves Lemuel free to marry the young artist.

'Manda Greer is a vigorous creature, and the episode of her attack on Lemuel because he lets Statira pine away without proposing is truly natural, and in a play would "bring down the house" at the end of an act.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) is not one of Louis Veuillot's "*femmes-auteurs*," who have increased so greatly of late among our neighbors, the English, that Koko, in *The Mikado*, asserts that they "never will be missed." There is "too much paper" in *In the Clouds* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York), and yet it would be hard to say what could be left out. Miss Murfree has practically discovered the mountains of

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East Tennessee and added a new world to American literature. It is a fresh and breezy world. Nobody that has acquired a taste for it will ever breathe the patchouli and carbonic-acid gas of Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, and their train of "lady novelists." It is the fashion to compare Miss Murfree with George Eliot. Why, it would puzzle even the people who compare Thackeray with Dickens, or Nathaniel Hawthorne with Irving, to tell. *In the Clouds* is certainly as great a novel as *Adam Bede*, which also has the fault of containing "too much paper." Mink, the hero of *In the Clouds*, is as careful a study of human selfishness as Tito in *Romola*, though Mink somewhat redeems himself in the end. But Miss Murfree has none of George Eliot's self-consciousness, and—thank Heaven!—none of her philosophy.

The "poor whites" of the Tennessee mountains, with their rudimentary religion, their crude manners and shiftless ways, are painted with a sure hand, artistic skill, and a sympathy felt by the reader, but hardly verbally expressed by Miss Murfree. Alethea's home is thus depicted:

"The little log-cabin set among its scanty fields, its weed-grown 'gyarden spot,' and its few fruit-trees, was poor of its kind. The clap-boards of its roof were held in place by poles laid athwart them, with large stones piled between to weight them down. The chimney was of clay and sticks, and leaned away from the wall. In a corner of the rickety rail-fence a gaunt, razor backed hog lay grunting drowsily. Upon a rude scaffold tobacco-leaves were suspended to dry. Even the martin-house was humble and primitive—merely a post with a cross-bar, from which hung a few large gourds with a cavity in each, whence the birds were continually fluttering. Behind it all, the woods of the steep ascent seemed to touch the sky. The place might give a new meaning to exile, a new sentiment to loneliness. Seldom it heard from the world—so seldom that when the faint rifle-shots sounded in the distance a voice from within demanded eagerly, 'What on yearth be that, Lethe?'

"'Shootin' fur beef down in the cove, I reckon, from thar firin' so constant,' drawled Alethea.

"'Ye dunno,' said the unseen, unexpectedly derisive at this conjecture. 'They mought be a-firin' thar bullets into each other. Nobody kin count on a man by hisself, but a man in company with a rifle air jes' a outdacious, jubious critter.'"

Alethea's stepmother spoke as one who had much experience of the male sex as found in the land of hidden whiskey-stills and moonlighters. Alethea is the heroine of the book, and a noble one. It is a great thing to say of Miss Murfree's art that the girl's drawl and queer pronunciation never seem ridiculous or repel our sympathy. But never for a moment are the outside characteristics, rude, uncouth, ungrammatical, lost sight of. She is as noble as Jeannie Deans, and we forget her tricks of speech

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and her ignorance in the greatness of her heart and her self-sacrifice. She has a keener sense of right than most of the mountaineers, whose principal article of belief seems to be firm faith in the eternal torments to be suffered by their neighbors. Mink, a handsome, gay, but shallow herdsman, has been making love to her. Her stepmother thus sums up the position at the beginning of the story:

"'An' ye tired his patience out—the critter had mo' 'n I gin him credit fur—an' druv him off at last through wantin' him to be otherwise. An' now forlks 'low ez him an' Elviry Crosby air a-goin' ter marry. I'll be bound she don't harry him none 'bout'n his ways, 'kase her mother tole me ez she air mighty nigh a idjit 'bout'n him, an' hev turned off Peter Rood, who she hed promised ter marry, though the weddin' day hed been set, an' Pete air wuth forty sech ez Mink.'"

From Alethea's attempt to bring Mink up to her level, and to make him follow the path her untutored sense of right points out, many evils flow. Mink becomes entangled in the net of the law, Peter Rood dies suddenly during a scene of great but restrained power, and Alethea's true character is brought out by severe strain and suffering. *In the Clouds* is not a hopeful book, it is sometimes sombre, but it is relieved by delightful touches of humor. Alethea's aunt, a remarkable personage, furnishes many of them:

"The log-cabin had heard the river sing for nearly a century. It appeared for many years the ready prey of decay; the chimney leaned from the wall, the daubing was falling from the chinking, there were holes in the floor and roof. Suddenly a great change came over it. The frivolity of glass enlivened the windows, where batten shutters had formerly sufficed; a rickety little porch was added; a tiny room was partitioned off from this, and Mrs. Purvine rejoiced in the distinction of possessing a company bed-room, which was far from being a haven of comfort to the occasional occupant of those close quarters. She had always been known to harbor certain ambitions. Her husband's death, some two or three years before, had given her liberty to express her tastes more fully than when hampered by his cautious conservatism. And now, although the fields might be overrun with weeds, and the sheep have the rot and the poultry the cholera, and the cow go dry, and the 'gyarden truck' defer to the crab-grass, and the bees—clever insects—prepare only sufficient honey for their own use, Mrs. Purvine preserved the appearance of having made a great rise in life, and was considered by the casual observer a 'mighty spry widder woman.' Such a one as Mrs. Sayles shook her head and spared not the vocabulary. 'Dely,' she would observe, 'air my husband's sister, an' I an't goin' to make no words about her. Ef she was ennybody else's sister, I'd up and down declar ez she hev been snared in the devices o' the devil, fur sech pride ez hern an't godley—naw, sir! nur religion nurther. Glass in the winder! Shucks! She'd better be thinkin' 'bout gittin' light on salvation—that she hed! Forlks ez knowed Dely whenst she war a gal knowed

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she war headin' and sot agin her elders, an' run away from home ter git married, an' this is what kem of sech onregenerate ways. *Glass* in the winder! I'll be bound the devil looks through that winder every day at yer Aunt Dely whenst she sits thar and spins. Naw, sir, yer Aunt Dely 'll remember that winder in the darkness o' Torment, an' ef she war ennybody else's sister than my own husband's *I'd say so.*'"

Mrs. Purvine also has her own religious opinions. When Mink, in hiding, asks what she will say if they "ax her," she promptly replies:

"'Waal, lies is healthy.' Mrs. Purvine accommodated her singular ethics to many emergencies. 'Churchyards are toler'ble full, but thar an't nobody thar ez died from tellin' lies. Not but what I'm a perfessin' Christian,' she qualified, with a qualm of conscience, 'an' hev renounced deceit in general; but if ennybody kems hyar inquirin' roun' 'bout my business—what I done with this little mite o' meat, an' that biscuit, an' the t'other pot o' coffee—I answer the foolish accordin' to his folly, like the Bible tells me, an' send him rejicin' on his way.'"

The character of Judge Gwinnan is strong, perfectly understood by the author, and perfectly expressed. For a time a slight fear arises that he may marry Alethea, by whose beauty and nobility he is evidently moved. This could have only made both more unhappy than they are finally left by the author; for no observer of human life can doubt that if the judge in Whittier's sentimental verses had married Maud Muller it would have been a bad thing for both of them. Judge Gwinnan's case is somewhat analogous. Miss Murfree's *In the Clouds* is an important addition to genuine American literature.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's *Rodman the Keeper* (New York: Harper & Bros.) is a volume of short stories. *East Angels*, clever as it was, left a bad taste in the mouth. There was no excuse for the suggestion of immorality introduced into one scene of that well-told story. In *Rodman the Keeper* there is an intense love of color in nature. Floridian everglades, rivers, and orange-groves start out vividly before our eyes, as the figures do in the popular cycloramas of the battles of the late civil war. Miss Woolson's men, like the men created by most women writers, are artificial and priggish. "Miss Elizabetha" is a story in Miss Woolson's best manner. There is a refined and soft-toned description of the quiet life of Miss Elizabetha in her house on the Florida coast. She teaches her nephew ancient romanzas, learned long ago, to the accompaniment of a tinkling piano. Miss Elizabetha, once a gentlewoman of means, teaches music, sells the product of her orange-grove, plaits palmetto—all for the sake of hoarding money for her half-Spanish nephew. The sisters at the convent near paid her to teach, "and were glad

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to call in Miss Elizabetha with her trills and quavers; so the wiry organ in the little cathedral sounded out the ballads and romanzas of Monsieur Vicard, and the demoiselles learned to sing them in their broken French, no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of the golden-skinned old fathers and mothers on the plantations down the coast. The *padre* in charge of the parish had often importuned Miss Elizabetha to play this organ on Sundays, as the decorous celebration of High Mass suffered sadly, not to say ludicrously, from the blunders of poor Sister Paula. But Miss Elizabetha"—who was from the North—"briefly refused: she must draw a line somewhere, and a pagan ceremonial she could not countenance. The Daarg family, while abhorring greatly the Puritanism of the New England colonies, had yet held themselves equally aloof from the image-worship of Rome; and they had always considered it one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence that the French nation, so skilled in polite attitude, so versed in the singing of romanzas, should yet have been allowed to remain so long in ignorance of the correct religious mean."

But after a while the half-Spanish nephew marries a pretty Minorcan and reverts to the original type, leaving poor Miss Elizabetha to wonder where all her thrifty training has gone. Miss Woolson is fond of contrasting the hard New England Puritan with the Creole Catholic, and she succeeds very well in this; and Catholics have no reason to complain of her treatment of such of their qualities as she can grasp. "Sister St. Luke" is an improbable narrative; but the gentleness, piety, and purity of the quaint religious are undoubted, though her simpleness is perhaps somewhat overdrawn.

The novel of Irish domestic life has an exponent of high talent —we are almost justified in using the mighty word genius—in Miss Rosa Mulholland. Her *Marcella Grace* (Harper & Bros.) is an admirable novel, in no way inferior, yet differing in quality from two of the most charming stories of late years, *The Wicked Woods of Tobevervil* and *The Birds of Killeevy*.

For the Old Land, by the late Charles J. Kickham (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), opens with a description of an Irish farm-interior after the manner of Gerald Griffin, and Mrs. Dwyer's idiosyncrasies give a promise which the rest of the novel does not fulfil. The twenty-two illustrations are mostly as bad as they can be.

The question of satisfying the needs of the poor by curtailing the privileges and remodelling the habits of the rich is found to be of ceaseless interest to contemporary novel-writers. Mr.

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Walter Besant treats it in his *Children of Gibeon* (Harper & Bros.) He does not advocate violent means. So far as we understand his theory, he means to teach the same lesson that is the motive of *The Old Order Changes* and *Mostly Fools*, lately noticed here. To close up the chasm yearly widening in civilization between the rich and the poor, the rich must extend their hearts and their hands; voluntary self-sacrifice on their part must follow a completer understanding of the real needs of the poor. Mr. Besant imagines an improbable plot, in order to make an impressive novel. Lady Mildred Eldridge adopts the daughter of a washerwoman who has a large family, and whose husband—*in statu quo* at the beginning of the story—has been a burglar. She has one infant daughter. She mixes the two girls up—calling one Violet, the other Valentine. They are brought up after the manner of patrician young women. Valentine studies the working-people in London, and as nearly as possible makes herself one of them, in the belief that, when Lady Mildred will declare which is which, she will be found to be the washerwoman's daughter. She gets very near to her brothers and sisters, and learns that tracts and condescensions are not the means of helping those who most need help. St. Elizabeth of Hungary taught this long ago, as did St. Francis d'Assisi; but our novelists do not go to the saints for lessons. Mr. Besant does not think that Protestantism can help the poor, and he seems to know very little of the church. He does not say how he would keep his working-girls good and pure after they had been well fed, decently clothed, and innocently amused. After all, people who are clean and industrious and fond of music commit hideous crimes; therefore, though Mr. Besant does not seem to see it, something more is needed to save the world. Marcus Aurelius was a keen philosopher and a plausible one; but Jesus Christ alone could take away the curse from life and the sting from death. Valentine turns out to be the patrician, and she elects to live and work among the poor; Violet clings to riches and shudders at the coarseness of poverty: education has triumphed over plebeian blood. Mr. Besant's people are clear-cut and individual. His sneers at the confessional are perfunctory. His novel is worth reading and thinking about.

Mr. Henry Hamilton's *The Poet's Praise* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a delicate and poetic symphony in praise of that art at which the vulgar—and who is so vulgar as the sneering, jeering, hard-pushed newspaper comic man?—are gibing. Mr. Hamilton's new book is a decided advance on *America*. It is high in tone, well sustained, and, as to phraseology, modulated

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by rhythmical skill and a good ear. Mr. Hamilton, to his honor, holds in a doubting world that God's best messages have, when delivered through the medium of words, come in the form of poetry.

It is to be hoped that the women of France may not be judged by the impression given of celebrated Parisian females by Octave Uzanne in *The Frenchwoman of the Century* (New York: George Routledge & Sons). It is a pity that the Messrs. Routledge allowed the book to be injured by several abominably indecent prints which have no connection with the text, and which give a false impression of the volume. M. Uzanne's work has value as a warning from history as to the depth of frivolity and luxury womanhood may reach when the elevating influence of religion is disdained.

Chronicles of Paris during the French Revolution show us horrible pictures of the ferocity of women—how they calmly knitted at the foot of the platforms where the guillotine plied its ceaseless blade; how they were more cruel than the men of the Terror, if possible. But even in that awful delirium of blood and terror the voice of motherhood was not entirely hushed, and when Marie Antoinette was accused, before the Convention, of crimes that no mother could commit, she appealed to the mothers present, and not in vain. But in the scenes of fashionable life painted by M. Uzanne it seems that frivolity more surely kills the last true instinct of womanhood than ferocity.

When Robespierre died Paris had grown tired of blood-letting. It turned to dancing. All the old refinement and cultivation which had culminated in that perfect system of social and courtly etiquette which Madame Campan so fondly regretted, and which Napoleon I. tried so hard to imitate, had disappeared. A bastard paganism had taken the place of Christianity, and an artificial classicism that of good manners. As to morals, there were none. The men were stupidly frivolous, the women immodestly so. Under the Directory Madame Tallien and her set tried to wear as little as possible. The woman most nude was considered to have made herself the most distinguished. There were *quadrilles des victimes* in those times. These dances were fashionable; they were supposed to be made up of people who had lost friends in the Revolution. The men wore crape, the women pieces of red ribbon around their throats, to symbolize the cut which the headsman's axe ought to have made if they had had their desert! People whose sympathies had been with the murderers rather than with the murdered now pretended to have suffered at the hands of the Revolutionists only to be in the

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fashion. M. Uzanne's picture of life under the government of "purified" France shows that unspeakable corruption among the fashionable Parisians of the day had not even that quality which Juvenal and modern cynical satirists might have considered redeeming—the quality of cleverness. The highest Parisian circles were as corrupt and as stupid then as they were later under the Second Empire, when, according to M. Uzanne, luxury and vice hid God out of sight. As a series of examples of what the emancipation of women from the influence of the church results in, M. Uzanne's *Frenchwoman of the Century* is worth consideration by the student of society. But unless the vulgar prints are cut out of it, it can have no place among the books of people who respect themselves.

How to Form a Library. By H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (London: Eliot Stock.) Mr. Wheatley gives a great deal of information for book-lovers, and includes a synopsis of the principal lists of one hundred good books recently published by the London *Pall Mall Gazette.* Of these Mr. Ruskin's is the most interesting and edifying, though it is rather an attack on what Sir John Lubbock wrote than a list pure and simple. Mr. Wheatley, in his chapter on a "Child's Library," says: "It is a rather wide-spread notion that there is some sort of virtue in reading for reading's sake, although really a reading boy may be an idle boy. When a book is read it should be well thought over before another is begun, for reading without thought generates no ideas." This is true. The reading craze has helped more than anything else to form a generation of idle-minded people. They have actually so lost the power of thinking that an effort to think is pain, and they take refuge from themselves in the opiate of print. Mr. Wheatley declares that children ought to be taught how to handle books. "It is positive torture," he writes—and his words find an echo in the heart of many a book-lover who has seen the modern savage maul a precious volume—"to a man who loves books to see the way they are ordinarily treated. Of course it is not necessary to mention the crime of wetting the fingers to turn over the leaves, or turning down pages to mark the place; but those who ought to know better will turn a book over on its face at the place where they have left off reading, or will turn over pages so carelessly that they will give a crease to each which will never come out." Mr. Wheatley's account of the theological libraries of the United States is taken from the *U. S. Report on Public Libraries* (127–160), in which Catholics are credited with two, the Baptists with three, the Congregationalists with two, the Protestant Episcopalians with three, the Lu-

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therans with one, the Methodists with two, the Presbyterians with seven, the Reformed Dutch with two, the Reformed German with one, and the Unitarians with one. "And, if we include those libraries which contain less than ten thousand volumes, the list of different denominations to which they belong is extended to fifteen or sixteen."

The gem of Mr. James Russell Lowell's collection of addresses, which he calls *Democracy* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is his sympathetic analysis of *Don Quixote*. It is written in that style, both sure and firm, plastic and flexible, of which he possesses the rare secret. "It is also good for us to remember," he says of Cervantes, "that this man, whose life was outwardly a failure, restored to Spain the universal empire she had lost."

Giovanni Dupré was the sculptor of the statue of St. Francis placed before the cathedral at Assisi, and also of the dead Abel in the Pitti Palace—a figure so pure, so expressive that it ought to have made the artist famous wherever truth in art is revered. Mr. Henry Simmons Frieze has done good service by giving us a sketch of the life of this Catholic sculptor of modern times, so poor in Catholic artists. We must congratulate Scribner & Welford on the entire adequacy of the illustrations. The two dialogues on art by Augusto Conti are thoroughly satisfactory; every line of them is an unconscious rebuke to false æstheticism, affected sincerity, and the art that strives to ignore God:

"I have been censured," says Dupré in the first dialogue, "because in my Ferrari monument in San Lorenzo the body of the youth is almost nude."

"Bear it patiently, Giovanni," answers Amrio; "in that instance the critics are right. If the statue of the mother at his side could speak she would say to her son: 'Cover your shame.' This utterance of the people tells the whole, especially for sacred places. As for the rest, 'who makes not errs not.'"

"*I erred*," answers Dupré, "*in not considering that sculptors do not see with the same eyes as other men.*"

This is true and well said.

The life of this sincere Italian sculptor, with Conti's dialogues, is a much-needed antidote to the artistic twaddle of the group of *dilettanti* of the Vernon Lee type, who drown all sense in a sea of sound, and who cry out that there is no God because they cannot see the expression of his existence in the very painters' work they pretend to love, and which he alone could inspire. With Dupré, as with Dante and the noblest Italians, theology and art went hand-in-hand.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MIRACULOUS ELEMENT IN THE GOSPELS. By A. B. Bruce, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Dr. Bruce is a professor in the Free Church College at Glasgow. The work whose title is given above contains a course of lectures which he delivered in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. It is the orthodox thesis which Dr. Bruce defends in these lectures. He shows an intimate and thorough acquaintance with the modern works on the opposite side, whose sinuous windings of argument he follows closely and patiently, unravelling and breaking their threads with dexterity and strength. The compliments which he bestows on the "charming" and "genial" books which he is tearing to tatters seem rather overdone. There is an undertone of deference toward the infidelity and scepticism of the age which suggests an apprehension on the part of the author that the cause of Scottish orthodoxy is in a precarious condition. The picture which he draws in the last lecture of the residuum which would be left to the world in a "non-miraculous Christianity," is as dreary as it is true, and reminds us of some things which have been said by Mr. Mallock. Nevertheless, he writes: "Anything that clears the air of cant and hypocrisy and traditionalism is a matter for thankfulness. It may be—I do not believe it, but I am willing to concede—that the popular Christianity of the present time has so much of the evil element in it that a general cessation from profession of the Christian faith for a generation would be a relative good. . . . When all this happens, Christianity, done to death by unworthy faith and by scientific unbelief abhorrent of the supernatural, will repeat the miracle of the resurrection, and will run a new career fraught with glory to Jesus and with manifold blessings to men" (pp. 387, 388). We know nothing of Dr. Bruce's opinions except from these lectures. We cannot see in them positive evidence of his belief in the genuine doctrine of the divinity of Christ, and there are many signs of a positive antagonism to genuine Christianity in the concrete—*i.e.*, to the Catholic religion. Notwithstanding the ingenuity and validity of a great part of his reasoning, we do not think that the author has furnished in this volume a practically efficacious antidote against the poison of unbelief which is eating into his own and every other Protestant church.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. J. L. DIMAN, D.D. By Caroline Hazard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

The printing and editing of these *Memoirs* have been carefully and well done. They are in many ways interesting and agreeable souvenirs of an able, genial, highly respected gentleman, who was chiefly a professor in the branches of history and political economy at Brown University, a lecturer of considerable renown, and an author of good repute, but also for a time a parish minister in the Congregational denomination, and devoted, during all his public life, more or less to the work of preaching. Professor Diman was of the oldest and most respectable New-England stock, and remotely in part of French descent. His father was at one time governor of Rhode

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Island, and he was also a collateral descendant of Benjamin Franklin. His maternal great-grandfather was both a minister and a surgeon, having served in both capacities at once in the army during the Revolutionary war. He was, besides, on the mother's side, one of the numerous descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, who have been immortalized in the poetry of another descendant, Mr. Longfellow. Professor Diman's biographer says: "In him all the virtues of the various lines seemed to unite. His noble bearing spoke of the sturdy Puritan; his grace of manner, of his livelier French blood; his philosophic mind was the true descendant of the first American philosopher; his tenderness, of his saintly mother."

The history of the boyhood and youth of Professor Diman, of his early studies and travels, and of his later personal and domestic life, is a pleasing narrative, well told.

His talents and scholarship were of a high order, and the best proof of this is given by the fact that he was invited to fill several high and important positions besides the chair in Brown University. Without mentioning any others, it is enough to say that he was offered professorships in Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities.

There is nothing to attract much attention from the world at large in the quiet life of a worthy parish minister or respectable pedagogue in New England who keeps within the limits of his local traditions. But the *élite* of this "Brahminical caste," as Holmes calls it, are very interesting as a study. The finer specimens of the educated men of New England, in whom remains the salt of Puritanism, though liberal culture, travel, and original thought have widened their range and mollified their prejudices, are men whose intellectual and spiritual tendencies are very important and must exercise an increasing influence on the future religious state of their countrymen. Professor Diman was not confined within the trammels of any sect or party. The biography states that his paternal grandfather "was deacon of the Catholic Congregational Church for over twenty years." This is a very peculiar phraseology, and we can only take it as signifying that the author derived from Professor Diman a sort of undefined longing after some kind of spiritual communion with the church universal transcending narrow, sectarian bounds. Mr. Diman had drawings toward the ancient church. He thought at one time of seeking orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. "In the 'deep view' which he says he loved, and the 'constant struggle after unity,' he refused to recognize Congregationalism as the one church indicated by the Apostles, answering, to the confusion of his questioners (*i.e.*, at his examination as a candidate for settlement as pastor of a Congregational church at Brookline, Mass.), when asked what church then was indicated: 'Without doubt Episcopacy.'" Mr. Diman had also some opposite proclivities. He had no hesitation in exchanging fellowship with Unitarians, and he was sounded in reference to a call to two Unitarian parishes. He was not, however, a Unitarian or a rationalist. Dr. Fisher says that he believed the Nicene Creed. The two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, counteracted each other and kept him at a kind of dead-point between Catholicism and rationalism. Still, the most positive element in Mr. Diman's thought and life was Christian. His position was one which cannot be accurately defined, because it really was undefined, indeterminate. His former pupils regarded him with great respect and

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love, as did many others who knew him. Reading his biography gives us the impression that this high esteem was well deserved. Though not equal to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and their compeers, he belongs to their class. The history of his intellectual and moral life, like that of all men of this class, beyond the mere special interest which it has for all who live in his particular circle, has a more general value, because it exhibits in one instance the common tendencies of the religious world in New England, and, indeed, everywhere, among non-Catholics. There is the tendency toward unity, toward a universal Christianity, toward positive, definite faith in the supernatural, together with hesitation, restlessness, dissatisfaction with sectarian formulas and organizations, and another tendency toward rationalism and scepticism. Which way the movement will be directed, and toward what goal, is the question which we must wait for the future to answer. On our part we have no doubt that the only alternative of a return to the ancient and universal Christianity, to the faith and communion of the Catholic Church, is an accelerated downfall into the abyss of scepticism. *Omen, quod Deus avertat!*

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS AT THE FOURTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL in the United States and Canada. Held in the city of Washington, D. C., on June 8, 9, and 10, 1886.

In these pages there is much to edify, encourage, and instruct. That delegates, about two hundred and sixty in all, from superior and particular councils of the society in New York, Albany, Washington, Philadelphia, Louisville, Dubuque, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Providence (R. I.), Jersey City, New Haven, Trenton, San Francisco, and eleven isolated points besides, and from four cities in Canada, should meet, after an interval of ten years, to harmoniously confer on important matters connected with the maintenance and progress of their work, is gratifying evidence of the growth of the society, and one of the signs of the progress that the Catholic faith has made in our land. The method followed for the despatch of business was wise and practical. The presidents of councils and conferences throughout the United States were invited by the Superior Council of New York to make suggestions for the consideration of the assembly. From these a selection was made and embodied in the form of a schedule of business. Persons wishing to express their opinions upon any matters mentioned therein were required to state them in writing and send the manuscripts to New York not later than the 1st of May. Extemporaneous debate was considered undesirable and to be avoided. The manuscripts, after having been submitted to selection, were arranged under proper heads, read in due order, and referred to the committees appointed for the purpose. Twelve topics, all of importance, were considered, of which the principal were the first, relating to aspirant conferences, "their uses, their needs, and their works" (aspirant conferences are intended to provide for recruiting members among young people growing up); the second, pertaining to efforts for recruiting the conferences largely from young gentlemen of education and means; the third, to the care to be exercised in the admission of members; the fourth, to the danger that the society may degenerate into a mere organization for almsgiving; and the eighth, to the special works of the society. All the papers published in the book show careful thought

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and able preparation. Addresses were made by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore; Rev. W. F. Clarke, S.J., of Loyola College, Baltimore; Rev. Father Fidelis, Catholic chaplain of New Jersey State Prison; Rev. John Joseph Riordan, of Castle Garden; Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., of Georgetown College; Rev. Wm. J. Hill, of Brooklyn; and Rev. J. F. Kearney, of this city. Mr. H. J. Spaunhorst, of St. Louis, revealed the interesting fact that among the twenty-two conferences in that city *there is one composed of colored people.* B.

TALKS WITH SOCRATES ABOUT LIFE. Translations from the *Gorgias* and the *Republic* of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

This is the third small duodecimo, in the neatest and most tasteful style, published by the well-known firm of the Scribners and printed at the model press of Riverside, in which choice translations, together with abstracts done in the best manner, from Plato's Dialogues, have been offered for general circulation and perusal. The first two volumes were noticed and commended in this magazine. They received other very strong commendations from high quarters. We have the sanction of competent judges for the opinion we formed by reading these translations, and which we have expressed in our previous notices, that they are the best which have been made into our language. The present volume is up to the mark of its predecessors. The prefaces, connecting abstracts, and notes in this and in the two foregoing volumes add much to their value, and are extremely creditable to the author, whose name is still withheld, though we hardly think it can have remained for so long a time unknown.

How much the preceding translations from Plato have been circulated and read we know not, but it would be interesting to have information on this point. We wish to do what little is in our power to promote their circulation by giving a cordial recommendation to this new issue, and renewing the one before given to its companions.

The "Talks with Socrates" are about Life, the true end and happiness of Life, and the obligation of "looking onward to the Truth." The low maxims of cunning, selfish politicians, scheming pettifoggers and voluptuaries, are exposed and lashed with keen humor and merciless ridicule. We have the same miserable set of people and the same base, low maxims in our own society. Such reading as is furnished by these wholesome moral treatises of Plato must be useful to our growing-up young men as an antidote to the poisonous influences to which they are exposed. The effort to popularize such high-class writings is most praiseworthy, and we wish it success.

There is one note, however (Note 86, p. 115), to which we must take exception. In this note the author says: "The early Fathers of the church held the teachings of the divine Plato in scarcely less reverence than those of the inspired writers, and it is very probable that the conception of Purgatory, so foreign to Hebrew thought, was evolved from the description of the intermediate state contained in this myth and in similar passages." The Fathers respected Plato as a philosopher. But there can never be any human writings worthy to be ranked anywhere near the Word of God in the mind of a Catholic. The Fathers drew their theology from the Scriptures and tradition as the only sources of sacred doctrine—never from pa-

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gan writers. As for the doctrine of the Hebrews concerning departed spirits, both the Scriptures and the other writings of the ancient Jews always speak of them as going down into Sheol—never of their having ascended into heaven.

Drach, who was, before his conversion, a rabbi of high rank and consummate learning, says: "The synagogue from the most ancient times, as well as the church, not only prays for the dead, but also has recourse to the intercession of those among them whom she regards as saints" (*De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, tom. i. p. 16). The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is derived from Scripture and apostolic tradition. The practice of praying for the dead is based entirely on this doctrine, and nothing is more certain than the custom of praying for the souls of the faithful departed during the liturgy, as is proved by all the liturgies from the days of the apostles. The doctrine of Plato concerning Purgatory, like every other Catholic doctrine taught by pagan philosophers, proves only that the dictates of sound reason, and the traditions which survived from the patriarchal age among all nations, are consonant with the teachings of the divine revelation given to the Jewish and to the Christian Church.

PAPERS IN PENOLOGY. Published by the Reformatory Press at Elmira, N. Y.

This publication contains eight articles treating of the methods followed in the institution above mentioned; and it is easy to gather from it that the problem of how to reform criminals becomes very much more difficult in countries in which, as in our own, there is a great diversity of religious belief. Positive religious teaching cannot have the prominence which is so necessary, and is relegated to such opportunities as can be obtained under a dual system. Great stress is laid by the Elmira management on a compulsory education which embraces, besides the rudiments, "a course in English literature as thorough as in any school," and "Shakspere and Chaucer and other masters" are said to be studied by the men "with keen diligence and relish." On "Sunday morning the casuistry or practical-morality class, numbering about two hundred, meets in the chapel, and free but orderly discussion takes place." The teachings of Socrates are one of the leading text-books used, and it is stated that on one occasion the study of the morality of Socrates led the class naturally to "a study of the morality of Jesus and the New Testament, though not all as a religious inquiry." On one occasion one of the pupils expressed in writing his doubts about his having a soul, and desired "to be convinced of the fact"; and it took him a year to make any progress towards conviction. We join in the inquiry said (p. 71) to have been made by "a very practical friend": "Well, after you have got through with your moral and intellectual gymnastics, what is there in these men to show it? What is the final outcome of sharpening the wits of such men with your high-toned discussions?" There is a Catholic and Protestant chaplain attached to the institution, and the superintendent, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, deserves to be gratefully remembered by Catholics for having introduced Catholic instruction "*at the date of opening the Reformatory*, not at their request, *but at his solicitation*." But it is plain that the facilities for Catholic inmates to get instruction and training are insufficient and need to be enlarged. The Catholic chaplain holds a cate-

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chism class for his co-religionists on only two evenings, and celebrates Mass only once in the month. Why not have it every Sunday, as in Rochester, and every festival day besides? Why not try the good that a mission might do? Is it not time also to form a *Catholic* Prison Association? B.

NOVISSIMA; or, Where do our Departed Go? By Bernard O'Reilly, D.D. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Co.

"If I have," says the author in his preface, "in answering the question, Where do our departed go? only treated of everlasting rewards, it is not because I feared to consider the subject of eternal punishment." But he adds: "I confess that the labor of writing about the supernatural destiny of man, about God's infinite generosity and 'the unsearchable riches of Christ'—bestowed on us in part in this life, but more especially reserved for the life to come—has been to me a more congenial work than that of fathoming the divine justice in its awards to the wicked."

Reserving, therefore, the subject of eternal punishment for another treatise, the author gives us an intelligent and very instructive and entertaining book on Heaven. We heartily recommend it to our readers. They will find it full of solid matter for meditation; the author's literary reputation guarantees a pleasing style. It seems to us that priests could make excellent use of it in preparing sermons, especially so on account of a very full synopsis of each chapter. The book is particularly well printed and bound.

PURGATORY: Doctrinal, Historical, and Poetical. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

We know not any tender emotion which this book may not elicit from the human heart. The purest natural affections and the highest supernatural aspirations can be aroused and ministered to by its varied and valuable selections. We know not whether the doctrinal and historical compilation or the devotional and poetical is of greater value. No one can read the former without deep interest and without gaining much information, and the latter is a bouquet of the sweetest flowers that bloom in the garden of the heart. We regret that this book did not reach us in time to be recommended for the November devotions.

MORE ABOUT THE HUGUENOTS. A review of Prof. Wm. Gammell's Lecture on "The Huguenots and the Edict of Nantes." By William Stang, priest of the diocese of Providence. Providence Press Co.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes have in recent years been thoroughly investigated as to the motives which induced them, their actual occurrence, and their results; and the Huguenots are by no means the better off for the industrious researches of historians and the fairness which has in many cases characterized their decisions. But for these two events French Protestantism in history would be no different from German Protestantism—a party to the great revolution, civil, social, religious, and literary, that recast the elements of European life into the modern mould. But the massacre enabled Protestants to claim Huguenot martyrs, and the Revocation enabled them to claim Huguenot exiles for conscience' sake. Buckle, however (to mention but one historian in this connection), demonstrated that the Revocation of the

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Edict of Nantes was provoked, and that the provocation was such as the absolute government of France could not be expected to tolerate. Father Stang, in the forty-six pages of his pamphlet, has made a calm and clear statement of historical facts, many of them drawn from German writers of characteristic thoroughness of research. He has more than answered Prof. Gammell; he has given a summary, in excellent English, of the state of the whole Huguenot controversy as made known by the latest and fairest historians.

AN ARABIC MANUAL. By J. G. Lansing, D.D., Gardner A. Sage Professor of Old Testament Languages and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at New Brunswick, N. J. Chicago: American Publication Society of Hebrew.

The following extract from the preface of this work explains its learned author's purpose: "The need of an elementary Arabic grammar which should be more complete than elementary grammars heretofore published, and yet not so exhaustive in treatment as such standard works as those of Wright and Palmer, has been variously felt and expressed. To meet to some extent this need this *Manual* has been prepared. This need has come to be experienced largely through the recent revival in Hebrew and Semitic studies generally. With such a revival there has been awakened, necessarily, a great interest in the Arabic as in the other cognates. . . . That the Arabic should come to occupy a most prominent position in such a revival is evident. The author subscribes to the conviction, for many years repeatedly expressed by the most learned Arabic scholars, that, all points considered, the Arabic occupies the first place of importance in the study of the Hebrew and Aramaic of the Bible."

FROM A. R. Mowbray & Co., Oxford, England, we acknowledge the receipt of some Christmas-cards which really have a Christmas meaning. Instead of the gaudy colored cards bearing pictures of birds and flowers that do not appear at Christmas times, and bits of frivolous verse not at all appropriate to the season, we have here cards of quiet and delicate tints, upon which are pictures and verses which speak of the true significance of Christmas— the birthday of the Saviour. Christmas-cards which do not bear a true Christmas message have no reason for existence.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

MARY STUART: A Narrative of the first eighteen years of her life, principally from original documents. By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh: William Patterson.

UNIVERSALISM IN AMERICA: A History. By Richard Eddy, D.D. Vol. II. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

VIEWS OF ARBITRATION AS A MEANS OF SETTLING LABOR DISPUTES. Rochester: Union and Advertiser Co.'s Print.

REGENSBURGER MARIEN-KALENDER FÜR DAS JAHR DES HEILES 1887. New York: F. Pustet & Co.

THE ANIMAL WORLD: A Monthly Advocate of Humanity. Vol. XVII. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

BAND OF MERCY. Vol. VIII. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE AND LAST RELICS OF AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

A LECTURE ON CATHOLIC IRELAND. By the Rev. I. P. Prendergast. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

DER FAMILIENFREUND, KATHOLISCHER WEGWEISER FÜR DAS JAHR 1887. St. Louis: "Herold des Glaubens."

MEMORIALS OF DR. RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, formerly Colonial Secretary of West Australia, etc. Dublin: John Falconer.

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THE

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THE NEGRO PROBLEM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

IN the Southern States there is a wide difference of opinion regarding the future of the negro race, both as to its civil and religious aspect. What will be the future status or *modus vivendi* between the white and negro races, particularly in those Southern States in which the negroes preponderate? (According to the census of 1880 there were 176,850 more negroes than whites in Mississippi.) Will one race drive or push out the other? If not, what will be their mutual relations? What steps must the church take to gain a firm foothold among the negroes? Which race, the white or the colored, should furnish priests and teachers? If the latter, what methods are to be used to obtain them? And, lastly, what means are needed to carry on the work?

Each of these questions is of vast importance. Priests who live and labor in the ministry of the church in the South, and who feel no little interest in the welfare of the colored race, scarcely know how to answer. Men of intelligence and observation, when asked what they think of the above questions, either hesitate to give an opinion or express themselves in very doubtful terms on the subject. There is certainly no unanimity of opinion on these grave questions among the thoughtful men of the South. The writer of this article, instead, then, of giving his own opinion, will simply note down some of his observations which he believes to be substantially correct, and leave it to wiser heads to draw therefrom just and reasonable conclusions.

CIVIL ASPECTS.—Between negro and negro there exists a

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wide difference, and in this distinction there is no reference made to the different tribes of Africa which at first furnished the former slaves of this country. The variations in physiognomy among pure negroes indicate different tribes. The one type is tall, erect, regular in features, muscular, and well built; the other class is small, has a ponderous head, high cheek-bones, broad lips, and distended nostrils. The former type is indicative of far more intelligence than the other. However, intermarriage has tended to gradually obliterate tribal characteristics of these classes.

Again, there is a vast difference between, for instance, the Maryland, Virginia, or Creole negro, and the one from the lowlands of the Mississippi valley. The slaves of the former class were reared on the plantation in close contact with their master and the children of the family; the master and mistress knew them by name, cared for them individually; the children of the two races played together; and, if slaves, they were slaves in the master's family. On the other hand, the unruly, bad slave was sold, and thought good enough for the cotton-fields and sugar-plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana. In these rich fields the master knew the number but he scarcely knew the names of his slaves, his family was rarely in their midst, and they were left in the hands of overseers without any civilizing influence.

Will the negro supersede the white race in some of the Southern States and form the "Black Belt," as some writers assert? We have made the following observations for Louisiana and Mississippi: In those counties which are poor and in which the negroes are comparatively few, they are better off, more prosperous, and frequently possess some land; whereas in rich counties, where they make plenty of money, they spend it even faster, and so live in poverty the whole year, a few months excepted, and scarcely ever own a foot of land. In some instances a few acquired tracts of fine land; but these have been quicker lost than acquired, as the owners then became averse to labor and seemed unable to manage a large estate. Here and there, however, and particularly in cities, some colored persons have acquired and yet retain property and wealth; but these few are generally mulattoes.

In counties where the negro population stands to the white as eight, nine, or even twelve and thirteen to one, the blacks have less political influence than in counties where their number is much smaller. Political influence is not always gained by numerical strength. Lack of civilization, a reckless carelessness as

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to the manner of living, and consequent lack of interest in politics, leave most of the civil offices in the hands of the white population. The best modes of living belong to the white race, and, if we except the lower and less remunerative occupations, railroading, steamboating, telegraphing, manufacturing, merchandising, managing and overseeing plantations, and levée-building are exclusively in the hands of the whites.

Before the war and for some years after it Southern boys scarcely ever learned trades; now, however, our boys are beginning to take hold of most of the trades formerly in a great measure filled by the negro—such, for instance, as carpentering, plumbing, blacksmithing, engineering, ginning cotton, and running sugar, rice, and lumber mills. Whatever, in a word, requires greater intelligence and more patient endurance, whatever is more lucrative, is in the hands of, or is about to fall into the hands of, the white race, and is very likely to stay there. Young men who are sober and industrious need not leave the South, but can find as lucrative employment there as elsewhere in the States. It would be a great misfortune to the negro to live removed from the white man, and both civilization and religion would thereby greatly suffer. In many of the Southern States the whites need the colored people, but the latter also need the former. Whether the future will or will not change this state of affairs it is difficult to predict.

RELIGIOUS ASPECT.—Maryland and Creole negroes have been, as a rule, Catholics for generations. The teachings and practices of the church have left a deep impress upon them; they were well instructed in their religion, they loved the church, and, even when sold and far away from priest and church, they kept the faith as well, perhaps better than white Catholics would have done under similar circumstances. Others, reared under scarcely any religious influence in slavery times, and now and formerly entirely under Protestant sway, are grossly ignorant of the church and are deeply prejudiced against her doctrine and ministers. It is clear that the Catholic Church must present herself in different ways to these diverse classes of negroes.

The negro is supposed to be very emotional in his religion: shouting, handshaking, swaying of the body to and fro, stamping with the foot and clapping with the hands, are no extraordinary ways for the non-Catholic negro to give expression to his religion. Has he learned this from Methodist camp-meetings, where the whites adopt quite as extravagant manners to give vent to their feelings of "being converted"? Surely the negro born and bred in the church is scarcely more emotional than his

white brother. Whilst the latter class of negroes may delight in worshipping in the same church and in the same manner as their white brethren, it may well be doubted whether the former class of negroes would feel at home there.

I have seen it somewhere stated that only one-eighth of the negroes are mulattoes; but whoever confines his observations to cities and towns would doubt the statement, for there he will find at least as many and more mulattoes than pure-blooded negroes. There is far more temptation for the negroes, especially for the women, in the town than in the country. Modesty and purity are scarcely expected of them. Fondness for dress and of amusement, an easy way of making a living, and slowness to marry are so common among them that dissipation becomes a natural consequence. In the country, however, most of the temptations are avoided; there they marry early in life, and children are no disadvantage, but are rather helps in the field. Hence new missions for the negroes might probably be more successful in the country than in towns.

How is the Catholic Church to reach them? It is comparatively easy to retain those that have from infancy been reared within the fold. A zealous priest who looks after them with care, founds schools, and establishes societies will keep them as part of the whole flock, white and colored. But what of the great mass that has never come under the influence of the church? As a rule, parishes in the South are poor, priests are few and scattered over a great extent of country, and they have no little labor to keep intact what the Lord has entrusted to them. What can be reasonably expected of them? Very little indeed. It is difficult to obtain priests for the poor Southern mission; how much more difficult to secure missionaries to open a field, new and unpromising, which will present a life of hardship, of disappointment, and of continual self-sacrifice! May the Lord of the harvest raise up men for this work! But may not and should not the colored man himself be the instrument in the hand of God to evangelize his colored brethren? Wherever the church has sent her missionaries, one of the great cares, after the first preaching of the faith, has ever been to erect seminaries to train a native priesthood. Not only is this the case in China and Japan, but also in Africa among the negroes and among the aborigines of Oceanica. There are always several negro students in the Propaganda. Slavery has long been abolished; the growing generation has not felt its yoke, and its stigma is removed. A colored man who respects himself is truly honored by the whites in the South, even more so than in the North.

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The permanent improvement of the negro race should come from within, should be brought about by the best men of their own race, who will be stimulated by the example of the white people in whose midst they live. The colored race, though living harmoniously with the white race, mistrusts anything carried on for their benefit by the whites, unless the colored men are themselves allowed to act the principal parts. They think they can manage their own affairs; they are free now and reject anything whatever that bears any semblance of tutelage of the white race over them. And this spirit manifests itself principally in things intellectual and spiritual—education and religion. This is the feeling of the bulk of the colored people at present. They do not want white preachers, and I do not know of any white preacher (outside the Catholic Church) who has ever exercised any religious influence over them, whilst, on the other hand, the colored preacher is, as a rule, highly respected and willingly obeyed by his congregation. Colored teachers are preferred for their schools, and they are daily taking the places formerly occupied by white teachers. The church cannot lose sight of this fact. There are numbers of bright colored boys that have more than sufficient intelligence to become priests. And as to morality, it is a sad fact that after our white boys leave school and college many follow the ways of sin and neglect their Christian duties till they marry. But, on the other hand, many too who are trained in a special manner for the priesthood keep themselves free from the contamination of the world, and as young men lead pure lives. Why should not a colored boy who receives a special religious training obtain the grace from God to lead a pure life? And if, once a priest, he feels he has to work for his own people, he knows their character and peculiarities; he can suit himself to their manner of living; he will feel the inconveniences and sacrifices less than white priests; he will elevate his own race and show his people that the Catholic Church alone is the church of all nations, that she recognizes "neither Jew nor Greek, Roman nor barbarian," neither race nor color.

It is out of the question to expect the Southern dioceses to act where a large amount of money is needed. They have it not, and unless more favored dioceses come to their aid nothing of consequence can be done. Bishops and priests elsewhere are apt to say: "Southern bishops and priests do nothing for the negro." But how can they? Alas! they of the South, having been unaided for so many years, are now apt to think that they can do nothing for the conversion of the negro. It is undoubtedly a difficult task, but it should be tried. Part of the collection

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to be taken up for the negro and Indian missions could not be put to a better use than to erect a normal school for colored boys, where they may be fitted out to be teachers, and where Latin also should be taught. Thus any boys that show indications of a religious vocation may be grounded in that language until they be segregated from the others and receive a special training preparatory for the priesthood. It is the experience of some religious orders that novices, lately baptized and not reared from infancy by Catholic parents, find the religious life galling and rarely persevere. Hence it might be well to receive in the proposed normal school none but colored youths that are Catholic by tradition and training. Doubtless many that feel a deep interest in the welfare of the colored race will differ from the above observations and the conclusions drawn therefrom. "Du choc des idées jaillit la vérité." If this article should draw forth wiser observations and lead to juster conclusions, the cause of the negro would be greatly assisted.

IN PORT.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES OF A RECENT CONVERT.

THE story I am about to relate is one of those slow conversions, a succession of timid steps of one groping her way alone through darkness, a protracted voyage, but which, despite its tardiness, has, by the grace of God, ended by the ship, against all contrary winds, reaching the desired haven.

Conversions are of as many kinds as there are individuals, and each may be said to have its own particular character and teach its own lesson. The one under consideration presents so far an exceptional phase as it is self-developed, deriving its stimulus from thoughts and emotions wholly independent of such outward control as proselytism or controversial eloquence.

Caroline R—— was born in France, of French parents, on the very threshold of the new era that made away with the *ancien régime*. The elder branch of the Bourbons, in the person of Charles X., had abdicated; the younger, in that of Louis Philippe d'Orléans, had come into power. The political atmosphere was permeated with entirely new ideas and aspirations. Feudalism had said its last word. The nobility was no longer

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the only privileged class; the Citizen-King was shaking hands familiarly with high and low, and democratic aristocracy was the political fashion of the day.

It was in the midst of this new state of things that Caroline's childhood unfolded. Her parents' social position was such that she could enjoy all the educational advantages of the more cultivated classes of society. Readers themselves, they trained their daughter in the same direction; and little Caroline, or Lina, as she was always called, grew up among books as other children among playthings. Her introduction to lesson-learning was made equally easy. She was taught the first rudiments at home, along with another little girl—her first friend—by a private tutor who came daily to the house; and so attractive was this elementary instruction that study became amusement, and the recreation-hours turned into school-performances.

The little girls would often, for pastime, vie with each other as to which could learn the quicker a fable by heart and recite it with most effect, or invent a story on the spot. When taken to the theatre (a not unfrequent occurrence, their parents being play-goers) they rehearsed the next day what they had seen on the stage, and, in default of memory, composed new speeches and combinations. Lina's mind, thus constantly exercised, acquired unusual elasticity, and turned in preference to matters related to the intelligence. That this sort of training is too one-sided, and therefore open to objection, is unquestionably true. In her case it developed the thinking powers at the expense of her emotional nature. She was not, like other children, fond of dolls or pets; she never showed herself tenderly demonstrative, nor was pity easily aroused in her. She had, at three years' interval, seen two little coffins borne out of the parental house, without realizing that the little baby sister and brother death had carried off were parts of herself and had cost her mother bitter tears. Nor did, subsequently, the birth of another sister particularly gladden her. Some persons thought her deficient in affection, yet was this seeming indifference scarcely anything more than undeveloped tenderness. Her father had striven to steel her against trouble by fortifying more especially her reasoning faculty; her mother, on her side, had given her attention more particularly to her moral qualities—the acquisition of a sensitive conscience rather than a sensitive heart. Both overlooked much; and had not the child been possessed of what we are inclined to call a natural, innate piety; possessed of a genuine sense of God's paternal love, to which her heart corresponded in-

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stinctively, those gentler affections smothered in her by too intellectual a training might easily have degenerated into hard selfishness. That this was not the case became sufficiently evident in her later years.

Of this innate piety, mentioned above, the following little incident may perhaps give an adequate idea :

As already said, the little girls, Lina, and Stéphanie her playmate, often amused themselves rehearsing what they had seen at the theatre. One day, as they were so engaged in an upper room in Stéphanie's house, they grew so loud that they attracted the attention of a parcel of students, companions of Stéphanie's oldest brother, who had his studio on the same floor. The party came over to listen, and watched the performance through the key-hole. One of them sportively turned the key upon the little girls, who, when the bell for luncheon called them below, found themselves locked in. To their heated imaginations the situation assumed as tragic an aspect as that of the play they had just been repeating. "What shall we do?" moaned Stéphanie. "Nobody knows where we are; and I am so hungry!"

"And we are not allowed to open the window, else we might call out to the passers-by for help." Stéphanie began to cry.

"Wait," said Lina, after a moment's reflection, "I know what to do. We must pray. God always helps those that pray." And suiting the action to the word, she knelt down and prayed aloud for help. She would probably never have known of the impression that prayer made on the frolicsome boys who were listening behind the door, if, many years after, Stéphanie's brother had not told her, chaffing her at the same time about the pedantry of her piety. Pedantic the prayer was unquestionably, for she had summoned up all her learning to give body to her appeal, likening their situation to the young princes' in the murderous Tower, and Count Ugolino's in the Italian dungeon; but, for all such conceit, it was nevertheless a true act of devotion and indicative of a religious nature.

This religious nature, however, did not receive at the hands of her parents the development it was susceptible of. Her mother was a devout Protestant, her father a lukewarm Catholic. The child's religious training was left to the first. She was made to read the Bible, to learn by heart long prayers—which her mother, confounding piety with eloquence, selected from amongst the choicest in theological style—and for the rest was left to her own impressions. On Sundays, instead of accompanying her mother to church, she went with her father on long

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strolls in the country, and the day of rest became one of fatigue. But it was a fatigue coupled with so much entertainment that those Sundays live in her memory as among her sweetest recollections. Through field and wood they went, to Passy or Grenelle, or the St. Cloud Park; and for refreshment they made a short halt at one or other of the rural restaurants on the way, where they were always sure of a comfortable little *déjeuner*.

Life's deeper shadows crossed Lina's path when she was twelve in the shape of reverses of fortune and the death of her father. Mr. R—— was in the wine business, and an active member of a noted firm in those days—Maison Lefebvre et Cie., engaged in the exportation of French wines. They failed, and he became involved in serious money difficulties which led to the illness that shortened his life. Then followed the anxious fears attendant upon all such afflictions. But where faith and hope are rightly anchored trouble has its limits and relief is never far. Friendship came to the rescue. Mrs. R—— found means to meet the first liabilities, and the clouds dispersed by degrees. Her youngest daughter, whose delicate health suffered from the confinement of the capital, was placed in good hands—a family living in the country—and the oldest was put into a boarding-school. These were Lina's *Lehr-jahre:* the school-room no longer playroom. Study began in earnest. Whether the ease with which she traversed this period was due to her native buoyancy of disposition, or that the institution was based on home principles and its teachers possessed of the genius of teaching—namely, to impart knowledge without deadening the mental life of the pupil—I am not prepared to say; but the two years so spent went to swell on the tablets of her memory the list of the happy recollections of her girlhood. It was during this period that her so-called religious training took place—the preparation, namely, for her confirmation and first communion, which, being obligatory in France, form a part of a regular education. It consists in a two years' drill in catechism and Bible lessons. It was her first experience in tedious school-tasks. Her pastor's learned text-definitions failed often to win from her the candid confidence they solicited, and she more than once incurred his displeasure by her inattention or careless memorizing. Yet did she pass the required examination in due time, and was received a member of the Protestant church.

Providence in the meantime was opening for her avenues of self-improvement than which none better could have been found, even had fortune continued to smile on her as in the days of her

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childhood. Through the mediation of friends a proposition was made to Mrs. R—— by which her daughter was to share the home and studies of three young girls of her age in Germany, the understanding being an interchange of gifts—French against German. It was accepted.

Behold her now transplanted from the merry land of France into an altogether foreign soil. The family of which she was to become a member resided in one of the obscurest districts of Bohemia. Freiherr von Slavick, its head, was the owner of a small estate of about two hundred acres, comprising field and woodland, and a roomy manor-house, called by the peasantry the Schlosslein (little castle) from its belfry and tower, the only indications of its feudal origin. They were Catholics and people of culture, littérateurs and artists, and in friendly intercourse with all the choicer society which this wild part of the country afforded.

Strange and very new was the situation to the young girl, accustomed from her childhood to the life of a great capital, and who knew of the country only as much as the outskirts of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, or Vincennes had to show. Strange and new indeed, yet very pleasant withal. She was curious. Every new phase of her existence had so far only revealed new benefits. She was full of hope and trust in the future. Her surroundings, moreover, were all she could desire: hearty kindliness, tender sympathy, intelligent guidance. She settled down to the unfamiliar ways and manners of the place without an effort, and scarcely minding the difference of religion between her and her new friends. There was not a Protestant for hundreds of miles around, and she knew that as to her faith she would always be isolated; her mother, in relinquishing her to the Slavicks, having especially stipulated that her religion should on no account be interfered with. She asked permission to accompany the family to Mass on Sundays, and, whilst she unconsciously drank in the beauty of the Catholic service, fancied she could remain true at heart to her own church. So faithfully, moreover, did her new friends observe their treaty with her mother that at Easter, in order that she might go to communion, they took her to Prague or Vienna, the nearest places of Protestant worship—a distance involving (there being no railroads in that part of Austria in those days) a journey of two and a half days of private-coach travel.

I have observed before that she was religiously inclined from her childhood; yet do I suspect her sentiments to have been so

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crossed by imagination at that time that they partook probably less of an affectionate than a romantic nature. She was attached to her church in Paris, *Les Billettes*, because she had never known any other. It was, moreover, an interesting edifice, having originally been a Catholic institution of the Carmelite order, and many were the ghostly convent stories which in her Sunday-school days circulated among the Bible students; but it was completely lost in a network of old, narrow streets, and so shut in by tall houses as to show scarcely any sky overhead. The Bohemian chapel, on the contrary, was picturesquely situated on a hillock, overlooking wood and field, with the romantic Riesengebirge for background and a vast expanse of sky above, appealing much more to the imagination. The pious character of the peasantry interested her also. Often on rainy or snowy Sundays she would watch them from her window flocking towards the church, and carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands to put them on dry under the porch. Thus out of reverence for the house of God would they walk for miles in the snow in order to present a respectable appearance. She admired also the quaint salutation with which they greeted the stranger on the way, "Praised be Jesus Christ," and was not a little pleased when she was able to give distinctly the reply, "In eternity, amen," in the same language, so difficult to pronounce. The only time, however, she came into close contact with them was when accompanying Mrs. Slavick on her errands of charity to the huts that dotted the outlying meadows, or on their long summer tramps when, with lunch-basket, book, and knitting, they went to spend the day amidst the neighboring ruins, the Riesenberg and Herrnstein—two ancient castles, the original haunts of the dread giant Rübezahl, the hero of ancient German lore. The two ruins were still sufficiently preserved to allow tracing their original design, and the party amused itself among their grim walls improvising scenes of knighthood or telling tales of gnomes and hobgoblins. To one brought up in Paris this seemed fairy-land indeed.

Lina had a natural aptitude for languages. She acquired in a few weeks a sufficient knowledge of the German to be able to share in the daily exercises in history and literature. To her love of reading there opened now a wide field. The Slavick library was richly stocked with all that comes under the name of general literature, and, although the reading of the young girls was under strict supervision, only such books being placed in their hands as favored their studies and did not encroach upon their experience

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of life, they became gradually acquainted during the long winter evenings, when reading aloud was the chief entertainment, with the best productions of the English and French novelists. When, later in life, Lina came to read these authors again in the original, she saw with what solicitous care the reader—generally Mr. Slavick himself—had, in order to shield their innocence, skipped or changed some of the most objectionable passages.

But this was not the only advantage she had occasion to be thankful for. Her literary judgment, formed in that pure and cultivated society, acquired a solidity it would probably never have attained elsewhere. The several members of the Slavick family (the family was composed of two households, Mrs. Slavick's maiden sister and widowed brother) were all authors, musicians, artists. Three of them were regular contributors to some of the best periodicals of Prague and Vienna. Whenever a piece of poetry was wanted as a prologue to the occasional musical and literary *fêtes* given for the benefit of the poor in the neighborhood, it was Mr. Slavick that wrote it. Nor were these productions of a light or superficial order. The taste of the family was severe, and, though free from all bigotry, rooted in what we would fain call the moral reasonableness of art. Wit was not confounded with levity, and a *bon mot* received its meed of praise only so far as it squared with decency. It may easily be inferred what, in such a family, the general tone of conversation must have been. Lina's mind, taste, and habits received from it a bias which they retained through the rest of her life.

Among other tendencies she showed a decided leaning towards controversial literature. She was fond of argumentation, and delighted in listening to Mr. Slavick's criticisms of men and books. Her friends often wondered, seeing her take from among the books she had access to works of the sternest import, that she should take pleasure in or have patience to finish them. At sixteen she read Zschokke's *Stunden der Andacht*—some eight or ten volumes of the driest theological reasoning—with evident interest, and, indeed, with what, from her persistency, might almost have seemed reverent pleasure.

Her introduction to the German philosophers in the meantime was not of a character to much stimulate her curiosity in that direction, and but for her native perseverance, not to say obstinacy and conceit (two very salient traits in her disposition), she might have for ever relinquished any such ambitious scholarship. The circumstance is too droll to be passed by, and, as it sheds additional light upon her character, I will give it in its details.

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There was in Freiherr Slavick's library a glass case, generally kept locked, and which contained his choicest books. They were handsomely bound volumes, which the girls had long been told would for many years to come be no reading-matter for them. To ask why, though it might have occurred to them, they cared not; for queries in the Slavick household, unless some particularly knotty point was in question, were not generally encouraged. The Freiherr's motto was: Think first and ask afterwards. And, indeed, even in the study-room did the Why? run but little chance. "You do not understand? Find out." And the customary reference-books were pointed out. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that, accustomed to such Spartan government, the young girls did not inquire further into the interdict placed on the glass-case volumes.

It so happened that Lina, with one of her companions, having just finished *The Adventures of Jean Paul Choppart*, lingered awhile before the case, listlessly noting its treasures and wondering what would be their next literary amusement.

"Look!" cried Lina, her attention being drawn to one of the books, on the back of which she read "Jean Paul." "Another 'Jean Paul'!"

"Yes; but," rejoined her friend, "we can't have it."

"Because, no doubt, they are so beautifully bound. If we promised to take good care of them . . ."

"Oh! it's no use. When Uncle Slavick has once said no, he never says yes."

But Lina believed in trying, and she went to headquarters and pleaded that, having taken such great interest in *Jean Paul Choppart*, they would like very much to read the Jean Paul of the glass case also.

Had the young girl had any experience in smiles and their significance she would probably have noticed that which then played on Mr. Slavick's lips; but she had not, and eagerly begged for the book. The request was granted. Never were girls more jubilant over a prize. They hied to their favorite reading-retreat —a huge apple-tree in the orchard, the mute confidant of their joys and disappointments—and began to read. They did not read long. Jean Paul Richter was evidently not as genial a character as Jean Paul Choppart.

The little incident in the meantime told differently on the two girls. Lina's companion vowed it should be her last attempt, as it had been her first, at German philosophy; whilst Lina, more piqued than humbled, made it pave the way to it. She subse-

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quently read a number of the works of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Kant, and, though it proved a hard pull and could only profit her as an exercise of mental gymnastics, she had no occasion to regret it.

Thus glided by four years—four years of peaceful study and gradual development. She had acquired German, had learned some music and drawing, and made her *début* in society. Notwithstanding Altgedein's—such is the name of the adjacent town—remoteness from all great centres, the winters were by no means dull. The two neighboring military towns—Clattau and Thaus—furnished among the officers quartered there not only willing dancers, but also ready contributors to private theatricals and charity concerts. A thirty-mile sleigh-ride was nothing to them.

Toward the close of the last of these happy years, however, three great sorrows darkened again Lina's horizon and indirectly shaped her future. She lost in close succession, and in the interval of a few months only, first her bosom-friend, Stéphanie, dearer to her than a sister; then her mother, leaving her an entire orphan; and finally her betrothed.

During a visit to Vienna she had made the acquaintance of a gentleman in every way qualified to secure to her a happy married life. He was a cousin of Mr. Slavick, and a lawyer by profession. Although a man of twice her age and a recluse by temperament, he had divined in the young girl that graver nature that could pair with his, and sought and won her affections. This projected union met, besides, the wishes of the whole family.

These successive bereavements plunged Lina into a profound melancholy. She felt that she was henceforth alone in the world. With the exception of her younger sister, from whom she had always been separated, and whom she consequently scarcely knew, she had no near relatives to turn to. Life began to show its sterner aspect—work; work no longer for pleasure's sake, but for necessity's sake. Hints had already been thrown out by her guardian in Paris that she would be called on to assist in the education of her sister. The death of her betrothed, in dispersing all thoughts of marriage, also destroyed her hopes of providing a home for her sister. There remained nothing for her to do but bravely face the reality. Her friends kindly assured her of a home with them, and urged her to remain; but there were inner voices that counselled differently, and, after careful reflection, she finally resolved to return to Paris. She was well equip-

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ped for a teacher, and looked forward to teaching as a profession.

Her religious sentiments at this period of her life may be said to have been of a strangely mixed kind. Her passive adherence to the faith of her childhood; her interest in that of her friends in Bohemia; her doubts about the doubts her philosophic readings had raised in her mind—all this together had gradually gathered about her belief a sort of theological fog, of which she took at first no notice, but which in many respects influenced her actions and deadened somewhat her former religious ardor.

And yet here she was about embarking alone on life's fitful voyage, and more than ever in need of spiritual assistance.

The world, with all its hardships and attractions, lay wide before her. It had never yet been unkind to her; she knew nothing of its temptations, its rebuffs, its rewards. She plunged into it with all the trustfulness of inexperience, and, strange to state, had never occasion to regret it. It is, moreover, a fact worthy of notice that, young as she was, attractive in person, of a lively imagination, and full of curiosity, she should have escaped all the serious accidents that befall unguarded youth. Yet so it was. She traversed Paris at all hours of the day without suspecting its evils; and this singular protection she enjoyed all through life—indeed, so candid was her faith in mankind that, already somewhat advanced in womanhood, she boasted of having never yet met the person she could not cordially shake hands with.

Two great virtues formed, so to say, the basis of her character—obedience and a profound sense of duty; and it is to these, no doubt, that must partly be ascribed her safe sailing through life. A little episode connected with some of her early experiences as teacher may perhaps illustrate the first. Her friends, on her return to Paris, had secured private lessons for her; and her pastor, interested in her movements, had in some instances marked her route. One day he met her as she was going up the steps of the Passage Saulnier. He stopped her:

"Where are you going?"

"To the Rue Montmartre."

"What! through the Passage?"

"Yes. I always do."

He frowned. "You must not; you should avoid all Passages." * And he indicated another way. Lina was sorry. Pass-

* The Passage, in Paris, generally roofed with glass, is a great convenience to wayfarers, as it links streets and saves distance; but it has the ill-repute of being frequented by questionable people, and it was on that ground that Lina's friend objected to it.

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age Saulnier was a short cut to the place she was bound to, and had, moreover, among its shops a picture-gallery she was in the habit of lingering at; but she obeyed.

A short time after, returning from a dinner-party with a young gentleman, the latter proposed Passage Saulnier for a short cut. "No," said Lina; "we must not go that way." "Why?" "I don't know why, but Mr. Verni objects to it. He says it isn't right; and what is not right for me isn't right for you either."

Private teaching, in the meantime, began to tell on her health. The long walks it subjected her to proved too fatiguing, and her friends looked out for a situation for her in a school or family. She was eager to learn English, and had already collected quite a little library of English books, studying the language as well as she could alone. A situation presenting itself for her in a clergyman's family in Winchester (England), she accepted it, and started for her new place of destination. But whether the climate did not suit her or that her health was already undermined by fatigue, she succumbed after a two months' stay, and returned to Paris quite ill. It was her first serious illness. She was confined to her bed for nearly five weeks. But home-air and home-ways, rest and friendship, soon brought back her wonted elasticity of mind and limb. She recovered. A visit to Holland put the finishing touch to her convalescence, and her friends set again about finding for her proper employment.

From her short sojourn in England she retained nothing but pleasant recollections. She made a few new and lasting friends, but scarcely any headway in English. She gained a knowledge of the Episcopal Church, and had the pleasure of attending its service in the time-honored and beautiful Winchester Cathedral. Only the Sundays left a lugubrious memory. The French Protestantism on Sundays was certainly more cheery than the English.

Her visit to Holland again left another impression. Owing, no doubt, to the particular individual who represented the church of the country at Elburg, Lutheranism showed itself to her in its narrowest form. Baron Mollerus and his family were people of the world and broad in their views; but the zealous clergyman who looked after their spiritual welfare, and who was a frequent visitor at the house, had all the characteristics of uncompromising pharisaism, and many were the lively arguments between him and the French visitor touching mankind in general, and Parisians in particular. In regard to the latter the

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worthy gentleman had conceived the most extravagant notions, and delighted in holding up the French as examples for future punishment.

Her stay at Zwalvenburg, the country-seat of the Mollerus family, was, however, only intended for a short rest and a means to re-establish her health. It added to her list of experiences in a worldly sense, but made no other impression on her spiritual nature except to put her on her guard against certain features of her faith, which she began to suspect as possibly in need of some more charity before it could be truly called Christian.

Her friends in Paris had in the meantime busied themselves with finding for her another situation, and when she returned she found the way paved for future usefulness. A lucrative position had presented itself for her in a young ladies' school in Washington. Her chief desire was still the acquisition of the English language. Her health being restored, her mind, crushed awhile by affliction, again rebounded, and, silencing with affectionate promises the objections of her friends in Bohemia, she started for America.

What her spiritual state exactly was at that period of her life it would be hard to clearly define. She was in a sort of theological fog wherein the church of her childhood, the Catholic chapel of Altgedein, and German philosophy formed a misty compound to which she tried in vain to give a definite shape. In her last conversation with her pastor touching religion in the country she was about to visit, he duly informed her of the numerous sects Protestantism was divided into in the United States, enjoining upon her to hold on to her faith. But this proved less easy than it seemed. She had heretofore known two churches only, and in trying to discover her own legitimate one amidst the crowd of different denominations she found herself now surrounded by, she completely lost her way. She tried the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal, the Unitarian, the Swedenborgian; and in none could find that spiritual repose and serenity she had learned to appreciate in the solitary little chapel at Altgedein, or even in the simple-worded but clear and intelligent service, free from all bombastic phraseology, of the church of her childhood, *Les Billettes*. She was at sea. Her soul, deprived of its accustomed food, grew torpid. She subsequently married, and for a while adopted her husband's views: freedom of thought, of feeling, of taste; freedom at any cost. It brought no relief. She drifted farther and farther on that desolate road that leads to the Dark Tower of Incredulity, and

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felt more and more the parching and exhausting influence of that artificial heat which intellectual pride substitutes for loving faith.

In the midst of this theological gloom came suddenly a blow that stretched her on the ground, hopeless. She had lost two babes before, and rallied; but the death of her only daughter, who had reached the age of sixteen, amidst all the promises of an accomplished girlhood, tried her soul to its innermost. O the weary days and nights groping in the dark for a helping, lifting hand! The impulsive prayerfulness of her early years was, if not wholly gone, so obscured that neither mind nor heart could any longer unite in harmonious supplication. She was immersed in spiritual darkness and cold.

Whether the writer catches Robert Browning's meaning in his poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," rightly or not, to her the picture of that weird path that leads to the Dark Tower (Tower of Eternal Darkness) always conveys to her mind the image of the moral misery a soul must drift into when cut loose from all spiritual anchorage. What can she do when brought face to face with that ominous tower, the stronghold of the demon of Denial, and its yawning grave? Roland, encompassed by enemies in the Valley of Roncevaux, blew his horn. The pilgrim soul, adrift and helpless, surrounded likewise by invisible foes, if, in the darkness she has wandered through, she has preserved some gleam of filial love for her Father in heaven, will call also for divine assistance. And the call will be answered, either here below or later above. Some light will be sure to break through the darkness, and with that light life, courage, and hope will return also.

I believe, O Lord! Help thou my unbelief!

Lina, in sheer despair, called likewise for help; and help was vouchsafed. An invisible guide led her to the works of Fénelon, St. Augustine, *The Imitation.* She read diligently, fervently, and with every step regained new strength.

Then followed reflection. Are there, then, two roads to the kingdom of heaven—two equally good, safe, and sure? Wherein doth the path she had followed from her childhood differ from the one pointed out by the great religious thinkers whose works she had just perused? They had recalled her disconsolate soul to new life. Are they alone right, then? Who shall decide? She remembered how often, beguiled by the mirage of ideas, she had been deceived. She would not choose rashly, but read on, watch and wait for further conviction. Old ties and memories are dear! The conviction came apace, but, alas! again in the shape

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of affliction. The only son, the only joy and hope left to her husband and herself, was smitten in the midst of a bright and promiseful career. Life hung but on a thread. She flew to his bedside; and there through months of anxious nights she prayed —prayed as she had never prayed before. He was spared.

It was during these agonies of fear that she realized for the first time the helpfulness of the Blessed Virgin and the nearness of the Saints. She had but a vague idea of the sign of the cross; yet, impelled by inner promptings, she made it as she best knew how—made it over the prostrate form of her son when asleep; made it at all hours of the day, whenever the weary soul sought the Fountain of Refreshment. She had read and heard of *neuvaines*, and could only conjecture that they were nine-day supplications to the Mother of Sorrows; and, untutored as she yet was, she said a *neuvaine* for her son with all the fervor of a fresh hope.

Henceforth she belonged to the mother-church, and only waited to be formally admitted; she had thoroughly mastered its doctrine.

A friendly priest she accidentally met during a voyage helped her to the means—the necessary books. She made ready for the final step, knocked at the Door, and was let in.

And now, ask friends: What have you gained by leaving us? Wherein are you the happier and the wiser? The two roads run parallel, each to the City of God. She replies: "Not so; not quite parallel. I have long tried yours—the one I was brought up in—tried it faithfully and in all simplicity of heart; and it has not only led me into marshes where I became the victim of their flitting will-o'-the-wisps, but it has also left me in the lurch when I most needed help. Not till I had learned the meaning of *obedience* to the divine will, absolute obedience, did I realize the blessing of absolute peace—that peace which passes all understanding, and which can only be obtained by submission, a glad and entire submission, to the will of God."

"We recognize the same," again say the friends.

"Perhaps; but you interpret God's will according to your own individual apprehension. You claim liberty of judgment, and you do not seem to see that whilst you opine one way your neighbor opines another. The church, with its message of peace on earth and good will toward men, becomes with you an intellectual battle-ground, where the word of God is turned into a war-cry, and where the poor and the feeble lookers-on, unable to distinguish between the victors, instead of finding comfort, only lose all faith and courage."

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"Reason was given us to judge for ourselves, and not to be blindly led by others."

"Blindly, no; but to take Christ's own word for the church he came to establish upon earth is not being led blindly. St. Paul calls it '*the pillar* and ground of truth.' Its infallibility is contained in its very commission. Without that infallibility there would be no certainty of faith.

"In short, to return to the first query, 'What have you gained?' I reply: I have gained freedom, the freedom of sonship instead of that of the hireling I was before. What seems to you bondage is simply filial obedience."

THE CHURCH AT PUTEOLI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUECKERT.

I WENT from Naples to Puteoli;
Huge stones along the road my course impeded—
Relics of Roman pride in days gone by,
Now fallen low, unnoted and unheeded.

I left the pagan temples where they lay—
Fain would I sweep their ruins from existence—
When now a church uprose beside the way,
In quiet beauty shining in the distance.

A legend graven on the portal there
My gaze held fast; in language quaint it stated
That 'neath St. Raphael's protecting care,
The traveller's friend, the church was consecrated.

Thou who Tobias' son didst lead of old
Safe to the arms of his expectant father,
Guide thou me home when dangers manifold
Around my wandering footsteps darkly gather!

Within that little wayside shrine I stept,
A coffin 'mid the solemn gloom discerning,
In which the toil-worn frame extended slept
Of some poor pilgrim into dust returning!

Saint Raphael! him hast surely guided home
To where life's journey endeth at death's portal:
Oh! guide us, pilgrims too, who blindly roam
Amid life's ruins, to our home immortal!

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SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. IV.

THE THEORY OF A PARTIAL DESTRUCTION OF MANKIND IN THE NOACHIAN DELUGE—THE QUESTION NOT DOGMATIC—LOCAL RESTRICTION GENERALLY ADMITTED—REASONS FOR A SIMILAR RESTRICTION IN RESPECT TO MANKIND—EXEGETICAL PROOFS THAT THE NOACHIAN FAMILY DOES NOT INCLUDE ALL MANKIND.

THE late Abbé Motais, who was professor of Hebrew at the Grand Seminary of Rennes, in his learned work entitled *Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Écriture et la Science*, has presented very clearly and strongly the arguments in opposition to the universality of the Noachian Deluge. The question divides itself into two parts. One relates to the local extent of the great Flood, the other to the extension of the destruction of human life on the earth which it effected. In an article of our First Series we have said all we think necessary respecting the local extent. It is now very generally held that only a small portion of the earth's surface was submerged, and consequently that only the living beings inhabiting that portion were destroyed. We take our departure in the present discussion from this extremely probable opinion as our position, and assume it to be true and proved. And we will now go on to examine and explain some of the reasons for believing that the destruction of human life on the globe was restricted to a portion only of the race of Adam.

The question is practically reduced to an inquiry whether, at the epoch of the Flood, the then living multitude of men were confined within the limits of that relatively small area of the telluric surface which was inundated. If that part only of the globe was inhabited by man, it follows that all human beings not saved in the ark were destroyed, and that Noah became the second father and founder of the entire human race. If other regions of the globe had become already peopled by the descendants of Adam, these tribes or nations, whether their numbers were great or small, survived the cataclysm, and we may affirm that their descendants are now living on the earth; so that a

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large part of the present human family, though the offspring of Adam, are not descended from any of the patriarchs who were saved in the ark.

At the outset it is important to determine whether the question of the universality of the Deluge in respect to the human race has a moral and doctrinal character, or is to be classed with matters relating to chronology, history, archæology, etc., with which no dogma is involved. There are some who regard the thesis maintaining the total destruction of all mankind except the family of Noah, by the waters of the Flood, as dogmatic. They consider that the truth and inspiration of the sacred records are involved in it. They maintain that Catholic tradition, the ordinary, magisterial teaching of the church, ascertained by a consent of Fathers and Doctors and by the common belief of the faithful, has really decided the question. If this contention could be proved by incontrovertible arguments, it would certainly be rash to maintain the opposite thesis. We do not think, however, that it can be proved. It would need a formal and explicit decision by the competent ecclesiastical authority to make a certain adjudication of this question in dispute, so as to put an end to the controversy. It is not pretended that any such decision has been rendered. The plea in bar of perfect freedom of opinion respecting the extent of the destruction of the human race in the Deluge is an appeal to the general, traditional consent in favor of universality. But if the question be not dogmatic, if it is purely historical, this plea is of no avail. In a purely historical matter, as in one purely scientific, antiquity and universality of tradition stand on a level with merely human testimony and opinion; the value and weight of the tradition are subject to rational examination and estimation. For sufficient reasons its authority can be discarded. In the present case, if no doctrinal or moral lesson, intended by the Holy Spirit for the edification of all the faithful, is embedded in an historical fact—viz., that God destroyed all mankind by the Noachian Flood, one family alone excepted—then there is no matter apt to receive the form of a doctrinal stamp of authority. It is like the question of the length of time between Adam and Noah, Noah and Abraham, Abraham and Moses, the question of the year of the world or the year of Rome in which our Lord was born, and the exact date of the Crucifixion.

As a practical question, we think it is morally certain that the non-universality of the Deluge in respect to the human race can be held and defended without any rashness, or risk of

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error in a matter pertaining to Catholic doctrine. The number and character of the men who either positively maintain the theory of restriction, or at least allow that it is an open question for discussion, suffice to make this position a safe one.

The Abbé Motais, who is one among several distinguished advocates of the theory of non-universality, has published his work with the official sanction of his archbishop. It is not necessary to spend more time and labor in defending a position which few will dispute. We must, of course, be mindful of a caution given in the *Dublin Review* by Lord Arundell of Wardour, who is one of the learned advocates of the universal theory. We are not to assume that the universality of the Deluge is not a historical fact, simply because it is not certain by authority that it is a *dogmatic* fact. The theory of partial destruction is not proved to be true by merely proving that one is free to argue in favor of its truth. We do not dream of asking such an unreasonable concession. This is not the point we wish to gain. What is gained by placing the question of universality on a plane which is outside of the range of dogma is simply this: The great doctrinal and moral import of the Deluge, as a dogmatic fact belonging to the history of the grand, supernatural plan of God for the redemption of man, is raised above the level of an extensive domain of secular history and science. The local area of the inundation is the portion of the globe, mostly confined within Asiatic limits, which may be designated with sufficient precision for our purpose as the Caucasian centre of the development of the human race from its origin in the first pair created by God. This region is the *local* theatre of the inspired history. The rest of the earth is beyond its scope, and we are left to the ordinary resources of human curiosity and ingenuity to find out what we can about it. The same area of *population*, the multitude of its inhabitants, whether comprising the whole or only a part of mankind, at any one of the earlier epochs of human history, is the *moral* theatre of the events in the order of a supernatural Providence which are narrated in the inspired record, and are to be classed as dogmatic facts. No believer in the Scriptures would think of questioning the moral and doctrinal import of that great historical event, the Noachian Deluge. But all dogmatic exigencies and relations of this historical fact are fully satisfied by the theory which restricts the inundation to the Caucasian area, and the destruction of life to the inhabitants of that area. This was the world, and its population was the human race, in so far as these were included with-

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in the scope of Noah, the patriarchs who succeeded him, and Moses. The drowning of this world and of its entire population, one family excepted, and the repeopling of this central Caucasian area with the descendants of Noah, is a fact of immense moral import, an event of great magnitude in the history of God's dealings with mankind. It is dogmatic not only because narrated by the sacred historian Moses under the inspiration of God, but especially because its moral bearing raises it to the doctrinal plane. There is no historical narrative in the Old Testament which is more fully corroborated by evidence from secular sources than this one. Within its own proper and certain limits, the Deluge, as an article of Christian belief, is not encumbered with serious difficulties or in need of the support of elaborate controversy. It is one of the most unassailable points of the Christian citadel.

The question about the peopling of other parts of the globe, before and after the Flood, is really irrelevant in a doctrinal aspect. The drowning of the people who inhabited the Caucasian area remains as an undisturbed fact, with all its moral and doctrinal importance, whether Africa, Europe, or America were inhabited at the time by men or were only the abode of beasts. The history of Noah and his descendants does not depend for its supreme significance and value on the truth of the theory that all mankind who lived after the Flood were his descendants. It gains nothing by the supposition that his family alone were left alive when the Flood subsided, and loses nothing by the supposition that portions of the Adamic race were living in regions which were not inundated by the waters of the great Deluge. Catholic dogma is involved in the thesis of the unity of the human race as a species derived by generation from Adam and Eve. But there is no Catholic doctrine involved in the thesis of the Noachian descent of all generations subsequent to the Flood.

The task of inculcating the moral and doctrinal lessons of the Sacred Scripture, and of defending them against unbelievers, is, therefore, made simpler and easier by the restriction which is vindicated by the Abbé Motais and his compeers.

A secondary gain is the freedom of investigation, by all methods and in all directions, without any anxiety about compromising the authority of Scripture, in respect to the time and extent of the early colonization of all parts of the world. Possibly the weight of probability may turn out to be on the side of the hypothesis that the wandering of the race from its cradle

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only began after the Deluge. Perhaps it may be proved with great probability that it began and gained a wide extension before the Deluge. It may be that the result of all inquiries will be that the matter is doubtful and must remain finally an unsolved problem. This is really of no consequence, except in a scientific point of view. But we may seek to gratify a rational curiosity, if we please; and, at all events, we must not make war on those who do choose to prosecute these inquiries, if they deny or question the truth of some venerable but purely human traditions.

A nearer and more distinct view of the reason and moral purport of the great cataclysm will, we trust, show that there is no cause for identifying the question of the universality of the Deluge in respect to mankind with Scriptural doctrine. It is true that the common view has been that God determined to destroy all mankind, eight persons only excepted, as a punishment for the universal and incorrigible wickedness of men. In its most extreme form, this notion represented the whole human race, collectively and individually, as doomed on account of sin to both temporal and eternal perdition. Their bodies were drowned in the Flood, and their souls swallowed up by the abyss of hell, by a terrible visitation of divine vengeance upon a world of sinners. Catholic theologians have never advocated such an extravagant and intolerable view as this. Even on the supposition that the intention and end of the Deluge was to punish the whole mass of mankind for sins which had corrupted the human race universally, exceptions must be admitted. At least all infants must be exempted from any personal guilt. Even if it be granted that all adults were sinners, and as such involved in the universal destruction as a punishment, it cannot be inferred that all or that any definite portion of them died impenitent and reprobate. That some were saved is made known by the Scripture itself, for St. Peter declares that Christ "preached to those spirits who were in prison; who in time past had been incredulous when they waited for the patience of God in the days of Noe" (1 Ep. Pet. iii. 19). Undoubtedly the general and gross corruption of morals was the moral cause of the Deluge. And the Deluge, like all temporal evils which are inflicted on account of sin, was a punishment. But the temporal chastisements which are sent in the course of Divine Providence are not merely and simply punishments. Their chief end is not to measure out, by the law of distributive justice, to individual sinners the penalties of retribution which they have deserved by their sins. Their grand object is to remove obstacles in the way of

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the progress of mankind toward the great end of God's plan of redemption. In the instance of the Deluge universal moral corruption made the destruction of all the inhabitants of the Caucasian region necessary. But it was necessary chiefly for a reason other than an exigency of justice for the punishment of sinners or the expiation of their sins.

The descendants of Seth, the patriarchal people, the "sons of God," who were destined to preserve and transmit the sacred heritage of truth and morality to future generations, by becoming infected with the wickedness of the depraved common mass of Adam's descendants had become unfit to fulfil their holy vocation. The sacred heritage itself was in danger of being lost. It was necessary to begin a new race with Noah and his descendants, and to make a desert around them, that the old venom might not infect them so speedily and in such a virulent manner that the religious and moral root of mankind would utterly perish.

As for the inhabitants of remote parts of the globe, their destruction or survival could have no effect upon the development of the Noachian race. Therefore the question concerning the existence and perpetuation of these remote tribes is irrelevant to doctrine, and can be treated like any other matter which is merely historical. This is not to say that it is to be treated in disregard of the authority of the sacred text in Genesis. But as, in matters not dogmatic or moral, there is no doctrinal determination of the sense and meaning of the text of canonical books, and as dogma is not involved in the historical question before us, all that bears on it in the text of Genesis is to be interpreted by fair, thorough, and critical exegesis. And in this kind of critical interpretation all extraneous sources of information, such as secular history, and the sciences of language, ethnology, archæology, etc., must be consulted, their evidence must be received.

The first point of discussion which meets us at the threshold of our inquiry is this: Does the text of Genesis unequivocally affirm the drowning of all mankind, eight persons only excepted, in the waters of the Flood? This question cannot be answered exegetically and critically, unless a prior question is disposed of. This prior question is: Does Genesis unequivocally affirm the submergence of the whole earth and the drowning of all living beings on its surface, except those who were saved in the ark? M. Motais goes into a thorough and minute examination of both those questions. We will let them pass. It is generally admitted that the text of Genesis can be fairly interpreted in har-

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mony with the theory of a restricted submergence and a corresponding limitation of the destruction of animal life. The same rules of interpretation which allow of the local restriction of the Deluge, if fairly applied, permit also the restriction of the general destruction of human life. This observation must suffice for our present purpose.

We may now consider what reasons exist for supposing that at the date of the Deluge portions of the earth's surface beyond the limits of inundation were already inhabited.

First, there is a reason *à priori*. There were causes at work from the beginning of the human race which might or must have produced a wide colonization of the earth before any probable date of the Deluge. Second, there is a reason *à posteriori*. That is, if we go back to the year 2000 B.C., we find a great number of facts then existing which must be traced back, as effects, to causes long prior to any probable date of the Deluge—causes working with a continuity which does not admit of an interruption by a universal destruction of human life on the earth.

Let a person assume that the Deluge occurred in the seventeenth century from the creation of Adam. He may say that the world would become peopled over a large extent of its surface, from natural causes, during those 1,650 years. If he assumes a later date, the twenty-third century, the argument will gain a great increase of probability. Again, one who assumes that the Deluge occurred some ten centuries before Abraham may say that a much longer time than this would be required to account for many facts of different kinds known to have been in existence at the epoch of Abraham—a longer time, viz., of the continuity of the human race.

There is one element of uncertainty in all these calculations. There are uncertain and variable quantities upon which they depend. It is impossible to determine with certainty how long after Adam or how long before Christ the date of the Deluge ought to be fixed. Genesis does not furnish a definite chronology, neither can we find one elsewhere. The figures contained in the tables of genealogy, which are the only data given in Genesis for constructing a system of chronology, differ widely in the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Greek texts. It cannot be determined with certainty which of these three texts represents the original, authentic text of Moses, or even that any one of them is unaltered and correct. If Moses intended to construct a system of dates for his ancient history, and actually did insert it in the book of Genesis, his record is blurred and defaced beyond re-

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covery. It is quite probable that his correct text, if we had it, would not furnish data for a precise chronology. It is by no means certain that he intended to give the complete series of the patriarchs from Adam to Abraham. He may have selected certain names from the whole number, even if he possessed a complete list; or the genealogical tables from which he compiled may have been imperfect. If there are some links missing from the series, the computation of time from the addition of the intervals between the births of the successive patriarchs in the line of descent loses the value which has been ascribed to it on the supposition that the list is complete. The learned Jesuit, Father Brucker, has very good reasons for his conclusion: "that Moses had no intention to inform us what is the age of the human race, by means of his genealogies," and "that the numbers contained in the genealogies of Genesis do not impose any certain limit of restriction upon serious chronologists; . . . so that the researches of true science remain free in the matter of the chronology of the earliest times." *

It is easy to see from what has just been said that all arguments respecting the universality of the Deluge which depend on the supposed length of the intervals of time between Adam and Noah, and Noah and Abraham, have an element of uncertainty in them on account of the uncertainty of the length of these intervals. There is very good reason, in our opinion, for assigning 4000 B.C. as the latest probable date which can be assigned to the Deluge. The force of the argument for its non-universality in respect to man, so far as this depends on an estimate of the time required for certain developments in race, language, etc., between Noah and Abraham, diminishes in proportion to the recession of the date of the Deluge. It is of this point of advantage that the advocates of universality chiefly avail themselves in the present state of the controversy. They say in brief: All the time which is needed, all you can reasonably claim, can be granted *after the Deluge*.

If we try to estimate the probable increase of the human race, and the extent of its migrations before the Flood, on *à priori* grounds, there is very much that is hypothetical about the whole matter. It is impossible to determine how much time elapsed before the great cataclysm occurred. The ratios of increase are unknown. Some have carefully computed the population of the earth as it was A.M. 500, estimating the probable number at 1,200,000. After eleven or fifteen more centuries, or even a

* *La Controverse*, Mar. 15, 1886, pp. 392–3.

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longer possible lapse of time, it is easy to suppose that the posterity of Adam may have peopled the greater portion of the world. Still, this conclusion is only a hypothetical inference from uncertain premises, unless the fossil remains of the human race in different parts of the globe can be taken as giving positive evidence to its truth. Curious and interesting as the investigation of the problems connected with the subject, as viewed on this side of it, may be, it is not the line of inquiry which is pursued by the Abbé Motais. His arguments and proofs are derived from a different source. He seeks for a solution by means of a thorough, searching exegesis of the text of Genesis. And we think that in this way he arrives at more satisfactory results, and, indeed, at a solution of the question which is not merely probable, but approaching to a certainty which, we may hope, will hereafter be fully established, and accepted by a common consent of scholars.

The Bible is from the beginning to the end a Messianic book. It begins with the promise of the Redeemer, and it ends with a prayer for his second coming to finish his work. Its dogma is essentially theology and Christology; its ethics is the promulgation of the Old and New Law of the Lord; its history is a record of the acts of "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," which is supplemented by a foretelling in prophecy of events in the history of Redemption before they have come to pass. Christ is the Alpha and the Omega of the Bible, which speaks throughout of "Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end." All else contained in the divine book is incidental and relative.

When Moses, moved by divine inspiration, composed the book of Genesis, he was possessed of all the means of information concerning the history of mankind during that period of probably forty-five centuries which had elapsed since the creation of Adam, which he had become acquainted with by his Temple education, by written and oral traditions of his own people, and by his journeys in lands beyond the bounds of Egypt. He made use of these, but only for that end and within that scope which were intended by the Holy Spirit, whose instrument he was. It was not a mere curious collection of documents and traditions which he compiled with a motive of writing history. There is a definite purpose and plan throughout. He begins with an account of the creation of the universe, and of the earth in particular, in order to proclaim the great article of faith—one God, who is the Creator and Sovereign Lord; insinu-

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ating also, in a veiled manner, the plurality of Persons in the Godhead. The history of the creation, the primal condition in original righteousness, and the fall of Adam follows as the first chapter in the history of the redemption through the Incarnate Son of God. The genealogies which follow have for their purpose to show the ancestry and descent of the Messiah. In the beginning the chosen people of the coming Redeemer includes the whole family of Adam. But as time goes on this chosen people becomes, as it were, a church, restricted to a part of mankind on account of the degeneracy and the wandering away of the greater number. The limits of the Mosaic history become less general and more restricted as it puts aside the progeny of Cain and of other children of Adam, and confines itself to the family of Seth. At and after the epoch of the Deluge the lines are again drawn in around the family of Noah; later on the historic record is narrowed to Abraham, then to Isaac, to Jacob and the twelve patriarchs; and after these it is a consolidated nation, chosen and established as the special people of the Messiah, with which the sacred history is concerned as written by the successors of Moses. Throughout the entire series of ages and events a process of the elimination of the mass which is unfit to constitute a part of the lump which is being moulded, and a process of purification of this precious lump of humanity itself, is going on. We are not to infer that there is a positive, antecedent reprobation of the general mass of men as distinguished from the elect. They are reprobated after they have made themselves unworthy, and because of their unworthiness. Neither is reprobation, in this sense, a total exclusion from the region of the merciful providence and grace of the Divine Redeemer. It is an exclusion from one special order of providence, involving a privation of certain special means of grace and a relegation into another, outlying sphere. So Cain and his posterity are banished to a distance from the posterity of Seth. The chosen race of the Sethites is destroyed in the Flood, in order to have a better race succeed in the place of the degenerate "sons of God." Abraham succeeds in his turn as the founder of a new nation. The inhabitants of the cities of the Plain are destroyed, and later on the dwellers in Palestine are ordered to be exterminated, because they were so radically infected with vice that their existence would contaminate the moral atmosphere which the Israelites were destined to live and breathe in. The children of Israel were kept in the discipline of Egyptian servitude for centuries, then the whole generation which went out of

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Egypt was left to die out in the desert, so that a people might be prepared which was fit to go in and possess the Promised Land. Finally the Jewish people, as a people, was cast off, and the promises, the heritage, the Messiah, were given to the Gentiles. The grand scheme of Redemption is not yet completed, and a future age must show what is yet in reserve both for the mass of the nations who have not yet been called into the church, and also for the Jews.

To return to Moses and Genesis. The history of the Noachian race is not a history of mankind but of a select portion of the human race. The tables of genealogy and ethnology pertaining to the post-diluvian period are concerned only with the white race, and do not include the black, yellow, and red races of men. First comes a genealogy of the three sons of Noah and a general table of the migration of their descendants—Japhet first, then Cham, finally Shem, the eldest and the inheritor of the chief promises. The account of the gathering and dispersion at the Tower of Babel comes between this table of general ethnology and the following special history of the Shemites. Probably they only were gathered and dispersed at Babel, and the account of this event is inserted as an incident in the history of this eldest branch of the Noachian family. The dispersion of the human race considered as heretofore united in one family, and the division of the one primitive language into many, cannot with any grave probability be referred to the event of Babel. The record of it merely furnishes a connecting link between the general history of the family of Shem and the particular history of the family of Terah, from which sprang Abraham. It shows how it came to pass that this illustrious heir of the patriarchs and father of the faithful came from Ur of the Chaldees, and not from Shinar.

The search for the origin of nations and of languages must go back of Babel. Must it not also go back of the Deluge? Many tribes and peoples, some of which were not so far removed from the original centre as some which are mentioned in the Mosaic table, are omitted in this table. Why so? The omission of distant peoples with whom Moses and his contemporaries in his own part of the world were unacquainted is easily accounted for. But why did he omit in his table other tribes whom he has mentioned later on in his history, or with whom it is certain that the Egyptians were well acquainted? The supposition that he selected the descendants of Noah and omitted the others purposely, knowing that they were not Noachians, explains all.

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There are Rephaim, Zouzim, Zomzommim, Avvim, Emim, Enacim, dispersed among tribes of Canaanites and other descendants of Noah. Some individuals and small groups of these indigenous inhabitants are described as giants, survivors of ancient tribes of gigantic stature. There is an account of such gigantic tribes among the antediluvians, but none of any such who were descendants of Noah. What is more likely than that they were of antediluvian origin? Indeed, there is a precise indication of the descent from Cain of some of these tribes whose origin is lost in the darkness of the most remote antiquity. Moses married a daughter of Jethro, a priest of Midian, after his flight from Egypt. The descendants of Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses, appear in the book of Judges, where they are called Cainites. The Masoretic punctuators and the Greek and Latin translators have changed the words Cain and Cainite into Cin and Cinean; but there is no good reason for this change. The Hebrew letters are the same with those of the name of Cain as it appears in the antediluvian history. Some Cainites were living among the Midianites, intermingled and intermarried with them. It is related in Judges (i. 16) that "the children of the CAINITE, the kinsman of Moses, went up from the City of Palms with the children of Judah." A little further on, in the description of the campaign between Barak and Sisera, it is written (iv. 11): "Now Heber the CAINITE had some time before departed from the rest of the CAINITES his brethren, the sons of Hobab, the kinsman of Moses." Balaam, in his famous prophecy, distinguishes between the Sethites, the Cainites, and the Amalekites:

"A Star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel; and shall strike the two frontiers of Moab, and shall waste all THE CHILDREN OF SETH. . . . And when he saw Amalek, he took up his parable, and said: Amalek *the beginning of nations*, whose latter ends shall be destroyed. He saw also the CAINITE, and took up his parable, and said: Thy habitation indeed is strong: but though thou build thy nest in a rock, lo! he also, Cain, shall be exterminated" (Numbers xxiii. 17, etc.)

The Sethites who were within the view of Balaam's prophetic vision, are distinctly put in opposition to the Amalekites, described as the oldest of the nations round about, and to the Cainites. M. Motais gives critical reasons and cites authorities for the deviations of his rendering from that of the Vulgate.

It is certain that Moses gives no information concerning the origin of the red, yellow, and black races of mankind. Those who maintain that their origin must be traced to Noah are compelled to seek for their ancestors among other sons and grand-

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sons of Noah besides those whose names are mentioned by Moses. This hypothesis is improbable for the reason that it supposes these unknown and unnamed grandsons of Noah to have founded races, societies, and civilizations, whose antiquity goes considerably further back than the beginnings of similar foundations traceable to their elder brothers. When the three great divisions of the white race began to colonize distant countries, they found them everywhere preoccupied by peoples possessing already a notable antiquity. It is a remarkable fact, also, that all the flexional languages are found among those nations whose ancestors are mentioned by Moses as the offspring of Noah, while all the languages of the yellow, red, and black races are either monosyllabic or agglutinative. In the natural development of language from its simple, primitive elements toward perfection, complexity, and diversity, the monosyllabic form is first and the flexional form last. From the beginning of the human race as one family with one language, a great deal of time must have elapsed before the different races of men, white, yellow, red, and black, reached their maximum of difference and their languages attained an extreme divergence. Moreover, the nearer a language is to a state of infancy, the nearer the time when the people speaking it wandered away from the primitive human family must be to the infancy of mankind. The flexional languages of the Semitic, Chamitic, and Japhetian branches of the white race had diverged from each other very widely long before the time of Moses. The Chamitic language of the Egyptians had already become markedly different from the Semitic languages as early as 2300 B.C. The Sanscrit language was already Sanscrit at the date of 2000 B.C. The common Aryan language dates from at least 2500 B.C. And at this date the Assyrian was already a distinct language. How much time must it have taken to effect the ramification of the original Noachian language into the Aryan and Semitic? It seems as if the theory of the descent of only those Semitic, Chamitic, and Japhetic nations which are contained in the Mosaic table, from Noah, requires all the time which can be supposed with probability between Noah and Abraham for the formation of the principal ancient flexional languages from a common, primitive, flexional language which was the idiom of the Noachian family. If a long process of evolution from the monosyllabic stage, through the stage of agglutinative language, into the flexional form, must be supposed to have taken place after the Deluge, the date of the

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Deluge must be removed very far back. But if all post-diluvian humanity is supposed to descend from Noah, his language must have been monosyllabic, and this long, gradual evolution must have taken place. This is physically possible, but morally very improbable. Taken in connection with all the reasons adduced or adducible from other sources, the argument from linguistics makes it the more probable hypothesis that the white race alone can trace its origin to Noah. We need to go far back of the Deluge for the origin of the black, yellow, and red races of mankind and their languages, in order to account for all the facts which are certainly or probably true, so as to harmonize with the postulate of the unity of the human race.

We will finish this exposition of the thesis of M. Motais, which is but a partial and superficial one because of its necessary brevity, with the author's own words in concluding his volume:

"If critical science ratifies this thesis, it will be found worthy of some degree of honor, for the reason that it has not been established under the guarantee of profane sciences or the impulse of any hostile discovery, but by a free and respectful effort of Catholic exegesis. No one can say that it is a case of reason ousting faith from possession; it is rather a perfecting of belief by the method of faith, since it is an explanation of the sense of Moses from his own writings.

"Those who reject the thesis, if such there are, cannot refuse to allow it at least the merit of having been brought forth under the dominion of high and holy preoccupations, since it has been the purpose of the author to diminish the plausibility of objections against the Catholic faith, to tranquillize the minds and quiet the consciences of believers. Neither can they deny that it is fitted to produce some happy results. It makes God to appear more benign though not less great, and the lesson it teaches is not the less salutary because not so deeply marked with the idea of vengeance. It places in a better light than any other theory the high destiny of Israel, the genealogical union between the synagogue and the church which by some is perfidiously denied, the continuous and merciful action of God in the world to lead mankind to their Messiah. It places the grand dogma of the Adamic descent of the human race beyond the reach of attack. It discloses the majestic unity of the plan of Genesis, and furnishes solid support to the authenticity of this divine book. Finally, it facilitates the offensive warfare of Catholic exegesis against the prejudices of a kind of rationalism which makes a perverse use to its own advantage of the imperfect light in which some of its opponents view the matters in dispute, and the exaggerated opinions to which they adhere, rather from an apathetic confidence in their position than from an enlightened respect for the Scripture."

One word in addition respecting the Abbé Motais. He was ordained at Rennes in 1862, and, after six years passed in the

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parochial ministry, joined a society formed by an aged and very learned priest, the Abbé Guitton, called the Oratory of Rennes, the object of which was the promotion of sacred studies. M. Motais devoted himself after this chiefly to the study of the Oriental languages and Scriptural science; he passed a year at Paris under the instruction of the celebrated Abbé Le Hir, and, after three years more of preparation at Rennes, he was appointed to the chair of Hebrew and Sacred Scripture in the Grand Seminary of that diocese. There are several minor works of great merit from his pen which appeared during the years 1882–85, besides his last and best work, *Le Déluge Biblique*. He was honored by his archbishop with a canonry in his cathedral, and he lived and died in the best repute for sacerdotal piety and zeal as well as for scholarship. He died at the age of forty-nine, in consequence of the fatigue which he underwent in giving a laborious retreat during the Advent of 1885.

The chief end which the writer of this article has aimed at is not to make a thorough statement and defence of the thesis sustained by the Abbé Motais—which would be impossible within such a short compass—but to introduce and recommend to the studious clergy, especially to professors of Sacred Scripture in our seminaries, this remarkable work, *Le Déluge Biblique*. The discussion of its topics is becoming very active in France and Belgium, and there can be no doubt in the mind of any student of sacred science, whichever side he may take, or if he still hesitates between the two sides, that the question is one of great importance.

This article closes the second series of Scriptural Questions.

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MR. THOMAS CHIVERS' BOARDER.

PART I.

I.

To one of the counties bordering on the head-waters of the Ogeechee River came, many years ago (from the northwestern portion of North Carolina, he said), Ticey Blodget, bringing with him a few slaves, and money sufficient to make the first payment on the purchase of a considerable body of first-rate land. About twenty-five years of age, rude in manners and speech, but tall, well shaped, and rather handsome, he mingled little in society at first, and seemed intent mainly on subduing the forest that belonged to him and getting rich with all possible speed. His residence, a little way removed from the public road, was on the first rise as one travelled east a mile distant from Ivy's Bridge, where were a store and a blacksmith's shop. Two miles further on, close by the road, not far from the ford on Long Creek, dwelt the Chiverses, a widow, with a daughter Margaret, seventeen, and a son Thomas, fourteen years old. The mother, who had a life interest in the estate, consisting of a dozen negroes or so and several hundred acres of land, died about a year after the coming of Mr. Blodget, and then it was that he made known to Margaret his wish to marry her—a wish that he declared he had entertained ever since he first had set eyes upon her. Mrs. Chivers had not liked the new-comer, partly on account of his general rudeness, but particularly because of the reputation that he had made, soon after coming into the community, of being unduly close and hard with his negroes. But his prompt, persistent pursuit, his good looks, that peculiarly receptive state of young maidenhood when in grief for recent, sore bereavement, the minority of her brother—all these were favorable, and he married her. In the division of the estate the homestead fell to Thomas, who, some time before his coming to manhood, intermarried with Miss Maria Brantly.

Among the Chivers negroes was a man named Ryal, who, though now of middle age, seemed to have lost none of his extraordinary vigor and activity. He was of great size and physical strength. He had been for years the leader in all

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work, and admitted by everybody to be the most valuable slave in the county. He wielded the axe, the maul, the hand-stick, the hoe with a dexterity that it was very interesting to see. With the plough he could run across a fifty-acre field a furrow straight as a carpenter's ruler. Rough jobs of carpentry and smithing he did in a manner sufficient for most plantation uses. He was as honest and humble as he was powerful and adroit, and with him yet was the cheerfulness of youth. He had lost apparently none of his love for the Corn Song, and persons more than a mile away from the shuckings in autumn nights could distinguish among a hundred his roar, whether leading or joined in the chorus.

Whatever sincerity may have been in Mr. Blodget's avowal of love at first sight for Margaret Chivers, there was no doubt that since the first day on which he had seen this negro at work he had eagerly wished to be his owner. With a youth like Thomas Chivers, simple-minded, accommodating, withal devotedly fond of his sister, it was easy to have the man assigned to her husband's portion, and even at a figure below his market value.

To his new master Ryal, though he would have preferred to remain at the old place, yet transferred without reserve the loyalty that he had practised always theretofore, and the services that he rendered were incalculably important. Besides the work done by his own hands, his judgment in pitching and tending crops, their regulation according to the varying conditions of the seasons, their harvesting, the care of domestic animals and plantation-tools—all services incident to his position—made him of highest value to his master, who was fond, even to boasting, of the pride he felt in owning a piece of property that other people coveted.

"Mr. Blodget 'pears like he were prouder o' gittin' Ryal for his nigger than o' gittin' Margie Chivers for his wife," said Mr. James Lazenberry one day to Mr. Adam Ivy, one of the deacons at Long Creek Meeting-house.

"Yes, it seem so, and the reason is, Jemmy, that he understand the value o' Ryal, and that o' Margie he don't; and a pity he don't. If he did, she might git some o' the worldy and keernothin' savage out. o' him. He's a rusher, shore, but sometimes people rushes too rapid."

It might have been supposed that for a servant so efficient and faithful the master would have felt some, yea much, of the affection that was not uncommon among slave-holders, pioneers

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as they were in a new and most fertile region. He had always lived hard. Yet, when I say that, I mean that, with exception of a few indispensable things not of home production, he lived upon mere necessaries. Yet of these he kept abundance, and dispensed them right freely among his negroes; for he knew well enough that if a beast cannot do satisfactory work with insufficient food, no more can a man. His slaves and his teams, therefore, looked as if reasonably fed, and the former were clothed rather comfortably in materials raised and manufactured on the plantation.

In return for these supplies he exacted service to every degree that was possible, and he punished with severity all real or suspected derelictions. As for affection, he was without it, or with such only as he had for his beasts. All he regarded as chattels, belonging, with whatever they did or could possess, exclusively and absolutely to himself, and subject to his unlicensed disposal. After marriage his character grew more and more pronounced. His wife, a delicate woman, submitted to his wilful rule, visited almost none, worked hard both when well and when sick, unless when sick to bed-prostration, and so continued to do through fifteen years. Sickness in a beast Mr. Blodget could, because he knew he must, tolerate, and even, to a degree, be tender withal as something that was inevitable. But sickness in human beings, sometimes in the case of his wife, always in that of one of his negroes, he resented, and physicians' bills he regarded one of the chief curses to a planter's life. His own health had been good always, for, besides being of a strong constitution, he was of temperate habits. It often requires much thoughtfulness on the part of such a person to be properly sympathetic with weakness and suffering. This man never did find out what that was.

He grew richer with great rapidity, and with the increase of riches became more set in his ways and less regardful of public opinion. Sometimes, when met with one or more of the neighbors at the Bridge, he would run on about thus:

"Whut I got, gent'men, ef I understands my business, is *mine*, and it ain't nobody else's. I worked fer whut I got, exceptin' whut come by my wife, an' the law give me that same ef I worked fer *it*, too. A good law; 'twern't for which some men might of got married, but not me. An' my prop'ty, all of it bein' o' mine, whut I does 'ith it, er whut I does not 'ith it, is *my* business, which ef I didn't have sense enough to 'tend to it, the law could 'p'int me g'yardyeens, an' which they could feed me 'ith a

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spoon er cut up my victuals for me as a egiot. I never meddles 'ith t'other people's business myself—not me, I don't; an' it natchel disguss me when I see t'other people a-meddlin' 'ith whut ain't theirn ner don't concern 'em. An' *as* for them doctors, they gits thar livin' out o' the foolin' o' people in an' thoo thar wives and niggers, an' special niggers, which everybody that know anything 't all about 'em, know they're full o' deceitfulness as they are o' laziness, and they ain't a-goin' to work when they can keep out o' the retch o' the cowhide by a-pertendin' to be sick. My niggers knows I know 'em, an' they fools me as little that way as the next man's niggers, though I do get fooled sometimes, because they're cunnin' as they're mean an' dev'lish. But it ain't often. I allays keep on hand a jug o' castors-oil an' one o' as'fedty. They despises to take 'em, an' 'special when thar 'lowance o' victuals is shet down on 'em when they layin' up. As fer people a-dyin', why everybody *got* to do that when thar time come, spite o' doctors, which they can't keep thar own selves from doin' that, an' which *that* ought to show people by good rights how they can be fooled by 'em. *Tharfore* Tommy Chivers, an' sech as him, may spend most o' whut they can dig out the ground on doctors, ef it suit 'em. But as for *me*, I ain't a person that is willin' to have to lose a nigger, an' arfter that to have to pay a doctor for helpin' to kill him."

This last remark was known to be meant for Dr. Park, who had been heard to say that on at least two occasions a negro child had died on the Blodget place because, as he confidently believed, he had not been called to it in sufficient time. This young man boarded and kept his office at the residence of Mr. William Parsons, a mile beyond Long Creek. He was a native of the county, a graduate of the medical college at Philadelphia, and with notable success had been practising his profession for three or four years in a circuit extending many miles on both sides of the river.

II.

A just regard for decorum demands of me, now at least when the brother of Mrs. Blodget was thirty years of age, the husband of a wife and the father of children, to style him *Mister* Chivers, although, to the best of his recollection, never during all his previous life had he been so addressed; not even by the woman who had married him, nor by any one of the several sweethearts who before her had received his special attentions,

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nor by any of his acquaintance of any age, sex, color, or condition. This omission was owing partly to the smallness of his stature, mostly to the simple-hearted, merry-hearted boyishness that had been with him in childhood and now remained with him in all its freshness. He was a favorite to the degree of being beloved of everybody that had the heart to love truly, unselfishly anything. White folk called him *Tommy*, and negroes *Marse Tommy*. Although a very industrious man and a thrifty, he had not increased his property to a degree at all approaching his brother-in-law's, who had often laughed at him, sometimes to derision, for his lack of ambition in that behalf, and specially for his indulgence to his negroes. This treatment he had borne without complaining, partly on his sister's account, partly because it gave him little concern. The more he knew of Mr. Blodget the less he regarded his opinions upon most subjects. There were times, no doubt, when he felt like remonstrating with what seemed to him dereliction in his just consideration for his sister; but, convinced that such action would produce harm instead of benefit, he had never done so.

Yet people used to say that Tommy Chivers, what there was of him, was all man, every inch of it, and they were wont to recognize it as fully sufficient for any man's needs and duties. He worked diligently, and required his negroes to do likewise. But he never exacted a service that was not reasonable, he fed and clothed amply, and was as careful and considerate with the sick and infirm in his household as a man need be. His family, white and black, loved him dearly, and, little as he was, regarded him equal to the greatest. If he was careful in the spending of money, he was of undoubted integrity, and withal notably accommodating to persons of every class. Whenever he went to the Bridge or on a visit of not more than two or three miles he usually walked, always carrying a cane, but rather, as it seemed, as a companion and ornament than for the purpose of assisting his legs, that were as agile as they were short. This cane had been manufactured of white-oak by his own hands with much elaboration. About an inch and a quarter in diameter throughout its length of thirty inches, except the handle, that was round, it was squared and its edges neatly notched. Through a hole in the handle a cord of stout leather was run, making a loop, from which dangled a tassel of twisted silk. The fondness indulged for this instrument led to its reception of a name. It seldom was allowed to touch the ground, except by accident, but, when not employed for special purposes, usually hung by its loop from his

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left arm or rested calmly upon his shoulder. The special—that is, the most special though not avowed—purpose for which Bobby (for that was its name, bestowed in a particularly felicitous moment) was carried was to mark time, so to speak, to his owner's music. For Mr. Chivers was a noted whistler, not so much of known airs as others of his own composition. These airs, all of them, it is possible, might not have been competent to undergo the test of the strictest grammar of music; but they were so satisfactory to his own taste that he seldom travelled, if alone, without giving utterance to some of them. In these whiles Bobby, high-lifted, was flourished with a vigor and a rapid variety that would have been in no shame in the presence of the costliest jewelled *baton* in the hand of the leader of the grandest orchestra in this country or any other. These airs—the original I am now speaking of—were given names also. They were taken mainly from the feathered tribe. There were the *Markin-bird*, the *Catbird*, the *Thrasher*, the *Joree*, the *Yallerhammer*, the *Sap-sucker*, the *Settin'-hen*, the *Hen-and-Chickens*, and roosters *Game*, *Dungle*, and *Dominicker*. It was not worth while to argue with Mr. Chivers that some of these birds, such as the yallerhammer and the sap-sucker, were not singing birds; and that as for the settin'-hen, she, during the period of incubation, seemed disposed to silence, solemnity, and meditation, and not to the utterance of music of any sort. Mr. Chivers' imagination, exuberant as his spirits, opened wide the mouths of all, and the discoursings of these humbler songsters were represented by his whistle with a vivacity equal to those of the proudest.

His avowed reason for never travelling entirely alone was the need a little fellow like himself had to be never wholly unprepared for the assaults of dogs and other vicious animals, and he claimed to wish for no better fun than to play, as he phrased it, "a chune on a bitin' dog's head." It was after a noted victory that he had achieved one day over a fierce cur that the thought first occurred to give a name to his dear companion.

"It were Bill Anson's *Rattler*. He follered Bill to the Bridge one Sadday mornin', an' my 'spicions is he were fool enough to think the Bridge belong to his marster same as his home-place, an' it were his business to g'yard it jes' the same. Er he may of ben one o' them fool cur-dogs that can't learn nothin' 'ithout whut's beat intoo 'em. Anyhow, as I were a-walkin' up to the sto' the same mornin', a-whistlin' like I 'casion'ly does to ockepy my mind, that *Rattler* he see me, an I allays thought he tuck me fer a boy that wanted to sass an' make game o' somebody, mayby

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him, an' so he come a-tarrin'. Bill, he were in the sto'. I says to myself, 'I'm man enough for you, you imp'dent, oudacious son-of-a-gun.' Look like the ornary cuss aim first at my throat, an' as he ris I dodged an' let him have my stick back o' his head. He tuck a turn an' made for my bres, an' I fetched him on the jaw a wipe that wheeled him half round. That didn't satisfy him, an' he turned an' made a surge at my legs. I begin to git sorter riled in my mind then, though I weren't actuil hot mad, because I knowed the creetur got no better sense, an' Bill were a mighty good neighbor. Howbeever, as he come agin I tuck him back-handed on his t'other jaw, an' *as* he whirled I grabbed him by one o' his hind legs and I played the *Yallerhammer* on his hide to his satisfaction. When I turned him loose he forgot his marster were about, an' he struck a bee-line for home, a-yelpin' every jump. Then were the time I name my stick Bobby; an', tell the truth, I got so I think a mighty heap o' Bobby, much as I do o' some folks, monstous nigh, in an' about."

III.

Unhappy as it seemed for her only child that had survived infancy, yet some people said that they thought it a blessing to Mrs. Blodget when she fell into her last sickness. In the coarse society of her husband she had dwindled, first in spirit, then in health. He had never abused her directly. He had behaved towards her rather as if he felt some pity along with his contempt for the weakness that could not withstand and thrive under the brutality that, as he knew, pained and disgusted her. His evident displeasure, with no degree of sympathy for any of her complainings of physical infirmities, had led her, whenever it was possible, to withhold them. Dr. Park had felt ever an earnest interest in her case, and he had often admonished her husband of the importance of exercising particular care, otherwise she might fall into a decline that could not be arrested. An abrupt, thoroughly honorable man, he was disgusted at the little heed that was paid for such admonition.

"Blodget is the cussedest fellow—please excuse my language, Mr. Ivy. I suppose he loves his wife. Ought to. Worth dozen of such as him. But I can't scare him about her, no matter what I say. Curious fellow! He makes gods of his land, niggers, and money, and sets, seems to me, mighty little value on the best piece of property he's got."

"The row Mr. Blodget's a-weedin' now, doctor," answered

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the old gentleman, "is one that, short or long, will come to an eend, an' when it do my opinions is to the effect that Mr. Blodget 'll be disapp'inted."

A few days afterwards the physician, on meeting Mr. Blodget in the road, said:

"Mr. Blodget, I saw your wife yesterday at Tommy Chivers', and from what, in answer to my questions, she told me about herself, she's what I call a sick woman, and needs uncommon, special, most particular care taken of her, and prompt medical attention. Good-day."

Mr. Blodget looked at him as he rode on, and, ignoring the insult conveyed by his words and manner, muttered:

"That's the way with you all, you special that's the proudest an' ambitiousest of 'em all. You'll ketch up 'ith women when they gaddin' about, an' persuade 'em they're sick an' wantin' a doctor; an' it's off'n the case that what sickness they got comes from jes' sech projeckin' as that."

Yet he was put into some apprehension. At his return home that night he said to his wife:

"Dock Park say you sick. Never told me about it. Wonder you never told me 'stid o' him. Whut's the matter? Send for him if you want too. I told him some time back that I were done spendin' money on old Ryal, an' I s'pose he think he must make it up somehow. But, in cose, in *cose*," he emphasized, as if conscious and regretful of the hardness of his last words, "send for him. I want him to come to you, ef you need his medicine."

"Mr. Blodget," she answered, "I am sorry you stopped Dr. Park from coming to see Uncle Ryal. He needs his attention more than I do. I hope I am not as bad off as the doctor seems to think. *I* shall not send for him—that is, for myself; but I do hope you'll let him keep on coming to Uncle Ryal."

"That, I tell you agin, I—sha'n't—do."

Two days afterwards Hannah Blodget, now thirteen years old, said to her father as he was about to leave the house after breakfast:

"Pa, ma needs to see Dr. Park, and if you don't send I'm going for him myself."

The courageous sense of duty that had been gradually developed in this girl had gotten from Mr. Blodget, as it usually does from such men, a respect such as he had never felt for her mother, and he was beginning to stand in a sort of indefinable awe of one who was beginning to show that no force short of physical could either coerce or restrain her when prompted by

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the sense of honor and duty that she had inherited from her mother. It was for this that her father had yielded more ready consent that she should go across the river to Dukesborough, where she boarded and went to school. It was now a Saturday, she having come the evening before on her monthly visit home. At the startling speech Mr. Blodget turned and said:

"My Godamighty, Hannah! I'm not agin sendin' for the doctor, ef your ma need him. I told her some time ago to send fer him, if she wanted him, and she wouldn't do it."

"She wasn't the *one* to send for him, pa. I wish to the Lord I'd not gone the last time to school. If *I'd* been here I'd have seen how badly she needed Dr. Park, and *I'd* have seen that he came here."

"Name o' God, Hannah! I didn't know. Tell Aaron to git on mule Jack an' go for him."

It is just to say that he had not suspected that his wife's case was emergent or very serious. After its sort, he had considerable affection which a wife so faithful, who yet kept a good share of the beauty of her young womanhood, could not entirely fail to inspire in a husband.

The physician came; but the subtle malady by which she had been attacked had gotten beyond human skill to arrest. Before her death she obtained a promise—and she knew how willingly it was given—that Hannah, when not at school, might dwell with her uncle for at least a year or so. Then she solemnly warned him against the neglect of Ryal. Her death affected him deeply; but, as in the case of other Providential distresses, the feeling that was excited most was resentment. At the burial in the homestead graveyard he showed that he had been painfully shocked. To Mrs. Parsons, who ventured to offer some religious consolation, reminding him of the humble yet trustful faith in which his wife had lived and died, and of the sure mercies of God, who never afflicts except out of love, he answered angrily:

"Don't see why *my* wife should be tuck an' t'other people's left. See no reason ner jestice in it myself. Now how my house and smoke-house is to be kep' from havin' every blessed thing stole out of 'em I can't see."

"Humph!" muttered, not quite audibly, the lady, turning away; "he's meaner than I thought."

Hannah's face was tearless. The affliction seemed to have made her a woman, and one whose grief was not of a kind to be expressed or exhibited in tears. As they were beginning to disperse she happened to observe Ryal leaning against a tree, his

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great breast sobbing, yet in silence. Running to him, she kneeled at his feet and wept sorely for a brief time.

"Dar, den; dar now, honey," he said, lifting her up tenderly. Then she dried her eyes and turned away.

"No, no, Aunt 'Ria," she said, as Mrs. Chivers expressed surprise at her movement towards returning home, and besought her to remain. "I won't stop here to-night. I wouldn't feel right to leave pa by himself yet. I'll come over when I can get things straightened out a little at home."

"But, Hannah darlin'," began Mr. Chivers, "it won't do, it won't begin to do at all, for as young a girl as you—"

"Now, Uncle Tommy, you may just hush right up. I *can't* stay away from home yet awhile; and it's no use to say anything more about it."

When she had gone he said to his wife: "'Ria, her mother dyin' have made a grown 'oman out o' Hannah, blamed if it haint."

"She need to be grown, with the father she have."

"That she do."

If Mr. Chivers had had in his repertory a mournful air he surely would have tried to solace his sadness with its rehearsal, as he turned away and began on a walk towards the creek. Even as it was the *foree* poured, though very, very mildly, as he went slowly on; while Bobby, unused to strains at all lugubrious, modestly, humbly hung low.

Few words passed between father and daughter that night. If he felt any surprise at her insisting on returning home, he did not exhibit it. If he sympathized with her bereavement, he had no knowledge of how to console. At supper she took the head of the table, and, as if she had long been so accustomed, presided with calmness and efficiency. Her father regarded her occasionally with a curious, anxious expression, but said almost nothing during the meal. When the table things were put away by Mandy, the house-girl, she got her mother's Bible and read it for a considerable time, while her father paced the piazza. Several times he paused while passing the window, through which he could observe her, and looked as if he would like to talk with her; but he could not find satisfactory words with which to begin. Perhaps he had some notion that Hannah was in such company as himself could not be expected to enter. When bedtime came he turned into the house and said:

"Hannah, you goin' to call Mandy or one o' the other gals to sleep in your room, ain't you?"

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She shut the book, rising, laid it back on the table from which she had taken it, then, lighting another candle, answered:

"No, sir, pa. I don't need anybody."

She retired to her chamber, and, for the first time in all her life, closed the door. This action astonished him greatly, for heretofore she had been notably timid at night, and had always insisted, with permission, on keeping open the door leading from the chamber in which her parents slept to her own. When she had shut herself in the darkness he looked as if his astonishment had become fright. He wished that she had not returned home from the burial; for he felt more lonesome, he thought, than if she had stayed at her uncle's and himself been entirely alone. It seemed to him that Hannah was with her mother, or nearer being there than with him. Returning to the piazza, he promenaded, though with greater silence and slowness than before. Several times he crossed to the porch looking from the dining-room to the negro quarters, paused there for a few moments, then resumed his walking. Finally, after repairing there again, he called a negro lad, and when he came said to him, in a low tone, but as if he wished to be emphatic:

"Aaron, you go git your blanket and fetch it here, and you lay yourself down in a corner of mine and your mistesses' room; an' whutever you do, you mind about not 'sturbin' your Miss Hannah."

In another corner of the chamber stood a bed on which Mr. Blodget reposed sometimes when it suited him to rest alone. Hereon he laid himself some time after Aaron was wrapped and asleep.

IV.

Within these last fifteen years Ryal had oldened much; for no man, however endowed by nature, can crowd during an extended period all the work of a much greater without falling into premature decay. Incessant hard labor and difficult responsibilities had made him, now sixty, appear to be seventy years old, and to have the infirmity of one yet more advanced. Such had been his devotion to his master's interests that, as long as was possible, he had not heeded, but instead had ignored, the ever-repeating warnings of decline, and often been actually fretted by their persistence. Instead of yielding to them, as a humane master would have required he should do, he even had often undertaken more than was habitual, and it was pitiable to

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see how he vainly strove to equal the service of his prime by efforts to surpass it. Day and night he continued to go, until rheumatism set in and he must stop.

In all this while not a word of sympathy or compassion fell from the mouth of the man to whom, in the disposition of Providence, the humble slave had been consigned. Mr. Blodget had always maintained that negroes by their nature were liars and thieves, and that every performance of duty by them was due to the apprehension of detection and the punishment that would follow its neglect. It is ever true that those of one race who are least worthy of its privileges, obligations, and destinies, vaunt themselves higher above those of an inferior. Mr. Blodget verily believed that his negroes had no more affection for him than he had for them, and that in their case the best, the only just discipline was that which made them feel that they were never trusted to perform any task from a principle of duty, but that the cowhide or other punishment would be sure to attend every dereliction. With one exception he had never laid this instrument upon Ryal, and he had the audacious meanness to tell of this instance to a knot of men at the Bridge one day not long after his marriage, and to admit that he had done so for no reason whatever except because he thought it well for the negro to understand at once, for good and all, to whom he belonged. This castigation, wholly, confessedly, avowedly undeserved, was submitted to without any louder or more bitter complaining than would have been uttered by a goodly horse that had known nothing of the cause of its infliction. The exuberant strength, diligence, activity, and faithfulness of the negro had hindered repetition, and, little as the master knew it, the slave felt for him much affection. I have sometimes wondered at the strong attachment shown by negroes towards masters who seemed far from deserving it. Yet, with that race, the feeling of family was always strong, especially among the most home-staying and industrious. Slaves of hard masters have been heard to laugh with contemptuous incredulity, not always real, at those belonging to the more humane, when the latter were boasting of their greater privileges and enjoyments. Ryal had always felt great pride in his master's successes, and every trust that had been assigned to him had been executed with a fidelity and efficiency that were simply perfect.

For all this Mr. Blodget felt no more gratitude than for the work of his beasts or the accumulations of dollars that he had invested in the purchase of other slaves and put out at usurious

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interest. He was not a type of his neighbors and countrymen. On the contrary, he was an exception, known and talked about far and wide. That such a man would cease to take proper interest in a slave after he had ceased to be valuable, however important the service of his fore-time, was natural as if in the case of an aged ox or a worn-out ox-cart. With the negro's continual failures, therefore, he found continual fault; and when he saw him exhausted, though far from being a man capable of murder, he wanted him to die. Mrs. Blodget, with the means at her disposal, had provided as well as she could for his needs, and done what was possible to assuage his grief in the consciousness of being of no further use to his family. On the day before she had taken to her bed in her last sickness, when, having carried to him some delicate morsel from her own table, he complained of the trouble he was inflicting, she said:

"Uncle Ryal, you *must* not talk in that way. You have done your part in this family—the good Lord knows you have, over and over again; and if I had had my way you should have had long ago the rest you needed and the care that is so important to you. It hurts my feelings to hear you talk as you do. Then you know, Uncle Ryal, that sickness comes of God's will, and it isn't right to complain of that or any other affliction that he sends. I am far from being well myself, but I cannot complain, because it is of God's will. Don't you see?"

"Bress your heart, Miss Margy, my good, precious mistess! I'll try to not kimplain nary 'nother time, an' I'll try not to cry no more—dat is—dat is," he continued, trying to dry with his sleeve his flooding eyes, "arter dis one time. Godamighty bress you, my good mistess! Now you go 'long back in de big-ouse, honey, an' take good keer yourself. Whut *would* Miss Harnah do if you wus to git down sick, an' special ef you wus to drap off an' leave her? It natily skeer me to even think about sich a thing."

"God will take care of her, and you too, Ryal, if you trust in him. Sometimes I think, mayby, it would be better for you both if—but God knows what is for the best. Don't you forget. People may make mistakes, and they do; but God never does. His will be done! I want you to feel about that as I do. If you will put your trust in him he will not forsake you when you need his help most. Good-by now. I'll come again to-morrow to see you, if I'm well enough; and if not, I'll send Hannah. She'll be home to-night, and I know she'll want to run to see you soon as she can. Good-by. God bless you!"

She took his hand, and, holding it a few moments, turned and

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went back to the house. They never met again on earth. The old invalid mourned her sorely. No wonder he leaned his feeble frame against the tree in the grave-yard and wept tears that were the better part of those simple obsequies.

V.

The being of a man like Ticey Blodget, after the loss of such a wife, must change gradually for the better, or it will tend to the worse with increased rapidity. The society of such a woman, though frail in health and subservient to a degree as to be regarded almost a nonentity, yet pure in heart, God fearing, and compassionate, will not fail of exerting some influence upon a husband, coarse even as Blodget, however unconscious of and however disdainful to admit it; and when it is withdrawn, unless the warning and the lesson are heeded, he must relapse into the evil vulgarity that was his normal condition, and then descend headlong on the way to ruin.

Hannah put off removing to her uncle's, lingering in order to see what arrangements would be made by her father for the management of his house-affairs. To her great surprise, instead of assigning this to Hester, the sister of Ryal, an elderly woman who, equally with him, had been trusted by her mother, Mr. Blodget evinced, although he did not openly announce, his intention of appointing to the office Ryal's daughter, Mandy, about sixteen years old. Her father, who had been a widower for some years, had had much trouble, even with Hester's help, in controlling the wilful temper of this his only offspring. Lately, however, he had been much gratified by being told by her and Luke, a steady young man on the place, that with his consent (which he eagerly gave) they had agreed to become man and wife. The prospect of this match had been cordially favored by their mistress; but after the latter's death Mandy, with the levity marked among females of that race, began to grow cold towards Luke to a degree that grieved and offended her father much, and, as had been his wont, he reproached her severely, and she had the cunning to appeal to her master for protection. If Ryal had died along with his mistress, Mr. Blodget, it is possible, might have escaped some, at least, of the unhappy consequences that ensued. But Ryal lingered, and he might linger for very many years; and the sight of him, as did to Haman that of Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate, made him feel that all that he possessed availed him nothing. It cannot but be intensely pain-

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ful when a man, however coarse, has to endure a long-continued presence of one to whom, if he does not thus feel, he knows that others regard him to have been grossly ungrateful. In the defection of Mandy from her lover Mr. Blodget hoped that he saw an opportunity. The value of this was enhanced in his estimation when Ryal, for the first time in his life, and then with utmost humility, undertook to remonstrate with him for tolerating Mandy's behavior, that, especially since she had been expecting to be put in control of the business of the house, had grown in insolence and was now insupportable. He got for his pains a cursing and a threat of expulsion from the premises.

The continued presence of Hannah embarrassed her father somewhat and delayed open announcement of his purposes. He wanted her to repair to her uncle's, and his hope was that by some means Ryal should be made to follow her there. But one day, to his surprise, she said to him that, after much reflection, she had come to the conclusion that it was best for her to remain where she was and take charge of the house. The proposal startled him greatly.

"The very *idee* of sech a thing!" he said angrily. "What could of put sech a notion as that in your head, Hannah?"

"Pa, I *think* it would be as well for me to keep the house as Mandy, and I *know* it would look more respectable. Another reason is that if I go away Uncle Ryal will not be attended to as he ought."

"Who told you that Mandy—" he began in an excited tone; but he stopped, walked up and down on the piazza for a few moments, and then, with what mildness he could employ, said: "Your poor ma, Hannah—my Lord, how I do miss her!—but she jes' broke herself down complete a-waitin' on that deceitful nigger, which he's now gittin' to be as impident as he's deceitful. It look like she keered more for him, an' special when he got no 'count, than for them that helt up and kep' up at their work."

"Pa," answered Hannah, and it was apparent that she spoke under pressure of not less constraint than her father, "ma knew that she owed too much to Uncle Ryal—and in all my life I never heard you till now call him deceitful and impudent—she knew she owed too much to him to let him suffer, if she could help it, for anything she could do, and get for him what he needed after he had broken down in working for her family."

"I'd like to know," he said doggedly, "if he ain't *my* nigger, er ef he weren't till he got so no 'count that it make no defference who own him now."

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"Yes, sir, pa. I have heard that the law gives a man all his wife's property. Uncle Ryal at yours and ma's marriage became your property, and he is yet."

"Yes; well, I shall tend to that nigger accordin' to how he behave hisself, and do sech work as, spite o' his deceitful talk and k'yar'n on about his cussed rheumatiz, I know he can do. But if he bother with me, and ondertake to give me his jaw about *my* business, I'll cut down his rashins furder than they're cut down now, and, more 'n that, I'll give him the cowhide in the bargain."

"And that," she said in low, trembling tones, "when what you call jawing about your business is nothing but the poor, dear old man's trying to do you a service that, if you'd take it, would be worth to you more than all he ever done for you before, in warning you against his own, only child, who, with your very own consent, treats him as badly as you do." Raising her voice high, she continued: "O pa, pa, pa! I wonder a man, *so* soon after his wife has been put under the ground, can use such words when talking about a servant who he knows—for I heard her tell you so—was on her mind in her dying hour. It is a *shame*—a shame against God!"

Her face reddened and quivered with the anguishing indignation that burned in her breast. He rose, and, glaring fiercely upon her, said in a low, husky voice:

"Lookee here, Hannah Blodget, you know who you talking too?"

"Yes, sir," she almost screamed, as hot tears poured from her eyes. "I am talking to my own *father*, to the husband of my dead *mother*, and to the master of a poor negro whom, now that he is old and broken down, he intends not only to neglect but to *outrage*. That's who I'm talking to."

Muttering a curse, he moved towards her, his hands extended as if to grasp her. She rose quickly, and, covering her face with her hands, cried aloud:

"O my mother! O my God!"

He turned abruptly away and immediately left the house.

Hannah went to her own chamber, took out and wrapped in a handkerchief a few articles of clothing, and, after a brief visit to Ryal, set out on foot and alone for her new home. As the old man stood leaning upon his staff, looking after her departing form, Mandy came flaunting where he was, and asked:

"Whar dat gal prancin' off ter?"

"You imp'dent huzzy you! You darsn't to call your young mistess dat way?"

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"Whut I calls dat gal er nobody else no business to you," she answered, perking her face insolently towards his. He raised his hand, but she eluded his grasp and ran off laughing to the house.

"Wish to God you never had o' ben borned!" he said in hopeless anger and shame.

A few minutes afterwards Dr. Park, who had been visiting a patient beyond the Bridge, rode up to the gate, and, seeing Mandy in the piazza, said: "Hello, Mandy! tell your Miss Hannah to step out to the piazza a minute, if she pleases. Tell me first how your daddy is. Never mind; Hannah 'll know better than you about that. Ask her to step out. Be quick about it."

"Miss Hannah ain't here, doctor."

"Ain't here? Why, Tommy Chivers told me two hours ago, as I rode by his house, that she hadn't gone there yet. What do you mean?"

"I reckon she gone thar now, sir. She lef' here I 'speck it ben no more'n jes' about a quarter of a hour ago. She never told me whar she were goin'."

"Didn't she tell her pa?"

"Dat I don't know, doctor. Marster he lef' for somewhar not long befoe she did."

"Nobody go with her? Ride or walk?"

"She went right dar out de gate wid a bundle on her arm tied in a hankercher, by herself, a-walkin'."

"Didn't her pa know she was going?"

"Don't know, sir."

"You don't, eh? What *do* you know? Can you tell me how your daddy is? I've no idea you can. I'll go see for myself." He alighted, hitched his horse to one of the red-oaks near, and walked rapidly to Ryal's cabin. In a few minutes he returned, and as he was passing the house called to Mandy, who did not immediately answer.

"You Mandy!" he roared, "have you got *deaf* since you got so big? Why *don't* you answer and come out here?"

She came, looking as if she had used very great haste.

"Ah! ha! Come at last? Look at me, Mandy, and try to have sense enough to remember what I tell you. If you don't tend better to your daddy than you've been doing since your mistress' death, the devil will get you certain. I rather think he's got one of his paws on you now. I knew you didn't have much sense, but I didn't think you quite as big a fool as it looks

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like you're bent on making of yourself; but if you don't want the devil to grab you in short, and that before you can say 'Jack Roberson,' you attend to that daddy of yours."

VI.

When Dr. Park left Mr. Blodget's, with what speed that was consistent with due regard for the good horse that had borne him already over a space of many miles that day, he rode along the road leading to Mr. Chivers'. Overtaking Hannah when she had made two-thirds of her way, he cried:

"Tommy's right. You *are* a grown woman, or at least take yourself to be one. You must have been reading about that girl that with wands, and jewels, and crosses, and so-forths went clipping it along by herself all over the country and nobody took her up. But I tell you now that such travelling as that in a country big as this is and full of wolves won't do for a girl with nothing but a bundle of clothes on her arm. Where you migrating to? It's to be hoped you'll tarry awhile at your Uncle Tommy's, though there's no telling where a girl that's been made a woman all of a sudden will fetch up at after she once starts."

He dismounted, shortened the stirrup-leather on the hither side, brought over the other, and, holding forth his open hand, said:

"Put your foot in that hand and mount."

"Doctor," she began to remonstrate, "I'm not tired, and how can I ride on a man's saddle, and—"

"Lookee here, Hannah, if you're already *done* grown, you aren't so big and heavy that I can't *put* you on that horse if I have it to do, in which case I'll have to take you in my arms. Put that foot in this hand, and catch hold of Bill's mane, if you don't want to be hugged."

She obeyed; he lifted her to the saddle and walked by the horse's side the rest of the way.

"Blow for your Marse Tommy, Sooky," he said to the cook when Hannah had alighted and gone into the house.

Sooky took down the conch, whose blast (only one she wound), long, clear, sonorous, commanding, made soon appear her master, who came, as usual, with hurrying tread. The physician, leading his horse, met him as he came along the road, and, climbing the fence, they seated themselves upon a rider.

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"How's your crop, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh! in the grass turrible, Dock."

"Umph! umph! And you know, Tommy Chivers, that it's the cleanest in the whole neighborhood. Astonishing how some folks, and they not the worst in the world, will complain and try to fool people about their crops. If I didn't live so close to you I suppose you'd try to deny getting that good rain that came day before yesterday."

"No, indeed, Dock; but yit—and I were monstous thankful *fer* the rain—but yit we couldn't run the ploughs tell this mornin', and the press o' work is that—"

"That I want to try to help you out a little. I made Sooky blow you up because I wanted to talk to you about taking a boarder. I just left Hannah at the house."

"A boder, Dock? You jokin', 'ithout you call Hannah a boder, which *I* don't, ner do 'Ria, an' we both ben havin' our mind pestered why she haven't come on along, as her mother wanted and expected. I s'pose Blodget thought he have a use fer her fer a while tell he got things sort o' straightened up. I never went over to enquire, for I didn't have so powerful much to do 'ith Blodget while Sis Margie were alive, an' sence then nother me ner 'Ria 'pear like we got the heart to go thar, though 'Ria said this very mornin' that ef Hannah didn't come to-day she were goin' over thar to know whut the reasons wus. But, Dock, we don't call Hannah no boder, no more'n one o' our own childern."

Dr. Park moved himself a trifle, and, looking sidewise at Mr. Chivers, said:

"Tommy, the dickence is to pay over at Blodget's, as I knew it would be. I'm not talking about Hannah but somebody else as a boarder, and I was never in more dead earnest in my life."

"Idee o' my takin' boders! when my house hardly big enough for them that's in it now. That *is* funny, Dock."

"The boarder I'm talking about now won't be for your *house*, Tom Chivers, though that is far too big for a fellow of your size. I'm now talking about old Ryal."

"What? Thunder you say! Can't Tice Blodget take keer of his own niggers? He ought to; he makes 'em work hard enough."

"There's a difference, Tommy, between *canning* and *wonting*. Tice Blodget's like that old fellow Cato, of whom mayby you've read. If you haven't, I'll tell you that he was a fellow who,

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when one of his slaves got too old or too sick to work, he got rid of him like he would have done with a worn-out horse."

"Who you say he wus, Dock?"

"Old Cato."

"Whar did *he* hold out at? Anywhar's in Georgie?"

"Oh! no. He was of Rome, in Italy, away over the Atlantic Ocean."

"Well, wharsonever he wus, he were, to my opinions at least, he were a mean an' a infernal ole cuss."

"Been just my opinion always, Tommy. But then he was a heathen, and Ticey Blodget, even if he ain't a Christian, as a good many of the rest of us poor devils ain't, yet he ought to know better."

"Ef Tice Blodget ain't a heathen, whutever sech folks is— But whut about old man Ryal? Have Blodget driv him off?"

"Not quite; but it amounts to it, and I promised his wife to do what I could in seeing him taken care of."

"So did I, by gracious! though Sis Margie know I wouldn't let old Uncle Ryal suffer if I could help it. In course, Doctor Park, if Tice Blodget drive him off, and the old feller can't do no better, I'll do the best I can for him. 'Deed, if he is driv off, I ruther he'd come here than go anywhere else; for pa and ma both thought a heap o' Uncle Ryal. But I sha'n't call him no *boder*, Dock, no more'n I call Hannah a boder. The very idee o' sech a thing!"

Dr. Park again shifted his seat, looking the while rather angrily at the space he had lately covered; then, in a tone somewhat disappointed, sad, distant, said, as if soliloquizing, "I'm afraid I'll have to make other arrangements about the poor old fellow."

Mr. Chivers was impressed sensibly by these words. Drawing up his cane and applying his mouth to the handle-end, he let it hang down between his legs, and, placing his fingers carefully in a row as if on a clarionet, he meditated as he moved them up and down with great rapidity. To an imaginative person it might have seemed as if he were essaying by this means to personate the shepherd on the Grecian urn and

"Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Suddenly his visitor broke forth thus:

"Tom Chivers, I don't care what you *call* old Ryal when he gets here. What I want to have understood is that you shall not, at least with my connivance, feed, clothe, and wait on other

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people's negroes for nothing. Ticey Blodget is responsible in all this business, and I am going to make him see it to his cost. Mrs. Parsons would let me take him there, but being a family negro I thought perhaps you'd rather—"

"In cose, in cose, Dock," said Mr. Chivers twice in quick succession, "if the poor old fellow have to forridge on other people besides of his lawfuld owner, I'm the one for that. What I were a-thinkin' about—"

"I know what you were thinking about, but that is what I don't intend to allow. Ryal sha'n't *forage* on you, as you call it. The law of the State don't allow a man to throw off an old negro as he would an old mule, without paying for it."

"I never heard of any sech law, and didn't s'pose they'd ever be any needcessity *fer* sech a law."

"No; because it is the first time in this section that there has been any occasion to resort to it. I didn't know of its existence until yesterday, when I went to see the old man Ivy—who, you know, is one of the judges of the County Court—in order to ask him if he didn't know of some way to head off Tice Blodget in his devilment. Mr. Ivy got down *The Digest* and showed me this law, which I copied. Here it is." Taking from his pocket a paper, he read as follows:

"AN ACT TO COMPEL OWNERS OF OLD OR INFIRM SLAVES TO MAINTAIN THEM. Approved December 12, 1815.

"SEC. 1. From and after the passing of this act it shall be the duty of the inferior courts of the several counties in this State, on receiving information on oath of any infirm slave or slaves being in a suffering situation from the neglect of the owner or owners of such slave or slaves, to make particular inquiries into the situation of such slave or slaves, and render such relief as they in their discretion may think proper.

"SEC. 2. The said courts may, and they are hereby authorized to, sue for and recover from the owner or owners of such slave or slaves the amount that may be appropriated for the relief of such slave or slaves in any court having jurisdiction of the same; any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Good law," said Mr. Chivers heartily; "but what I was thinking about is how to go about makin' charges for what little poor old Ryal 'll eat."

"Well, what I've got to say is this: that if you don't I'll take him somewhere else, which I know you don't want done."

"Cert'nly not, Dock Park; but it look mighty nigh like chargin' my own father, blame if it don't."

"There's *got* to be a contract about it, Tommy," said the doc-

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tor, looking away for a moment, "so figure away on your calculations. I consider myself the agent of the court now, and things must be done up bang. So fire away and make it a plenty. I'm coming to see him every day, and I mean to pile it on him to the full—visits, mileage, and medicine. What do you say to ten dollars a month for yourself?"

"Ten dollars a month! Law, Dock Park! he can't eat three, to save his life, not if he was a well man."

"You don't think of what I'm talking about, man. I'm not talking about your *meal* and *meat*. I want old Ryal to have *luxuries*. He needs them to build him up from the condition to which his master's meanness has reduced him. He's got to have tea *and* coffee, chicken *and* batter cakes, biscuit *and* fritters, pancakes *and* dumplings, rich as butter and sugar can make 'em, pie *and* custard, tarts *and* pudding, cream *and* preserves, lemon-syrup and—yes, *Syllabub*, by blood."

"Laws of mercy, Dock Park! Talk about all sech as that fer a nigger! Why, we don't, me an' 'Ria, jes' for ourselves, we don't have p'wye more'n three or four times a week."

"That," said the doctor, as if in contempt for such niggardly abstemiousness, "that makes not one speck of difference in the case I'm putting to you now, Tom Chivers. I want old Ryal to have *all* those things; of course not exactly all at one meal, but as many as he fancies, *three—times—a—day*, with snacks thrown in between whenever he wants or thinks he wants them. I know I can trust Mrs. Chivers about that."

"Law, yes. 'Ria love to feed."

"That's what I knew. I rather thought, until hearing how you've been going on in this case, that *you* were a little stingy, Tommy, but I find I was mistaken."

"Dock Park," said Mr. Chivers, not noticing this remark, "you talk like you want old Uncle Ryal fed up an' pompered up the same like—like, in fac', he were a fightin'-cock."

"The very *word* I've been trying to think of ever since I been talking to you, by George!" said the doctor heartily, rising, and descending to the ground. "That confounded rail kept it from coming to me. Gemini! You make your fence-riders sharp as razors. Now see here, my fine landlord, besides all that, and more too that I shall add as I can think of them hereafter, I want you to go to the Bridge and buy the best flannel in the store, and let Mrs. Chivers have made up some shirts and drawers, and from time to time I'll let you know what else I want done for him. I tell you it's going to be an expensive busi-

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ness to keep the old man on the line of living I want him put."

Mr. Chivers played thoughtfully with the tassel of his cane, and revolved the questions that had risen in his mind. After some moments he looked at his visitor, and, with the firm voice of a man who was determined at length not to yield to an insidious temptation, said:

"Dock Park, I don't keer *how* you feed him, you can't make it come up to them figgers. Now you jes' look at the itom o' meal, and which a peck a week is the highth that any *well* nigger can go, I don't keer whut his stomack ner his appetites is. Thar's one itom."

"Look here, Tom Chivers. Look straight at me, sir. I got no time to follow you up with your *itoms*, as you call 'em. All I want is for old Ryal to live like a lord—*and* a fightin'-cock, both; and when we see what the cost and the trouble will be to you, and especially to Mrs. Chivers, we can settle on the price. But it sha'n't be under, or much under, ten dollars, else you and I got to have a fight—that is, provided I can ever catch you without that stick. By-by. I got to go to Jim Lazenberry's before dinner."

He remounted and rode away. Mr. Chivers descended, and as it was not long before his dinner-hour, and specially as he wished to report to his wife the conversation just held, he proceeded on towards the house. The physician, hearing the whistle that he was lifting cheerily, checked his horse for a moment, and, turning his head towards the musician, said:

"Tom Chivers! if I had the making of a world, to some, probably to a considerable majority, I might give longer legs, but I swear I wouldn't make a single one of 'em any more of a man."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

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KITCHENS AND WAGES.

I.

"NOTHINK ails me," said Joe, the London Arab, in *Bleak House*, "but that I don't know nothink, an' starwation." A Nihilist formula in most expressive English! And this formula puts the case of many American citizens clearly and briefly before the world. We have had our share of labor troubles, and the irritation which they produced has set our thinkers ruminating on causes. Many have concluded that the workingmen are ignorant of the best methods of serving their own interests, and must suffer accordingly until knowledge comes to them. Very few have thought what starvation might have to do with chronic discontent and dangerous agitation. We class ourselves with the few. The people who dig for a living no doubt suffer from ignorance, but that they are thereby driven to desperation has never yet been proved. It has been our experience that the multitude bear with many annoyances and privations that are bearable. Only when the stomach is deprived of bread and the body of warm covering do they rise up in anger against their condition.

It looks communistic to assert that in prosperous America there is considerable starvation. But starvation is of two kinds —the direct process which destroys life within a fortnight, and the indirect which tells only upon a generation. To live, labor, and bring up children on food without nutrition, in clothes that give no warmth, and in houses which afford only sham protection, is to live and labor in a starving condition. It is not tolerable. Men can bear patiently almost any suffering except that of hanging over a precipice suspended by a hair. And this is the condition of thousands in America, who know not what fate tomorrow holds in store for them. They rarely know what it is to be comfortably clothed, housed, and fed; their children rarely feel that supreme physical happiness. What is this but slow starvation? And where is the wonder that the multitude roughly kick against so unnatural an agony? The starving of a generation is not so tragic as the starving of a man, but its results are quite as painful.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is the mouthpiece of a class who

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believe that workingmen waste in their kitchens what might be a provision for rainy days and old age. He has told his congregation so many times, and very emphatically repeated his conviction last November. There is no doubt that many influential people hold the same opinion. They have never been in the kitchens of workmen long enough to study the methods of the poor, but authorities who have been there have found some extravagance and much wastefulness. Perhaps in many instances these faults have existed. Perhaps the workers are wasteful at times. We have found them inclined to extravagance rather than to waste, but at no time have we discovered that their extravagance brought upon them the destitution which now prevails among them. Nor do we think that eminent clergymen are justified by the facts in preaching the theory of wastefulness as a cause of present suffering among workmen. The savings of past years would certainly aid them in a period of hardship; but savings have nothing to do with the justice of the rate of wages, and if these are not always up to the proper mark—*i.e.*, a fair return for the work done—it takes but a short time to diminish the savings. Whatever may have been the faults of workingmen in the past, it is now certain that a large and increasing number do not receive a wage which allows of waste, extravagance, or economical saving. It is this number which suffers, and to say that they suffer from their own ignorance is to make a false statement and err most sinfully.

Wages are at present very low in most trades and in all parts of the country. It is very comforting to be told by our daily journals that they are higher than they were ten years ago, but the figures collected by the veracious and painstaking press have often little to do with the facts for which they stand. They serve a journalistic purpose only. We have personal acquaintance with the conditions of things in five business interests of the country—farming, boating, railroading, and cotton and woollen manufactures—and we can honestly say that no figures that we have seen gave any but the remotest ideas concerning the condition of their employees. The estimates made by some of the most careful observers have often proved fallacious, and nothing but the closest personal scrutiny can be depended on in order to obtain exactness.

The figures which we now give are not taken from any reports compiled by bureaus and committees, nor are they gathered from isolated workshops like that in which Mr. Beecher found workmen spending a wage of forty-five dollars a month on beer

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and whiskey. Upon inquiry into the condition of things on the leading railroads of the Eastern and Middle States, we found section-hands receiving an average wage of one dollar a day, and freight-brakemen an average of ten shillings. The boatmen of the lakes and canals from Michigan to the Atlantic for three seasons past received an average wage of thirty dollars a month, board not included, for seven months of the year. The weavers in cotton-mills made at the same time, with extra effort, almost one dollar a day; the spinners one dollar and a half. Finishers and knitters in woollen-mills received thirty dollars a month. Farm-hands earned twenty dollars a month the year round, and boarded themselves. Altogether the average unskilled workman for three years past has realized one dollar per day for eleven hours of labor, the skilled workman about thirty per cent. more, in the occupations which we have named. This rate of wages is from thirty to forty per cent. less than the rate of 1872; but the cost of living has also lessened, though not in the same ratio.

We now offer the following problem to all those who have a profound faith in the workman's wastefulness as a cause of his present sufferings. Given, on the one hand, a family of six persons to feed and the present cost of living, and on the other a wage of one dollar and a quarter a day, how much would a workman's wife be able to waste in her kitchen or elsewhere?

Observation and inquiry have enabled us to give a very precise solution to this problem. Mr. Atkinson, in the first of his papers in the *Century* on the "Food Question," has estimated the cost of maintaining one workman in the matters of food and house-room at twenty-five cents a day. Clothing and other necessaries are not included. The food furnished at this rate is of fair quality and of reasonable quantity, and consists of good bread and butter, tea and coffee at two meals, meat and potatoes at one. Mr. Atkinson thinks that two children can be maintained at the same rate as one adult. A workman, then, with his wife and four children, in order to live in the common, uninviting fashion of boarders in a factory lodging-house, must earn one dollar a day towards the mere housing and feeding of himself and his family. For clothing, recreation, medicine, and education in some cases nothing remains, in others twenty-five cents a day.

Now, where is the workman's opportunity for waste in his wages? What he might be inclined to throw away on drink or extravagance must be expended on clothing. The food purchased for lodging-houses in factory-towns is of the plainest kind, has little variety, and contains the commonest sort of nour-

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ishment. If a workman falls below this standard he is but starving himself and his family. This is precisely what thousands of workmen are doing; for it is a well-known fact that many of them, even on reduced wages, can find money for clothes, medicine, recreation, and lay by a trifle for the rainy day. Where this is the case two fatal draughts on the workingman's strength are being made. He is reducing the quality of his food, and accepting low conditions of warmth and protection in heating, housing, and clothing himself, and he is working extra hours to obtain greater wages.

To prove this we have only to submit for inspection the following table of the cost of living at its minimum. We take a workman's family of six, supported on a wage of one dollar a day, and we give the items of expense for one year:

House-rent	$60 00
Coal and wood	25 00
Flour and meal	30 00
Pork	17 00
Vegetables	25 00
Clothing	48 00
Shoes	10 00
Medical attendance	3 00
School-books	2 00
Total minimum cost of supporting six persons..	$220 00
Wages for 312 days	312 00
Surplus	$92 00

The surplus exists under the best conditions, when the workman has worked every day of the year and sickness has not molested the family. Probably fifty dollars would be an actual surplus in ordinary families, of which twenty would be spent on the luxuries common to the poor, and the remainder placed in the bank or—as Mr. Beecher would have it—wasted.

This is a good showing for the workman on the face of it; but statistics, like the Biblical text, need strong and lucid explanation if they are to be used for benefit, not destruction. Mr. Atkinson, as we have said, estimates the cost of supporting one workingman on boarding-house fare at $91 25 a year. The food-standard in these places cannot be lowered in quantity or quality without injury to the bodily health. Reckoning the workman's family of six as equal to four adult persons, his expenses for food, heat, and shelter of the plainest and most necessary kind ought to be $365

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a year, whereas his total support at our minimum estimation costs $145 less than this sum. Moreover, leaving out the items of clothing and shoes, it falls to $203 less than is required for the mere feeding and housing of four adults in New England.

It is reasonably certain from the above figures and estimates that the workman who saves money on one dollar a day, after deducting the support of a family from that wage, must be either starving his family or working extra time. What is inferred can be proved by examination of facts. We have not yet found the family of six persons who lived absolutely on the sum of $220 a year without finding them also beneath the average low condition of the poor. A house at $60 a year rental in villages where work is moderately plentiful is always the poorest kind of a structure, generally unfit for human habitation, and rarely repaired by its owner. Comfort in winter is partially secured by excluding the air at the cost of ventilation. Decency is not always possible in its narrow rooms and sham partitions, and the morality of those children brought up in them is questionable at all times.

A diet of pork and potatoes, wheat-bread and mush, is filling enough, but stales any taste except the porcine. Just what amount of nourishment may be extracted from it we do not know, but the effect of this diet on the steady workman is not exhilarating. Butter is not often used, and sugar is a real luxury. Tea and coffee may find their way to the table, but let us not speak of their quality. The stomachs of workmen digest well, but assimilation does not always follow digestion. There is certainly some variety in the food. Soup from a cheap bone may take the place of pork, and rice and peas and beans vary the round of turnips and onions. We believe these things afford considerable nourishment. We know they are filling, for we have seen the poor satisfied with their food; but are they sufficiently nourishing? The lowest grade of everything is bought—poor flour, indifferent pork, second-class meal; and when luxuries are secured they are certain to be of the third grade.

The fuel is stinted. The stoves are often bad. A severe winter tells upon the health of the children. Underclothing is rarely used. The boys do without overcoats, and the girls either stay in the house or are rigged out in cloaks made over from old garments. To be fully dressed in clothes of poorest quality is the highest privilege the workman can win, which would not matter much if the clothes were a real protection.

There is a class of people who live in this half-civilized way.

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Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed in childhood and youth, is not this starving the generation to death? It is a starvation of the soul as well as the body, for these families have no time to look after their souls in the sharp struggle for mere life. Their bodies grow up to speedy decay, and too often their souls are already dead.

If a workman be ambitious or have received a decent training in his youth he is not willing to live on pork and potatoes and to dress in Kentucky jean. He works overtime. His table is well supplied, his house is warm, his clothing respectable and abundant; but he must work thirteen hours a day to get these things. After all, they do not save him from the fate of his lazier or more helpless brother. He dies of premature old age.

It would be interesting to know how much work is done by the laboring class outside of work-hours. We have seen an enterprising father make fifty-two days of overtime in six months, and at the same time grow potatoes, corn, and turnips on two acres of land with the aid of two sons not yet eleven years old. This was working thirteen hours a day without a single interruption for six months!

The workman of the dollar-a-day class has two courses open to him—to starve slowly or to die of overwork *in comfort*. The irony of this last phrase ought to touch the hearts of reverend preachers preaching the wastefulness of the poor, who are often wasteful, but oftener extravagantly generous to their own and their friends. We have made it tolerably certain in this paper that a man cannot be either wasteful or lavish on the common rate of wages, and we hope the foolish charge against this class of workmen will be dropped.

II.

Overwork and starvation are one result of too low wages. It is a striking proof of the patience of the workman that he bears with his miserable lot as long as it can be borne—that is to say, as long as he has strength to work extra hours or to exist on unwholesome food. His patience is too often mistaken for content, and his success in making ends meet for prosperity. The cruel element in capital grows eager to lower his wages another degree, and so we must continue to count on coal combinations and Pinkerton pretorians.

This aforesaid element has many methods of destruction besides the simple one of reducing wages. Adulteration is one of its weapons, and thus it is entitled to the epithet filthy. The

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poor must buy the cheapest. The cheapest nowadays is the adulterated—cotton cloth rotten with sizing and poisonous with inferior dyes; woollen cloth made from shoddy; paper leather; sugar, tea, coffee, and butter that poison; canned refuse, diseased meat, and some fifty other abominations that befoul the mouth in their mention. The very liquors, wines, and beers which degrade when at their best are mostly poisonous slop when they reach the workman. Legitimate goods stand no chance with them. The workman is doubly injured in their use, for they affect the manufacturer who employs him, and at the same time defraud the poor.

It is the very best business policy to pay the highest wages possible. Some business men—they are not numerous—being philosophical and not greedy, are believers in this policy. If it were a national policy a goodly number of shoddy concerns, those which draw their profits from starvation wages, fraudulent work, and the ruin of honorable men, would go to the wall to stay. The highest wages are those which pay a man *well* for a reasonable period of labor. They enable him to support his family in comfort and to make a decent provision for his old age.

In the first half of this article we showed what was the actual cost of support of a certain class of laborers. We now will show what *ought to be* the cost of support for the same class, if they lived as Christians ought and as God intended them to live. Wages should, on an average, be made to cover that cost and leave a decent surplus. In any well-conducted business enterprise they do so. When they do not the business is not paying and should be dropped.

Mr. Atkinson's table of the daily cost of food for one workman is as follows:

Meat (including poultry and fish, a half to one pound, according to kind and quantity) at an average cost of	10	cents.
Milk (half-pint to pint), butter (1 to 1½ ounce), and a scrap of cheese	5	"
Eggs (one every other day), at 12 cents a dozen	½	"
Total cost of animal food	15½	"
Bread (about three-quarters of a pound)	2½	"
Vegetables (green and dry)	2½	"
Sugar and syrup	2	"
Tea and coffee	1	"
Fruit (green and dry)	½	"
Salt, spices, ice, and sundries	1	"
Average cost of daily ration	25	"

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This diet could hardly be plainer, and the cost is not extravagant. Taking it as the basis of our calculation in food matters, we think the expenses of a workman's family of six ought to be represented by the following table:

Food	$365 00
Rent	84 00
Fuel	25 00
Clothing	60 00
Sundries	10 00
Total for one year	$544 00

This would demand at present prices a wage of $1 75 a day for the commonest sort of workman, and through life an *average* wage of $1 50 a day, because the workman in his young manhood and for the first years of married life could live well on a smaller wage, and would be assisted to some extent by his children after they had reached their fifteenth year.

We are assured by statisticians that this country furnishes an abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life, although so many suffer for want of them. Are they being wasted or destroyed? The poor have little for purposes of waste, and the prosperous are too careful of their goods to throw them away. Where, then, is the seat of the trouble? Has some one more than his share? In the midst of plenty perhaps two or three millions of people are slowly wasting for want of good food.

SORROW'S VIGIL.

In the house where Joy lay dead
(Slain by Wrong in bitter ire)
Sorrow sat with veilèd head,
Brooding o'er the dying fire.

Dripped the rain-drops from the eaves,
Moaned the night-wind through the hall:
Fell the wet and withered leaves
From the lichen on the wall.

Sudden through the silence drear
Sounds of nearing wheels were heard
(Sheeted shape upon the bier
Lay, like some pale, stricken bird):

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In a gilded coach and four,
Driven by a liveried boy,
Came that hour to the door
Friends of poor, departed Joy—

Wealth, and Fame, and Vanity,
Humming gay a blithesome waltz,
Plumed and silken-robed, all three,
Squired by Affectation false.

Soft the coach-lamps shed their glow
O'er the court-yard's dusky tomb;
Death's dark ensign, trailing low,
Waved from doors of spectral gloom.

Vanity her feathers preened;
Wealth her jewels, shuddering, shook;
Affectation backward leaned,
Cast on Fame a withering look;

She, the bravest of the four,
Cried: "Drive on! Alas poor Joy!"
And the coach rolled from the door,
Driven by its liveried boy.

Sorrow rose, and trimmed her lamp,
Set it in the window-pane;
Through the darkness and the damp,
Through the wind and through the rain,

Heard she, hurrying toward the light,
Sound of long-expected feet;
Heard a voice that pierced the night,
High, and clear, and heavenly sweet,

As, with bright, uncovered head,
TRUE LOVE to the portal stepped,
Entered in and kissed the dead,
And, with Sorrow, vigil kept.

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CHRISTIAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE *New Princeton Review* of January last has an article by Dr. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton College, lately deceased, which is remarkable as perhaps the nearest approach that has yet been made by a non-Catholic to the Catholic position on the school question.

He advocates the immense importance of religion in the education of the young, on the ground, so often held by us, that (in the words of Dr. Hodge) "education involves the training of the whole man and of all his faculties, of the conscience and of the affections as well as of the intellect," and "that it is absolutely impossible to separate religious ideas from the great mass of human knowledge"; the doctor holds that "every school must of necessity be either Christian or un-Christian, and that there is no such thing as a neutral education: to be neutral in religion it must be imperfect and faulty—indeed, no education at all." And hence he further insists that

> "The infinite evils resulting from the exclusion of religion from the schools cannot be corrected by the supplementary agencies of the Christian home, the Sabbath-school, and the church. This follows not only because the activities of the public school are universal and that of all the other agencies partial, but chiefly because the Sabbath-school and church cannot teach history and science, and therefore cannot rectify the anti-Christian history and science taught by the public schools. And, if they could, a Christian history and science on the one hand cannot coalesce with and counteract an atheistic history and science on the other. Poison and its antidote together never constitute nutritious food. And it is simply madness to attempt the universal distribution of poison on the ground that other parties are endeavoring to furnish a partial distribution of an imperfect antidote."

Catholics will scarcely believe their ears when they find him saying further on:

> "In view of the entire situation [what he considers the dangerous and mad system of public-school education in the United States] shall we not all of us who really believe in God give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation, and which have been so madly perverted?"

He goes on to show that the plan of excluding all positive religion from instruction is absolutely unprecedented, no nation or race having ever before attempted it; the experience of all

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mankind and their conviction having been that reverence for God and knowledge of the future rewards or punishments are absolutely essential to the sustaining of parental and governmental authority, unless, indeed, it be an obedience of mere fear and terror of physical force, which, even if a government could be sustained by it, would make it the worst kind of despotism and its subjects the most abject and brutalized of slaves. The corner-stone of this glorious republic was the Christian religion, as Dr. Hodge proves by pages of quotation from the history of its general government and of each State in particular, as well as by many extracts from speeches and writings of its great men, none of whom ever dreamt of building on an infidel or agnostic foundation. Even Franklin and Jefferson, who might be thought of as exceptions, never excluded God from their thoughts—the former advocating the opening of the sessions of the Federal Convention with prayer, "since God governs the affairs of men"; and the latter declaring "that the liberties of a nation cannot be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God." Dr. Hodge therefore calls upon "Catholics and Protestants—disciples of a common Master—to come to an understanding" and save the liberties and civilization of the United States, and not permit them to be destroyed by the infidels who are, at least as yet, in a small minority.

The diagnosis of the disease is satisfactory, but, as usual, Dr. Hodge, like all the Protestant doctors hitherto, shrinks from applying the evident and effectual remedy. This would be, of course, to do what the lauded founders of the republic did, and what he praises the Catholics for continuing to do—viz., to make the public schools Christian. Of course we, as Catholics, would like to have the word Christian mean Catholic, and that all Christians should freely return to Holy Mother Church, the church of their ancestors; but we are now dealing with present circumstances and trying to make the best of them, like sensible men. Let the priests then, we say, and the ministers of all Christian bodies, have full opportunity to train the young and influence them each in his own way. This might, indeed, be acceptable to Dr. Hodge were it not for the fact that the bugbear of papal dominion rises up before the eyes of his mind, and he imagines that he sees the Inquisition again set up, and he almost feels the scorching heat of the fire by which he would be publicly roasted alive by Archbishop Corrigan in City Hall Park. So the good doctor, who, no doubt, means well, and even deserves credit for coming so near to us,

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shrinks away and does not advise that the Catholics and Protestants consent to live and let live, as they do in many reformatories now, and as they do in England under the denominational system of education, agreeing to disagree on points on which they differ, while not emasculating themselves by sacrificing their tenets and traditions, and really annihilating themselves as creeds or religious bodies. Not at all! He only advises them

> "To come to an understanding with respect to a common basis of what is received as general Christianity, a practical quantity of truth belonging equally to both sides, to be recognized in general legislation, and especially in the literature and teaching of our public schools."

This would be practically creating a new denomination of people who would be neither Protestants nor Catholics, and the same objections can be made to it as have already been made by the doctor to the present godless system. Firstly, such a plan "has never yet been tried by any nation"—to educate without a religious *belief*. If you eliminate from Catholicity all that is contradicted by Protestants—since there is not one of its dogmas which is not denied by some one of the countless divisions of them; indeed, their whole *raison d'être* is to *protest* against something taught by the mother-church—what would be left to the Catholic children to *believe?* The schools would then be teaching morality without any good grounds for it. First of all, hell, or the less vulgar "sheol," would have to be closed, for presumably most Protestants have ceased to believe in that. Where, then, would "the sanctions" be? Christ, too, would have to be divided and abolished, for it is fair to say that the Christ of very many Protestants is very unlike the Christ of Catholics: the Unitarians, for instance, do not believe in his Divinity, and other sects seem not to recognize his Humanity, else why are they so unnatural in the worship which they pay to him, excluding from all thought his friends and even his Mother herself? "The difficulties lie in the mutual ignorance and prejudice of both parties," says Dr. Hodge, "and fully as much on the side of the Protestants as of the Catholics." No doubt there is prejudice, but even if it were entirely laid aside, still would Catholicity be entirely different from Protestantism, and even irreconcilable. Take, for instance, one only doctrine, "the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the altar." All Protestants will admit that *if* he be really present it would never do to ignore him in the school, if we are to have a Christian education. All that the doctor has said against the possibility of neutrality in education can

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be alleged against such a compromise. For the Catholic child it would, indeed, be "a distribution of poison on the ground that other parties (the church and family) are endeavoring to furnish a partial distribution of an imperfect antidote"; and so probably for the Episcopalian, if they have the same idea of Christ as the Catholics have, which even in their case appears to me doubtful, since they are formed of the wealthy and *refined* class almost entirely, who appear to have as much horror of a speck of dirt or of a little vulgarity of manner or speech as they have of a great crime of heartlessness. Our Christ had a great horror of such, and said "woe" to them. It is not likely, then, that they believe in such a Christ any more than it is that they would have been his disciples had they lived in his age. The Christ of the Presbyterian is probably of the "Munkácsy" type—a proud, contemptuous man, very different indeed from the forgiving, meek, and humble brother of the poor who founded the Christian religion and drew all hearts to him, especially the lowly. So, considering that we have not even a "*common*" Christ, it is hard to see how we could have a "common Christianity."

We could, however, come to an understanding with the Protestant Christians in *another way*, and we are glad to see Dr. Hodge maintaining that "public schools be confined to the branches of simply common-school education," and "that they should be kept under the local control of the inhabitants of each district, so that the religious character of each school may conform in all variable accidents to the character of the majority of the inhabitants of each district"; as these two provisions would make a common understanding easier. Dr. Hodge, in common with ourselves and, as I believe, all true lovers of liberty for minorities, declares that "all centralizing tendencies should be watchfully guarded against."

There is a false notion in the minds of *refined* people that their services are necessary for the education of the masses, and that *vulgar* ward trustees, elected by the parents of the children in question, are not as well suited as kid-gloved gentlemen from Fifth Avenue to educate them. This comes from the kind of Christ whom these people worship. They would not deny Christianity and civilization to the humble Galileans who followed Jesus; yet whom did they resemble most in manners, dress, and surroundings, the, by them, little understood inhabitants of the East Side or the nice gentlemen of the West? There may be, and I believe that there is, more Christianity in the tenements than in the palaces, and more sincerity, purity, family spirit,

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honesty and kindness, and when this class has a church and priests of its own, why should they assume that it cannot take care of itself and educate its children in its own way? If this cannot be done so that, according to their own way and position in society, they will keep the decalogue and obey the laws, it will then be time for the state to interfere. The Catholic children look up to and confide in the Catholic priests, religious, and in lay teachers whom they know to be good Catholics; and we presume that the Protestant clergy and the Jewish clergy also exert influence over their flocks, and this influence is in favor of the keeping of the decalogue and of reverence for the civil government as a power from God, for conscience' sake and not for fear merely. Now, what good reason can be alleged for limiting the exercise of their valuable influence to the family and the church? If Christianity and religion is a good thing, is it so easy to conquer the devil that we must bring out only a small part of our forces? Should we not rather avail ourselves of every traditional rite, sacrament, and ceremony by which each denomination may more powerfully affect its own children for the common end? Who doubts that even if all the priests and ministers and rabbis are given full play at Satan every day of the week, but that he will be well able to hold his own and more? Look, for instance, at the immense multitudes of Poles, Roumanians, Czechs, etc., who are stepping ashore at Castle Garden daily and crowding the tenements of the Tenth Ward. In their own country they had their rabbis or priests or ministers, as the case may be; what sensible American desires to see them emancipated from the spiritual control and influence of these to become Anarchists or Communists, enemies of the institutions which cost the blood of our ancestors? Indeed, it would not be strange if the state were to help to build them synagogues and churches, and encourage their whilom advisers to follow them to this new land, and this for its own sake. Let a branch grow on its parent tree; do not think that grafting it will be better. Let these foreigners keep their customs and traditions when they are not bad or inconsistent with their being good citizens, or you only spoil them for all purposes. Who has confidence in the son of foreign parents who is ashamed of his name and origin, and is always seeking to hide it? And who would not prefer a good Jew, who keeps his Saturday, to the indifferentist, who believes only in the dollar? With Catholics, at least, *we know* that the only result of subtracting them from the influence of their church, and *enlightening* them so

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that they will no longer believe as their fathers before them, is to make them infidels, without even the merit of being natural men and women; they become mere triflers and pretenders, with no real convictions on any subject.

Now, it is clear that Dr. Hodge believes this as much as we do; then why does he not advocate a system of education which should be *broad* enough to take in priests and rabbis and all, each class according to its kind, like the animals in Noe's ark, and by its own time-honored methods working for the common end which the state has in view—the making of a good citizen? If I can make him so by the Catholic doctrines and practices, the Christ that I preach, the Mass, the confessional, and daily invocation of the saints, why, let the state put me to work in God's name. If Rabbi N—— can make him so with his reading of the Scriptures on Saturdays rather than on Sundays, with his days of atonement, his recalling of the history of the noble Jewish people, why, set him at work and let him have not merely Saturday but every day in the week. If Rev. Mr. S——, an Episcopalian or Presbyterian, can make him so by reading of the Bible, Westminster Catechism, traditional prayers, appeals to traditions and examples of Protestant ancestors who (in his opinion) stood up for the right and just, why, let him, too, have full scope and liberty.

Let us give this meaning to the words of Dr. Hodge: "The Christianity affirmed to be an essential element of the law of this land is not the Christianity of any one class of the Christian population, but the Christianity which is inherited and held in common by all classes of our Christian people." Let us grant for agreement's sake, although as Catholics we believe that ours is the real and original Christianity, and other bodies of Christians have only fragmentary Christianity—let us allow, for *practical working*, that the state should take up the Christianity which is common to all Christians; it follows that, there being little or nothing of Christian doctrine, as we have seen, common to all Christians, except the decalogue and the existence of God—neither of which doctrines is peculiarly Christian, both being equally held by the natural man—the state should simply take up all Christian denominations and help them along in the training of children, treating them as allies and friends, just as she now exempts them from taxation, because she feels that it is her interest to encourage the formation of them, and cheaper much than the keeping of a standing army to repress crime. What good reason is there against adopting the denominational sys-

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tem? One argument alleged is that it would beget confusion, since we have not one religious belief in the republic, but very many, and so there would be a clashing of sects and envious and jealous grasping for the public money. To us this does not seem to be verified by the facts. Just now, for instance, Protestant and Catholic reformatories and asylums receive state aid on a per-capita system, being subject to visitation and inspection by state boards; and where is the clashing of sects? Sometimes it happens that Protestant ministers and Catholic priests—as, for instance, at Sing Sing prison—visit the same building. Do they make faces at one another? Not at all. They are generally good friends. Find us a prison warden who does not regard the visit of the clergyman as an aid to discipline and reformation!

If we adopt the local-influence plan suggested by Dr. Hodge, thus recognizing *facts*—that, for instance, such a school is largely patronized, or entirely so, by Catholic children, and that their parents desire to have Catholic teachers and priests influencing the children as they themselves do in the home—no injustice need be done to children who may not be Catholic. Either their parents object to their receiving Catholic instruction or not. If they do not, why should the state? If they do, let them be free to send them to the other public school around the corner where Protestants have things their own way. Then, of course, act in the same way towards Protestants and Jews, etc. But, say some, we want to make all the children of the rising generation *Americans*, and we want to blot out foreign distinctions. Well and good! As far as this end is good and reasonable, there is no influence, even if exerted in a contrary direction—and I have never known it to be—which can avail aught against it. The children will be Americans beyond any doubt; they would themselves resent being made foreigners; but why need they be necessarily *infidel* Americans? Why may not they be such Americans as Dr. Hodge says founded this republic, although they *were divided into many denominations?* They will be all the more united, and love one another all the more as good citizens, for believing in and loving God and Christ his Son. Is nobody an American unless he be, say, of Puritan stock and Puritan traditions? The best American is the one who is the best *man* and the most honest man. If he be of German origin, say, or of English or Irish, let him know it and not be ashamed of it; let him honor his ancestors and their traditions and religion. He will thus be American enough and soon enough without being suddenly and abruptly cut off from the parent tree and his *manhood* dried up.

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Some traditions he must have: do you want to force us all to abandon our own and take up yours, which perhaps are English and Protestant, as a condition of becoming Americans? This gives a very narrow meaning to the term American. It is a question of having the children religious or irreligious. If we want them to be religious we must let them belong to a religious denomination, and make up our minds that they cannot be *forced* into our style of religion without their giving up all religion. Neither can foreigners be *suddenly* forced to be Americans; they must be allowed to grow from Irish or German to Irish-American or German-American, and thus at last into American pure and simple. In what country of the world have Catholics been less patriotic than Protestants? English Catholics are declared by the Irish to be the most English of all Englishmen. Who were better soldiers than the Catholics in the Revolutionary war? the war with Mexico? the late civil war? the war between France, a Catholic power, and Germany, a Protestant power, on whatever side their lot was cast? It is a mistake to suppose that the pope is the enemy of this country or of its liberties. But as, if Protestants were to grant us this point, it would be knocking the bottom out of their religion, which, as such, is anti-papal or nothing, for peace' sake, although it grieves us to hear it, let them say that he is; still are they forced by history to admit that whether approved of or disapproved of by the head of the church, Catholics may always be trusted to think for themselves when there is question of loving their country and dying in its defence. If it is disapproved of—which it is not—this ought to make them all the more pleasing to Protestants. In England, where Protestantism is even established as *the* religion, all other denominations are recognized by law, and their legitimate influence is utilized in the education of their children. If the Catholic parents are not content with a given school they build one themselves, and then the state visits and inspects it, and, insisting upon a certain amount of secular teaching, it pays a per-capita allowance for every child who passes its examination. Why could not that be done here also? That is *the* question.

We are not asking any favor, or rather any act of justice, for the pope, or even for the American Catholics as such, but for the American *parents* of American Catholic children. If the parents of the children about whose schooling we are concerned are not afraid of the pope or of the priest, need the parents of other or, oftener perhaps, of dead-born children be more solicitous for their spiritual safety? This is, then, an illusion and should not prevent

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our fellow-citizens, who are generally, we must admit, lovers of fair play, from availing themselves of the blessings of Christian education for *all* the children of Christian parents, let them be Catholic or not. But this and that happened, say they, where the Catholic Church was in the ascendency? Let it be so. It also occurred where a Protestant denomination had the lead. And it may happen again? It may *one thousand* years hence, and it may not—most likely not. The Catholics are willing to take their chance of their having to suffer persecution *then* at the hands of the Protestants; and they have certainly most reason to tremble, since they are not one in ten. Will not the other nine be equally generous, for the sake of society and liberty, which is threatened *here* and *now* with destruction by Anarchists and Communists? Are Protestant Christians willing that the infidel sect shall surreptitiously slip in and sway the destinies of this country?

I have already suggested a plan by which religion could be introduced into the schools—that is, the same which now is in use in the asylums, etc., the denomination starting and managing the school, and the state paying for results in the *secular* branches. If the state wishes to regulate the secular studies, another plan or compromise, although not as suitable, might be accepted by us. Let the state appoint Catholic teachers for Catholic children, and Protestant teachers for Protestant children, prescribing the present neutral system of education for certain hours of the school-day, and giving also a fixed hour or hours for daily religious instruction. According to the plan in use in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the teachers are Catholics in public schools No. 11 and 12, just as they are Protestants in the other schools under the same board. The following is the order of daily exercises:

8.45—Morning prayers.
9 to 12—Regular secular course as in other schools.
12—Short prayer; then recess.
1. P.M.—Religious instruction.
1.30—Regular secular course.
3—Closing religious exercises.

The state school-hours are from 9 to 12 and 1.30 to 3, and no child is *compelled* to be at the religious exercises unless by *its own parents'* desire. If a Protestant wishes to send his child to the Catholic public school he may do so, and it is taught in precisely the same way as it is now in the ordinary public school.

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There is no interference with it. At the same time the Catholic children have teachers who are able to give them the religious instruction and influence which their parents desire them to receive, and which they do receive *outside* of state school-hours. In Poughkeepsie the way this has been managed was by the church letting buildings owned by itself to the Board of Education for *their school hours only.* Where the school houses belong to the churches this could be done generally, so that the state may be exempted from all expense for *religious instruction.* Where, on the other hand, the state owns the school-house the church could pay rent for its use, as for a furnished room, *during the hours appointed* for religious instruction *only.* The vital point is the teacher. When the parent and the teacher are not of the same religion, the "daily poisoning and Sunday and home antidote" system, of which Dr. Hodge complains, is being carried out, whether intentionally or of necessity, by teacher and parent. A child is like plastic clay in the hands of a teacher, and learns its lesson not only with its ears but with its eyes also: what the teacher does it will do; what she omits to do it will omit; what she has no belief in or respect for the child will not believe in or reverence; or it will try to serve two masters, the parent and the teacher, and, serving neither, will emerge an infidel from this unnatural process of training. For it will not regard as truth to be accepted and acted upon a doctrine about which two such great authorities disagree.

Will the co-religionists of Dr. Hodge come to meet us with either plan? We do not ask the state to help the churches even to the extent of one cent. At present the people of the United States, Catholic and non-Catholic, are, no doubt unintentionally, lavishly spending their money in aid of indifferentism and free-thinking, and if it goes on much longer it must soon break up this free republic, which, founded by Christians, can only be perpetuated by Christians. Here are the last words of Dr. Hodge's article: "The system of public schools must be held, in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall."

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THE CLADDAGH OF GALWAY.

EVERY traveller who visits the west of Ireland is recommended by the various guide-books to "be sure while in Galway, 'the ancient Cittie of the Tribes,' not to miss paying a visit to the adjacent fishing-village of the Claddagh"; and the said guide-books go on to give some of the details regarding the Claddagh to be found in the ancient history and traditions of the place.

The tourist—usually the all-powerful, all-superior, all-knowing Briton—his mind filled with some confused pictures of a strange people clothed in bright blue and scarlet, always busily engaged with bonfires, processions, and curious half-pagan rites, inquires his way to the "Clad-a." He finds that he has but to turn to the left off a wooden bridge at the west end of Galway, pass a little group of Navy Reserve men sitting on the wall, continue his way about one hundred yards along quite an ordinary but very finely-built quay, to where he sees what appear to be but a few poor-looking cabins and a little fleet of small and rather curiously-shaped hookers at anchor in the harbor facing the cabins. There are groups of men, looking very like ordinary modern fishermen and sailors; a flock or two of geese, just like any geese, with the same way that English geese have of slowly waddling up, gander in front, stretching out their long necks, turning first one little inquisitive eye on the stranger, then the other little eye, and all pouring on him a chorus of very sharp and very searching questions, interlarded with some remarks to each other evidently anything but complimentary to the foreigner. He, full of dignity and superiority as he is, somehow feels a little hurt and irritated by the utter coolness of the creatures, every one of which, by the way, has a little tuft of the feathers on its poll tied with a red or blue or green thread—a custom peculiar to Galway geese, which have a quiet way of strolling about the less frequented streets and byways, and, by thus wearing the favorite color of their owner, can be known any distance from home.

Our tourist, having escaped in as dignified a manner as possible from the geese, goes to make his inquiries amongst the people; but somehow or other he does not well know how to begin or how to get at things. It is not easy to say: "I want to know all

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about your curious ways and customs; I want to see your king and queen, and—ah—" He cannot think at the moment what is exactly best to say, and so only asks: "I say, ah, is this the Clad-a?" "Yes, sir, this is the Claddagh," one of the men answers in English—plain English, too! The men are very reserved, not offering any opening for questions; but not a rude word or look. The Englishman suddenly gets unaccountably shy, and it occurs to him that perhaps he is intruding; so he just takes a stroll along the pier which stretches far beyond the village out into the beautiful bay, admires the glorious western sunset away behind the Connemara mountains, saunters back into the town, and leaves the Claddagh there, his mind fully made up that the guide-books are humbugs, and that if ever there was anything interesting about the place and people it must have been a hundred years ago at least.

But let an Irish man or woman, one who understands, feels with, and respects our poor people, go down to the Claddagh—go often, and go with a simple cordiality here and there amongst the men, women, children, geese, and all; go without patronizing or condescending, or showing a sort of microscopic inquisitiveness into the ways of the people, as if they were the common objects of the sea-shore, to be turned over, and poked at, and spread out with naturalists' pins. All this would simply result in utter discomfiture. It takes a genuine Irishman—better still, Irishwoman—to understand the quick, sensitive hearts that are common to us all, but that are peculiarly quick, warm, and sensitive in our simple western people, whose Irish nature is free from all mixture with the colder natures that have grown up in some parts of Ireland. Any one who can go thus kindly amongst the Claddagh fisherfolk, who knows the time and place to use the old-fashioned but beautiful and most Christian salutations: "God save thee," "God speed thee," "God and the Virgin bless thee," "God save all here," "God's blessing on thy work"—the stranger whose tongue can turn these phrases in Irish, and whose voice can give them the tone that shows the blessing comes from the heart, need not long be a stranger, but will soon find that not only are there still many of the quaint ancient customs alive amongst the villagers, but will learn before long to feel a genuine affection for, and respectful sympathy with, this kindly, intelligent, and now, alas! very suffering people.

The Claddagh (an Irish word which signifies the sea-shore) is very picturesquely situated on the southern shore of Galway—in fact, is but one of the outlets of the town, from which it is

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approached by two bridges: one at the end of Dominick Street, which also leads into West Galway; the other the remains of a fine wooden bridge leading from the part of the ancient town known as "Spanish Parade" directly into the fishing-village itself. And in all Galway, picturesque and interesting as it is, there is no spot more full of life and beauty and interest than this old, half-decayed wooden bridge. To stand there for one hour on a sunny market morning, to keep eyes and ears well open and a pencil busy, would give one word-pictures and pencil-pictures enough to fill the pages of a good-sized journal.

A little below lies the village, guarded by a large school-house—the Claddagh Piscatory School—which is surmounted by the figure of a sailor, who stands on the roof keeping a watch out to sea, and an arm (minus the hand) raised in warning to all little boys and girls to leave off play and come to school. Beside the school, and shaded by a group of trees, is the Claddagh church, *Teample Vuira*, where many a tearful prayer goes up to the Father of the poor—to Him who came across the waters to the poor fishermen.

At first sight the village appears to consist of but a few houses, or rather thatched cabins; but on entering any of the numerous openings or lane-ways the place is found to be much more extensive, the cabins being built in irregular squares and circles surrounding pretty little greens where the young children play, and where the women spread out their husbands' fishing-nets for mending and drying on round cairns or circles of stone, one of which is on every green. The houses are very small, and many show sad tokens of great poverty; yet, wherever the means will at all allow of the smallest comfort, they are neat and clean. Owing to the numerous open spaces the air is pure and free, and the whole place commands as lovely a prospect as the heart could desire.

Fronting the village is the quay, along which the fishing-fleet is ranged when the men are ashore; on the quay the Claddagh men are at such times to be found, talking in quiet groups or working at the repairs of their boats. Very old-fashioned boats, but of a most graceful build; the keel sharp as a razor, the ribs—or "knees," as a fisherboy told me to call the sides—bowed out almost to the shape of the breast-bone of a waterfowl, then sloped in again to the edge of the vessel, the bow rising well out of the water and curving up a little in front, give a most graceful appearance to the boat, which appears to ride on the waves with the ease and buoyancy of a bird. The fishermen say that the

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bowing out of the "knees" gives great steadiness and security; certainly the vessel can go through the waters at a flying pace.

To the right of the long pier is a little inlet of the sea, evidently expressly designed by nature for the pleasure of the children; for here, in every sunny hour when school is over, all the boys come for their natural and most engrossing amusement—regattas with their fleet of little home-made, white-sailed cutters: capitally-built little boats, of quite a different make from land-boys' toy affairs; boats that seem related to the old bread-winners in the harbor, for the moment they touch the water there they go! racing, flying, tacking, as lively and as eager to win the race, and seemingly as full of life, as their young owners running along the bank. I have never felt such engrossing interest in a genuine regatta as I have felt watching those lads and their toy boats. And then with what quiet, gentle ease of manner—no awkward slouching, no free-and-easy ways either—the boys, when they came to know me, would bring the boats to show me their build, or sit or stand around, giving instructions (often, I confess, as Greek to me in my ignorance of boats) in the way of sketching ships! The most patient of teachers, and the most polite they were—though only boys, I never knew one of them to laugh, even when I got hopelessly entangled in the rigging, about which they were very particular indeed, as well as anxious that every ship should be represented in full sailing gear. Many a happy hour has been spent talking with the fishermen's boys on the Claddagh pier, and enjoying the lovely sunshine, watching it, as it moved round to the west, light up as if with gold the broad, shining bay; the Clare Mountains, now bluish gray, now pale violet, now covered with the golden mist Turner loved to paint; the wooded heights beyond "Lough Athalia," a pretty inlet of the bay to northwest of the town. Close at hand the quiet fishing-village with its fleet at anchor, some of the men gathered in groups about the chapel-gate—their favorite gathering spot—others of them working at the tarring and repairing of their boats and fishing-tackle; the wide and rapid river, rushing and tumbling down in its hurry to get away from the town and out into the bay; beyond the gray old town, losing, even at that short distance, all its air of dilapidation, and looking most picturesque, its gables and peaks lit up in the sunshine or thrown back into shadow by the many ins and outs, turns and twists of the quaint, narrow streets; a gap in the houses where the Corrib River winds through the town showing the peak of a distant mountain rising above and behind all.

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And for ages this once flourishing fishing colony has been established here. Long before the Anglo-Norman "Tribes of Galway" came to settle and grow wealthy in the town, the Claddagh fishermen and their families were, as they are to-day, a distinctly Irish people, living altogether to themselves, religiously keeping up their own ways and customs, and continuing to speak their native tongue and to wear their national dress. When the Anglo-Norman settlers in Galway drove the Irish from the town, enacting, and for more than two centuries enforcing, most stringent laws not only for keeping the natives from sharing in the great prosperity of the town, but forbidding them to enter its streets, even then the peaceful Claddagh folk remained firmly rooted in their ancient home. Doubtless they were spared as being very useful, necessary purveyors of food, a people whose love for their free and strangely fascinating life, whose ignorance of all other trade or commerce, prevented them from becoming objects of the jealous watchfulness of their English neighbors. And there they have been all these ages, peaceful, honest, simple people; content to live the same simple life; loving passionately the beautiful spot in which their every thought, every tradition, every memory, hope, and love are centred; happy if only the greed of others did not deprive them of the livelihood by which their fathers were able to live in quiet comfort; content while they saw the neighboring city spring up gradually, grow in size, beauty, and wealth, become and remain for many generations one of the most prosperous trading cities of western Europe. The Claddagh folk saw, too, the great trade of Galway decline, its wealth decrease, and the once all-powerful families of the "Tribes" sink to comparative poverty or disperse to distant parts of the country, the magnificence of their buildings decay and fall to ruin; yet through all the fisherfolk remained the same primitive, happy race, untouched by the busy world so close to them, living entirely to themselves and seldom to be seen in the streets of the town, except when the women go there to sell their fish or to buy necessaries for their households. They have always had their own church, their own festivals, and their own head or lawgiver—their king, as he is styled.

In former days the king, or mayor, was elected annually with great pomp and ceremony. He was chosen from amongst the other men because of his intelligence and wisdom; for his duty it was to guide the fleet safely at sea, understand the laws of the bay and see them enforced, while on land he was the lawgiver of the entire colony, none of whom ever dreamt of going into a land-

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shark's law-court, but abided rigidly by every decision of their own chief. Up to a comparatively recent period he was equally powerful on sea. He regulated the days on which the fleet went out and the time at which the great annual herring fishery commenced, before which time no strange craft dare come poaching in the bay; for should any such poacher be discovered by the scouts kept on watch, the law was that their tackle should be seized and destroyed. When the fleet sailed out, the king, acting as admiral, led the way—a color at the mast-head distinguishing his boat—chose the fishing-ground, and gave the signal, at which every boat cast its nets at the same moment, so that all might be equal sharers in the harvest God was pleased to send.

Then, when the fleet came home—the king's boat, according to etiquette, being invariably last to come in, as it was first to go out—the boats were met at the quay by the wives, into whose hands king and commons resigned all further care until the next fishing, for on land the women cared for fish, purse, and home. Unlike all other sovereigns, the Claddagh king, while supreme in his authority, never tried to take any worldly advantage over his fellows; he was always a fisherman as humble as, and no richer than, the others; he never sought to exact tolls or levy taxes, but lived the same simple life of brotherhood, guarding only the interests common to all. This custom of appointing their own ruler prevails among the Claddagh folk at the present day, with the difference that, in place of an annual election, the distinction seems to have become vested in one family, whose name, curiously enough, is King. The present head of the Claddagh, Padge King, is a man a little over the middle height, grave and quiet in manner, with an honest, earnest look like that of a man who thinks a good deal and does not talk much; a something in his face, a good, kind look in his eyes, make one wish to shake hands with him, and he has the natural ease and refinement of manner so often met with in our people. To his kindness I owe having seen and taken part in one of the most touching and beautiful religious ceremonies that I have ever witnessed. No pomp, no riches, no splendid ceremonials could move such deep and reverential religious feeling as did that in which I took part with the poor Galway fishermen—the annual Blessing of the Sea.

From time immemorial this beautiful custom has been observed in Catholic countries, and the Claddagh men, who are a deeply religious people, never begin their season's fishing until

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this blessing of God has been asked on their labor for the coming year: on themselves, that they may work with patience and diligence, and on the sea—the "Fisherman's Garden," as they call it—that it may yield them an abundant harvest for the support of their wives and little ones.

Very few, even of the Galway people, know of this custom, the Claddagh folk not wishing to make a show or parade of what is to them a very dear and sacred religious rite. And they are not wrong in this; it would not be well it should attract merely curious tourists and strangers, mostly persons of a different creed, taught, perhaps unthinkingly, to scoff and deride, or to look upon as "mere superstition" observances founded upon the truest and deepest Christian sentiments—confidence in the Almighty Father's daily love and care for his creatures, and a desire to ask a blessing on all our labors. The very asking of that benediction is an act of faith in God's providence and an acknowledgment of the creature's entire dependence on the Father's care.

So little, then, is known of the ceremonial that it required great perseverance on my part to find out at what time the Blessing of the Sea would take place. Knowing a good deal of the superstitions of fishermen all the world over, it never occurred to me that I had any chance of being more than a spectator, perhaps of watching from the quay the beautiful sight of the fleet sailing out in regular procession, and then witnessing from afar as much as I could follow of the ceremony, which last year was carried out with unusual grandeur, but this year was to take place in the simple form which has been observed for countless years.

Having, after many trials, learned the evening and the hour, I repaired to the Claddagh, which was alive with the bustle of preparation. Every man and boy in the place was out, all busy about their boats, those whose vessels lay nearest to the deep water already getting up their sails and manning their crafts. By and by, as I watched from a distance, I saw the king conducting to his own boat the clergyman, two young brothers from the convent, and the priest's servant-man. Then, to my intense surprise and delight—for, though longing for an invitation, I had not dared to ask for it—King (with whom I had already made friends, and to whom I had taken a great fancy) came along the quay to where I stood, and invited me to sail out in his boat, that I might join in the service I had been so anxious to see. I was full of gratitude for such a favor. Here was I, the first stranger, perhaps,

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who had ever been permitted thus to share with these simple, pious people in their beautiful ceremonial; yet, now that my desire was granted, I felt a little frightened. All the world knows how superstitious seafaring people are; they have a few very uncomplimentary "pisharogues" with regard to my sex: what should I do in case no herrings were caught when the fishing began the following evening? I should perhaps be thought to have brought the ill-luck on the boats. It was a serious consideration, but still there was no resisting the longing to go, so I comforted myself with the recollection that I have not red hair, that the king had not met me but had come after me (so I had not "crossed his path"), and that in general I am counted rather a lucky body; so, with a diplomatic hint about this latter quality, I stepped joyfully into the little boat, which at once put off from shore, to lead out the entire fleet on their first expedition for the season.

Leaving the harbor, with a rapid sweep the *St. Joseph* rounded the end of the pier and actually flew through the sea. And then what a glorious race began! In swift succession boat after boat, with exactly the same smooth, rapid curve, shot one by one round the point and out into the bay, until it seemed as if the waters were covered with the graceful creatures, no longer the dead, dull, inanimate things that had lain so listlessly in rows in the harbor, but living, breathing creatures, racing and panting and vying with each other in their joy at being awakened and let loose on the foamy waves; full of buoyancy and life, they dashed and gambolled and flew on and on in the chase after the leader, which still kept gallantly on at full speed, ahead of them all. One actually looked for prancing feet pawing the water where it surged and hissed under the prows, while the little crafts seemed to leap and bound over the waves. Watching them I felt such an intense excitement and delight, such a sort of pride and joy in the strange, wild beauty of the scene, in the sense of space, and freedom, and fresh, vivid, glorious life, as made me suddenly realize what it is that attracts and holds the fisherman to his calling.

I glanced round our little ark. She was going at a tremendous pace; there sat, or rather half-reclined, the "admiral" in the stern, the tiller held between his knees, both hands engaged with the ropes of the sail, but working with the ease with which a skilful horseman shows his power over the noble animal that knows his hand; a look on the man's face of quiet pleasure and pride in the fine spectacle that was exciting such wonder and

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admiration in those who saw it for the first time. Beside King sat the Dominican priest who was to pronounce the benediction, and with whom were two young novices. There were also in the boat three fine lads—"the princes of the blood royal" they were laughingly introduced to me as—and two other men. "Ay," King said, in reply to a remark, "they can manage their boats, every man, as easy as a rider would turn a race-horse. You might go the world round and not see a finer regatta than that."

Regatta! I have seen as fine regattas as can be got up, but they are boy's play compared to that joyous race with the Claddagh fleet. For were not the poor men's hearts once more full of hope? For years the harvests had been getting worse and worse—ever since the trawlers came into the bay—and the sorrow and want growing harder and harder to bear. "But sure God is good; who knows but that He who sailed with other poor fishermen in their boats, who slept in their midst, who calmed the storm because they were frightened, who took pity on their distress and gave them the miraculous draught of fishes, who chose his greatest apostle from amongst poor fishermen—who knows but he would, in his love and mercy, take pity on these poor fathers and hear their prayers for sufficient daily bread to enable them to live on and bring up their children in the spot so dear to their hearts?"

The race was over; a fishing-ground some miles out was reached; the anchor of the king's boat was cast, and then commenced a march past, not as exciting but almost prettier, in its way, than the race. It was "de rigueur" that every craft should pass before that in which sat the priest, and as each vessel came flying up she bent and curved and swept round the admiral's, then took up her place in the immense circle that was gradually formed by the boats, and that closed in around until the priest, now bare-headed and wearing his stole, was exactly the centre of the ring of crowded boats—for not a man or boy remained at home that evening. The last craft to come up and make its obeisance was one crowded with little children; and this, "the bark of the holy innocents," took up its position so close beside us that our boats touched, and the row of little curly heads and the fresh, innocent young faces completed the beauty of the picture.

When all were in place the king stood up, took off his hat, and waved it. In one instant every human being in the fleet was bare-headed and on his knees, and the prayers began. First the Rosary and the Litany were recited; and oh! what deep faith and

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devotion, what earnest, imploring petitions, were in the voices and in the grave, attentive faces of those men! It was a sermon on faith and hope such as the most eloquent preacher that ever spoke could not so bring to the heart. The priest, used to touching scenes, could scarcely master his emotion as he sent up fervent prayers for God's blessing on the poor fishermen around him, while the responses of the soft, childish voices beside us mingled sweetly with the deep, earnest tones of the men coming like a chorus over the waters.

The Rosary and Litany ended, the priest arose from his knees and read the service for the occasion, and, sprinkling the waves three times with holy water, he implored a blessing on them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It must indeed have been a cold nature that did not join with whole heart and soul in these prayers. What a picture that was! Every detail of the scene was so striking as to fix itself indelibly on the mind. The day and evening had been dull and the sky overcast; but as the foremost of the fleet were about a mile out to sea, the rest still coming on and on in a continuous stream from the harbor, the clouds across the western sky had parted in one long streak, sending down across the sea and over those sails nearest to the west a flood of that peculiar white, silvery light that sometimes breaks through clouds charged with rain. The whole effect was exquisite and seemed, I hoped, like a good omen; and as the prayers were said and the blessing invoked, the flood of brilliant light still remained and formed a luminous background to the circle of dark-sailed boats, lit up the figures of the fishermen kneeling, their hands clasped, some of the bared heads bowed, some raised towards heaven, others with earnest, intent gaze fixed on the priest, beside whom knelt the Claddagh king with bent head, and hands raised to press to his lips the heavy cross of his ancient rosary; it lighted up the row of little faces just appearing over the edge of the boat alongside, while just in the shadow outside the circle lay a big foreign ship, from the deck of which all on board were eagerly watching, evidently bewildered by the sight of this strange and beautiful service in the midst of the waters.

The ceremony ended, a signal from the king told the fleet to return to the harbor, while—escorted, as a guard of honor, by some half-dozen sail—he took his guests for, as he said, "a stroll around the bay."

As we started, a pretty yacht that had been cruising about

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came up to try its speed. "She thinks she'll race me," said the admiral in a tone of quiet contempt, "but she'll soon give that over." And he settled himself in his easy attitude in the stern, took the tiller between his knees and the ropes in hand, and seemed as if he gave his charger leave to go at its full pace. And, sure enough, the yacht soon found something more dignified to do than trying to race the *St. Joseph* on board of which was now a gay and merry party. "True," Padge said in reply to a question, "every boat of them has a blessed name. There's the *St. Patrick*, and the *St. Peter*, an', to be sure, all the twelve apostles but one. An' our men are good men, too—no better; there's not a man in the Claddagh would go to sea without first saying his prayers an' askin' a blessing—not a one of them!" . . . . "I'm hoping that there's some signs of a good harvest, for there were great numbers of seagulls seen off Blackhead a week ago. Please God, we'll get some fish this year, father, for last year was a very poor year—the worst we ever had. There was boats went out, many a night, an' the men in them hadn't a bit of food to bring out with them; sometimes they were ashamed even to tell the other men that they had nothing to eat, an' they come in again next day, after the cold, long night, without breakin' their fast, an' without as much as a herring in the nets to get food for them at home. Troth the trawlers has ruined the bay entirely. Still, with the help of God, this will be a better year."

In the meantime there was much fun and merriment over the intense anxiety of the young Dominican Brothers that Peter, the servant, should be sea-sick; while Peter, a pale, delicate, but very good-humored little man, was equally anxious *not* to be sea sick, and vowed manfully that he *would not*, though evidently not quite sure that the will would be equal to the occasion, and he kept continually calling to King that rain was coming. "There!" (we all got a good dash of spray), "the storm would come before his advice was taken, and we'd all be drowned." Peter, like his great namesake, was evidently timorous, even when reminded that it did not matter where we went, for had we not his reverence on board, and does not every one know that no vessel can be wrecked that carries the servant of God?

Stephen, the youngest of the royal princes, a fair lad of about fourteen years, intelligent and well-mannered, came to sit beside me, entertaining me with a description of the light-house, of the various vessels we passed, of the ways of life of the Claddagh

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boys, of his school and hopes and ambitions. His ambition, strange to say, was, not to be commander of a man-of-war, but to be the Claddagh schoolmaster!

And so we strolled around the wide "Fisherman's Garden," returning, as is etiquette amongst the people, after the very last boat; and as I turned away after shaking hands warmly with the kind Claddagh king, I heard him say to the good priest: "I think, father, that, with the blessing of God, we'll go out to-morrow evening."

I am not ashamed to say that when the fishers sailed next night on their first expedition for the season, there was not a poor fisher's wife in all the Claddagh that prayed more earnestly than I prayed that the Father in heaven might send those anxious families their daily bread; and when, the morning after, the first cry I heard through the streets was "Galway Bay herrings!" my very heart rejoiced.

THE DIRECTOR.

THEY beat their chords, yet weld them not in one;
They wield their parts, but yet not jointed true;
Once more, once more the wandering strain renew,
A thousand times once more the fractured tone.
Amid the throng he stands and works alone,
Low laboring to an end they may not view;
The form of sound long must he hack and hew,
Unrulier far than adamantine stone.
No voice he mingles through the pealing choir,
No hand among the strings, breath in the reeds;
The discord into harmony he leads
By thwarting all attempt and all desire.
How oft he dragged them when they did aspire!
How deep he harrows, till their spirit bleeds!
What nothingness he makes their choicest deeds,
Waste of their verdure, ashes of their fire!
His touch they feel not but in check and blow:
Him and his work, when all is wrought, they know.

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HENRY GEORGE AND HIS LAND THEORIES.

THE fifth article of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and the first article of the Constitution of the State of New York, distinctly say: "Nor shall private property be taken for public use without compensation." Every one knows, from illustrations every day occurring, that by "private property" the constitutions mean private property in land as well as in houses. It is necessary to make this observation, for recent writers and speakers have argued that because the term land is not mentioned in the articles quoted, as well as in some of the works of standard authors defending the rights of property, they cannot be interpreted to include land. The Constitution of the State of New York, in the seventh section of the first article, prescribes even the manner in which the State must proceed in order legally to acquire title to land owned by a private citizen but deemed necessary for public use.

One would naturally suppose, then, that in a great country like ours, where good land is so cheap that it may be had almost for nothing, and so abundant that there is enough to give every adult American one hundred and sixty acres; in a country in which there are no feudal privileges, no laws of entail or of primogeniture, and in which we have tried to make all men equal, so far as equality is possible, by universal suffrage, an attempt at agrarian revolution would fail to get any decent support. In the congested cities of Europe, in the nations of class-privilege and limited suffrage, in municipalities where even honest and industrious labor often fails to find either employment or fair wages, we can understand the discontent of the peasants and laboring classes. But that Americans, natives of the soil, should preach a crusade against our republican rights of property, is matter for serious reflection.

The theory of Mr. George is essentially anti-American. It is contrary to the letter and the spirit of all our institutions. We have grown to be a great people by individual enterprise and exertion. It needs no proof that Individualism and not Socialism or Communism, decentralization and not centralization, are at the bottom of our political and material growth and prosperity.

We have called it the theory of Mr. George, but it is really not his except by adoption. He has merely naturalized it. He

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has taken it from Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher, although in other forms it is as old as the first heresies. We need not delay in making extracts from the writings of Mr. Spencer to show that Mr. George has only copied the Englishman's views and given them a new dress in *The Land Question* and *Progress and Poverty*. Mr. George admits this himself in the former of these two works.* We do not know but that Mr. George has borrowed also from a Canadian writer, a certain William Brown, who in 1881 published at Montreal *The Land Catechism: Is Rent Just?* In this work the same ideas and the same arguments are found as in *Progress and Poverty;* and as both books appeared about the same time, it is hard to say whether Brown borrowed from George, or George from Brown, or both from Spencer. The theory of land-nationalization, of the destruction of private property in land, and of making the state the only landlord, never grew naturally out of American soil. We incline to think, therefore, that the germ of it was wafted either by an eastern gale from England or a blizzard from Canada, till it unfortunately found a resting-place in the enterprising brain of Mr. George.†

The syllogism—and Mr. George is fond of syllogisms—which underlies the whole of his book on *Progress and Poverty* is the following: "The cause of poverty should be abolished; but the cause of poverty is private property in land; therefore private property in land should be abolished." We shall say nothing to the major of this syllogism, except that the reformer who undertakes to abolish the cause of poverty has a very hard task before him. So many are poor from their own fault, so many remain poor even when helped, and so many will remain poor in spite of every assistance given, that it is impossible to abolish the evil. A greater than Mr. George has said: "The poor you have always with you"; and history shows that poverty has always existed. We fear Mr. George will never abolish poverty until he succeeds in abolishing the freedom of the human will and preventing men from squandering their earnings upon their passions. Can it be that Mr. George sincerely believes that, after centuries of unsuccessful effort on the part of creeds and civilizations to abolish poverty, he alone has found the solution of the problem by an English patent with an American stamp on its back?

But we dismiss the major premise. The minor is the back-

* *The Land Question*, p. 44. New York: Lovell.

† It would be more correct to say that Fichte, the German pantheist, is the modern father of George's theory. In his work, *Materials for the Justification of the French Revolution*, Fichte defines property as George does.

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bone of Mr. George's syllogism. Let us not be accused of misrepresenting him. Here are his words: "If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; if, on the contrary, private property in land be unjust, then is the remedy the true one." These are his words in the seventh book of *Progress and Poverty*, in a chapter of which the heading is: "The Injustice of Private Property in Land." Again in the same chapter, after a lengthy attempt to prove his thesis, he writes:

"Whatever may be said for the institution of private property in land, it is therefore plain that it cannot be defended on the score of justice." . . . "There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land." "Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement-house becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires; and it is robbed if the right is denied." . . . "The wide-spreading social evils which everywhere oppress men amid an advancing civilization spring from a great primary wrong—the appropriation, as the exclusive property of some men, of the land on which and from which *all* must live. From this fundamental injustice flow *all* the injustices which distort and endanger modern development, which condemn the producer of wealth to poverty and pamper the non-producer in luxury, which rear the tenement-house with the palace, plant the brothel behind the church, and compel us to build prisons as we open new schools."

No one would believe it, unless he had read it, that Mr. George thus holds that not only is private property in land robbery, but even the cause of other crimes—the creator of the brothel and the jail! And yet the criminal owner of a farm and the thieving lot-owner hold on to their dishonest possessions, and will not yield them voluntarily to the state. And the industrious and sober but wicked mechanic and laborer continue to economize in whiskey and tobacco in order to be able to commit the crime of owning their own lots, and thus helping to send some one into a brothel or a jail! Thus we have Mr. George's doctrine in his own words. Before analyzing his arguments in its favor let us free the question from wordy ambiguity.

There was a sect in the very early ages of Christianity called the "Apostolicals," of whom St. Augustine writes in his work on Heresies, heresy No. 40. They held a doctrine very much like that of Mr. George, and denied the right of any man to own property. Prudhomme, the French Communist, adopted their principles when he said that "property is theft." Mr. George does not say that all property is theft; the only dishonest possession, according to him, is that of "private property in land."

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Now, men may differ about the *origin* of titles to hold land. Some trace them to the law of nature, others to the law of nations, and others to the law of the state. But although orthodox writers may differ as to the *origin* of titles to private ownership, all admit the right itself; and whether the title comes from the law of the state or from the law of nations, in the last analysis it is sanctioned by the law of nature, for neither the state nor the law of nations could make that which is intrinsically unjust, just. We have been unable to find any orthodox writer on law or theology who denies the justice of private ownership of land. But Mr. George, from his words quoted above, denies that even the state can give valid title: "There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land." Thus, then, even the grants of land made by the state to soldiers after a just war are all invalid. If the United States government had conceded to General Grant a farm in recompense for his services in saving the Union, the act would be invalid and the title void, according to Mr. George's theory.

Orthodox writers also teach that while private property in land is just, so also is ownership by a corporation or by the state. The state is an owner, and so may be the individual or the corporation. But the right of the individual primordially and aboriginally precedes the right of the state. Adam was the first owner of property; he had logical and real rights as an individual, even before he became the "covenanted head" of the race. For some time he was alone in the world. When Eve was formed to be his wife she and Adam were the only property-owners on this earth. After they had children, and these children begot others, quarrels about persons and property arose, and then the families united and made the state to be, as it were, a policeman to keep order and protect rights. The state, then, in the form of its organization, is the creature of the family. Its rights are therefore limited by the rights of families or of the individuals who compose them. It is true that the authority of the state is from God, and that the state has the right of eminent domain, in virtue of which it can abridge or take away class-privileges, or curtail private ownership for the benefit of the whole community. How far this right of eminent domain may extend we are not going to discuss. It fluctuates, like the mercury in a barometer, in different political systems. The opinion of Americans as to the extent of eminent domain is expressed by the article of the Constitution already quoted and by other laws.

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But the right of a corporation to own property—the right of the municipality of New York, for instance, to own the Central Park, and the right of the state to own certain territory—in no way collides with the right of the individual to own his lot or his farm. If Mr. George had simply taught that if we wish to be perfect we should "sell all we possess and give to the poor"; if he had simply argued in favor of the superior advantages of a common to a private ownership, no one would accuse him of holding unsound opinions. As far as orthodox theologians are concerned, they would denounce as strongly the teaching that would deny the right of a state or of a community to hold land, or the writer who would insist that private ownership is the only one that is valid, as they do now the theory that private ownership is unjust. Communism in its best form has always flourished in the Catholic Church alongside of private ownership. Mr. George will labor long before he can establish such perfect forms of the holding of property in common as have existed, and still exist, in the monastic institutions of Christianity.

The right of private property is limited by the state's eminent domain, by the necessities of other men, as well as by the universal law of charity, that makes all things common in case of extreme necessity. Common sense and reason limit the extent of private ownership, even when acquired by priority of occupation. We are not going to discuss the limits of ownership, because the question is not pertinent to the subject. The justice of private ownership is one thing, the limits of it another, and while the former is certain the latter is disputable.

If Mr. George's purpose were merely to improve the condition of the laboring classes by obtaining for them better wages or shorter hours where needed, or to limit the power of corporations or curtail the influence of monopolies, no Catholic theologian would have spilled a drop of ink in trying to injure his cause. But he says that private property in land is the cause of poverty and is unjust.

We freely admit that poverty might, indeed, be a consequence of *land-monopoly* used contrary to the laws of justice and charity; but private ownership itself is naturally a means to wealth. If we were to argue from history it might be shown that common ownership has produced as much poverty as private ownership. The wretched and impoverished condition of the ancient Gauls and Germans, as described by Cæsar* and Tacitus,† is inferentially attributed by those writers to the hold

* *De Bello Gallico*, vi. ch. 22. † *Germania*, ch. 26.

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ing of land in common. Tenure in common killed individual exertion and destroyed the progress to which private ownership stimulates. When everybody owned the acre, every one shirked the labor of improvement and threw the responsibility on his neighbor's shoulders.

Nor does the history of the people of God favor Mr. George's theory. We are willing to give him all the advantage he thinks he finds in the texts of the Bible that "God hath given the earth to the sons of men," and that "the Lord's is the earth and the fulness thereof," and "you shall not sell the land for ever, for the land is mine, saith the Lord." If he is going to quote Scripture for us in defence of his proposition that "private property in land is unjust," he ought to state at the same time that his interpretation of these texts is contrary to all Christian and Hebrew teaching, for both recognize the justice of private ownership in land. All our Hebrews, even the most orthodox rabbis, like to own town lots, and if they own them they keep them, or sell them, or transmit them to their heirs with calm consciences in spite of the text, "You shall not sell the land for ever." Surely the whole Christian Church and the whole Synagogue are as good interpreters of the Bible as Mr. George. The Lord is the absolute owner of the earth. Who denies it? God is the absolute owner of every human being as well as of the earth, and yet Mr. George derives the right of a man to property from "the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers." * He surely does not mean by this, however, that a man has an absolute right to himself—the right to commit suicide, for instance? The absolute dominion of God over the earth is not contradictory to private ownership of land by a human being, any more than the state's right of eminent domain is irreconcilable with the citizen's right to his lot or to his farm. As to God, we are all tenants at will, not only as to ownership of property but also as to ownership of our lives. When we claim the justice of private ownership in land, we do not mean that the owner can keep it in spite of God's will, but that he can sell it, transmit it to his heirs, and exclude other men from its possession. God, of course, has given the earth to the sons of men, but he has not specified the manner in which they must own it. Some of them own it in common, others individually, but in both cases with a just and valid title. The law of nature is equally indifferent to communal or to private ownership.† Where does Mr. George find a text

* *Progress and Poverty*, p. 300. Appleton. 1882.

† This is what St. Thomas means when he says: "If you consider this field absolutely, there

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that forbids private property in land, and prescribes that the community can be the sole honest owner?

Jewish legislation on this subject was special and national, and was never intended to be universal. When the Israelites conquered the promised land—a land specially donated to them by the Supreme Owner, God—Josue divided the whole country into twelve provinces, giving one to each tribe. No tribe could encroach on the land of another. Then each family got a share by a subdivision, and the families were forbidden to alienate for ever the portion of land assigned to them. What was this but a law of entail, to which Mr. George is opposed? The Jews by a special law were obliged to celebrate the Jubilee year, which was every fiftieth. This Jubilee year was one of privileges; in it slaves were set free, and property sold within the last fifty years reverted to the original possessor. The right to sell land was permitted to the Jews, and they could give title only for fifty years. Such sale did not injure the possessor, because he knew in disposing of it that he could sell or buy only for a fixed period.

This special Hebrew land legislation was in order to keep the tribes separate; for the priestly and levitical functions belonged exclusively to the tribe of Levi, and the Messias was to come from the tribe of Juda. After the captivity of Babylon this land-law ceased to bind, because as only the tribes of Juda and Benjamin, with a few representatives from the other tribes, came back, its reason of existence ceased. The King of the Jews was God himself. Their form of government was a theocracy, special and isolated. To argue from the Hebrew land-laws to those that should bind the rest of mankind is as absurd as to teach that the rules of a Catholic monastery or convent should govern the outside world. A man cannot justly buy what the seller does not justly own. Now, Abraham bought a burying-ground *for ever* for four hundred sicles from Ephron, "and the field was made sure to Abraham, and the cave that was in it, for a possession to bury in" (Gen. xxiii. 20). By the Mosaic law lands always passed to the children, or, if there were none, to the next of kin, thus showing that private ownership was recognized (Numbers

is no reason in it why it should belong to one man rather than to another; but if you consider it in relation to the need of cultivation and of pacific use of the field, in this regard it is opportune that it should belong to one and not to another" (2a, 2æ, quæst. 57, art. iii) As it is not easy in an English translation to give all the shades of meaning of the Angelic Doctor, we quote the original text: "Si enim consideretur iste ager absolute, non habet unde magis sit hujus quam illius; sed si consideretur per respectum ad opportunitatem colendi, et ad pacificum usum agri, secundum hoc habet quamdam commensurationem ad hoc quod sit unius et non alterius."

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xxvii.) Even King Achab had not the power to take away Naboth's vineyard without his consent (III. Kings xxi. 2). According to Mr. George, as no individual's title to real estate is valid, neither can any man dispose of it by will; for the community, not the children or next of kin, is the true heir and owner.

The first Christians were of Hebrew race. They sold and bought lands. They were private owners. Do the champions of the George theory who quote Scripture forget that in Acts v. 3-4 St. Peter reproaches Ananias, the converted Jew, with his lie in these words: "Why hath Satan tempted thy heart, that thou shouldst lie to the Holy Ghost, and by fraud keep part of the price of the land? Whilst it remained, did it not remain to thee? and after it was sold, was it not in thy power?" When the champions of Mr. George say that Scripture favors his theory they are certainly following in the footsteps of Ananias.

But let us come to Mr. George's arguments from reason. Here is his bulwark:

> "The laws of nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of labor; and in them is written broadly and clearly the equal right of all men to the use and enjoyment of nature—to apply to her by their exertions and to receive and possess her reward. Hence, as nature gives only to labor, the exertion of labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession."*

This is Fichte's argument long before George used it.

Mr. George is fond of syllogisms,† so let us put his argument in the form of a syllogism. Is not this a fair one from his words: "The only title to exclusive possession is that which nature gives"; but nature gives such title "only to labor"; therefore "labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession"? Of course the reader sees at a glance that there is more in the conclusion of this syllogism than in the premises. That more was put there by Mr. George, not by us. But let it stand. Now for an analysis of it. The major of this syllogism may be admitted; but the minor is false, for, in the first place, it denies

* *Progress and Poverty*, p. 302.

† This is the syllogism which our American Aristotle, Mr. George, pretended to take from the words of the archbishop's pastoral, quoted in this article:

"The results of human exertion are property, and may rightfully be the object of individual ownership.

"Land is property.

"Therefore land is rightfully the object of individual ownership." (See *Standard* of January 8, 1887.)

Now, as the pastoral does not say that the results of human exertion *alone* are property, but distinctly claims that the things themselves, "a farm, etc.," as well as the improvements on it, are property, how can Mr. George acquit himself of the charge of false statement?

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the validity of title derived from priority of occupation. Of this title Mr. George says that it is "the most absurd ground on which land-ownership can be defended." * Mr. George, as proofs of this dogmatic assertion, says:

> "Has the first comer at a banquet the right to turn back all the chairs and claim that none of the other guests shall partake of the food provided, except as they make terms with him?" "Does the first passenger who enters a railroad-car obtain the right to scatter his baggage over all the seats and compel the passengers who come in after him to stand up?" †

This idea is found in St. Basil's sermon on Naboth's vineyard. This is an unlucky illustration for Mr. George. It proves against his theory instead of for it. Undoubtedly the man who takes a seat at a banquet or in a railroad-train cannot exclude others from the other seats, but he can exclude from the seat which he occupies, because it is his. If Mr. George should take the seat appointed for him at a banquet, or if places have not been appointed but left to be taken on the principle that "the first come should be the first served," and he should take one, would he not consider it injustice for some one to come in and order him out of his chair? When he enters a railroad-car he takes an unoccupied seat, he claims a right to that particular seat by virtue of prior occupation, and he would consider himself unjustly treated if some one else should come in and try to oust him. And if all the seats are preoccupied he has to stand up. His payment for a seat in general does not entitle him to this or that particular seat.

The very fact that the prior occupation of the seat is felt to give title to its possessor, and that the community respects such prior occupation, shows that the title of prior occupation is founded in nature. We do not claim that prior occupation gives title to the whole earth, but it does give title to that part of it in which a man fixes his residence, or which provides for his necessary support; and from that part he can exclude others, as the preoccupant could from the chair at a public restaurant or the seat in a railroad-car. The universal consent of mankind, based on natural inclination, gives title to priority of occupation. If two boys should go to a blackthorn hedge—we use this illustration, for Mr. George is very fond of the Irish, especially at election time—to cut sticks, the one who outruns the other, and takes hold of the best cane for his purpose, feels that he has a right to it in virtue of prior occupation; and the other boy respects the right;

* *Progress and Poverty*, p. 309. † *Idem.*

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or if, on account of greater strength and evil inclination, he should undertake to get possession of it, both feel that right is being violated. Nature tells the aggressor that he is violating the right acquired by prior occupation; and the aggrieved feels that he does no wrong by defending his right to it, even by force. If a party of men should sail away on the ocean and discover land without an owner, like Pitcairn Island when the mutineers of the *Bounty* found it, they would feel that they had a right. They would divide it, and respect each other's rights to it after the division.* If Mr. George should find gold-dust in the dried-up bed of a stream which belonged to no one, would he not appropriate it to himself and claim it by the right of prior occupation? He could not claim it as the result of labor, for he accidentally found it. All the labor consisted in picking it up. Peace and good order require that the right of the prior occupant should, with proper restrictions, be recognized. If not, every one would be fighting for the best place. And order is the first law of nature as well as of heaven. Order and peace, therefore, legitimate title acquired by priority of occupation.

Here is another syllogism taken from Mr. George's reasoning: "The recognition of private property in land is a wrong, if there can be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the product of labor; but there can be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the product of labor; therefore the recognition of private property in land is wrong." This is but the former syllogism in a new dress. We answer it in these calm and dignified words of the highest ecclesiastical judicial authority in the State of New York: The right of property is "the moral faculty of claiming an object as one's own, and of disposing both of the object and its utility according to one's own good will, without

* Mr. George draws the following false conclusion from title derived from priority of occupation: "Then by priority of occupation one could acquire and could transmit to whom he pleased not merely the exclusive right to one hundred and sixty acres or to six hundred and forty acres, but to a whole township, a whole State, a whole continent" (*Progress and Poverty*, p. 310). How much land an individual may occupy and own is a debatable question, but there is no dispute among orthodox writers that he can own some part of the earth. Limitation of a right does not mean its destruction. Common sense and the necessities of our fellow-men limit occupation. No one claims that a man may occupy a whole continent; but every one should admit that he may justly own a portion of it. How much? That depends. Grant to the individual the ownership of a single lot on the continent, and you give up Mr. George's theory that "private property in land is unjust." Just as the individual may acquire title by prior occupation, so may the state by prior occupation. Thus if the agent of a state, seeking new discoveries for her, should find an island not owned by others, he claims it as the property of his government, and no individual can acquire right or title in it without the consent of the state; for the right of the state is as sacred as the right of the individual. The same argument holds good for both the individual and the state. But in all cases authority is from God. As St. Paul says, "All power is from God."

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any rightful interference on the part of others. . . . Undoubtedly God made the earth for the use of all mankind; but whether the possession thereof was to be in common or by individual ownership was left for reason to determine. Such determination, judging from the facts of history, the sanction of law, from the teaching of the wisest and the actions of the best and bravest of mankind, has been and is that man can by lawful acts become possessed of the right of ownership in property, and not merely in its use. The reason is because a man is strictly entitled to that of which he is the producing cause, to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both. But it is clear that in a farm, for instance, which one has by patient toil improved in value; in a block of marble out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue, he cannot fully enjoy the improvement he has caused unless he have also the right to own the object thus improved."

Mr. George tries to depreciate the importance of this official utterance by insinuating that it has no more weight than the utterance of a "butler" or a "butcher-boy." * Mr. George is not a Catholic. We do not know that he is even a believer in the divinity of Christ. But by his own testimony he has been paying court to cardinals and bishops, and enjoying their hospitality. Why not respect one of their body? No Catholic can sympathize with Mr. George's attack upon a bishop who forbore to speak till the election for mayor was over, and then only discharged an official duty in defending the truth. Mr. George's abuse or insult does not disprove the logic of these words:

"But it is clear that in a farm, for instance, which one has by patient toil improved in value; in a block of marble out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue, he cannot fully enjoy the improvement he has caused unless he have also the right to own the object thus improved."

Moreover, if we accept Mr. George's proposition that there can be no property except what is the "fruit of human industry" or the "product of human exertion," mark the consequences that follow. How can we get title to property in cattle in that case? Man never produced horses, cows, nor asses; will he on that account be denied the right to own them? How can a man become the owner of chickens or ducks, since he cannot produce them or the eggs from which they are hatched? How can he become an owner of eggs since he cannot "produce" them?

But even accepting the theory that labor put in concrete form on material things gives the only title to ownership, still private ownership in land is just. If I clear a field, fence it in, build a house on it, I have put my labor in a concrete form. A barren

* See the *Standard*—Mr. George's organ—of January 8, 1887.

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and useless spot that had belonged to nobody has been converted by my industry into a productive one. Now, if you deprive me of this field, am I not deprived of "the product of human exertion"?

You tell me I did not produce the field. But neither has the workman produced the raw material out of which he has made the tool. The iron or the tree is as much a gift of nature as land. The clay that is used to make bricks is a part of the soil. Land requires improvement to be useful to man: it must be ploughed, harrowed, manured, just as the iron must pass through the foundry or wood through the sawmill to be fit for use. Thus, then, the same argument that gives title to the maker of the tool gives title to the cultivator of the farm. In both cases the improvement carries with it the right to the thing improved. They are inseparable in the concrete.

Again, if land cannot justly belong to a private owner, neither can it be owned by a corporation or by a state. You say that land is common property and belongs to the whole human race; that every child born into the world has a right to live on the land. Then what right has a state to put up a barrier, and mark out a frontier, and claim exclusive ownership of a fixed portion of the earth? What right have the Irish to demand that their own country shall be governed by themselves if they must concede an equal right to their land to the English, the Scotch, and for that matter to the whole human race? Mr. George's theory is thus directly against "Home Rule" and nationalism. If every tramp, as you say, has a right to the Astors' city lots, then the Manitoba peasant or Sitting Bull's Indians have as much right to the City Hall Park as the municipality of New York, and it is injustice to exclude them from its ownership. The Rhine, according to your theory, is unjustly a limit to French or German nationality and ownership; and if the inhabitants of Africa should find their land unable to support them, they have a right to immigrate hither in a body and take as much of American soil as they may need for their support, without asking permission from the courtesy or the charity of the state or of the American people. In fact, it would be injustice to oppose them, for what right have we to exclude them from "the common gift of the Creator"? Thus every argument against the private ownership of the individual tells equally against ownership by corporations, municipalities, or states; for the unorganized human race, according to this theory, owns all the land in common. If

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it is necessary to produce the earth in order to own it, one might say that Holland and our "Harlem Flats" are privileged property. They are the product of human exertion and "free dumps." Every seller of a lot on "Harlem Flats" could put up a sign as an incentive to buyers: "This lot is guaranteed by Henry George, for it is the product of human exertion." Happy inhabitants of "Harlem Flats"!

You grant a man the right to his house, but not to the lot on which it stands; but the foundation of the house is often built six or seven feet into the ground. Must we for the future build our houses on stilts, to keep the improvement separate from the thing improved? How can a man separate his property, the house, from the product of nature, the lot? Or must every man build a house of such a character as to be able to carry it off on his back? You concede that he may own the bricks with which he built it, but deny that he can own the portion of earth out of which they were made. How can he separate his property from that of the community in this case? He can sell the house but not the lot; yet in the very sale of the house he gives to the buyer the right to exclude others from the land on which it is built. Suppose the community should insist on its rights to use its property, the ground on which the house is erected, how could the community do it without invading the individual's right to the house? What absurdities!

In logic he that proves too much proves nothing. Every argument used by Mr. George against the right of private property in land tells equally against the right to hold all other kinds of property. Thus on page 306 of *Progress and Poverty* Mr. George writes:

> "The recognition of individual ownership of land is the denial of the natural rights of other individuals—it is a wrong which must *show* itself in the inequitable division of wealth. For as labor cannot produce without the use of land, the denial of the equal right to the use of land is necessarily the denial of the right of labor to its own produce," etc.

Now, every word of this applies with greater force to those kinds of property the justice of which is acknowledged. Substitute the words "raw material" and "machinery" for "land" in the whole paragraph, and you have the same argument, or rather the same tirade, against property. The unequal division of the raw material, the unequal division of the ownership of machinery, may as well be charged with being the cause of poverty as the unequal distribution of land. In fact, there is

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greater inequality, and therefore greater injustice if inequality be injustice, in wealth derived from manufactures, greater inequality in the ownership of stocks and bonds, than in the ownership of land. If Mr. George, when he becomes ruler of America, is going to rob the Astors of their real estate and give it to be the common property of tramps and loungers, the Astors had better sell their land at once, and invest the money in factories, stocks, bonds, or *books*, so as to own a kind of property that Mr. George will recognize as just and entirely exempt from taxation. Let them invest in English consols or French rentes, and escape paying anything to the support of our government.

Mr. George recognizes property in improvements but not to the land improved. But when the improvements become indistinguishable from the land, then "the title to the improvements becomes blended with the title to the land; the individual right is lost in the common right."* In such a case he would not even give compensation for all the individual's labor and industry. But is not this self-contradictory? On the one hand he lays down the universal principle that man has a right to the "product of his own industry." Yet when that product is identified with the land, so as to be indistinguishable from it, he denies the right either to the product or to compensation for it. Thus a man might till a farm for fifty years and enhance its value one hundred per cent.; yet because the improvements on it were of such a character as to be inseparable and indistinguishable from it, the laborer could claim no compensation for his work! Are the farmers and laborers going to accept any such nonsense as this? Why should the impossibility of separating an improvement from the thing improved work forfeiture of the improvement or of compensation for years of patient toil and industry? Can a man be the laborer's friend who tells him that all his sweat on his farm will go for naught, because the farm absorbs and appropriates it? The individual, forsooth, must heroically sacrifice the reward of labor for the benefit of a dreamer's theory! Is not this sanctioning the very thing which Irish peasants formerly considered one of their greatest grievances—namely, that they received no compensation for the improvement made on their farms, because the improvement was absorbed by the farm? Again, while Mr. George denies the right to private ownership of land, he exaggerates the right of the individual to other kinds of property. He says "that which a man makes or produces is his

* *Progress and Poverty*, p. 308.

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own, as against all the world—to enjoy or to *destroy*, to use, to exchange, or to give." * Thus he gives to man the absolute dominion of the Creator over the work of his own hands, an unlimited and unrestricted right "to enjoy or to destroy" what he has made. The baker, therefore, who burns up all the loaves of bread in his bakery; the butcher who throws all the beefsteaks in his shop into the furnace; the drunken laborer who takes his week's earnings and squanders them in the rum-shop, violates no right of others. He has a right to destroy his property, even though his neighbors or his wife and children should be starving. They have no right even to the crumbs that fall from his table. What right have they to the products of another's industry? This absolute dominion over the products of human industry is denied by all orthodox writers. As in every product of human industry there is an element not the product of human industry—the raw material created by Him who created man himself—man has no right to destroy it when the rights of others or the necessities of others stand in the way. When man is about to destroy the work of his hands, say a loaf of bread, God cries to him: "Hold! You formed the loaf, but I created the substances out of which it is formed, and I want them to be used for the benefit of other creatures like yourself. Your rights are limited. The very instruments by which you formed this loaf, those hands of yours, belong to me as their Creator, and to my other creatures, your brethren." Nay, more, Mr. George's theory leads logically to child-murder. What is more of a man's production than his children? He produces them by generation, and according to Henry George you can "enjoy" or "destroy" what you "produce." Here is the old despotism of pagan Roman fathers over the life and death of their children again revived.

And now a word in reference to the "unearned increment" of land.† What is the meaning of "unearned increment," as applied to land? It is the appreciation of land in value, owing to the growth of the community, or its necessities or sentiments. Now, we affirm that the "unearned increment" may be the rightful property of the individual owner. Even by Mr. George's standard of ownership the community cannot justly claim the "unearned increment." The whole community did not produce

* *Progress and Poverty*, p. 300.

† This idea and the words are taken by Mr. George from John Stuart Mill, the English sceptic.

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it by labor, nor is its value the "product of the industry" of the community. It is often a mere accidental appreciation due to sentiment rather than to the growth or the necessity of the multitude. I buy a vacant lot cheap, hoping that the city or town will grow so fast that in a few years my lot will double its value. The city grows, and the value of the lot increases; or the city does not grow, but certain people take a fancy to the lot on account of its position, and again its value increases. But I have bought the lot subject also to risk. The city may not grow towards my lot, or some champion of the George theories may own the neighboring lot, build a hall on it for a noisy socialistic club, and then nobody wants my lot. It depreciates in value. So there is an "unearned decrement" as well as an "unearned increment" possible to the private owner. Now, the "unearned decrement" may not be the community's fault, therefore I cannot force the community to pay me for my loss. Neither, then, shall I yield the "unearned increment" to the community, the product of my foresight, my careful calculation, the interest on my capital, the necessary appanage of my land and corollary of my wise calculation. If the "unearned increment" belongs to the community, why not make the community pay indemnity for the "unearned decrement"? The latter action by the community would give great satisfaction to every fool who made a bad investment in real estate. By what title can the community confiscate the increase of value on my lot, since the community is not always the producer of this increase, and, even where it is so, is not the necessary cause but only the accidental occasion of it? Does the mere accident of the growth of the town up to my lot, or the building of a railroad-station near my farm, give title to the community or to the railroad company to confiscate the fruit of my industry and of my foresight?

And if you confiscate the "unearned increment" of land, why not confiscate the "unearned increment" of all other property which rises and falls in value according to the growth, necessities, or sentiments of the community? The panic in stocks last December lowered the price of sealskin sacques; the coal-strike at Weehawken has raised the price of coal—must the furriers of New York charge the community for the "unearned decrement" of their furs, and the coal-dealers forfeit the "unearned increment" of their coal-supply, in consequence of these accidents? Is it not rational that the owner should enjoy the benefit, since he has also to suffer the loss, if there be any, from his venture?

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The fact is, the "increment" or "decrement" is inseparable from the thing owned. If you admit the right of private ownership in land you cannot deny its logical consequence, that the increment belongs to him who owns the land. To take it away without just compensation would be as unjust as to take away the land itself without just compensation.

Besides, if you confiscate the "increment," to whom will you give it? You answer, "To the community." To what community? To the city, excluding the rest of the state? or to the state, excluding the city? or to both together? Which has the right to it? The growth of the city is caused by the growth of the state, and the growth of the state is the growth of the whole world, of the whole human race. Then, as your claim to the "increment" is logically because of an increase of the community—that is, of the whole human race, whose increase has increased the value—the "increment" must be taken from me for the benefit of the whole human race! And who will divide it? Who will distribute it? Oh! says Mr. George after Mr. Spencer, nationalize the land, let the state be the only landlord and rent-collector, and let the state—that is to say, the Republican or the Democratic legislature, or the board of aldermen, as the case may be—appoint the rent-collectors to take the "increment" and apply it where it will do the most good!* What a scramble for the office of rent-collectors to manage the "boodle"!

We have already used a blackthorn stick as an illustration. It recalls associations with a people and a race fighting gallantly for private ownership of land, for the rights of farmers and laborers against a privileged class, by invoking the state's overdominion and natural justice against land monopolists whose titles are derived chiefly from the state or from unjust dispossession of the original owners of the soil. The issue in Ireland is not being fought on a Henry George platform. The Irish peasant is fighting for private property in land. He wants to own a bit of the land himself instead of seeing it all in the hands of a monopoly. The exaggerated utterances of some Irishmen merely emphasize the power of the state against uncharitable or unjust privilege detrimental to the commonweal. Although the holding of property in common was general in Ireland, especially

* The state has a right to limit the "increment," as it has to regulate interest upon money loaned, and as it has to limit ownership or privilege. Again we observe that a right to limit a right is not a right to destroy a right. Distinguish always between what a man is bound to do in *justice* and what he is bound to do in *charity*.

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when she was filled with monasteries and convents, the Irish never denied the justice of private property in land. The Irish missionaries, from the sixth to the ninth century, who traversed Europe, denouncing vice and injustice, and building monasteries, those great communes of Christianity, never attacked the right of the individual to hold property in land. Both Columba and Columbanus acknowledged the justice of such tenure. It is too late in the day, therefore, to try to make the Irish race apostles of theft and robbery. They are too sensible and thrifty to allow themselves to be poisoned by the quack remedy for all social evils of an English metaphysician like Herbert Spencer or an American politician like Mr. Henry George. "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*"

But let us return to the blackthorn. It grew near a little Irish churchyard where the bones of the owner's ancestors lie buried. No human hand ever planted the hedge on which it bloomed. It was a spontaneous product of nature, and belonged to the community until he took a fancy to it. By "human exertion," a hand, and an American jack-knife he cut it down. He was the first occupier, and therefore the owner. He improved it with the knife and a generous supply of sweet oil. He brought it to this country. It cost him nothing originally; now it has an "unearned increment" to him that cannot be computed. He would not give it for love nor sell it for money. Persons who have seen it say it is a beauty. Some who were born near the place where it grew have offered him ten dollars for it. One man whose cradle was rocked near it offered him fifteen dollars for it, but he has declined the offer. This stick, remember, is a natural product of the soil, having had roots deeply imbedded in it, drawing all its strength and beauty from it—in short, a gift of nature to man, and therefore belonging to the same category of property as land itself. Now, the cane in the hedge was not and never can be private property, according to Mr. George, because it was not "the result of human exertion." The improvement, however, made by the possessor's jack-knife is his property, as it is the "product of labor." But how can he own the improvement without owning the whole stick? Is he a thief for having appropriated to his own use what belonged to the whole Irish nation, or rather to the whole human race, every member of which had originally as much right to it as he? If he is, and he should want to make restitution, how can he do so unless he give up his improvement, which is his property by the Georgian standard? And if he give up that improvement, must the Irish nation

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or the whole human race pay him for it, or rest under the charge of having appropriated his improvement without title? Then as to the "unearned increment"—how much is it? Is it the value the possessor sets on the stick, or is it the ten dollars minus or plus the cost of transportation from Ireland, or the fifteen dollars that the patriotic and loving Irishman was willing to give for it? And if the community confiscates this "unearned increment," which community must get it? Is it the Irish community to which the natural cane belonged, or the American community in which the improved stick is doing efficient service, or is it the whole human race, the "great community," whose growth grows with the growth of the Irish and the American community? Or must the "unearned increment" be divided *pro rata*—one part to Ireland, which has a right to the natural product, and the other to America, in which the "unearned increment" of the stick is so great? Or shall he follow the law of nature, of common sense, and the opinion of all civilized peoples by keeping the stick and its value for the very same reasons which justify the private owner in keeping his lot and its value? Certainly, it "*Canis suus pro Martino venatur*," as the proverb has it, land or a stick ought to do a similar service for its possessor.

We have avoided going into any side-issues on this question, and have kept to the one point that private property in land is just, and to its logical consequence, that the "unearned increment" belongs to the individual. It is unfortunate that Mr. George and his champions have ceased to argue these points, and instead have taken to abusing the archbishop and to trying to prejudice the laboring classes against the Catholic Church.

What has Mr. Henry George ever done for the poor that he should pose as their champion? He has helped to make them unhappy and turbulent, while the Catholic Church has ever been working for their welfare. When they had no position in the state she gave them every chance in the church. Even in the ages of caste and feudal privilege she, with true democratic spirit, made them cardinals, and even popes. Has Mr. George ever built an orphan asylum or an institution of beneficence, or is he trying to build one? No; but he is enraged because the blow of a crosier has left a black cross on his visionary theory, and, like a vain girl whose new bonnet had been sat upon, he goes around crying and abusing the archbishop because he did not at once accept his crude theories as a substitute for the Gospel of Christ in alleviating human misery.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XXII.

VISITORS.

THE sun shone, and Bawn was herself again.

Never had she risen from sleep more serene, fair, and healthful in mind and body than on the morning after her first sifting for treasure-trove in the dust-heap of Betty's memory. The jewels of faith and mindfulness so easily turned up there lay in her palm and beamed in her eyes. With Betty at her side, unconsciously to guide and warn her as she proceeded with her enterprise, she was in a better position than she could ever have hoped for as a stranger here. She would make Betty's recollections her chart and compass as she steered her way through the difficult waters which, in her cockle-shell boat she had so daringly undertaken to navigate.

Buoyed up by the belief that a new power had been placed in her hands, she felt the clipped wings of her courage grow and spread again. That vivid interest in her own dramatic adventure which a week's storm seemed to have quenched rose again like a little sun on her imagination, and gave its wonted coloring and light to her thoughts.

With pleasure she assumed the print dress and large Holland apron, covering her from shoulder to ankle, in which she could feel like the dairymaid she intended to be. Her strong, coarse shoes and knitted worsted stockings were put on with triumph; even the little, common pebble brooch which fastened the strip of snow-white collar round her throat was evidence in her favor as a daughter of toil. Having arranged the milk-pans on the well-sanded shelves of her dairy, discoursing all the time to Betty and Nancy about butter and cream, as if to get the best price in the market for those commodities was the only thing worth living for, she walked down through the sunshine to the orchard with its fringe of flowers, to get a bunch of something fragrant to place in a jug in the dairy windows.

"Shana," said Rosheen, "there is Miss Ingram. Isn't she a pleasant sight?"

The sisters were coming up the fields at a rapid pace, their eyes roving joyfully over grass, trees, and chimneys of the little

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farm, which was to them as the mill that was to grind their bread of independence. While its action had been paralyzed they had choked at Flora's table; but now, lo! the wheel was turning again, and nobody's crust need stick in their throats. This thought of theirs gave an increased radiance to Bawn's face and figure in their eyes as she turned, with her hands full of gilliflowers, and saw them approaching, glanced hastily over the part she intended to play, and advanced with eager steps to meet them.

"Young ladies, it is kind of you to come to see me."

"We wanted to make sure you were not blown or washed away," said Shana. "The storm has been a rough one. My cousin, Mr. Fingall of Tor, crossed a few days ago, and was nearly wrecked—as nearly as is possible, that is, in the Holyhead packet. A French young lady whom he escorted to visit my grandmother gives a doleful description of her terror. You must have borne the full brunt of the wind here at Shanganagh."

"I think we did; but you see I have held my ground. Will you not come in, young ladies, and rest a little and eat something?"

"We have just been wondering whether you and Betty have got a morsel of food between you."

"Potatoes and tea have been our chief nourishment up till now, but this morning we have been making some butter. Betty is downcast because I insist on using a barrel-churn, Miss Fingall. What is your opinion on the subject?"

"I am as ignorant in the matter as your gable-wall," said Shana solemnly; "but if you are going to introduce improvements it will be lucky for the glen. How exquisitely clean you have made the whole place! But you want some more furniture. There is going to be an auction near Cushendall; perhaps you will allow me to drive you there."

"That would be too great an honor, Miss Fingall. I think I shall do as I am pretty well. Farmer-women from our backwoods are accustomed to rough it, and I shall have time enough to furnish when I have made my fortune," said Bawn gaily, as she moved about the room in her dairymaid's apron, spreading a snow-white cloth with the best eatables she had to offer—home-baked scones, eggs, tea in a little brown earthen teapot, cream and fresh-churned butter, and the roses and sweet-smelling gilliflowers in a bowl in the middle of it all.

"If you treat us like this we shall be coming here every day,"

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said Shana, "devouring your produce. But please, Miss Ingram, allow us to wait upon ourselves."

"That would hardly be proper," said Bawn demurely. "I shall be happier if you will allow me to keep my own place."

Shana looked at her with a puzzled expression. Nothing could be better assumed than Miss Ingram's air of humility and accustomedness to service, and yet to the shrewd girl observing her there was something unreal about it. A thought passed through her mind somewhat like Betty's conclusion on the same matter—a reflection that, in a well-to do country like America, where education is cheap and prosperity widely spread, the people of lowly station may be more highly civilized than with us. But Shana, who was fascinated by the stranger, and eager to be friends with her, was not inclined to magnify the distinctions of birth between them. A certain marked difference it must make, of course, for Shana, with all her liberality, was a Conservative; but it need not go so far as to keep Miss Ingram standing like a servant while she poured delicious cream into Shana's cup of tea.

"What is your place?" asked Shana, smiling.

"The place of a tenant with his landlord," Bawn said, with an answering smile. And then she added gravely: "You must remember that I am a humble working farmer, Miss Fingall," looking at her bared arms and her apron, "while you are a young lady of gentle blood."

"You do not speak at all like a common farmer person," said Shana.

"I try to behave nicely in the presence of my betters," returned Bawn, with an irrepressible gleam of fun in her eyes. "But I do not mean that I am quite uneducated."

"I suppose America is a very levelling place," said Shana.

"Very."

"Well, I do not object to that, if all the farmers' daughters are like you. And the next time I come I hope you will sit while you are making my tea. If she will not promise that, what am I to do with Gran's invitation, Rosheen? My grandmother sends you a message, Miss Ingram, to beg you will come one day and pay her a visit. She appreciates the boon that your coming has been to her granddaughters—"

Bawn cast down her eyes and smiled demurely. The patronizing tone of the invitation pleased her well. If she could fit fairly into the place of an inferior among these people her work would progress the more easily.

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"She is very kind."

"She is generally very lonely and always glad to see a visitor. At present my Cousin Rory is at home and a young lady is staying there, and Tor is more lively than usual. My cousin will take us about a little and show you that side of the country."

"That would be too much trouble, Miss Fingall."

"Oh! Rory is always ready to do anything good-natured," said Rosheen. "We have been telling him already about you, and he is quite interested in the idea of a woman's doing so clever a thing as you are doing. And he has been to America, too; only just come home."

"He went in the interests of the emigrants," said Shana, rising and buttoning her gloves. "He wanted to inform himself thoroughly as to how they are treated on board ship. He is going to make a fuss about it in Parliament. That will give you an idea of what he is made of, Miss Ingram. He will not think it much trouble to show you the caves and the headlands."

"It was a gallant thing to do," said Bawn, with a sudden vivid recollection of having heard another man say that he had taken a similar step and for the same purpose. The coincidence struck her as remarkable, but she had not time to think of it, as her guests were about to leave her, and kept talking to her all the way across the fields and through the gate that opened on the boreen that was to lead them to the old road by the river down the glen.

But after they had been some minutes out of sight she asked herself:

"Do all the young men of the British Isles go out in emigrant steamers to learn how the emigrants are treated, and with the intention of talking about it in Parliament?"

She stood looking over her gate, which was all out of joint, one shoulder up and one down, and, still gazing at the road along which Shana and Rosheen had just tripped out of sight, she felt a lively desire to go to Tor and see this other man who had the same aims in and ideas about life as Somerled of the ocean steamer that had sailed away from her. And while her thoughts thus went out to the unknown Tor, her eyes marked the wild beauty of the peep of mountain road descried under the arches of trees festooned with boughs of the scarlet-berried ash. How richly, vividly green were the hedges, with their fringes of grass and ferns encroaching on the way! What a delicious touch of purple lurked at the bottom of that leafy tunnel, boring into infinite distance! Three little red cows had taken shelter

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from the afternoon sun beneath a row of bushy, thick-set oaks, and stood knee-deep in a golden pool, making foreground for a gray mountain bluff, half-swathed in ragged clouds, dazzling with light and blotted with transparent shadow.

Bawn, whose eyes were accustomed to wider and more monotonous pictures, delighted in these sparkling vignettes of scenery, fresh, crisp, and deep-colored, and full of a wayward variety.

An hour later she was watching her men, the only two laborers she had as yet picked up to keep her land in order, who were filling up the gaps in the thorn hedges through which neighborly sheep and goats had been accustomed to jump every day, just to see that the Shanganagh crops were coming up, and to test by tasting the excellence of the corn.

She was in the act of looking over the hedges to comfort a large ewe, who, with two little lambs at her heels, was standing with disappointed meekness beyond the fast-closing gap, when the sound of wheels caught her ear, and she saw a car coming up the road—a little green car which she thought she had seen before.

She tilted forward a large white sun-bonnet that had been hanging by its strings on the back of her neck, and placidly went on watching her men with one eye, and consoling the motherly ewe with the other.

"Miss Ingram—you see I have heard your name—I intended to send in my card, but—a—meeting the mistress before I reached the threshold—a—I may say I am Major Batt, of Lisnawilly, and I have called to pay my respects to a fair stranger—a—to inquire if I can be of any assistance in helping you to stock—a—or furnish—a—or anything of that kind."

"You are too good, Major Batt," said Bawn from the depths of her sun-bonnet. "May I ask if you have got anything to sell? I want a number of good milch cows—as yet I have only got one—a fast-trotting pony and some kind of light cart or phaeton in which I can drive myself about, some farmer's carts and a couple of strong horses, a few honest and industrious farm-servants, a quantity of rakes, spades, pitch-forks, and other implements, and a multitude of cocks and hens."

"Really, Miss Ingram—a—I did not call altogether with a view to business, believe me, yet perhaps I can accommodate you. I have two fine heifers, an excellent pony, and my housekeeper has a farmyard full of turkeys and geese. But, as I said before, this visit is meant to welcome the fair tenant of Shanga-

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nagh Farm." And he looked towards the house, as if he would suggest that they should repair thither, that he expected to be received under her roof.

But Bawn was not going to have Major Batt in her shanty.

"You must excuse me," she said; "I cannot leave my work, but, if you would like a little refreshment, we churned this morning and there is some excellent buttermilk."

"Miss Ingram—a—I consider buttermilk as excellent nutriment for pigs."

"Oh! is it? Thank you for the hint. Anything of that kind is so precious to me. By the way, as you have mentioned them, perhaps you would look at my pigs, Major Batt. Pigs seem to be creatures most easily procurable in Glenmalurcan. Andy will show them to you, if you would like to see them. Andy, show Major Batt to the pig-stye."

Andy dropped a great armful of dry thorn, with a covert grin at his comrade, and saying, "This way, sir," trudged off with the unwilling major, expostulating and grumbling, in his wake.

"Now, Andy," said the latter, as they paused at the new wooden piggery which had been built within the last few days within a desirable distance from the house, "tell me, what do you think of her?"

"Tundheranouns! sich a beautiful crature niver walked about a stye. Didn't I sell her to the misthress myself? The makin's of as lovely flitches as iver hung out of a roof."

"Tut, man! I was speaking of your mistress."

"Oh! bad scran to the bit I understood you," said Andy. "It's not for me to be passin' remarks on the likes o' the misthress. It's aisy enough to see what *she* is."

"Not when she wears that sun-bonnet, eh, Andy? Now, tell me, like a decent man, is she pitted with the small-pox or not?"

Andy burst into a roar of laughter, and then, eyeing the major slyly, said:

"Oh! begorra, major, ye have hit the nail on the head. An' it's a tar'ble pity, isn't it, now? Only for them pock-marks—bad luck to them!—she'd be as purty as she's good."

"I have won my bet, then," said the major triumphantly, patting his pocket as he strutted away from the pigs to take leave of their inhospitable owner, "though 'pon my soul I am not sure that I am glad, after all. There is something aggravatingly interesting about her American insolence."

"The impident ould naygur!" said Andy to himself, as he

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followed him back to the field, "to be passin' his remarks about her at all at all. He'll be laughed out of his skin for this, thank God! or my name isn't Andy."

"And, O Major Batt!" cried Bawn, still from the recesses of the sun-bonnet, calling after the major, who was marching towards the gate, half-offended and half-elated, "I will have that pony and those turkeys and geese."

"What is the matter with you, Andy?" she said, turning once more to her laborers, where they had begun to fill another gap.

"Nothin', misthress. The laughin' takes me that bad sometimes that I do shake as if I had the policy [palsy]. Oh! murther, murther, misthress! I forgot to give the major his butthermilk."

"Would he not have liked it, Andy?" asked Bawn gravely.

"Troth, an' it's a taste of Inishown he'd have been likin' bether."

Bawn said no more, but thought she would ask Betty in the evening what was the meaning of the word Inishown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ALARM.

BAWN was busy feeding Major Batt's turkeys, which, with the pony and some other chattels, had duly arrived from Lisnawilly and been paid for at the highest market price, when a boy put a note in her hand, saying he had run with it all the way from Tor Castle. Gran had written the invitation for which Shana had prepared Miss Ingram.

All the clan Fingall were evidently full of curiosity to see something of the enterprising young woman who had come from Minnesota, unprotected and alone, to pay them the rent of which some of them stood in such need.

Bawn looked at the delicate, slanting lines of the handwriting, and thought she knew exactly the estimation in which she was held by the aged gentlewoman who had penned them.

"I shall be in her eyes a bold American female, honest, perhaps, but hardly proper, tolerated and even welcomed for the sake of my usefulness to her dainty granddaughters," reflected Miss Ingram contentedly.

She wrote her acceptance of the invitation and got through

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her day, a little excitement at prospect of the morrow's experience just quickening her pulses. Two or three times during the course of the evening she asked herself what was the meaning of that faint qualm of fear that at intervals thrilled through her who knew not fear; but it was not until she awakened suddenly in the dead of night that she was confronted by the real shape of the thing that had been haunting her, and, staring at the blank space of her uncurtained window, saw the form of her latent dread.

What if the master of Tor, the cousin of her young landlords, the man who had been in America and was just returned from London, should prove to be one and the same with her Somerled, her friend of the steamer?

Could anything be more unlikely? She had always hitherto been quite free from nervous fancies, triumphantly believed herself utterly devoid of that kind of imagination that raises troublesome phantoms and sees obstacles where none exist. Yet now it seemed that she was learning the trick of seeing ghosts.

Into her life the truism had not yet found its way that the world is in reality very small; to her it still seemed vast as an eternity. London never seen by her, and Paris quite unknown, both appeared as far away from her as St. Paul—even further, because she had never travelled along the tracks that lead to them.

What evidence was there in favor of the idea that fortune had played her such an unheard-of trick as this, except that both men had been to America in the interests of poor emigrants, and that each thought of bringing their cause before the world in Parliament? Her visitors had not even stated that their cousin's visit to America had been very recent.

Over and over the slight evidence she went again till she convinced herself that she had nothing to fear from this phantom of trouble. For it would be a great trouble. Her heart beat fast in the stillness as she thought over the maze of embarrassment in which she should find herself involved if Fingall of Tor, nephew of Roderick supposed to have been murdered by her father, should prove to be one and the same with the lover whom it had cost her so much to repulse.

By an effort of will she decided to think no more about the matter, and fell asleep; but in the morning the same menacing possibility reappeared before her mind's eye, and she asked herself how could she meet the man at Tor, if he should prove to be identical with the man who had called himself by the fantastic

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name of Somerled? What could she venture to say to him? How could she endure his disgust at her treachery? What if he should punish her by warning his family that she was a woman who pretended to be what she was not—could insinuate falsehoods to her friends—and would probably slip away some morning without paying them the much-desired rent?

She began to cast about for some excuse for declining Gran's invitation to Tor, and, feeling that nothing short of physical incapacity would be held sufficient reason for her declining such an honor, she considered within herself how she could set about spraining her ankle. But then if she were to sprain it badly what a complete hindrance to all her cherished projects!

No. She would let no cowardly trepidation induce her to inflict a bodily hurt upon herself. She would go forth boldly; and yet—no, she would not go. Never before had she been the victim of such a fit of irresolution. At last she wrote a note giving what she perceived to be a very insufficient reason for failing to gratify the lady of Tor, and sent for Andy's little boy to act as her messenger.

No sooner was this done than the utter absurdity of her conduct struck her in the most forcible light.

She had come all the way from Minnesota to do a certain thing, she found herself excellently placed for doing it, and a good opportunity had occurred for making acquaintance with people who might perhaps unconsciously help towards the accomplishment of her desires. And here she was withdrawing from taking a most natural step because she saw a "bogie" in her path.

Let her think rationally and act with common sense. Her friend Somerled was gone out into infinite space. Time would never bring him back to her who had barred her heart against him. Nothing was more unlikely in the whole wide world as that they two should ever meet again.

As for him they called Rory, he was probably in every way the reverse of that person who was so painfully occupying her thoughts, though perhaps masterful enough to oblige his feminine kindred to look to him as a sort of god. At all events she must go, and see, and know. A little change would shake her out of this incredibly fantastic humor.

And the note was burned, and the little rosy-cheeked lad who was to have carried it departed with his pocket full of apples from the sweet-smelling loft.

In the afternoon, in a small vehicle drawn by Major Batt's

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pony, the mistress of Shanganagh travelled the golden valley under the long wall of purple mountain, and felt the river flowing with her all the way to the sea, which after a time had to be left behind while glen after glen was threaded before a wider, wilder, more magnificent ocean could be sighted. The cliffs grew steeper and bolder; travelling the road was like climbing up and down flights of stairs; the way went by the edge of long headlands sweeping to waves that foamed perpetually, and on the sides of the ravines mowers were cutting the late grass, having been lowered by ropes to the spot where they stood.

The deep hollows were filled with purple shadow, and Sanda lay like a half-burnt-out cinder on the darkening sea. A bank of smouldering fire backed the murky, fantastic silhouette of Jura, and a light had sprung up on the thirteen-miles-distant Scottish coast. The roar of Tor began to be heard, and as Bawn reached the summit of a hill and felt the keen autumn air blow on her she drew her breath quickly, startled at the lowering beauty of the sunset-reddened nightfall.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STRANGERS.

A FAMILY party was assembled in the great, old-fashioned drawing-room at Tor. Gran, in her own tall-backed chair, was showing her antique watch to two of her great-grandchildren, and talking to her grandson Alister, while he lazily stroked the hair of another of his babes, reclining between his knees. Lady Flora and the young French visitor were conversing at the other side of the fireplace, and Shana and Rosheen, hovered over by Major Batt, were arranging the piano with a view to music later on.

Rory, the master of Tor, stood at a distant window looking out at the darkening sky.

"So unnecessary," Lady Flora was saying, "so overstrained of Gran to invite a young woman like that to dinner."

"My dear, I have overheard you," said Gran, smiling; "but I have acted for the best. I wish to make acquaintance with the stranger, and I cannot ask her to come all the way to Tor without putting her up for the night. As to the rest, I don't think she can contaminate our manners, judging by what the girls have told me of her."

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"Oh! of course. I don't interfere," said Lady Flora. "And she may afford us a little fun. Do you know anything of American women, Manon?"

"Nothing," said Manon. And as she spoke the firelight flashed over all the surrounding brasses, and lit up her fine, oval face, and set a red jewel in each of her languid dark eyes. She was a strikingly handsome brunette, dressed rather much for the occasion in coral silk clouded with rare black lace, and, before speaking, had been sitting in a rather melancholy attitude, gazing at the fire with an expression of discontent on the corners of her delicate mouth.

"I shall presently win my bet," said Major Batt, sidling up to where Rory stood gazing with a frowning, anxious look out of the window. "Anything wrong with you, Fingall? I have got such an excellent joke. Haven't heard of my bet with Alister about the Minnesota farmeress? Egad, we shall see by-and-by."

"I beg your pardon; did you speak?" said Rory, turning from the window.

"Oh! nothing; only about that bet—"

"Gran," said Rory, coming forward into the firelight, "I think something must have happened to your visitor on the way. I will go down the road and have a look about. Flora does not like waiting dinner, you know."

He was gone without waiting for an answer, and in a few minutes was driving along the road in a small, light tax-cart.

Having driven about a mile up and down hill, he descried in the still lurid semi-darkness a little, broken-down vehicle standing outside a cabin-door, through which shone the glow of burning turf.

"Hum! I thought there was a break-down," he said. "I guessed how it would be when I heard Batt had sold her the broken-kneed pony." And, calling an urchin to hold his horse, he walked up the stone causeway to the cabin-door.

There he paused a moment, raised his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, frowned, and stepped over the threshold.

Bawn was sitting on a "creepy" stool before the blazing turf, her hat had been taken off, and her golden head was shining in the ruddy light. A barefooted child was standing before her, finger in mouth, staring with fascinated eyes at the beautiful stranger, greatly to the delight of an aged man who sat shaking his head in the chimney-corner. Two sturdy men in sou'wester hats were directing Andy where to go for the loan of a little car to carry

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his mistress further, and a decent-looking woman was taking oat-cakes from a "griddle."

"But, sure, here's Misther Rory himself. Never fear but the masther 'll pull ye out of the hobble."

Bawn did not hear what was said; she was talking to the child, and the master of Tor had advanced and was standing beside her before she looked up. The gentleman stood observing her with a strange look on his face, noting her fair, smooth brow, her fresh, symmetrical cheeks, her laughing lips and eyes. In her black serge dress and shawl of shepherd's plaid she was exactly the same Bawn who had wrestled for her liberty with Somerled on board the steamer.

She looked up with an unconscious, unexpecting smile, and saw the identical Somerled standing before her.

The smile died on her lips; the color went out of her cheeks; she rose and drew back a step, and looked him in the face. Impulsively trying to speak, her ready tongue was for once at fault. She drew her shawl around her and met his eye defiantly.

"I hope I have not startled you," he said with the manner of a perfect stranger. "I have been sent to discover if any accident had happened to Miss Ingram. You are Miss Ingram, I presume—the lady who is expected at Tor."

"Yes, I am Miss Ingram, the lady who is expected at Tor," said Bawn mechanically.

"Will you not sit down again? Your man is making some arrangements, and then you and he can come with me in my cart."

"The shafts of mine are broken," said Bawn, "and so I must accept your kindness." And then she sat down again, feeling stunned, unable to speak more, or even to think. She heard him say he would return in a few moments, and saw him go out of the cabin-door; and then she looked round the little house desperately to see whether she could not fly out of the window or up the chimney. After he had been gone a moment or two she asked herself if she had not been dreaming. Had her curious panic of the last two days developed this extraordinary hallucination? A gentleman who spoke to her and looked at her like a perfect stranger had appeared, standing there in the fire-light, to have the features and the proportions of her friend, her lover of the steamer. When he returned she would look at him more attentively and with all her wits about her, and doubtless she would perceive that she had never seen this Mr. Rory Fingall in all her life before. She stood up, put on her hat, and wrapped the folds of her shawl tightly around her, and stepped back a

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little into the shadows of the cabin-ingle to watch for the reappearance of the man who had so frightened her.

She had not long to wait. Before his face appeared again within the cabin she heard his voice, speaking outside to the men—the same voice that had said to her of the enterprise on which she was now fairly embarked: "Happiness is not to be looked for from it, comfort it will have none, difficulty and disappointment will follow immediately in its train." He had said this warningly, being in all ignorance of the nature of her enterprise. It might be that he had spoken with the tongue of a prophet. As he stooped his head in the doorway and came towards her a second time the cabin disappeared from her eyes, and she saw him coming along the deck to claim her companionship, to offer service, to persuade her of his love. Now, however, though this was indeed Somerled, he showed no eagerness for her company; love, or even friendship, kindled not his features as he drew near her, and, though he was bent on service, it was tendered in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if rather from a chivalrous habit than as recognizing a specially interesting individuality in herself.

He lingered to say a word to the paralyzed man in the corner, and his face softened. His eyes lit up as he patted the child's head. She noted that he spoke to these peasants with a touch of their own brogue, soft, rolling, and Irish, with a thread of harsher Scotch woven through it.

"Glad to have Jim back from the land o' cakes?" he said to the woman at the griddle.

"Ay, sur, ay. It's pleasant to have him with us whiles," returned the woman; and the old man piped out:

"An' yourself, sur. Won't ye tell us how ye liked Amerikay? It's glad I am to see ye back so hearty."

"I'll look in and tell you about it another day, Bartley. We'll smoke a pipe over it, never fear."

"God bless you, sur! an' it's you that 'll be welcome."

Then he turned to the silent, shawled figure standing back in the shadows, and, with a slightly sterner and colder face, said:

"If you are ready now, Miss Ingram, we will start."

She made her farewells to her humble entertainers and followed him to the door. All the fiery lights were gone now, and the stars looked as keen and high as they used to shine a month ago above the breadth of the Atlantic. He took her hand, helped her to her seat in the tax-cart, and seated himself by her side.

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"Your man has started before us to walk with the pony to Tor," he said. "It is but a short distance. We shall soon be there." And gathering up the reins, he carried her off with him into the night.

It was a tedious bit of journey, though of no great extent, for some of the hills appeared almost perpendicular. Many times Bawn's charioteer had to alight and lead the horse up or down the steep incline, and once or twice Bawn herself was obliged to descend and proceed a little way on foot. It was like a travel in a dream. The wild, romantic scenery, all so fresh and new to her; the companion, so complete a stranger, and yet so familiar that his personality seemed to take something of an almost supernatural character to her senses; the roar of Tor, growing louder every moment; the flash of a white breaker gleaming occasionally through the darkness on the bit of rough sea where weird Moyle surges into the ocean; the salt, sharp breath of the north wind on her face; the silence of the man beside her, that man who had cried to her but a month ago: "Unless you tell me that you hate me, that under no circumstances could you love me, I will exert every faculty I possess to make your future one with mine. I cannot make up my mind to lose you out of my life. A week has done for me what the rest of my years cannot undo."

The words, well remembered, were ringing in her ears, the cry that was in them was making her heart sore, as it had done many times since; and yet—and yet he was here, and she was here. Fate had in an extraordinary manner, so strange as to give to all that was passing now that air of dream-like unreality, delivered her a second time into his hands. It seemed that he had lost her out of his life only to find her again, but he did not know her, had no word to say to her, apparently had not recognized her features, her voice, even her dress, which was the same she had worn when he had loved her. She was already blotted out of his memory, and existed no more for him than if he had crossed from America in that steamer by which he had meant to return and had missed.

As the impossibility of this being literally true forced itself on her common sense she became disturbed by two other views of the case. Either he was not Somerled—an extraordinary resemblance had deceived her imagination, and by and by, in many little ways, she would perceive that a strange man, one who had been to her neither friend nor lover for a wonderful week, had involuntarily cheated her—or he was Somerled, and his disgust

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at her deceit and treachery was so great that he had decided to cut her, to ignore her, to drop deliberately out of his memory that passage of his life in which he must now admit to himself that he had acted with extravagant folly.

This last conclusion she accepted as the correct answer to the sum of her calculation of probabilities, and it must be a final response to all questions in her mind on the subject, except that one which kept asking how it was that no involuntary start or momentary change of countenance had betrayed even for an instant his surprise at finding her here in the midst of his own family. He must have seen her from the doorway, and had time to conceal his astonishment before she raised her eyes to look at him. Out at sea he had not always such complete self-control.

"Miss Ingram, I must trouble you to come down again for a few minutes, but this is positively the last time. When we get to the top of this hill we shall see the lights of Tor Castle. I am sorry you have had so uncomfortable a journey."

"Thank you; not at all. It has been very interesting to me," she answered as she touched ground with her foot and walked on, with the horse's head between her and him on the road. And again the suspicion returned to her that this was not Somerled, after all.

Had it been that friend he would, even if he had not recognized her, have called the attention of the stranger to the beauty of the scenery, to the dark magnificence of the night in this wild, high region, to the bursts of strange music in the air, to the recurrent gleam of that white breaker flashing beyond the great Tor, which bold headland was now in view and standing up like a black fortress of fantastic build and scowling over the glimmering ocean. This man, though he bore a wonderful resemblance to her former friend, and might be good and beloved in his own place, had evidently not that ardent love of nature, that keen appreciation of all that is beautiful in earth, sea, and air, which had helped to make the companionship of that other person so attractive. Only a very few words passed between the travellers, and merely on the commonplaces of their journey, until they passed in at the gates and bowled up the avenue to the low doorway of the castle on its rock. But as he handed her down from the vehicle, and the light from the hall within struck into their eyes, she thought she felt a sudden flashing look turned on her face—a look that, if it were really there, revealed the real Somerled. Before she had decided whether this was imagination

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or reality she found herself in the hall, with Shana and Rosheen smiling on either side of her.

They took her up to a great chamber in which a mantel with carving up to the ceiling and a gaunt, four-post bed at first seemed the only objects, and where candles in two tall silver branches made faint light about a narrow mirror.

"We knew something must have happened, and wasn't I right when I said Rory did not mind trouble?" said Rosheen. "Flora wanted to have a servant sent, but my cousin would go himself. And you are not to be afraid to sleep in this wilderness of a room, because there are no ghosts at Tor. Nothing evil could come near Gran. And I hope you will be nice with Gran, Miss Ingram, for everybody is. She had a great trouble once, and every one remembers it."

"Rosheen dear, let Miss Ingram get her breath and wash her hands in peace," put in Shana. And, the visitor's simple toilet arranged, they proceeded down the old oak staircase, lit by oil-lamps whose faint, yellow flame swam ineffectually in the vault-like darkness. And Bawn grudged every step she took down the black, time-worn stair. Her courage seemed to have deserted her, and she would have given all her little world to avoid the necessity of walking in among these people whom she had come from Minnesota to confound. Every beat of her heart, sunk cowardly low in her breast, was telling her that Gran's trouble was the murder of a beloved son by Arthur Desmond, of hateful memory, and that Rory, the grandson, who now filled the place of that son in her heart—well, was he or was he not Somerled?

"He is not," she decided; "and if he is I will ignore him as completely as he has ignored me." And then, making a large demand on that common sense of which she had plenty for small daily uses, though her plans in the main might be never so unwise, she walked into the drawing-room with head erect on her shoulders and a serene countenance.

She was conscious, first, that Somerled was not in the room; next that every eye was turned on her; then that Gran had risen from her great chair by the hearth to receive the stranger. Gran's individuality struck her so forcibly that for the moment she saw nothing but the fine old figure before her—a face unlike every other face; a spotless white cap of a dignity not often attained by caps; a rich but plain gown of well-worn Irish tabinet, the folds of which somehow suggested a train and pages. But the simplicity of character, as expressed by the eyes and by the greeting and gesture of the spare, wrinkled hand, was un-

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mistakable, and Bawn felt herself in the presence of an unworldly soul.

"I do not apologize for my dress. I am a farmer's daughter I have no pretty gowns," said Bawn in a low tone to her hostess, with a desire to say the most commonplace thing that occurred to her.

"I see you as you ought to be, my dear," said Gran; "and, for the matter of that, we are no great dressers here." But as she spoke she felt some surprise. A farmer's daughter such as Bawn so persistently announced herself to be would have pinned on a few colored bows, if she had nothing else, to deck herself a little for high company. This young woman, in her black serge and high frills, was a lady, let her come from whence she might. And as for ornament, she had gold enough on her head to make a crown for a queen.

"Nice-looking, yes; not so very handsome, but too striking an appearance to run about alone," said Lady Flora, whose eye-glass had been levelled at the farmeress from the moment she entered the door. "I am more than ever sure she is not everything she ought to be. A cool young madam, by my word. It seems they have excellent manners in the backwoods of Minnesota."

Of all this speech Major Batt, to whom it was addressed, heard nothing. He was ejaculating to himself in the most distressed whisper:

"Egad! the witch. Small-pox! Never was so sold in all my life before!"

"Batt, I'll trouble you for that five-pound note you owe," said Alister, crossing the room and smiling quizzically in the major's crestfallen countenance.

"Shall have it, sir—shall have it, sir!" said the major testily.

"*I* will have it," said Rosheen, touching her brother's elbow. "I want it for the poor."

"I don't see why you should be always making a poor-box of yourself, Rosheen," said her sister-in-law snappishly. "You will soon be as bad as Rory. Where is he, by the way? I want to hear his opinion of this wandering adventuress."

"Egad, she's a witch!" repeated Major Batt disconsolately, watching the offender all the time with reluctant admiration.

"Flora," said her husband, "don't speak so unkindly of the girl. She may overhear—"

"Oh! nonsense. You don't suppose she is as bashful as Manon here, for instance, would be at hearing herself criticised?"

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At the sound of her own name Manon started out of a reverie in which she had been gazing at Miss Ingram's face as she sat conversing easily with Gran, and her eyes were raised to the door, which opened on the instant to admit Rory. Did she also want to know his opinion of the wandering adventuress? If so, she did not learn much; she only saw his eyes turn full for a moment on the stranger, then glance away with an expression of perfect indifference.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IN the interval between the last Russian translation and the next—which will probably be Tolstoi's lugubrious *Death of Ivan Ilyitch*—novels done into English from various languages are given us. Among them is Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi (The Betrothed)*, one of those masterpieces of fiction which will live for ever. From Manzoni modern realists in literature may learn what realism means. *I Promessi Sposi* ought to have a place beside the *Vicar of Wakefield* in all collections of books. It speaks well for the public taste that the book which almost converted Macaulay to the Catholic Church is becoming as fashionable as *Ben-Hur*.

A dreary and wearisome translation of a book that ought never to have been dug out of its original language—the Spanish—is *The Martyr of Golgotha*, by Enrique Perez Escrich. We conclude that nothing but the success of *Ben-Hur* could have induced Mr. Gottsberger to print this "word-picture of Oriental tradition." What Señor Escrich has taken from the Scriptures is good; what he has added himself to the sacred story of the life of our Lord on earth is well meant but impertinent. Adèle Josephine Godoy—ladies who write would oblige reviewers by putting Miss or Mrs. in brackets before their names—has translated *The Martyr of Golgotha* with zeal, but not always with knowledge. For instance, does the sycamore-tree bear fruit in Oriental countries? When Dimas, who is later to become the penitent thief, seats himself under "the shade of a stout sycamore-tree," he revives his strength by "eating some of its luscious fruit." Señor Escrich is evidently a devout Catholic, but in possession of little skill in the art of novel-writing. In truth, it needs the highest art to improve or to make more impressive the Gospel narratives.

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The Miser of King's Court, by Clara Mulholland (Burns & Oates), is a pretty story of two children and a mysterious miser. It is pure and pathetic, and told in good English. *Annunziata; or, The Gipsy Child*, by Letitia Selwyn Oliver (Dublin: Gill & Son), is just what its title would lead the reader to expect it to be. Annunziata has been stolen from her parents in Italy. She is taken to England, where the woman who stole her dies. She is educated in the English Church, whose observances she finds tiresome. She elopes with Gerald Morton, but returns after having gone a short distance with him, because she hears that the schoolmistress who adopted her and swore "to bring her up a lady" is dying. Finally her parents—Italian nobles, of course—discover her. She is converted, and everybody connected with her is converted. She marries a lord, and the very improbable story ends.

It is with great pleasure that we turn to Miss Kathleen O'Meara's *Mabel Stanhope* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) It is a story of life in a French boarding-school, and the consequences of this life. Charlotte Brontë made a morbid and over-colored study of the French *pensionnat* in *Villette;* but the ill-nature of it, and the false reasoning that everything bad in the French character results from the Catholic religion, make *Villette* a sad book in spite of its genius. Miss O'Meara, having gotten nearer to truth and nature, paints her picture with the colors of life.

Sir John Stanhope is induced to take his daughter Mabel to a Parisian school kept by Madame St. Simon, a heartless and clever woman, whose politeness covers a multitude of sins. Lady Stanhope is touched by Madame St. Simon's apparent devotion to her pupils. Sir John is rather prejudiced by madame's sentimentality, but he thaws enough to leave his daughter with her as a parlor boarder. Miss O'Meara draws Madame St. Simon with scrupulous truth to nature. This picture and another—that of Miss Jones, the starving English governess—are excellently done. Madame's ruling passion is avarice. She does all in her power to keep her school perfectly correct; she has a charming old priest to visit it and to hear the confessions of the Catholic pupils. The Protestants are taken out every Sunday to an Anglican place of worship. But the latter grow weary of this, and protest. Madame Lawrence, the undermistress, is obliged to say:

"'You must try and agree among yourselves, for you cannot expect Madame St. Simon to have sittings in every church in Paris to suit your different tastes; besides, there is no one to go with you except Miss Jones.'

"'*Tant pis*,' replied Molly Jackson. 'I'll go to the Madeleine.' 'And

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so will I, and I,' said several of the young girls who had taken no part in the conversation, but who secretly sided with Molly in her dislike to Mr. Brown's doctrines, or probably to his dress, of which they were more capable of judging."

Miss Jackson, the leader in all mischief, answers Miss Jones' objections by saying:

"One does not turn actress by going to the theatre; and as for the preaching, it will do us good to hear a fine French sermon."

Several of the Protestants go every Sunday to the Madeleine. To all except Mabel Stanhope the services are part of a show and the preaching an intellectual amusement; but to Mabel it is all very serious. Miss O'Meara's style, which carries one's interest without a break, has only one serious defect—the constant use of French words and phrases. We can forgive *parloir*, although parlor would have done just as well, and the funny mistake of Miss Jones, who tries to buy a crush-hat, asking for "*un chapeau qui saute*"; but we cannot forgive *chaperon* written *chaperone*. A *chaperon*, which means a head, is always masculine in form, whether it be male or female in reality. A certain number of French words may be useful in giving local color to a narrative; but if Miss O'Meara's book should reach a second edition she might help to push it into a third by rewriting it entirely in English. What excuse is there for using *mauvaise point* for bad mark, or *lingère* for sewing-woman, or *maîtresse de troisième* for teacher of the third class, or *salle d'étude* for study-hall?

In contrast to the cold, calculating, and merciless Madame St. Simon we are shown the unfortunate Miss Jones, an old maid, ugly, penniless, and homeless, but true, constant, and sincere. Miss Jones is hurried to the grave by madame's parsimonious manner of managing all parts of her establishments not seen by the public. She is a conscientious Protestant, and a pathetic example of invincible ignorance. She teaches English for her board, which is the meagre quality so delightful to Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. Her life is divided between the duties of her place and a greedy thirst for new French idioms. She says "*Moshu*" and "*Bone soir*," but imagines that she has acquired the true Parisian manner of speech. The kindness of Mabel and the girls to her is a beautiful episode. She proves to be a true friend to the heroine when Madame St. Simon's true colors appear. Mabel, having left school, declares to her father her intention of becoming a Catholic; the sermons at the Madeleine have left their impression. Sir John Stanhope, enraged, casts her off. She goes to Paris, hoping to find a chance to teach in Madame

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St. Simon's school. Madame's conduct is an example of how a class of Frenchwomen of certain business principles but uncertain religious ones might be expected to act under the circumstances:

"'*Le bon* Sir John might be a little *féroce* at first, but he could not live long without his pretty Mabel; he would call her back, and they would live happily ever after.' 'And papa will be grateful to me for taking care of his pet,' was the mental conclusion.

"'Alas! I dare not hope it,' sighed Mabel. 'I have offended my father beyond all chance of forgiveness.'

"'Then, *chère petite*, why do you not return to the good English Church? *Entre nous*, what difference does it make, after all?' Mabel opened her eyes in mute wonder. 'The *bon Dieu* is good; he made me a Catholic and you a Protestant—why should we not remain as he made us? *Ma foi*, all the churches are good when we obey them,' continued this large-minded theologian.

"'But if we know that we are wrong, and he gives us light to see the truth?' urged Mabel, in increasing amazement.

"'Where is the truth?' queried Madame St. Simon, with a shrug of the shoulders that said all a Frenchwoman's shrug *can* say. 'Pilate asked the question two thousand years ago.'

"'Yes,' replied Mabel, her face kindling—'yes, and he turned away without waiting for an answer! O Madame St. Simon! do not think lightly of the priceless jewel which God has given you. The faith that you prize so little I would lay down my life rather than forfeit! I have prayed for you with my whole heart,' she continued fervently, 'because, after God, it is to you I owe that blessed gift. It was here, under your care, that I first began to see the errors of my father's creed and to divine—'

"'I must disclaim your gratitude on that score, my dear,' said Madame St. Simon, abruptly cutting her short. 'Nothing was further from me than to wish to shake your religious opinions.'

"'True,' replied Mabel, 'yet I must trace the result to you, madame; it was in the churches of Paris I first imbibed the truths of Catholicity. Had you not allowed me to go there I should have been a Protestant to-day.'

"'What!' said Madame St. Simon, her eyes flashing as Mabel had never seen them flash before, 'you have said this! You have dared to say that it was under my care you became a Catholic! You have slandered my house and my name by spreading such a report! Leave my house this moment, mademoiselle, and never dare to enter it again. *Sortez!*' cried the Frenchwoman, and, with a movement worthy of Roxane, she pointed to the door."

The struggle for life in Paris begins for Mabel. She meets Miss Jones again, poorer than herself, but not starving, thanks to the good abbé, chaplain—or, as Miss O'Meara prefers to call him, *aumonier*—at Madame St. Simon's. The struggle is hard for these two homeless women who protect each other. But

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Miss Jones begins to grow weak. She is taken to the Hôtel Dieu, and Mabel sells nearly all she possesses to buy luxuries for the homeless old maid.

"'Will you read me a chapter, dearest?' she said to Mabel when they were alone. 'Sœur Philomène reads to me every day in French, but somehow it doesn't come home to me so well. I have a longing to hear my sweet St. John in English.' 'Mabel, will you answer me something I want to ask you?' said Miss Jones.

"'Yes—that is, if I can.'

"'Tell me, if I die a Protestant will you lose all hope of seeing me again?' 'No; as I hope to enter heaven, I hope to meet you there,' she answered solemnly. Miss Jones breathed a deep, low sigh, as if a heavy weight had been lifted from her heart."

Miss Jones dies, not seeing the truth, but believing according to her light, and Mabel struggles on alone with temptation and privation. The climax of the book—the discovery of the serpent under the roses of love—is managed without false and exaggerated coloring. Miss O'Meara has done a good thing in giving the world a novel which is pure, natural, and interesting.

Mr. William Henry Bishop is an American writer who has never had full justice done him. This may be because the merit of his later works, *Choy Susan* and *The Golden Justice*, has not yet made his readers forgive the woodenness of *Detmold* or the lack of brilliancy in *The House of a Merchant Prince*. The simplicity and sincerity of *The Golden Justice* ought to atone for much, for an American writer without affectations of thought and style ought to be crowned with dogwood or some native plant. And Mr. Bishop seems absolutely honest and straightforward; he does not imitate anybody; he does not seem to be self-conscious. He appears to think that his business is to tell a story, not to found a school of fiction, so he tells his story to the best of his ability, which *The Golden Justice* shows to be of a high order; consequently we do not ask: "What is Mr. Bishop going to do with David Lane? or, Will Mr. Bishop make Barclay marry Mrs. Varemberg?", We say: "What will David Lane do? or, Will David Lane commit suicide?" What better test can we have of Mr. Bishop's merit as a novelist than the fact that he impresses with the *will* of his characters? They act; he does not move them.

The most unusual feature of *The Golden Justice* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is that it has a new plot; the less unusual, that its heroine, although she has a villanous husband, refuses to take advantage of the divorce laws of the liberal West.

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Mr. Bishop shares with all the notable American writers that purity of tone which does honor to our literature. The scene of *The Golden Justice* is laid in Keewaydin, a city on Lake Michigan. David Lane, a reputable citizen, has unintentionally committed murder in a moment of rage by causing a collision at the draw-bridge. He was wounded by his own act; but he recovered, although in his remorse he would have preferred to die. He tried to make reparation by caring for the family of Christopher Barclay, who had been killed by his attempt to avenge himself on a rival corporation, and that of Zelinsky, the Polish bridge-tender, who had also been found dead after the supposed accident. He was rich, and he contributed liberally to all the Keewaydin charities.

"It was a harrowing thought to him that the very measures intended for reparation but added to his own prosperity. Never had he been so flourishing in his own affairs, never so prominent in the world. What a whited sepulchre, what a wolf in sheep's clothing he called himself! He to live esteemed and admired of his fellow-men, when he should have had only chastisement and contempt. He turned back again to religion of the formal sort, which, after a fashion not uncommon with men of bustling and active affairs, he had long neglected. He had the Rev. Edward Brockston, of St. Jude's—a clergyman of a serious and ascetic vein, one who preached ecclesiastical celibacy and the like—to dine with him, made him the almoner of many private bounties, and gave him a new tower for his church. He thought of laying the whole case before this good man and offering to abide by his counsel; but at the last resort he could not bring himself to it. The very height to which he had risen in the meantime was an added obstacle; it but made the distance which he had to fall the greater. Still he felt always upon him a resistless pressure towards confession; the mystery of the destruction of two innocent human lives seemed to imperiously demand accounting for. He was under something like that powerful urgency from which the saying has arisen that 'murder will out.' He even meditated the woful resource of suicide, and contemplated with a certain deliberation all of its forms."

Protestantism could offer no consolation to a man tormented in this way. The rector of St. Jude's merely played at being a priest, and the shrewd American knew better than to confide his dreadful secret as one man to another. Of the Catholic Church he knew little. Its members in Keewaydin were mostly foreigners, Irish and Poles, factors at election times, but of no social importance; and he, the great magnate, governor and legislator, never dreamed that he could learn anything from them. He wrote out the confession he longed to make, and dropped it into a receptacle for papers in the hollow of the gilded statue of Justice raised on the city-hall. He was sent as minister to a foreign

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court, his daughter made a brilliant marriage; "but there, far back across the sea, in the place of his abode, was the Golden Justice and his secret always awaiting him."

His daughter, Mrs. Varemberg, comes back alone, her husband, a fascinating scoundrel, having deserted her. She meets Paul Barclay, the son of the man her father killed. She knew him abroad. He had proposed for her, but her father, for good reasons, had discouraged him and arranged her marriage with Varemberg. She and Paul Barclay drift, to David Lane's horror, into relations which cause him to think that they may marry some time, if she should secure a divorce or Varemberg should die. Varemberg does die, and David Lane faces the probability of becoming the father-in-law of his victim's son. And lightning, a cyclone, an earthquake, a fire, may at any time bring the Golden Justice to the earth and throw open the records of his guilt.

He gets himself elected mayor, that he may climb unperceived from his office in the city-hall to the statue. The election contest is well described. Mr. Bishop has studied well the wire-pulling of rival candidates in a Western city:

"Here maps were spread open and the sectional interests of the town studied, district by district. What motives might be best appealed to? What springs of tradition, habit, self-interest, local pride or prejudice, caste or nationality, might be played upon, as the musician plays upon his instrument, to catch votes? 'Shall we stir up the religious question again?' demanded Ives Wilson, with a cheerful nonchalance in these consultations. On the whole, it was decided to do so. 'We have more to gain than to lose by it.' 'Some old Know-Nothing' record, as it was called, of Jim de Bar's was unearthed. He was asserted to have been hostile to immigration at an early day, and to have said in public that he wished an ocean of fire rolled between us and all Europe, that foreigners might be kept out. He was said to have made remarks, apropos of a request for a subscription to a church fair, insulting to the religious opinions of a large and worthy section of voters."

The contest ends, and David Lane becomes mayor. The night ascent of the rheumatic and fast-ageing man to the statue, and his failure to secure the papers, are done with firmness and sympathy. Mr. Bishop's careful hand saves all this from sensationalism. These incidents are an outgrowth of character, not, as an inferior writer would have made them, events fastened on from the outside. A sudden wind-storm throws the Golden Justice to the ground, and the papers fall into Paul Barclay's hands. It would be a pity to tell the ending of a novel which is too good to be spoiled for the reader in that way. It is enough to say that Barclay judges Lane according to his intention, not according to

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its results. Mr. Bishop's is an American novel with a manly and honest tone in it. Balzac's César Birotteau is not a stronger or more vividly-imagined character than David Lane.

Dr. Hammond's new novel, *On the Susquehanna* (D. Appleton & Co.), has a mild interest. Three very good novels have recently appeared as addenda to *Lippincott's Magazine*. They are Mr. John Habberton's *Brueton's Bayou*, Mrs. Burnett's *Miss Defarge*, and Miss M. G. McClelland's *A Self-Made Man*. Mr. Habberton is always sure of a certain *succès d'estime* because of *Helen's Babies*, but the merit of *Brueton's Bayou* ought to obliterate the remembrance of that very pleasant squib. It shows that Mr. Habberton has solid qualities of thought and style, as well as a keen sense of the use to which new and good literary material may be put. The editor of *Lippincott's* exhibits fine discrimination in the choosing of his novels.

King Solomon's Mines and *She* (New York: Harper & Bros.), by R. Rider Haggard, are fantastical romances of the kind now much in vogue. They are wonder-tales, and the discriminating critics who find psychological meanings in them are capable of discovering hidden and wondrous messages in Baron Munchausen's tales. *She* is luridly conceived, but written in a commonplace style. There is a suggestion of sensuousness here and there which might have been omitted.

There is nothing more silly, nothing more vulgar, nothing that better indicates the existence of an intellectual vacuum which nature is always hopelessly trying to fill with idiotic scraps of thought, than the common habit of sneering at poets and poetry. It has gone out of fashion among decent people; it still lingers among those to whom the funny man of the newspapers is guide, philosopher, and friend. It is a curious thing that the art and the instrument which God used so often when he had messages to convey to men should be contemned in this age, which fancies itself thoughtful because it never knew how to think.

The young man who is incapable of the thrill that passages of King David, of Dante, of Shakspere, of Tennyson should give him will never know those heights of thought and emotion which are possible to him. He may be the "heir of the ages," but he does not appreciate his inheritance. And so when Tennyson, grown old but not feeble in thought or style, produces a sequel-poem to that most intense and most brilliant poem in English, *Locksley Hall*, it is sickening to note the foolish jokes of the readers of newspapers only, and the superficial criticism of people

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who take a bastard cynicism for wit and cleverness. As Abbé Roux says, since Voltaire's time we do not laugh, we grin.

Locksley Hall Sixty Years After (New York: Harper & Bros.) has the amazingly delicate verbal music of the earlier poem, its fervor, its force, its satire, its passion, its sarcasm, its invective. It has less hope, for the younger heir of *Locksley Hall* despaired for himself, but hoped for age. Science then seemed to be leading humanity to an earthly paradise:

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

The poet was struck to the heart by the false Amy's treachery, but he had great hopes for his age; he longed to see

"The vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Out of the pain of the madness of wounded love he cried aloud for a chance to help the new order:

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

"Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun;
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun."

In the sequel the hero of *Locksley Hall* looks at the wreck of the hopes of the earlier Victorian time as perhaps Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were she alive, might look at the antics of her new Italians, for whom she cherished such high hopes. Sixty years have passed since the Locksley railed passionately against Amy as the falsest of women, and now he, grown old, receives the complaints of his grandson over a similar misfortune, in the same spirit of contempt and tolerance with which the old listened to outcries of *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* years ago. The old poet

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smiles scornfully at the suggestion that his grandson suffers as he had suffered:

"Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy was a timid child;
But your Judith—but your worldling—*she* had never driven me wild:

"She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring,
She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn in spring."

Amy is dead and her husband is dead, and the poet who once scoriated them is very tender now. He tells of Edith, who filled Amy's place without driving away her memory:

"Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that linked again the broken chain that bound me to my kind."

And then the poet, sick at heart, bursts out against his time, forgetting that his life with all its experiences is only an infinitesimal part of it. The old bigotry which is part of Tennyson's patriotism enters into the exclamation:

"From the golden alms of Blessing man had coined himself a curse!
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter—which was crueller, which was worse?"

The laureate has always shown a particular weakness in history. In *Harold* he followed the erudite Lord Lytton, whose historical coloring was strong but not truthful; and in this comparison he is probably thinking more of Victor Hugo's *Lucrezia Borgia* than of Juvenal or Suetonius. He—as is natural in a poet—understands St. Francis d'Assisi, while he is ignorant of the age of Gregory the Great.

"Are we devils, are we men?
Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again—

"He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—whose pains are hardly less than ours."

His vision of progress has been shattered by sixty years of experience. He sees that, after all, locomotives and telegraphs, the preaching of equality, and his hoped-for parliament of men, have made chaos more chaotic:

"Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober Fact to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye are equals equal born.'

"Equal born? Oh! yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat.

"Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the Lion,—Demos end in working its own doom."

A shattered wheel, the work of a vicious boy, wrecks a train.

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Science has made the space-devourer possible, but it cannot change the heart of man. In spite of it,

"There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.

"There the smoldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor."

After all, he asks, in a sudden doubt as to whether his age has soured him,

"Shall we find a deathless May?
After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide thro' the day I shall not see?"

For the diviner force men are beginning to look out their darkness. Magians many of them are, clothed with all the power of the application of old forces, read in the books of what we call the new sciences, and skilled in the new arts that are so very old, and they look for a star that is not recorded in their new astronomy. Like Tennyson, they see the church through darkened glass. She is the diviner force; she alone of all the powers on earth can bring the world to be the garden of God's will on earth.

The Promise of May, which is bound with *Locksley Hall*, has suffered much in reputation by having been acted on the stage. It is not an "acting" play suited to modern theatrical ideas, but nevertheless it is entirely dramatic. It, too, is a protest against modern materialism and atheism. It is full of strong passages worthy of the poet's prime. Of modern Nihilism, Communism, and Socialism Harold says:

"Such rampant weeds
Strangle each other, die, and make the soil
For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons
To root their power in."

Robert Browning's *Parleyings* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is as obscure, as harsh, and as poetic as *Sordello*. Browning's obscurity, however, is mostly on the surface. He who runs may not read Browning as he runs, and Browning does not write for the runner who reads and forgets. In form, *Parleyings*—the parleyings are generally between personages in the by-ways of history—are somewhat like Leigh Hunt's dramatic scenes and Walter Savage Landor's imaginary conversations. They demand more space than we can give them at present, so they will be reserved for another time.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF ANTONIO ROSMINI SERBATI. Edited by William Lockhart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The biographical part of this compilation of documents relating to the life and works of Rosmini is agreeably written. The character of the man who is its subject, the environment in which his early life was passed, his public career in its various aspects, and all the other surroundings in which he lived and played a distinguished part, are of a kind to furnish a biographer with materials of the greatest attractiveness, as well as historical importance and religious edification. The biography is somewhat brief, but it presents a clear and good picture of the subject, and of the period (1797–1855) in so far as Rosmini was connected with its important events and personages. He was undoubtedly a remarkably holy and a remarkably gifted man, enlightened, magnanimous, and, to a very unusual degree even among the saints, winning and lovable in his character.

The principal exterior work of Rosmini's life was the founding of a religious congregation which holds an honorable place and has done excellent service in the church. He was very near entering on another and more exalted career, as a prince of the church and a statesman. Early in the reign of Pius IX. he was sent as a special envoy to the Holy See by the government of Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia. The Pope resolved to make him a cardinal, and even thought of giving him the post of Secretary of State. This opening was, however, speedily closed to him by the force of events, and he was left to resume and finish his career in the more modest sphere of his own predilection.

Rosmini's chief title to celebrity rests, however, on the voluminous writings, chiefly philosophical, which he produced, and which have obtained for him a foremost place among the eminent authors who have flourished in Italy during the present century. Liberatore says of him: "Among the thinkers who in our time have attempted the restoration of philosophical science, the illustrious Father Rosmini, in our opinion, holds the first place. He shines among them as a bright star in a group of stars of lesser lustre, in respect to copiousness of learning, vastness of thought, and subtlety of analysis. The many volumes produced by him on very diverse and abstruse matters form an imperishable monument of the fecundity and loftiness of his intellect, and they have secured for him perpetual renown as one among the most diligent and clear-sighted contemplators of truth."

The devotion of the disciples of Rosmini to their founder is not to be wondered at, considering his intellectual and personal qualities, which were just of the kind to awaken an affectionate enthusiasm in the bosoms of those who acknowledge and venerate him as their spiritual father. Father Lockhart and his companions, by means of the volumes at present under our notice, and the translations of some of Rosmini's principal works, are laboring to bring his philosophy into the same prominence in England and other countries where English books circulate which it has already gained in Italy. It is not unlikely that it may come into vogue to

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a considerable extent, and gain a large number of adherents, both among Catholics and non-Catholics. Will it supersede in the Catholic schools the metaphysics of the text-books now in general use and professedly explaining the philosophy of St. Thomas? Will Rosmini be recognized as the great restorer of philosophy through his doctrine of the innate Idea of Being as the light of the human intellect? It is certain that St. Thomas will not be superseded. The philosophy of Rosmini can never become dominant in Catholic schools, unless it be either the most genuine and the best explication of the authentic doctrine of the Angelical Doctor, or a further development and, in a sense, an improvement of the same. Its adherents profess that it is in substance the very metaphysics of St. Thomas, and it is implied, in their claim of superiority over every other philosophical system, that it is an improvement in the sense of being a clearer and more explicit form of the doctrine substantially contained in the writings of the great doctor. In our opinion, the ideology of Rosmini is neither a correct restatement of the ideology of St. Thomas nor an improvement upon the same. We regard it as really an improvement upon that modern philosophy in which Descartes, Malebranche, and Kant are the great masters, with a strong infusion from the philosophy of the ancients and of St. Thomas. It is very excellent as opposed to the Sensism of Locke and the Subjectivism of certain other systems of German origin. It is certainly free from error in any matter of Catholic doctrine. Still, we think that the illustrious author of this new philosophy of Ideal Being fell short of achieving complete success in his most laudable and pious effort to restore the grand edifice of Christian philosophy. We do not think that the ideology of St. Thomas needs any improvement. And we think, moreover, that it is correctly explained by Liberatore, San Severino, Zigliara, and similar authors, whose writings are now our standard text-books. The works of Rosmini may prove to be very useful in many respects, and the reputation of their author be increased and extended, but we do not think his peculiar psychology will ever be adopted in the Catholic schools. Time will show whether we are right in our opinion, or whether the hopes of Father Lockhart are destined to be realized.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, BISHOP AND DOCTOR. A Historical Study. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission, a pilgrim to Hippo. With map. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

It is well that a handy volume, written in popular language, giving us a true insight into the character and work as well as the singular influence St. Augustine exerts in the church, should be published for the edification of the faithful. The author, besides consulting the best authorities for his facts, has had the privilege of visiting most of the places and gaining an intimate acquaintance with everything relating to St. Augustine. The biography of any saint is worth careful reading, and when the life is that of one who has always been reckoned as among the leading doctors of the Christian religion, the interest and profit are much increased. We heartily recommend the book to both clergy and laity as being conducive to their intellectual and also their spiritual improvement.

There is an admirable chapter on "How to Read St. Augustine," which will assist one to understand many of the difficulties found in his writings.

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THE INCARNATION, BIRTH, AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST; or, The Mysteries of the Faith. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

St. Alphonsus wrote as he thought and prayed. Never could devotion to the mysteries of the Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of our Divine Lord be expressed in words more soul-stirring than are found in this treatise. Like all the ascetical works of the holy doctor, it can be understood by any reader, while in sublimity of thought it is unsurpassed.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI MISSÆQUE CELEBRANDÆ JUXTA RUBRICAS BREVIARII MISSALISQUE ROMANI. Pro Anno Domini MDCCCLXXXVII. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The *Ordo* published by Messrs. Pustet & Co. contains the calendar of feasts which is followed generally by the priests of this country, and also the Roman calendar for the accommodation of those having the privilege of reciting the office proper to the clergy of Rome. As far as we have observed it is correct, with the exception of the Feast of St. Agatha, which should be celebrated on the 12th of February, instead of the 5th, which now is the day assigned for the office of St. Philip à Jesu. The book is very neatly printed and well bound.

THE LIFE OF JEAN-BAPTISTE MUARD, founder of the Congregation of St. Edme and of the Monastery of La Pierre-qui-Vire. Edited by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Père Muard was a saintly Benedictine of our own times. In his foundations the rule of his order was somewhat modified, so as to combine the monastic and apostolic life in a most thorough and perfect manner. His devotion to missionary labors, however, did not incline him to mitigate the austerities of the institute. The directions which he gave about the observance of poverty and abstinence were so severe that the Holy Father, Pius IX., styled the rule as "more admirable than imitable." After moderating the rigor of some of his prescriptions the Holy See definitely approved of the work of Père Muard. The Sacred Heart Abbey, established in the Indian Territory in this country in 1875, follows the observance of Père Muard.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO for the year of our Lord 1887. With full official reports of all dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Australia. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This is the fifty-fifth annual publication of this indispensable directory. Besides its usual list of contents it has this year added to the American part an index of all the religious orders of the United States; and to the foreign part has been added the hierarchy and a list of all the priests in Australia, and the names of all the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of the German Empire and of Austria-Hungary. The work contains cuts of Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, which are so bad that they had much better have been omitted; they do not fairly represent the eminent men whose names are placed beneath them. For the book itself we have nothing but words of commendation.

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SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for the year of our Lord 1887. By J. A. Lyons. Notre Dame, Ind.

From the enterprising University of Notre Dame comes this compact and well-edited Annual. Besides the usual amount of useful information and calendars found in such publications, it contains some interesting sketches on topics of present interest by well-known Catholic writers, and some charming bits of verse.

THE YOUNG PHILISTINE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Alice Corkran. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Readers who take pleasure in that which is in itself beautiful, and which teaches a beautiful lesson as well, will read these four stories with delight. When we say that these tales teach a lesson we should do an injustice to the work if we were to lead our readers to think that obtrusive moralizing was its characteristic. The lesson is taught by the tales and by the powerful, pathetic, and masterly manner in which the tales are told. Of the four stories the one placed first is, in our judgment, far from being the best. We should be inclined to place the one which gives its name to the volume at the top, and the others in a descending scale. We feel sure—with the restriction already made—that all who may be induced to read this little book by our notice will thank us for having called their attention to it.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY; or, Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

No particular system of mnemonics is advocated in this book, but what seem good and practical suggestions are given which, if acted upon, would no doubt prove of material assistance in strengthening the memory. The trouble with systems of mnemonics generally is that they are too cumbersome. The methods of strengthening the memory given by Dr. Holbrook are simple and natural, and themselves easily remembered. There is a section dealing with a method of acquiring new languages by association of ideas which seems as if it might be very helpful to students.

NOTE.—Several notices of late books have been unavoidably crowded out of this number, and will appear in the next one.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE LIFE OF BROTHER PAUL J. O'CONNOR. With portrait. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

GLIMPSES OF A HIDDEN LIFE: Memories of Attie O'Brien. Gathered by Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, relative to the Imports, Exports, Immigration, and Navigation of the United States for the three months ending September 30, 1886. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF MOST REV. J. J. LYNCH, D.D., first Archbishop of Toronto. By H. C. McKeown. Montreal and Toronto: James A. Sadlier.

RECITATIONS AND READINGS, No. 8. The Eureka Collection. Compiled by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

TWELFTH CONVENTION OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION, including addresses on Catholic Young Men and Secular Organizations, The Saloon a Danger to Young Men, Suggestions for the use of Catholic Libraries, etc.

A THOUGHT FROM DOMINICAN SAINTS FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR. Translated from the French by a Sister of Charity. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE SCHOOL OF DIVINE LOVE; or, Elevations of the Soul to God. By Fr. Vincent Caraffa, S.J. Translated from the French of Michael Bouix, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

CONSOLATION TO THOSE IN SUFFERING. By l'Abbé Guigon. Translated from the French. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

September 10, 1886.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now going through the press, and will be ready in September. It was said of this year's issue (1886) that it is the best yet issued; but from present indications the one for 1887 will excel even that of 1886, which is saying a great deal. Table of contents will soon be published. Dealers will please send in their orders, and those wishing to advertise will please prepare and send their advertisements as soon as possible.

A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric, by Rev. C. Coppens, S.J., author of *The Art of Oratorical Composition*, makes a book of 367 pages, and is modestly called an "Introduction," but is in reality a thorough treatise on rhetoric and poetry. As a text-book for Catholic colleges and academies it has no rival in the English language. Its value from a literary point of view is of the highest order; and, what is of far more importance, it is the only rhetoric published in this country, in England, or in Ireland that even attempts to give an extensive criticism of standard literature from a Catholic standpoint. Henceforth we need hear no more complaint, as we have heard so much of late, that pupils of Catholic institutions finish their course of studies without knowing what books they can read to advantage for their further improvement. Whoever will peruse the chapter on history, for instance, will see at once that not only the young, but even men of extensive reading, may learn much from this modest "Introduction." The volume is called an "Introduction to Rhetoric" to distinguish it from a companion volume published before, which contains a most thorough study of the highest effort of literary talent, the composition of an oration. *The Art of Oratorical Composition*, as the other volume is called, though only one year before the public, has already gone through two editions. A right reverend bishop, universally esteemed as one of the greatest promoters of education in this country, writes of these works: "I have received both the books you had the kindness to send me, and have read them with much pleasure. They are superior to anything of the kind we have." Speaking of the present volume, a reverend gentleman, whose name has been identified of late years with the cause of higher Catholic education in the West, uses language of praise which would appear exaggerated did it not proceed from a man of his well-known moderation and ability. He says: "The best thing I ever did for education was to urge and press Father Coppens to publish that book." For a work which can elicit such admiration from such judges we can safely predict that no educator will fail to examine it; and that, with Catholics at least, to examine it will be to adopt it for constant use in the class-room.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

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The *Athenæum* says:

"A subscriber sends us the following specimen of a new way of pushing books:

"'4 HIGH STREET, ——.

"'SIR: Pardon my sending you a copy of ——, a stanch Protestant work written by a member of the Church Association, and published (*at a great loss*) at my expense, the author being unable to incur the outlay. It would be contributing to the Scriptural command to "bear one another's burdens" if you would kindly take this copy (price 2s. 6d., *including postage*), as I have a great number on my hands. With every apology, believe me yours truly,

"'——.'"

Catholic Missions. An illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.—September number is out. Contents: Marists as Foreign Missioners; Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; The Five Martyrs of Laos; Assiniboine Indians; An Indian Job; A Safe Investment; "Going therefore, Teach Ye all Nations: and Behold I am with You all Days"; Missionary Notes; Our Indian Album: Missionary Life among the Indians of the North-West; New Norcia; Missionary Clocks; Labrador; Chinese Proverbs; Obituary. Illustrations: Frontispiece—Our Lady of Oceania—Martyrdom of Fr. Chanel, and Death of Bishop Bataillon; Missionary Residence—The Five Martyrs of Laos—A Perilous Journey among the Rocks—Native Canoe and Paddle—Assiniboine Warrior in Native Costume—Assiniboine Indian in European Dress—A Herd of Gazelles—Indian Bheestee or Water-Carrier—Indian Fruits—Esquimaux Fishing—Esquimaux Instruments, etc. 75 cents per year. Agents in New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The **Dublin Review,** July, 1886, is now ready. Contents: Novelists and Novels, by C. C. Longridge; The Progress of Nihilism, by W. Barry, D.D.; The Future of Petroleum, by Miss E. M. Clerke; Pro Vivis et Defunctis: Some Remarks upon Father Amherst's History of Catholic Emancipation, by W. S. Lilly; Plato's "Atlantis" and the "Periplus" of Hanno; The First Chinese Philosopher, or the System of Lao-Tze, by Professor Charles de Harlez; Canadian Opinion on the Question of Home Rule, by Senator L. G. Power, Ottawa, Canada; Notes of Travel and Exploration; Notes on Novels; Notices of Catholic Continental Publications; Notices of Books; Record of Roman Documents.

The annual subscription is $5 per year. The Catholic Publication Society Co., agents for the United States.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

Rare and Valuable Books.—The manager of The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just returned from Dublin and London, where he has made several important purchases of very rare and valuable books, a list of which is being prepared. We give here the titles of some: Complete sets of the **Dublin Review,** 97 vols., half calf; **London Month; Rambler; Digby's Compitum, Broad Stone of Honor, Mores Catholici,** in 11 vols. and in 3 vols.; **Maitland's Dark Ages; Rock's Hierurgia; Liguori's History of Heresies; Archer's Sermons; Lanigan's History of Ireland; The Douay Bible,** in 3 vols., original edition; **Miley's Rome; Dixon on the Scriptures;** complete set of **Latin Fathers,** Oxford edition; **Annals of the Four Masters,** as well as several

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other very valuable works, either arrived or to arrive. A list of some of these, with prices, can be found elsewhere in this Bulletin.

King, Prophet, Priest. Under this title a series of *Lectures on the Catholic Church*, written by the Rev. C. H. Duke, have been issued by Burns & Oates, London. The book is well arranged, and abounds with quotations from the Fathers set out in a popular form. Besides being a valuable book for Catholics to read, it is also specially suited to place in the hands of Protestants. Moreover, as the reverend author says in his preface, "possibly the extracts from antiquity may be of use to some of the clergy for sermons when, through pressure of work, unable to seek for the same elsewhere." For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price of the book is $1 60, *net.*

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.**, the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in England, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written will be issued by Burns & Oates almost immediately: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, *Merry England*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other English periodicals, has here collected some of her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward, to be issued immediately. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe*. In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism*, as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead.** It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition*, entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory.*

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

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Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2 75.

Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P.—This work is now ready. It is by his brother, Mr. Edward Lucas The biography deals with Frederick Lucas as the champion of the Catholic Church at home and abroad, as a member of Parliament, and as editor of the *Tablet*. With it is printed, for the first time, the important Memorial on England and Ireland, drawn up by Frederick Lucas at the request and for the use of Pope Pius IX. A sketch of the Tenant League, in connection with which this memorial was written, has been specially prepared for the biography from documents supplied by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The biography is issued in two volumes, at the price of 18*s*., or, in American money, $5 25, *net*.

Burns & Oates, London, have published **Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary,** by ex-Sergeant Brophy. The contents are: "Formation of the Constabulary," "Uniform," "Grades," "Pay," "Discontent," "Physique," "Eccentric Traits," "M. B.," "Billy," "Tiger," "Townshend," "Sartor Resartus," "Vi et Armis," "The Shaugraun of the R. I. C." The price is 40 cents, *net*.

Brown & Nolan, Dublin, have just published a new book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, entitled **Pax Vobis:** *being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading.* The author is well known in this country through his *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. The book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 60, *net*.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish the coming fall the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It will be uniform with the first series.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne.—Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as large as the previous ones (*Endowments of Man* and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Bro-

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therhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net*; half-calf, $1 30, *net*.

The Rule of St. Benedict has just been issued by Burns & Oates in London. It is printed in Latin and English, and is edited by a monk of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. The price is $1 30, *net*.

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net*, $1 60.

Flora, The Roman Martyr, is the title of the latest Catholic novel, in 2 vols., *net*, $3.

The New Catechism prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has been translated into Italian by Monsignor Concilio, and is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $3 per 100.

We have just received a fresh supply of **The Divine Office; Nature and Thought;** and **The Chair of Peter.**

The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass, is the latest and best on that subject. It is compiled by a Sacristan and printed in red and black, with tapes to find place by. A fresh supply just received. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Burns & Oates, London, have just published the Latin text and authorized translation of the **Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States.** Latin text, with English translation; authorized edition. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

The Birthday Book of our Dead is a beautiful little volume issued by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. It contains prose and poetry for every day in the year, with blank lines at the bottom of each page to record the death of one's friends. The contents are of a very high order, and make excellently good reading. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $1 25 *net*.

Lady Herbert's translation of the Abbé La Grange's **Life of Bishop Dupanloup** is just published in 2 vols. octavo. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $8 *net*, or 32s. British.

Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, have just issued in a single volume a new historical sketch by Dr. Lee (Rev. F. G. Lee, D.D.), of All Saints', Lambeth, S. E., entitled **Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head.** It is uniform with two other publications of the author, and contains several facts and conclusions not on record in the ordinary histories of the reign in question. It has just arrived in this country. Price, *net*, $2 75.

Miss Rosa Mulholland has just published a new volume of poems, entitled **Vagrant Verses.** The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price $1 30, *net*.

A new edition of the **Dream of Gerontius,** by Cardinal Newman, is now ready. Price 25 cents *net*, bound in cloth.

The second volume of Gillow's new **Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics** is ready. To subscribers, $4 *net*; non-subscribers, $5 *net*.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published in pamphlet form an able and well-written essay, entitled **Why do you Believe? or, A Divine Certainty of Faith.** By a layman. The author is a convert to our holy faith, and treats the subject, in the manner of a dialogue with a Protestant friend, with all the freshness and vigor of one who appreciates the gift of faith to its fullest extent. It will make an excellent tract to distribute amongst our separated brethren. Price of the book is 25 cents.

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A new edition of *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, as originally published in *Merry England*, with notes on the Oxford movement and its men by John Oldcastle, is ready. It contains four illustrations, and is bound in red cloth. It makes a very interesting volume. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price, *net*, 75 cents.

The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715, being a Summary of the Register of their Estates, with Genealogical and other Notes, edited by J. O. Payne, is now ready. **A Handbook to the Convents and Religious** existing in the United Kingdom, containing a brief History of the different Orders and Communities, etc., will soon be ready.

Very Rev. Father Stephen Byrne, O.P., has just published a second edition of **Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary**, from the French of Father Monsabré, O.P. It is for sale to the trade by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

The second edition of **The Keys of the Kingdom**; *or, The Unfailing Promise*, by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, author of *Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones*, *All for Love*, etc., is now ready. This speaks well for this book, as it is not long before the public. Price $1 25 *net*.

The Catholic Publication Society has now ready **M. Dupont, and the Work of the Holy Face**; with an Appendix containing his Prayers and Practices of Piety. Translated from the French by Christian Reid; with Preface by Monsignor Preston. 75 cents *net*.

For Congregational Singing.—Father Alfred Young's *Catholic Hymnal* has received many favorable notices in England and the United States. A *new edition* is already on sale. Price $1 50 *net*.

The Truth about John Wycliff, by Father Stevenson, S.J., is now published by Burns & Oates, London, and the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $3 *net*.

Mr. Gillow's second volume of the **Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics** *from the Reformation to the Present Time* is now ready; price $4.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported **Miniature Lives of the Saints**, by Fr. Bowden, of the Oratory, in 2 vols., *net*, $1. The reading matter of these volumes can be had in *Monthly Packets*, containing Lives of the Saints for *every day of each month*. The packets are sold at 10 cents, *net*, per monthly packet.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published **Lectures** delivered at a Spiritual Retreat, edited by a member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of the *Life of Catherine McAuley*, etc. The price of the book is 60 cents.

Brownson's Works.—The works of Dr. O. A. Brownson are now completed, in nineteen volumes. They are all for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., at $3 *net* per vol. The editor, Mr. Henry F. Brownson, is now preparing a general index to the entire work.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has received from London a new and elegantly-bound (in calf) edition of **The Following of Christ**, illustrated. The price is $4.

Agents Wanted—To sell the *Catholic Dictionary* in all parts of the United States. Send for sample pages and table of contents, and for notices of the *Dictionary* from all the leading papers in the country.

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NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

NOTE.—The numbers before each title denote the publishers, according to our Universal Catalogue. A copy of the *Key* to Publishers will be sent to Booksellers on application. All these books can be had of the Catholic Publication Society Co.

4 **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric:** Precepts and Exercises. By Rev. C. Coppens, S.J., author of *Art of Oratorical Composition.* 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25.

9 **The True Religion and its Dogmas.** By Nicholas Russo, S.J. 1 vol. $1.

NOTE.—If publishers will only send their new books, or even the title-pages of them, addressed BULLETIN CATHOLIC WORLD, the names and prices will be given every month.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The following are the new books published in England and Ireland up to the 20th of August, and for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Irish Question: I. History of an Idea; II. Lessons of the Election. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Paper. 10 cents.

Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark. By Kathleen O'Meara. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

Among the Fairies. A story for children. By author of *Alice Leighton.* *Net*, 40 cents.

Little Garden of Divine Love. *Net*, 25 cents.

Lecture on Catholic Ireland. By Rev. J. P. Prendergast. *Net*, 20 cents.

Bishop Ullathorne: The Story of his Life; Selected Letters, with Facsimile; four portraits of the Bishop, Views of Coventry Church and Oscott College. *Net*, 75 cents.

Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell. With Life and Death. New edition. *Net*, 25 cents.

Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul. A course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. *Net*, $1 60.

The Flower of Holywell. A Drama in five acts. By Mary E. Williams. *Net*, 30 cents.

Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, late C.C. Monasterevan, with an Appendix containing some of his Speeches on Quasi-Religious Subjects. *Net*, $1 75.

History of the Jesuits. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G S., Author of *Story of the Scottish Reformation.* Wrapper. *Net*, 40 cents.

A Philosophical Catechism. By Professor St. George Mivart, M.D., F.R.S. Sixth edition. Cloth. *Net*, 25 cents.

Nature and Thought. By the same Author. Second edition. Cloth. *Net*, $1 10.

Anecdotes of the Connaught Circuit, from its foundation in 1604 to present time. By Oliver J. Burke, author of *History of Archbishops of Tuam*, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $3 20.

The Lake Dwellings of Ireland. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. With illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $8 50.

The Parnell Movement. With Sketches of Irish Parties from 1843. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

In the Light of the Twentieth Century. By Innominatus. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1.

The Heliotropium; or, Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine. From the Latin of Jeremy Drexelius, by J. R. W. Shutte. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1 80.

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Henry Grattan: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. 1 vol. 16mo. *Net*, 25 cents.

Montalembert's Letters to a School-Fellow, 1827-30. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1.

The French Revolution: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. *Net*, 25 cents.

Wives and Mothers of the Olden Time. Translated by Lady Herbert. *Net*, $1 60.

The Life of Dom Bartholomew of the Martyrs, of the Order of St. Dominic, Archbishop of Braga, in Portugal. Translated from different authors by Lady Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $2 50.

☞ This book was published at 12s. 6d.; but, having purchased all the copies that are left of it, we put it at $2 50. There are only a few copies left.

Monotheism, in the Main Derived from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses, the Primitive Religion of the City of Rome. An Historical Investigation. By Rev. Henry Formby. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $1 25.

☞ This book was published at 16s., or $4, but having purchased the "remainder" of the edition, we can sell it at $1 25.

The Clothes of Religion: A Reply to Popular Positivism. In two essays and a postscript. By Wilfrid Ward. *Net*, 30 cents.

Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Dr. John Tauler, O.P. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 50.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count Montalembert. 7 vols. Cloth, *net*, $28.

Raphael: His Life, Works, and Times. From the French of Eugene Murry. With 140 engravings and 43 full-page plates. 1 vol. 8vo, *net*, $7.

My Return to the Church. By Vanderhoven. *Net*, 60 cents.

The Scale of Perfection. Written by Walter Hilton. With an Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England, by Rev. J. B. Dalgairns. 1 vol. 16mo, *net*, $1 25.

Sweeney's Lectures on Catholic Faith and Practice. 3 vols., *net*, $2 25.

Life of St. Joseph Calasanctius, etc. *Net*, $1 25.

Life of St. Camillus of Lellis, founder of the Clerks Regular, etc. 2 vols., $2 50.

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The New York *Sun* notices **The Life of Frederick Lucas** as follows:

"At an epoch when the political emancipation of Catholics throughout the United Kingdom has been followed by the declaration of a British Prime Minister that the right of national self-government should be conceded to the Catholic majority in Ireland, there is something peculiarly timely in the publication of *The Life of Frederick Lucas* by his brother, Edward Lucas (Burns & Oates). The importance of the part played by the subject of this biography in the religious and political movements of the generation which preceded our own is less generally appreciated than it should be, though to all well-informed persons the name of Frederick Lucas is familiar as that of the editor of the *Tablet*, and of an inter-

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esting figure in the group of Irish members returned to Parliament in the interval between the death of O'Connell and the ascendency of Isaac Butt. It will before long be recognized that in this period the seed was sown which has borne within the last few months such an amazing harvest, although the ripest and richest products have not yet been garnered. By the men who shall explain hereafter how it came to pass that Parnell triumphed where O'Connell failed will be credited to Frederick Lucas no small share of the work performed in the tilling of the field, though it was not his lot to witness the crop that we have seen ingathered.

"Frederick Lucas was one of the many converts made to Catholicism from the ranks of English Protestants in the fourth decade of this century through the wide-reaching spiritual impulse whose most conspicuous phase is known as the Oxford movement. Like Newman, Lucas could affirm that his conversion to the Church of Rome was in nowise promoted by traditional tendencies or early surroundings. Both of his parents were members of the Society of Friends, and it is a fact worth noting that he was a cousin of John Bright. Eight years of his youth were spent at a Quaker school, after which, at the age of 17, he became a student at the University College, London. After graduation he betook himself to the legal profession, keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and he was called to the bar in 1835, when he was 23 years old. It is curious, in view of his subsequent convictions, that at this time the works of Bentham had a great fascination for him, and he was a thorough believer in the utilitarian scheme. As the professor of a philosophy founded on the assumption of universal selfishness, he was naturally a student of the English sceptical philosophers, from Hobbes to David Hume. But it does not appear that any metaphysician, properly so called, except Berkeley, kept a permanent hold upon him. Of the Catholic Church he knew nothing until the year 1837, when his attention, we are told, was first drawn to the subject by an article on cathedral establishments in the *Quarterly Review*. To Lucas, this article, which upon an ordinary reader might make no permanent impression, suggested a new train of thought and investigation, which were stimulated by the Oxford movement and, as he has said, by an unsatisfied longing for religious certainty. He made, however, no conscious progress until near the beginning of 1839, but early in that year he convinced himself that with the Catholic Church alone is lodged divine authority on earth. He was received into the Church of Rome by a member of the Society of Jesus, and soon after published a pamphlet addressed to the Society of Friends, and entitled 'Reasons for Becoming a Roman Catholic.' His conversion led some of the most intimate among his Quaker friends to refuse to hold intercourse with him, but the change in religion did not alter in the least his relations with his immediate family. Thirteen years afterward, meeting his cousin, John Bright, in the House of Commons, where he appeared for the first time as a member of that body, Bright accosted him with, 'Well, Fred, and how goes on the old superstition?' 'Why, John, a great deal better than the new hypocrisy,' was the reply.

"On the subject of repeal Lucas altered his mind, after some experience, when he found that anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bigotry was too firmly rooted in the British mind to yield to considerations of common sense or common justice. His deliberate and final views were expressed in a speech in Parliament, delivered in June, 1853, and the reader cannot fail to be impressed by their similarity to the position taken by Mr. Gladstone during the recent debates in advocacy of the restoration of a national government to Ireland. Replying to the hackneyed protest that Irishmen have all the constitutional rights of Englishmen, Mr. Lucas said in a passage which seems to us so memorable that we shall quote it at length: 'What did they call the constitution in Ireland? The constitution in England was the means to an end; the means was representation, and the end was making the permanent, settled, deep-rooted convictions of the people omnipotent in the management of affairs. Such was the constitution in England. How different was it in Ireland! They were told they had got a constitution in Ireland, and yet in the year of grace 1853 they were discussing the vast and monster iniquity of the Irish-Anglican establishment. The constitution in Ireland meant that the permanent, settled, fixed, and irrevocable will of the people should be thwarted and denied, trampled on and insulted, generation after generation. The constitution in Ireland meant that the people should knock in vain at the doors of Parliament for justice. It meant an injustice under which no human being could be induced to live except for military violence and physical force. For years the people of Ireland had endeavored to get rid of this injustice, but their demands had been rejected with contempt and insult, and they had been told that, because there were a hundred gentlemen returned to that House by a process that was called representation, they had the blessings of the British constitution, which in England meant the accomplishment of the will of the people, but which in Ireland meant exactly the reverse.'

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"Lucas did not mean to be a drone in the church which he had entered, and in the very next year after his reception he undertook to organize the English Catholics for concerted action in their common interests. Nothing short of this was the real scope of the *Tablet*, which he started in 1840. Up to this time the upper-class English Catholics had shown themselves willing to barter the independence of the Irish Catholic Church for the right to sit in Parliament, while English Catholics of the middle class looked askance upon O'Connell as a violent demagogue. In short, between English Catholics and the great mass of the Catholic subjects of the British Crown in Ireland there was very little sympathy, and absolutely no recognition of solidarity. It was the aim of Lucas's newspaper and of all his public action to put an end to this unnatural divorce, and to his endeavor, perhaps, as much as to any other individual agency, is due the unity of interest and feeling which, upon the whole, and notwithstanding the attempts to sow dissension, which are now and then renewed, seems firmly established among the members of the Roman Church in the United Kingdom.

"The life of Frederick Lucas was not a long one—he died at the age of forty-three—but he saw cause during his fifteen years of journalistic and parliamentary work to materially change his view of the political relations which ought to subsist between Ireland and Great Britain. For some years after he began to edit the *Tablet* he was an opponent of O'Connell's movement for repeal, yet it is a noticeable fact that O'Connell never lost confidence in Lucas, or withdrew from the *Tablet* a support which was a matter of vital importance to its pecuniary success. Lucas did not believe in the possibility of bringing about repeal without civil war, and, even were its attainment possible, he thought that by a revival of the Dublin Parliament the Catholic Church would be shorn of nine-tenths of its strength in the supreme legislature of the empire. He was still young and sanguine, and supposed that Great Britain would yield to justice what, as events have shown, it would only yield to pressure. His idea was that by a union of the Catholics all the grievances and injustices to which they were subjected on both sides of the Channel could be remedied. But even at this time he based his opposition to repeal on grounds of expediency alone. He was not one of those who dwelt on the sentimental obligations under which English Catholics were alleged to have been placed by the removal of their political disabilities; neither did he ever make the blunder of assuming that Irish Catholics were in any sense indebted to their English brethren of the same faith, and therefore should be guided in their political actions by the counsels of the latter. From the outset he acknowledged frankly that, 'so far as we know, the Irish Catholics owe the English Catholics no political gratitude whatever. The debt—we make no secret of it—is all the other way. The gratitude is due in the very opposite direction. In this matter the coronet must stoop to the frieze; the English peer is debtor to the Irish peasant.'"

The *Pittsburgh Catholic* thus notices **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric, Precepts and Exercises,** by Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J.:

"The author, in his preface, states, 'after devoting nearly thirty years of his life to the sacred cause of education, he has been requested by many of his friends to arrange for publication the notes on rhetoric and poetry which he had gradually accumulated.' The work is comprehensive, embracing all the rules of rhetoric usually explained to advanced pupils. It is also quite practical, as is evident from a cursory glance at the numerous exercises suggested throughout its pages. Besides, it contains a varied collection of choice quotations in prose and verse, to serve as models for pupils. The work has much to commend it to students of rhetoric."

The *Michigan Catholic* says of *A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric* that—

"It will not be uninteresting to our Michigan readers to know that the author of this work is now a member of the Jesuit community in Detroit, and will be professor of rhetoric in Detroit College during the scholastic year which commences on the 8th of next month. The book is the result of thirty years of work as a professor of rhetoric in various colleges conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in this country. It is a class-book, but it would make a useful and interesting book in the library of any man who admires and loves to cultivate good English. From the examination we have given the work we feel justified in pronouncing it the best English book on rhetoric that has yet been published. Those students are to be congratulated who have Father Coppens for a teacher."

The same paper says of **Clothes of Religion:**

"Let us inform our readers before going further that Wilfrid Ward, the author of these essays, is the son of Dr. Ward now,

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deceased, who was for so many years the editor of the Dublin *Review*. In this little book he proves himself the worthy son of a great and good father. The purpose of the essays is to refute Agnosticism and Positivism each by the other. Mr. Herbert Spencer is the apostle of Agnosticism in England, and Mr. Frederick Harrison performs the same office for Positivism. Each is proud of his cult, and will fight for it as ardently as the Protestant sects used to fight with each other. Mr. Ward sets up Agnosticism, with Mr. Spencer behind it, and then he calls out Positivism, with Mr. Harrison leading it on. He pulls a string, and the two cults attack each other. But the battle is a short one, for Mr. Harrison with his Positivism makes easy work of Mr. Spencer and his Agnosticism. Mr. Ward, standing aside and looking on at the battle, sees the weapons which Mr. Harrison has used so successfully. With these he attacks Positivism, and disposes of it much more easily than Mr. Harrison disposed of Mr. Spencer. It is really a delight to read these essays. Just buy a copy, reader, take it with you into a quiet corner of the garden and spend an hour over it, and we assure you you will never long to go among the wise fools at Concord or the Chautauqua assembly."

The *Catholic Telegraph* says of *The Clothes of Religion:*

"The two essays contained in this little book, entitled respectively 'The Clothes of Religion' and 'Pickwickian Positivism,' form an admirable reply to the intangible theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederick Harrison, the two leaders of the English school of Positivism. The satirical vein which runs throughout the arguments lends much attractiveness to a controversial work of this kind. It shows up the puerile sophisms of two so-called philosophers, who are too æsthetic to believe in a living God, but must the one adore what he calls 'The Unknowable,' the other 'Humanity,' and demonstrates how ridiculous it is to make with capital letters the apotheosis of the adjective and the noun above mentioned. Mr. Ward has done good service by bringing out this instructive work on Positivism, and has earned in so doing the verdict of Horace:

"'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorum delectando, pariterque monendo.'"

The *Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, notices **The Poetical Works of R. Southwell, S.J.**, as follows:

"The publishers of this volume deserve the thanks of the lovers of English literature. They bring us from the sixteenth century the 'touching aphorisms' and the 'sweet, quaint images' of this pure and gentle yet heroic martyr.

"This volume is chiefly devoted to the poems of Father Southwell. The wholesome lessons that those poems convey should assure them a welcome in every Christian household. To teach the poets of the baser passions the error of their ways the saintly Jesuit sought to 'weave a new web in their own loom.' He shows how well 'verse and virtue suit together.' This he did in all his poems. We quote from 'Times Go By Turns':

"'Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"'A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed.
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

"Robert Southwell was born about 1562, in England. He was educated at Douay. He became a Jesuit in 1578. He was ordained in 1584, and in 1586 was sent as missionary to England. This period might be called 'the reign of terror' for the Catholics of that country. Elizabeth was queen. Father Southwell was apprehended in 1592. For three years he was closely confined in the Tower and most inhumanly treated. 'Thirteen times he was most cruelly tortured, yet he could not be induced to confess anything, not even the color of the horse whereon he rode on a certain day, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics, he that day was.' The only books for which he asked while in prison were the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. At daybreak of February 22 his jailer told him that he was to die that morning. Father Southwell embraced him and said: 'You could not bring me more joyful tidings.'

"Under the scaffold he touchingly addressed the multitude. Having declared, 'I live and die a Catholic,' he commended his soul to God, and was executed while making the sign of the cross. So perished Father Southwell at the age of thirty-three.

"Persecution and death must have been frequent subjects of his contemplation. We quote his poem 'Upon the Image of Death':

"'Before my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find.
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

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"'I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place,
Where eyes and nose had some time been.
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

"'I read the label underneath
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eke that saith,
Remember, man, thou art but dust.
But yet, alas! but seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die.

"'Continually at my bed's head
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well.
But yet, alas! for all this I
Have little mind that I must die.

"'The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

"'My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

"'Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Samson, though he were so strong,
No king nor person ever yet
Could 'scape, but Death laid him along.
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

"'Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the West did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
Yet both by Death in dust now lie.
Who can then 'scape but he must die.

"'If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
Oh! grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend sith I must die.'

"Father Southwell may yet be numbered among the saints, as we learn that his canonization is being considered by the proper tribunal at Rome."

The *Niagara Index* thus notices **Pax Vobis,** being a popular exposition of the Seven Sacraments:

"Our students know the author of this work from his valuable text-book on Sacred Rhetoric. But the venerable Father McNamara, C.M., Rector of the Irish College in Paris, is much better known in wider circles by his *Programmes*, *Enchiridion Clericorum*, and other works especially written to fill up gaps in practical pastoral literature. His long experience as a missionary and director of an ecclesiastical seminary eminently fitted him to write works like the present one, the object of which is amply explained on the title-page. It is, in our opinion, one which should be found in every priest's library, side by side with his *Programmes*, even if that library were to contain no other English work on practical homiletics. Father McNamara's works leave ample scope to the scholarship and eloquence of preachers who will avail themselves of his labors for their own benefit as well as for that of their congregations."

The *Ave Maria* says of the **Life of Margaret Clitherow:**

"Mrs. Margaret Clitherow was an English martyr, who suffered at York, March 25, 1586, in the reign of 'the tyrant Elizabeth,' as this little book justly calls that sovereign. It is most difficult to bring ourselves to the spirit of the age in which this good and holy woman was put to the torture and to such a death for her faith. The pain, the fear, the rebellion of the flesh are often more present to the reader than the fervent love, the sweet patience, and the Christian forgiveness of the gentle and holy sufferer. It is only after the book has been read and laid away for some days that the lessons it was meant to teach are possible to a person of vivid imagination and sensitive nerves; but it is just such training, perhaps, that the Catholics of this day and this land stand in need of. The lives and deaths of such as Dame Margaret, their heroic and unshaken courage, their blessed martyrdom, in fact, purchased for us, who came after, the time of peace we now enjoy. Well indeed is it for us to keep in lively remembrance their past, and dwell reverently and gratefully on their triumphant present, even at the cost of harrowing our softened and sensitive natures with the story of all they endured."

And of **Leaves from St. Augustine:**

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trash which forms a large part of our so-called modern literature.

"It is well that such laborers as Miss Allies, whose hope of reward is based on a higher than earthly basis, have the courage and perseverance to accomplish works to which are presented so many serious obstacles. We would like to see the book before us in every Catholic library, and feel confident that its perusal would be a delight as well as a profitable work for all who read. It is well bound, and printed in large, clear, attractive type."

And of **The Following of Christ,** by John Tauler:

"To the lovers of Thomas à Kempis—and their number is legion—no other *Following of Christ* can take the place of the simple and beautiful work which has had, perhaps (excepting the Bible), more readers than any book in the world. However, the above translation of the work of the great Dominican of Strassburg will no doubt find many admirers, especially among those advanced in the interior life. It is filled with many sublime and mystical thoughts, too mystical, we think, for the general reader. Like all books of its class, it will prove a help to greater spiritual perfection to those who consult its pages."

The *Ave Maria* says of **The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715:**

"This book contains four hundred pages, and is well printed and neatly bound. It is an important contribution to the Catholic literature of our time. Useful, interesting, and instructive, it brings vividly before the mind the gloomy and dismal period when Catholics were harassed by penal laws, subjected to false and malicious accusations, and persecuted and proscribed for fidelity to faith and truth to conscience. It covers a field that it has hitherto been extremely difficult to explore, on account of the many obstacles in the way of impartial and diligent research. Chief among these obstacles have been the inaccessibility of records, the difficulty of securing and verifying data, the common prejudice against work directed to that end, and the comparative paucity of Catholics whose circumstances permitted them to give due encouragement to investigation and research of that nature. But of late years these obstacles have been steadily disappearing, and Catholics have had freer access than formerly to records and data that conclusively tell of the unyielding faith and heroic fortitude of the nonjurors of former ages. In the presence of horrible cruelties and tortures, despite the rigor of statutes denouncing death or banishment, under laws that entailed proscription and spoliation, many English families courageously held to the faith as this book clearly shows. They patiently bore the yoke of a governmental system which prohibited the practice of their religion, the education of their children, and the enjoyment of their natural and relative rights under the laws. They bowed to the ostracism pronounced by a corrupt, avaricious, intolerant, and inherently cruel social system which discriminated against them, and sought to fasten the badge of superstition, disloyalty, and shame upon the public profession of their faith.

"Those who registered their names and estates in 1715, complying with an act designed to make them pay penalties in proportion to their property, are given in this book. Persecution had become less bloody at the time, and it is to be supposed that those who had kept the faith till then might preserve it to the end with much less hardship, and danger, and suffering than their ancestors had experienced. But, as the editor says:

"'Not until 1778 was the first Catholic Relief Act passed, nor was it till a much later period that a priest dared publicly to proclaim his office by his dress. . . . Equally unsafe in some quarters, and at a comparatively recent period, was thought to be the use of the word "Mass." Indeed, as late as 1839 Mass was called "Prayers" at several places named in the Catholic Directory; and for a few years afterward the occasionally substituted terms, "Divine Service" and "Morning Service," seem to suggest a still lingering idea that some caution might be expedient, or that something was to be feared.'

"The book aims to give short biographical sketches of the principal Catholics of England, as well as briefly to describe their estates, as the same are found upon the public records. Each county is dealt with separately, and this arrangement enables the reader more accurately to point to his ancestry, if he be of English birth or extraction. While mention is restricted to the Catholic nonjurors, or those that refused to take the oath of supremacy recognizing the king as the supreme head of the church, yet these are so numerous, and represent so many of the old family names of England, that the reader may well be surprised that the faith was so widely professed and fondly cherished even at so late a time as that indicated. The book bears witness to extensive research, extraordinary patience, indefatigable industry, and years of devoted labor. It deserves the patronage of all who take interest in the subject of which it treats."

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The Manager of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY COMPANY having just returned from Europe, where he purchased some rare and valuable Catholic Books, long out of print (as new books), and made arrangements to receive such others as may be for sale at any time in London and Dublin, offers the following as the first instalment just arrived:

Monasticon Anglicanum: A History of the Abbeys and other Monasteries, Hospitals, Friaries, and Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, with their Dependencies, in England and Wales; also Scotch, Irish, and French Institutions in any way connected with them. By Sir William Dugdale. 8 vols. folio, half morocco.... *Net,* **$200 00**

☞ This work was originally published in Latin. This is an excellent edition in English, with all the Illustrations, and the Appendix, which is not found in all the editions. It is in good condition.

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☞ The above books have already arrived; others are on the way, and will be announced hereafter.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

October 9, 1886.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now going through the press, and will be ready in October. It was said of this year's issue (1886) that it is the best yet issued; but from present indications the one for 1887 will excel even that of 1886, which is saying a great deal. Table of contents will soon be published. Dealers will please send in their orders, and those wishing to advertise will please prepare and send their advertisements as soon as possible.

A charming little book of **Texts for Children** has been compiled by Miss Ward. Miss Ward is a daughter of a well-known Oxford convert, and is a sister-in-law of the Catholic political economist, Mr. C. S. Devas. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The coming centenary of St. Alphonsus will be celebrated by the publication of a work on **The Psalms** written by the Saint, and now edited by Father Livius, C.SS.R. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Rev. Dr. Hutch, well known as the translator of the *Parish Priest's Manual* and of *Instructions for New Confessors*, has now nearly completed another work likely to be as popular and as useful as its predecessors. This is a translation of Frassinetti's famous **Treatise on Prayer.** The publishers in England are Burns & Oates and in New York the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The book for November this year will be **Souls Departed,** a treatise on Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead, written by Cardinal Allen in 1565, and now edited by Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist. So much noise did the book make in the cardinal's own time that when a proclamation was made for his arrest in 1567, and for the arrest of some other prominent Catholics, his eminence, who headed the list, was described as "Allen, who wrote the late booke of Purgatory." Instead of languishing in one of Elizabeth's prisons, Allen went abroad, and became the founder of the English college at Douai. After three hundred years the book remains a memorial of the church's unchanging doctrine, and of the theological learning and the literary graces of the great missioner who composed it. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A new story by Miss Clara Mulholland will be issued in a few weeks by Burns & Oates in London and by the Catholic Publication Society Co. in New York, under the title of **The Miser of Kingscourt.** Miss Clara Mulholland, following in the steps of her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, has already enriched light literature by numerous contributions; but in the forthcoming work she will be found to have surpassed herself. This book and Miss Alice Corkran's *Young Philistine* will be permanently pleasant additions to the store of story-books suitable for prizes in the best schools, and likely to be a delight to their possessors all their lives.

Raphael, his Life, Works, and Times, is one of the most beautiful books brought out lately. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has imported a number of copies which they can sell at $7 each, A year or so ago this book was sold by other houses, and may be yet, at $15 a copy, but by special arrangement

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with its London publisher the Catholic Publication Society Co. can sell it at the very low figure named. It has 154 engravings in the text and 43 full-page plates. It makes a volume of 620 pages 4to, and is only $3 a copy. A splendid Christmas gift.

La Passion de N. S. Jesus Christ.—An historical and archæological consideration of the Passion of our Lord, by the Abbé G. Martin, just out, is pronounced by Mgr. Perraud to be a work of profound learning and piety.

Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste.—An historical statement of the objections raised against the Bible, and their refutation, by Rev. F. Vigouroux, S.S., with several illustrations, is now completed. The second volume, just out, embraces three chapters devoted respectively to "The English Deists," "The French Philosophers," and "The German Rationalists." The author describes with accuracy the errors and sophisms of modern times, and establishes the veracity and divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures.

The Abbé Plasse, canon of the cathedral of Clermont, has just published in Paris **Le Clerge Francais Refugie en Angleterre.** He says twenty-two years of patient, personal research were devoted to the gathering of this faithful and interesting account of those Catholic clergymen who found asylum in England after their expulsion from France in 1792. It is in two volumes.

Mgr. Namèche, rector of the University of Louvain, has issued **Le Regne de Philippe II., et la lutte Religieuse dans les Pays-Bas au XVIe. Siecle.** It is an able and impartial summary of the studies made by early historians regarding an epoch most important in the history of civil and religious liberty. It is in four volumes.

Les Femmes Bibliophiles de France, XVIe., XVIIe., et XVIIIe. Siecles, is the title of a work in two vols., by M. Quentin Bauchart, and is illustrated. It comprises a list of over a hundred and twenty book-loving women of France of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, with a brief biographical notice of each one.

The Life of Cardinal Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, by Père H. Saintrain, is published in Paris in one vol. It is pronounced by French critics a simple yet most charming biography of the late cardinal, with a history of his heroic efforts on behalf of Christian education in Belgium.

The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., has just published, in Edinburgh, an important work on **Mary, Queen of Scots.** *It is a narrative of the first eighteen years of her life,* taken principally from original documents. It is a portion of Mary's life never yet completely told. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30 *net.*

By special arrangements we are now prepared to furnish complete sets, or odd volumes to complete sets, of the **Ante-Nicean Library of the Fathers** and the **Works of St. Augustine,** Edinburgh edition, at $2 50 per vol. All wishing to fill up their sets should send in their orders at once.

Messrs. Burns & Oates's publications for the coming season include the third volume of Mr. Joseph's Gillow's *Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time; Dante's Divine Comedy: its Scope and Value,* from the German of Francis Hettinger, D.D., edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory; *Souls Departed,* being a treatise on Purgatory and prayers for the dead, by Cardinal Allen, edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett; *The Life of Father Champagnat, founder of the Order of the Marist Brothers; Notes in Remembrance of Augustus Law, S.J.; A Young Philistine, and other Tales,* by Miss Alice Corkran; *The Life of Père Muard,* translated by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A.; a new and revised edition of *The History of the*

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Scottish Reformation, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S.; *Texts for Children*, compiled by Miss Ward; *St. Alphonsus on the Psalms*, by the Rev. Thomas Livius, C.SS.R.; and a translation of Frassinetti's *Treatise on Prayer*, by the Rev. Dr. Hutch.

The *Athenæum* says that Prof. Abbé Hyvernat, of Rome, the editor and translator of the Coptic accounts of the martyrs in Egypt, is preparing a palæographical atlas for Coptic. There will be found in it specimens of the MSS. in the Vatican Library, in Paris, London, and Oxford, and in the library of Lord Crawford and Balcarres. There will be more than sixty plates of Memphitic and Sahidic specimens, from the fifth to the tenth century.

The Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., has issued, through the *Buffalo Catholic Publication Company*, a most interesting book on **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** It is introduced to the public by Bishop Maes of Covington. The price is only one dollar and it is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

Burns & Oates will shortly publish **Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead,** a treatise by Cardinal Allen, first published in 1655 and now reprinted in modern spelling and edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. The original title describes the book as the defence and declaration of the Catholic Church's doctrine touching Purgatory and prayers for the souls of the departed, by William Allen, Master of Arts and Student in Divinity.

Father Byrne's translation of Monsabré on the **Holy Rosary** has reached a third edition. It is just the book for the *month of October*, the month appointed by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to have the *Rosary* recited in every church, and if possible in every family. The book can be had of all booksellers. It is supplied to the trade by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Sent by mail on receipt of 75 cents.

A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric, by Rev. C. Coppens, S.J., author of *The Art of Oratorical Composition*, makes a book of 367 pages, and is modestly called an "Introduction," but is in reality a thorough treatise on rhetoric and poetry. As a text-book for Catholic colleges and academies it has no rival in the English language. Its value from a literary point of view is of the highest order; and, what is of far more importance, it is the only rhetoric published in this country, in England, or in Ireland that even attempts to give an extensive criticism of standard literature from a Catholic standpoint. Henceforth we need hear no more complaint, as we have heard so much of late, that pupils of Catholic institutions finish their course of studies without knowing what books they can read to advantage for their further improvement. Whoever will peruse the chapter on history, for instance, will see at once that not only the young, but even men of extensive reading, may learn much from this modest "Introduction." The volume is called an "Introduction to Rhetoric" to distinguish it from a companion volume published before, which contains a most thorough study of the highest effort of literary talent, the composition of an oration. *The Art of Oratorical Composition*, as the other volume is called, though only one year before the public, has already gone through two editions. A right reverend bishop, universally esteemed as one of the greatest promoters of education in this country, writes of these works: "I have received both the books you had the kindness to send me, and have read them with much pleasure. They are superior to anything of the kind we have." Speaking of the present volume, a reverend gentleman, whose name has been identified of late years with the cause of higher Catholic education in the West, uses language of praise which would appear exaggerated did it not proceed from a man of his well-known moderation and ability. He says: "The best thing I

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ever did for education was to urge and press Father Coppens to publish that book." For a work which can elicit such admiration from such judges we can safely predict that no educator will fail to examine it; and that, with Catholics at least, to examine it will be to adopt it for constant use in the class-room.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

Catholic Missions. An illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.—Contents of October number: Franciscans as Foreign Missioners; Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; Assiniboine Indians; The Heroes of To-day; Our Indian Album; Indian Heroism; What is a Penny? "Go, ye Swift Angels"; Missionary Notes; Persecution in the East; Labrador. Correspondence: Pondicherry; Baptism of Slave Children; Donations. Illustrations: Frontispiece—St. Francis of Assisi, Sailing for Egypt, Arriving at Palestine; Lake Scenery—A Native Pirogue—Mountain Cascade—The Victorian Hippopotami—The Pirates of the Prairies—The Black-robe is Going—The Hajjam, or Native Barber—The Native Smiths—A Scene in the Persecution—Arrest of a Supposed Christian—My Mandarin Returns Home—Travelling in Labrador. 75 cents per year. Agents in New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The **Dublin Review,** July, 1886, is now ready. Contents: Novelists and Novels, by C. C. Longridge; The Progress of Nihilism, by W. Barry, D.D.; The Future of Petroleum, by Miss E. M. Clerke; Pro Vivis et Defunctis: Some Remarks upon Father Amherst's History of Catholic Emancipation. by W. S. Lilly; Plato's "Atlantis" and the "Periplus" of Hanno; The First Chinese Philosopher, or the System of Lao-Tze, by Professor Charles de Harlez; Canadian Opinion on the Question of Home Rule, by Senator L. G. Power, Ottawa, Canada; Notes of Travel and Exploration; Notes on Novels; Notices of Catholic Continental Publications; Notices of Books; Record of Roman Documents.

The annual subscription is $5 per year. The Catholic Publication Society Co., agents for the United States.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

Rare and Valuable Books.—The manager of The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just returned from Dublin and London, where he has made several important purchases of very rare and valuable books, a list of which is being prepared. We give here the titles of some: Complete sets of the **Dublin Review,** 97 vols., half calf; **London Month; Rambler; Digby's Compitum, Broad Stone of Honor, Mores Catholici,** in 11 vols. and in 3 vols.; **Maitland's Dark Ages; Rock's Hierurgia; Liguori's History of Heresies; Archer's Sermons; Lanigan's History of Ireland; The Douay Bible,** in 3 vols., original edition; **Miley's Rome; Dixon on the Scriptures;** complete set of **Latin Fathers,** Oxford edition; **Annals of the Four Masters,** as well as several other very valuable works, either arrived or to arrive. A list of some of these, with prices, can be found elsewhere in this Bulletin.

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King, Prophet, Priest.—Under this title a series of *Lectures on the Catholic Church*, written by the Rev. C. H. Duke, have been issued by Burns & Oates, London. The book is well arranged, and abounds with quotations from the Fathers set out in a popular form. Besides being a valuable book for Catholics to read, it is also specially suited to place in the hands of Protestants. Moreover, as the reverend author says in his preface, "possibly the extracts from antiquity may be of use to some of the clergy for sermons when, through pressure of work, unable to seek for the same elsewhere." For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price of the book is $1 60, *net.*

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.**, the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in England, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written will be issued by Burns & Oates almost immediately: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, *Merry England*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other English periodicals, has here collected some of her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward, to be issued immediately. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe.* In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism*, as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead.** It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition*, entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory.*

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing

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the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2 75.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish in October the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It will be uniform with the first series.

Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P.—This work is now ready. It is by his brother, Mr. Edward Lucas. The biography deals with Frederick Lucas as the champion of the Catholic Church at home and abroad, as a member of Parliament, and as editor of the *Tablet*. With it is printed, for the first time, the important Memorial on England and Ireland, drawn up by Frederick Lucas at the request and for the use of Pope Pius IX. A sketch of the Tenant League, in connection with which this memorial was written, has been specially prepared for the biography from documents supplied by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The biography is issued in two volumes, at the price of 18*s.*, or, in American money, $5 25, *net*.

A most interesting and valuable book, on a subject that few think of or about, is Father Baart's **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1.

Burns & Oates, London, have published **Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary,** by ex-Sergeant Brophy. The contents are: "Formation of the Constabulary," "Uniform," "Grades," "Pay," "Discontent," "Physique," "Eccentric Traits," "M. B.," "Billy," "Tiger," "Townshend," "Sartor Resartus," "Vi et Armis," "The Shaugraun of the R. I. C." The price is 40 cents, *net*.

Brown & Nolan, Dublin, have just published a new book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, entitled **Pax Vobis:** *being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading.* The author is well known in this country through his *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. The book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 60, *net*.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Every family should have a copy of Monsabré on the **Holy Rosary,** translated by Father Byrne. Price 75 cts.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne.—Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as large as the previous ones (*Endowments of Man* and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Bro-

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therhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net;* half-calf, $1 30, *net.*

The Rule of St. Benedict has just been issued by Burns & Oates in London. It is printed in Latin and English, and is edited by a monk of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. The price is $1 30, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net,* $1 60.

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"Many of our readers will remember the stirring controversy between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, which took place a few years ago when those two doughty champions broke a lance in defence of their respective systems of philosophy. The sharp intellectual tournament between the two recognized leaders of Agnosticism and Positivism ended in each smashing the other, and by their systems being completely discredited in the opinion of all thinking men.

"A system of philosophy that has no foundation of truth is easily destroyed. It goes down at the first onslaught made against it. When, therefore, Spencer attacked the false philosophy of Comte, so ably championed by Mr. Frederic Harrison in England, and Harrison, in turn, directed his intellectual batteries against the Agnosticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, it was easy to foresee the result. The falsity of both systems was indisputably established. That was one good service rendered to the public by the Spencer-Harrison controversy.

"Mr. Wilfred Ward, in the little book before us, not merely gives a full and crushing reply to Positivism, but he goes further in advancing the clearest and strongest arguments in favor of true religion. He shows that the claim of Positivism to be considered a religion is simply preposterous. In his preface Mr. Ward writes: 'A religion which is to do the work of a religion, and to influence the lives of the mass of mankind, must have that within it which can appeal to the multitude as a motive force for action, and no amount of ingenuity expended in the superstructure will enable it to stand if this foundation is wanting. Suppose that the cardinal ideas of Christianity were wanting in this respect; suppose that the character of Christ entirely failed to appeal to mankind as an in-

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spiring model, and suppose it were impossible to lead men to trust in his merits or to believe in the reality and efficacy of his aid—establish these simple defects in the Christian system and you have sounded its death-knell so far as its capabilities as a realiy influential religion go. There is no occasion to criticise St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Vasquez, or to touch on the elaborate and ingenious developments and superstructures wrought by subtle intellects in successive ages above the root doctrines. The foundation is rotten, and all that rests on it, however intrinsically beautiful or well constructed, must fall with it.' That the foundation of Positivism and Agnosticism is rotten Mr. Ward proves most clearly, whilst at the same time he shows the solid strength of Christianity.

"The two essays which make up this delightful little volume were originally printed in the *National Review*. Mr. Ward's book will be widely read by Catholics and non-Catholics. It unmasks the hollow pretensions of those two rival systems of philosophy, Agnosticism and Positivism, and furnishes a clear and very able argument for the claims of Christianity. Warmly do we recommend it to our readers."

The *Pastor* notices **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric:** Precepts and Exercises, by Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., as follows:

"Father Coppens' work is clear and concise. The book is among other things a very good example of precise writing. 'Precision means the selection of such words as mean nothing vague, or too much, or too little, but just what we desire to express.' For example, we should not say, unless we mean to use a figure, "the boy broke a *window*," when he broke a pane only.' Father Coppens has been exceptionally happy in his selections from the recognized masters of our language to illustrate and confirm his precepts. So choice are the tidbits of literature on almost every page, he will be a very busy man that can open it and escape being beguiled of an hour. Extracts are in fair proportion from Catholic writers, Newman, Wiseman, Manning, Faber, etc., and the elegant extracts from Protestant and infidel writers inserted are carefully chosen. So far as we have been able to examine the book, it is very complete. We miss nothing. Byron was certainly a master of letter-writing, though not named among the masters by Father Coppens. The following simple rules for composition are given:

"'For the writing of original composition, these rules should be carefully observed by the pupil:

"'Rule 1.—He should *think over the whole matter* to be treated, and trace a line of it in his mind or on paper, before he writes the first line of the composition itself.

"'Rule 2.—He should *compose slowly*, doing the best he can in the first draught: he will thus improve far more than by putting down every word or idea that presents itself. As in penmanship, so in composition: by writing well we learn to write rapidly, but by writing rapidly we do not learn to write well.

"'Rule 3.—Still, when the mind is warmed up by the subject, the writer may allow himself, to some extent, to be carried away by his ardor, provided he does not wander from his theme.

"'Rule 4.—After writing should come correction—a task often neglected, because less interesting. But the mind of the master should rule here, not the whim of the scholar. The *limæ labor*—the careful finish—is the straight road to perfection in any art.

"'Rule 5.—When a composition is written for the eye of the public, it should, if possible, be laid by for a while and then carefully retouched. No one should ever publish what an honest and judicious friend condemns, no matter how perfect the composition appears to himself.'

"These rules will apply to the composition of sermons. We have no doubt Coppens' Rhetoric will be very generally adopted in Catholic schools and colleges."

And the Boston *Pilot:*

"We are happy to add another to the list of text-books for Catholic schools of which one can write only in terms of unqualified praise. Its author, the Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., of St. Louis University, Mo., is already well known through his admirable *Art of Oratorical Composition*. His two books, taken together, contain the entire course of rhetoric as studied in colleges and universities. But *The Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric*, taken alone, must have a far wider sphere of usefulness, being perfectly adapted for the higher departments of academies for girls, and for the use of the teachers themselves in the lower departments of schools for either sex, or in schools where so extended a course of rhetoric does not enter into the plan of study. We note, as an evidence of the practical nature of the book, the omission of the long list of faulty sentences to be corrected by the pupils; and every teacher will heartily endorse the author's reason for the omission—that the pupils themselves, in their various daily exercises, supply sufficient matter of this sort for the

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teacher to criticise and themselves subsequently to revise and correct. What makes this work invaluable in Catholic schools is that it educates the heart as well as the head. The copious collection of quotations in prose and poetry, presented to the pupil as modes of style, are, further, models of pure and elevating thought. Catholic writers are well represented in the above-mentioned quotations; yet there is no evidence of a narrow or overscrupulous spirit in this feature of the work, nor in the admirable course of reading which Father Coppens outlines for the student. His estimate of authors is singularly just. The student who masters this rhetoric, and carefully follows the indicated course of reading, cannot fail to acquire a likeness to the large and noble nature which planned this splendid work. He will draw only the good out of the literary opportunities within his reach, and escape the manifold evils that befall the young people turned loose in our public libraries with no guide but their own unformed judgment, undisciplined feelings, and vague purpose."

Edward the Sixth.—Dr Lee defends his book on *Edward the Sixth* against his Episcopalian critics:

"To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

"Some person has sent me your print for June 5. It contains a tirade against me, under the pretence of reviewing my book, *Edward the Sixth*, which tirade I have read with amusement and regret. The ignorant scribe who wrote it knows nothing of 'Reformation' history, and is wholly incompetent to deal with the subject; so he discreetly leaves it alone. I regret that you have no sufficiently well-read writer on your staff who might have dealt with my facts. To abuse and slander of myself by ritualists, either English or American, I give no heed. To review an author's book is one thing, to personally malign him (because his researches have toppled over certain historical idols) is another.

"If you can show me that I am in error in any single fact I shall thankfully acknowledge my mistake and entertain sincere gratitude to you for having pointed out the error. But the column of empty and worthless verbiage, to which I refer, shows that historical research is at a very low ebb in the Protestant Episcopal community, while your so-called 'criticism' is not worth the trouble on my part of writing this note.

"I notice that on p 148 you have reference to a fine dedication, 'The Church of the Reformation'!!! It is served by a parson with the appropriate name of 'Bacchus.'

"From end to end of your print I can scarcely find an elevating thought or a paragraph worth reading.

"No wonder that the Baptists, on the one hand, and the Catholics, on the other, are outstripping your nerveless, boneless, Athanasian-Creedless institution.

"Negation-mongers are a worthless crew. A maniac or a monkey can destroy and deform; it takes a wise man to build up and construct. *Verbum sapienti.*

"May God bring you out of error into the light of his truth. Amen.

"FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

"All Saints' Vicarage, York Road, Lambeth, S. E., St. Swithin's Day, B. C., July 15, 1886."

The *American Catholic Quarterly* notices **Library of St. Francis de Sales:** Works of this Doctor of the Church, translated into English, by the *Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B.*, under the Direction of the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia—vol. iii., *The Catholic Controversy*—as follows:

"This treatise is the message of St. Francis de Sales to the Calvinists. It was reluctantly written, because they would not, or could not without incurring the punishment of penal anti-Catholic laws, go to hear him preach. He neither published it nor named it. The reverend translator has called it *The Catholic Controversy* partly because it corresponds with the title given it by the French editor, but chiefly because its scope is to state and justify the Catholic doctrine against Calvin and his fellow-heretics.

"It is the Catholic position ever against them and all other heretics, and a defence of Catholicity as such. At the same time it is incidentally the defence of Christianity, because St. Francis de Sales' justification of Catholicity consists precisely in this, that it alone is Christianity; and his argument turns entirely on the fundamental question of the exclusive authority of the Catholic Church as the sole representative of Christianity and Christ.

"In Part I. he shows at length that the Catholic Church alone has a mission; that she alone is sent to teach; and that thus the authority of all other teachers (outside of her communion and not subject to her) is void, and their teaching but the vain teaching of men.

"He tests this teaching in Part II. by the rule of faith. He assumes as common ground that the Word of God is the rule of faith. He then shows that Reformers (so called) have composed a false scripture, and that they have also erred in rejecting sacred tradition or the *unwritten* Word of God. He then shows that, while the Word of God is the formal rule of faith, there is need of a *judge* who may explain, apply,

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and authoritatively declare the meaning of the Word; and that judge is the Holy Catholic Church.

"In Part III. he takes up the doctrines of the church in detail. But of this part there only remain three chapters, on the Sacraments and on Purgatory.

"Of the intrinsic merits of the work we need scarcely speak; for the saint's name and holy fame are sufficient guarantee of its clearness, forcibleness, directness, and simplicity of statement and argumentation, and of its value and usefulness in refuting heretical notions, which have descended to our own age, as well as of the edifying influence of this treatise in common with all that this distinguished saint spoke or wrote, upon true and faithful children of the church."

The *Ave Maria* notices **The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster**, with Notes, by John Oldcastle.

"We think the principal charm of this volume lies in the four portraits of Cardinal Manning, taken at wide intervals of his life, which would of themselves make it a desirable acquisition to the library. For the rest, we fail to see the motive of the work. If the author has intended it for those who are unacquainted with the history of the cardinal archbishop, he has not said enough; for although, in anticipation of some such criticism, he tells us in the preface that 'the wise say least,' they are, for the most part, enabled to make their meaning clear. He gives us wherewith to whet the literary appetite of practised readers, but not enough to inform the uncritical and more careless average reading mind. Again, if the purpose of the author has been to impress the numerous admirers of the cardinal with a fuller sense and appreciation of his great talents, his unswerving loyalty to truth, his wonderful discrimination and heroic virtues, the effort seems to us superfluous. 'By their works ye shall know them,' and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has long been the central figure in contemporaneous English Catholic history. We deprecate the idea of flattery, although Mr. Oldcastle's work just fails of being fulsome to those who cannot read between the lines."

And also notices **Catholic Controversy**, by St. Francis de Sales, "now being presented to the public by the Benedictine Fathers; the famous treatise of St. Francis to the Calvinists of the Chablais, written in his own inimitable, gentle, yet convincing way—the way by which he brought so many souls to God. By many authorities this book is considered the best of his writings, though where all are so charming it is difficult to particularize. We of the nineteenth century, with our lauded philanthropic tendencies, should be specially attracted towards St. Francis, whose sympathies for the weak and those in error were the lodestone that attracted even the most violent opponents of his own time. He has taken all the hardness and dryness out of controversy in these beautifully written expositions and explanations of faith, making it all the more desirable reading for Protestants as well as Catholics. The translator's preface is voluminous and interesting, forming a fitting introduction to the book, for which we predict success."

The *Ave Maria* says of **Studies of Family Life**, by C. S. Devas, M.A.:

"The work before us is, as the title indicates, a series of studies of family life. It is an attempt to set out the constitution of the family, and the status of its constituent members in a number of societies, past and present. The aim of the writer is, by a comparison and sifting of the facts brought out by a study of these societies, to establish the essential and the non-essential elements in family life. The results of the study are a thorough establishment, as far as possible, from a scientific and historic point of view, of the Christian doctrine of the family and an exemplification of the necessity of the practice thereof in actual life. The work is well done, and the author is to be praised upon the result. The efforts of Catholics in the field of social science cannot fail of good result, in view of the pernicious theories therein flourishing. While the voices lifted up to defend the truth may not be heeded, yet the day of honor will come to those who now labor for truth's sake."

The *Dublin Review* notices Dr. Moriarty's **Keys of the Kingdom** as follows:

"This is an intelligent and fluently written treatise on the marks of the church; embracing, in addition to chapters on the usual notes of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity, two interesting chapters —'Is Religion worthy of Man's Study?' and "What Rule of Faith was laid down by Christ?" The author is successful in his clear statements of Catholic principle, and makes some good points by contrasting it with the evil practices deduced from the perversities of Protestant private judgment. The subjoined comment on divorce is quoted by him from a Protestant preacher:

"'Laxity of opinion and teaching on the sacredness of the marriage bond and on the question of divorce originated among the Protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant

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states on that Continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. And from that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in this country, until, especially in New England and in States most directly affected by New England opinions and usages, the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage-bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation, or, as thence must be inferred, in the prevailing sentiment of the community.'

"The volume is an evidence of the activity and enterprise characteristic of our brethren across the Atlantic, and, like most American books, is beautifully printed on good paper."

Of **Leaves from St. Augustine,** by Miss Allies, the *Month* says:

"There are very few Catholic ladies, we will not say in England, but in Christendom, who could attempt the work that Miss Allies has so successfully executed in her beautiful volume of *Leaves from St. Augustine.* She has gone to the writings of the great doctor, not in any translation, but in their original text, chosen from them a number of striking passages, and translated them into idiomatic and vigorous English. Mr. Allies tells us, in the preface to his daughter's book, that his part of the work was only to review the whole when completed. The authoress did the work unaided, and the well-known modern versions of St. Augustine published at Oxford and Edinburgh were not even referred to. Miss Allies is to be congratulated on the work she has done so well.

"The book is divided into four parts. In the first we have extracts from the *Confessions*, the correspondence, and other works of St. Augustine, giving us personal details of his life and thoughts. In the second part we find a collection of passages bearing on the daily life of the Christian; the third part is concerned with the church, God's kingdom on earth; and in the fourth we have grouped together, under the general title of 'Behind the Veil,' four most beautiful passages on the eternal life of the blessed in heaven.

"St. Augustine is a most difficult author to translate. It is all but impossible to reproduce in another and a modern tongue his delicate shades of meaning, his poetic picturing of subtle thought in deftly-chosen words, his terse epigrammatic contrasts of phrase that sometimes are almost a play upon words. We do not say that Miss Allies has conquered all these difficulties; that is, we do not say that she has accomplished the impossible. But she has produced a scholarly and readable version of some of the most beautiful and most interesting pages of St. Augustine; she has made accessible to many a portion of the rich treasure that his works contain, and in so doing she has made a most useful and solid addition to our English Catholic literature. As a specimen of her style, we take a famous passage in St. Augustine, and by no means an easy one—his account of his converse with his mother one evening at Ostia, shortly before her death:

"'As the day approached on which she (Monica) was to bid farewell to this life, which day, O Lord, thou didst know, though we knew it not, it happened by the secret workings of thy providence (as I believe) that she and I were standing alone at a window which looked on to the garden of the house inhabited by us. Here, by the mouth of the Tiber, after a toilsome journey, we were resting apart from the crowd with a view of continuing it by sea. We were discoursing together alone very sweetly, and, forgetting the past in our desire to grasp the future, were asking each other in the presence of the unvarying truth, which thou art, what that eternal life of the saints would be which eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor heart of man has imagined. But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart after those heavenly streams of thy fountain, the fountain of life of which thou art the source, in order that, drawing hence what strength we were able, we might in some way or other form a picture of this ineffable mystery.

"'When, in our conversation, we had reached that point at which pleasure of the senses, however great, and corporeal light, however dazzling, seemed for the exceeding joy of eternal life to be unworthy not only of comparison, but even of mention, we raised our hearts to God in still more burning love and viewed successively all corporeal things, and heaven itself, whence sun, moon, and stars shine upon the earth. And still we rose higher by our secret contemplation, by our praise and admiration of thy works. Then we came to consider our own minds, and passed them by that we might attain the region of unfailing plenty, where thou feedest Israel for ever on the food of truth. There life is wisdom, by whom all these things are made, and by whom all past and future things are. Wisdom itself is not made, but is now what it was, and will be the same for ever; or rather past and future time do not exist in it, but being alone, because it is eternal. For past and future time have no place in that which is eternal. In the vehemence of our desires after wisdom we grasped it for one moment with our whole heart, and then sighed as that foretaste of the spirit left us, and we were forced to return to the distraction of human words, which have both beginning and end. What is like to thy word, O Lord, which remains in itself without decay and renovates all things?"

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

November 10, 1886.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now ready. Table of Contents will be found elsewhere.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci,** a die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII., præside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, tituli S. Mariæ supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, habiti, et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. It is beautifully printed, and on fine paper, and is correct in its typography. The price is $1 25 *net.*

The second volume of Paulists' **Five-Minute Sermons** is now ready. Price 80 cents. It makes a volume of 500 pages.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will issue for Miss Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald a volume of her **Poems.** Those who have read some of Miss Fitzgerald's poetry will be glad of a chance to get a complete collection in a beautiful volume at a low rate—only $1 50 *net.*

The Preaching of the Cross, Part I., being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord, by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J., is the next volume of the Quarterly Series, published by Burns & Oates, and will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. *Net,* $1 75.

Three interesting and edifying books of religious biography are in the press and will be ready for issue almost immediately: **The Life of Father Champagnat,** founder of the Order of Marist Brothers, written by one of his first disciples, and finely illustrated, price about 8s.; **Notes in Remembrance of Augustus Law, S.J.,** price 2s. 6d.; and **The Life of Pere Muard,** translated by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. All these will be published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

Dante's Divine Comedy.—After the lapse of six centuries it is still the text-book of theologians and philosophers, of statesmen and critics, belonging to every class and creed. But it is to Catholic readers that it specially belongs. Others, indeed, have claimed Dante for their own. This St. Thomas Aquinas of poetry has been hailed by some as the herald of free-thought. If Pius the Ninth placed a wreath on his tomb, United Italy put a crown on his bust. Most welcome, therefore, is the work in which Dr. Hettinger shows how the great poem of Christendom sings, in its own incomparable way, the dignity of man's reason, his unshackled will, and the relation of both to grace, refuting, by anticipation, many errors vexing the modern mind. This key to the Italian poet, forged in the study of the famous German theologian, is about to be placed in the hands of English readers by a London Father of the Oratory, the Rev. Sebastian Bowden. The eight chapters of which the book consists, together with ample extracts from the poem, rendered into English, will fill some five hundred pages. It will be published in England by Messrs. Burns & Oates, and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Apropos of this Catholic KEY TO DANTE,

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the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has written the following letter:

"MY DEAR FATHER BOWDEN: You confer a true benefit upon us by publishing Dr. Hettinger's work on Dante. It will be not only a signal help to readers of the *Divina Commedia*, but it will, I hope, awaken Catholics to a sense of the not inculpable neglect of the greatest of poets, who by every title of genius, and by the intensity of his whole heart and soul, is the master-poet of the Catholic Faith. Excepting Ozanam's beautiful *Dante et la Philosophie Chrétienne*, I know of no Catholic translation of, or comment on, Dante made in our own time. It has fallen to non-Catholic hands to honor his name. Perhaps it may be because of certain burning words against the human and secular scandals in the mediæval world. Bellarmine has long ago cleared away those aspersions from the Catholic loyalty of Dante.

"There are three books which always seem to me to form a triad of dogma, of poetry, and of devotion—the *Summa* of St. Thomas, the *Divina Commedia*, and the *Paradisus Animæ*. All three contain the same outline of the Faith. St. Thomas traces it on the intellect, Dante upon the imagination, and the *Paradisus Animæ* upon the heart. The poem unites the book of Dogma and the book of Devotion, and is in itself both Dogma and Devotion clothed in conceptions of intensity and of beauty which have never been surpassed or equalled. No uninspired hand has ever written thoughts so high, in words so burning and so resplendent, as the last stanzas of the *Divina Commedia*. It was said of St. Thomas, 'Post summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ.' It may be said of Dante, 'Post Dantis paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei.'"

"Nella profonda e chiara sussistenza
Dell' alto lume parvemi tre giri
Di tre colori e d' una contenenza.

"E l' un dall' altro, come Iri da Iri
Parea riflesso; e 'l terzo parea fuoco.
Che quinci e quinde igualmente si spiri.

. . . . . .

"O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,
Sola t' intendi, e da te intelletta,
E intendente te ami e sorridi.

. . . . . .

"Dentro da se del suo colore istesso
Ma parea pinta della nostra effige;
Perche il mio viso in lui tutto era messo.
—"*Paradiso*, xxxiii. 115, etc.

"These words are almost the last words of the 'Gloria in Excelsis.'—Believe me, always yours affectionately,
"HENRY E., *Card. Archbishop.*"

A charming little book of **Texts for Children** has been compiled by Miss Ward. Miss Ward is a daughter of a well-known Oxford convert, and is a sister-in-law of the Catholic political economist, Mr. C. S. Devas. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The coming centenary of St. Alphonsus will be celebrated by the publication of a work on **The Psalms** written by the Saint, and now edited by Father Livius, C.SS.R. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Rev. Dr. Hutch, well known as the translator of the *Parish Priest's Manual* and of *Instructions for New Confessors*, has now nearly completed another work likely to be as popular and as useful as its predecessors. This is a translation of Frassinetti's famous **Treatise on Prayer.** The publishers in England are Burns & Oates and in New York the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The book for November this year will be **Souls Departed,** a treatise on Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead, written by Cardinal Allen in 1565, and now edited by Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist. So much noise did the book make in the cardinal's own time that when a proclamation was made for his arrest in 1567, and for the arrest of some other prominent Catholics, his eminence, who headed the list, was described as "Allen, who wrote the late booke of Purgatory." Instead of languishing in one of Elizabeth's prisons, Allen went abroad, and became the founder of the English college at Douai. After three hundred years the book remains a memorial of the church's unchanging doctrine, and of the theological learning and the literary graces of the great missioner who composed it. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A new story by Miss Clara Mulholland will be issued in a few weeks by Burns & Oates in London and by the Catholic Publication Society Co. in New York, under the title of **The Miser of Kingscourt.** Miss Clara Mulholland, following in the steps of her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, has already enriched light

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literature by numerous contributions; but in the forthcoming work she will be found to have surpassed herself. This book and Miss Alice Corkran's *Young Philistine* will be permanently pleasant additions to the store of story-books suitable for prizes in the best schools, and likely to be a delight to their possessors all their lives.

Mr. Joseph Gillow, author of *A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics from the Breach with Rome down to the Present Time*, has just completed his task as editor of *The Haydock Papers*. The MS. diaries in question were kept by members of an ancient Catholic family in Lancashire, and they contain original narratives of the suppression of the English colleges at Douay and St. Omer, the establishment of the colleges at Ushaw and Old Hall Green, the expulsion of the Canonesses of St. Monica from the Convent of St. Monica, Louvain, and the histories of various missions in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Yorkshire.

The approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint (Burns & Oates); and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation the most notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S.J. Titles of all will be given later on.

Raphael, his Life, Works, and Times, is one of the most beautiful books brought out lately. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has imported a number of copies which they can sell at $7 each. A year or so ago this book was sold by other houses, and may be yet, at $15 a copy, but by special arrangement with its London publisher the Catholic Publication Society Co. can sell it at the very low figure named. It has 154 engravings in the text and 43 full-page plates. It makes a volume of 620 pages 4to, and is only $7 a copy. A splendid Christmas gift.

The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., has just published, in Edinburgh, an important work on **Mary, Queen of Scots.** It is *a narrative of the first eighteen years of her life*, taken principally from original documents. It is a portion of Mary's life never yet completely told. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30 *net*.

By special arrangements we are now prepared to furnish complete sets, or odd volumes to complete sets, of the **Ante-Nicean Library of the Fathers** and the **Works of St. Augustine,** Edinburgh edition, at $2 50 per vol. All wishing to fill up their sets should send in their orders at once.

Messrs. Burns & Oates's publications for the coming season include the third volume of Mr. Joseph's Gillow's *Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time; Dante's Divine Comedy: its Scope and Value*, from the German of Francis Hettinger, D.D., edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory; *Souls Departed*, being a treatise on Purgatory and prayers for the dead, by Cardinal Allen, edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett; *The Life of Father Champagnat, founder of the Order of the Marist Brothers; Notes in Remembrance of Augustus Law, S.J.; A Young Philistine, and other Tales*, by Miss Alice Corkran; *The Life of Père Muard*, translated by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A.; a new and revised edition of *The History of the Scottish Reformation*, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S.; *Texts for Children*, compiled by Miss Ward; *St. Alphonsus on the Psalms*, by the Rev. Thomas Livius, C.SS.R.; and a translation of Frassinetti's *Treatise on Prayer*, by the Rev. Dr. Hutch.

The Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., has issued, through the *Buffalo Catholic Publication Company*, a most interesting book on **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** It is introduced to the public by Bishop Maes of Covington. The price is only one dollar and it is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

Burns & Oates will shortly publish

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Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead, a treatise by Cardinal Allen, first published in 1655 and now reprinted in modern spelling and edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. The original title describes the book as the defence and declaration of the Catholic Church's doctrine touching Purgatory and prayers for the souls of the departed, by William Allen, Master of Arts and Student in Divinity.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

Catholic Missions.—An illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. 75 cents per year. Agents in New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.,** the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in England, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written will be issued by Burns & Oates almost immediately: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, *Merry England*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other English periodicals, has here collected some of her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward, to be issued immediately. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe.* In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism*, as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead.** It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S.J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition*, entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory.*

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid

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Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2 75.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish in October the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It will be uniform with the first series.

Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P.—This work is now ready. It is by his brother, Mr. Edward Lucas. The biography deals with Frederick Lucas as the champion of the Catholic Church at home and abroad, as a member of Parliament, and as editor of the *Tablet*. With it is printed, for the first time, the important Memorial on England and Ireland, drawn up by Frederick Lucas at the request and for the use of Pope Pius IX. A sketch of the Tenant League, in connection with which this memorial was written, has been specially prepared for the biography from documents supplied by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The biography is issued in two volumes, at the price of 18*s*., or, in American money, $5 25, *net*.

A most interesting and valuable book, on a subject that few think of or about, is Father Baart's **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1.

Burns & Oates, London, have published **Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary,** by ex-Sergeant Brophy. The contents are: "Formation of the Constabulary," "Uniform," "Grades," "Pay," "Discontent," "Physique," "Eccentric Traits," "M. B.," "Billy," "Tiger," "Townshend," "Sartor Resartus," "Vi et Armis," "The Shaugraun of the R. I. C." The price is 40 cents, *net*.

Brown & Nolan, Dublin, have just published a new book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, entitled **Pax Vobis:** *being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading.* The author is well known in this country through his *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. The book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 60, *net*.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Every family should have a copy of Monsabré on the **Holy Rosary,** translated by Father Byrne. Price 75 cts.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne.—Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as large as the previous ones (*Endowments*

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of Man and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Brotherhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net;* half-calf, $1 30, *net.*

The Rule of St. Benedict has just been issued by Burns & Oates in London. It is printed in Latin and English, and is edited by a monk of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. The price is $1 30, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net*, $1 60.

Flora, The Roman Martyr, is the title of the latest Catholic novel, in 2 vols., *net*, $3.

The New Catechism prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has been translated into Italian by Monsignor Concilio, and is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $3 per 100.

We have just received a fresh supply of **The Divine Office; Nature and Thought;** and **The Chair of Peter.**

The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass, is the latest and best on that subject. It is compiled by a Sacristan and printed in red and black, with tapes to find place by. A fresh supply just received. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Burns & Oates, London, have just published the Latin text and authorized translation of the **Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States.** Latin text, with English translation; authorized edition. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

The Birthday Book of our Dead is a beautiful little volume issued by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. It contains prose and poetry for every day in the year, with blank lines at the bottom of each page to record the death of one's friends. The contents are of a very high order, and make excellently good reading. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $1 25 *net.*

Lady Herbert's translation of the Abbé La Grange's **Life of Bishop Dupanloup** is just published in 2 vols. octavo. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $8 *net*, or 32s. British.

Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, have just issued in a single volume a new historical sketch by Dr. Lee (Rev. F. G. Lee, D.D.), of All Saints', Lambeth, S. E., entitled **Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head.** It is uniform with two other publications of the author, and contains several facts and conclusions not on record in the ordinary histories of the reign in question. It has just arrived in this country. Price, *net*, $2 75.

Miss Rosa Mulholland has just published a new volume of poems, entitled **Vagrant Verses.** The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price $1 30, *net.*

A new edition of the **Dream of Gerontius,** by Cardinal Newman, is now ready. Price 25 cents *net*, bound in cloth.

The second volume of Gillow's new **Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics** is ready. To subscribers, $4 *net;* non-subscribers, $5 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co has just published in pamphlet form an

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able and well-written essay, entitled **Why do you Believe? or, A Divine Certainty of Faith.** By a layman. The author is a convert to our holy faith, and treats the subject, in the manner of a dialogue with a Protestant friend, with all the freshness and vigor of one who appreciates the gift of faith to its fullest extent. It will make an excellent tract to distribute amongst our separated brethren. Price of the book is 25 cents.

A new edition of *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, as originally published in *Merry England*, with notes on the Oxford movement and its men by John Oldcastle, is ready. It contains four illustrations, and is bound in red cloth. It makes a very interesting volume. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price, *net*, 75 cents.

Very Rev. Father Stephen Byrne, O.P., has just published a third edition of **Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary,** from the French of Father Monsabré, O.P. It is for sale to the trade by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

The second edition of **The Keys of the Kingdom;** *or, The Unfailing Promise*, by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, author of *Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones, All for Love*, etc., is now ready. This speaks well for this book, as it is not long before the public. Price $1 25 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society has now ready **M. Dupont, and the Work of the Holy Face;** with an Appendix containing his Prayers and Practices of Piety. Translated from the French by Christian Reid; with Preface by Monsignor Preston. 75 cents *net.*

For Congregational Singing.—Father Alfred Young's *Catholic Hymnal* has received many favorable notices in England and the United States. A *new edition* is already on sale. Price $1 50 *net.*

The Truth about John Wycliff, by Father Stevenson, S.J., is now published by Burns & Oates, London, and the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $3 *net.*

Mr. Gillow's third volume of the **Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics** *from the Reformation to the Present Time* will soon be ready; price $4.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY Co. has just imported **Miniature Lives of the Saints,** by Fr. Bowden, of the Oratory, in 2 vols., *net*, $1. The reading matter of these volumes can be had in *Monthly Packets*, containing Lives of the Saints for *every day of each month.* The packets are sold at 10 cents, *net*, per monthly packet.

Brownson's Works.—The works of Dr. O. A. Brownson are now completed, in nineteen volumes. They are all for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., at $3 *net* per vol. The editor, Mr. Henry F. Brownson, is now preparing a general index to the entire work.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has received from London a new and elegantly-bound (in calf) edition of **The Following of Christ,** illustrated. The price is $4.

Agents Wanted—To sell the *Catholic Dictionary* in all parts of the United States. Send for sample pages and table of contents, and for notices of the *Dictionary* from all the leading papers in the country.

NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

NOTE.—The numbers before each title denote the publishers, according to our Universal Catalogue. A copy of the *Key* to Publishers will be sent to Booksellers on application. All these books can be had of the Catholic Publication Society Co.

4 **In Bohemia.** Poems by John Boyle O'Reilly. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1.

4 **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** By Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.

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4 **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric:** Precepts and Exercises. By Rev. C. Coppens, S.J., author of *Art of Oratorical Composition.* 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25.

9 **The True Religion and its Dogmas.** By Nicholas Russo, S.J. 1 vol. $1.

NOTE.—If publishers will only send their new books, or even the title-pages of them, addressed BULLETIN CATHOLIC WORLD, the names and prices will be given every month.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The following are the new books published in England and Ireland up to the 20th of October, and for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Souls Departed: Being a Defence and Declaration of the Catholic Church's Doctrine touching Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead. By Cardinal Allen.

First published in 1565, and now edited in modern spelling by the Rev T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Tastefully bound in black cloth, and embellished with a portrait of Cardinal Allen. *Net*, $1 60.

Eucharistic Hours. Devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament of the wise and of the simple in all times. Gems from the Treasury of the Church, etc. By the author of *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament.* 1 vol. 16mo. *Net*, $1 10.

Nature and the Bible: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. F. H. Reusch. Revised and corrected by the author. 2 vols. 8vo, $6 50.

Lingard, Rev. John, D.D. A New Version of the Four Gospels, with notes critical and explanatory. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $1.

This translation is by Dr. Lingard, the great historian, and was some years ago sold at $4.

St. Columba and other Poems. By Rev. J. Golden. Paper, *Net*, 60c.

Triumph of the Catholic Church in the Early Ages. By Rev. Ambrose Manahan, D.D. 1 vol. 18mo. *Net*, 75c.

Heinrich and Leonore: An Alpine Story; Correggio and miscellaneous Verses. By Michael Joseph Barry. *Net*, $1.

Mary Stuart. A Narrative of the First Eighteen Years of her Life, from Original Documents. By Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 30.

Maxims and Counsels of St. Ignatius Loyola for every day of the year. Translated by A. W. Chetwode. 64mo, *net*, 30 cents.

To-Day's Gem for the Casket of Mary. From her Congregationalists. Compiled from various sources. 1 vol. 64mo, *net*, 60 cents.

The Irish Question: I. History of an Idea; II. Lessons of the Election. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Paper. 10 cents.

Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark. By Kathleen O'Meara. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

Among the Fairies. A story for children. By author of *Alice Leighton.* *Net*, 40 cents.

Little Garden of Divine Love. *Net*, 25 cents.

Lecture on Catholic Ireland. By Rev. J. P. Prendergast. *Net*, 20 cents.

Bishop Ullathorne: The Story of his Life; Selected Letters, with Facsimile; four portraits of the Bishop, Views of Coventry Church and Oscott College. *Net*, 75 cents.

Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell. With Life and Death. New edition. *Net*, 25 cents.

Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul. A course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. *Net*, $1 60.

The Flower of Holywell. A Drama in five acts. By Mary E. Williams. *Net*, 30 cents.

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Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, late C.C. Monasterevan, with an Appendix containing some of his Speeches on Quasi-Religious Subjects. *Net*, $1 75.

History of the Jesuits. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G S., Author of *Story of the Scottish Reformation.* Wrapper. *Net*, 40 cents.

A Philosophical Catechism. By Professor St. George Mivart, M.D., F.R.S. Sixth edition. Cloth. *Net*, 25 cents.

Nature and Thought. By the same Author. Second edition. Cloth. *Net*, $1 10.

Anecdotes of the Connaught Circuit, from its foundation in 1604 to present time. By Oliver J. Burke, author of *History of Archbishops of Tuam*, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $3 20.

The Lake Dwellings of Ireland. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. With illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $8 50.

The Parnell Movement. With Sketches of Irish Parties from 1843. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

In the Light of the Twentieth Century. By Innominatus. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1.

The Heliotropium; or, Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine. From the Latin of Jeremy Drexelius, by J. R. W. Shutte. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1 80.

Henry Grattan: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. 1 vol. 16mo. *Net*, 25 cents.

Montalembert's Letters to a School-Fellow, 1827-30. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1.

The French Revolution: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. *Net*, 25 cents.

Wives and Mothers of the Olden Time. Translated by Lady Herbert. *Net*, $1 60.

The Life of Dom Bartholomew of the Martyrs, of the Order of St. Dominic, Archbishop of Braga, in Portugal. Translated from different authors by Lady Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $2 50.

☞ This book was published at 12s. 6d.; but, having purchased all the copies that are left of it, we put it at $2 50. There are only a few copies left.

Monotheism, in the Main Derived from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses, the Primitive Religionof the City of Rome. An Historical Investigation. By Rev. Henry Formby. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $1 25.

☞ This book was published at 16s., or $4, but having purchased the "remainder" of the edition, we can sell it at $1 25.

The Clothes of Religion: A Reply to Popular Positivism. In two essays and a postscript. By Wilfrid Ward. *Net*, 30 cents.

Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Dr. John Tauler, O.P. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 50.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count Montalembert. 7 vols. Cloth, *net*, $28.

Raphael: His Life, Works, and Times. From the French of Eugene Murry. With 140 engravings and 43 full-page plates. 1 vol. 8vo, *net*, $7.

My Return to the Church. By Vanderhoven. *Net*, 60 cents.

The Scale of Perfection. Written by Walter Hilton. With an Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England, by Rev. J. B. Dalgairns. 1 vol. 16mo, *net*, $1 25.

Sweeney's Lectures on Catholic Faith and Practice. 3 vols., *net*, $2 25.

Life of St. Joseph Calasanctius, etc. *Net*, $1 25.

Life of St. Camillus of Lellis, founder of the Clerks Regular, etc. 2 vols., $2 50.

Life of St. Alphonso Maria de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha of the

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Goths. 5 vols. (Oratorian ed.), 12mo, $6 25.

Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects. By Father Faber. 2 vols., *net*, $3.

Life of St. Rose of Lima, B. Colomba of Rieti, etc. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 25.

Following of Christ. Translated out of Latin in 1556 by Father Whytford. 1 vol., *net*, $1.

Historical Notice of Penal Laws against Catholics, etc. By Dr. R. R. Madden. *Net*, 60 cents.

Life of Balthasar Alvarez, S.J. By L. Du Pont. 2 vols., *net*, $2.

Lives of Companions of St. Liguori. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 25.

Life of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva. 2 vols., *net*, $2 50.

Life of SS. Catherine of Ricci, Agnes and Catherine of Bologna, etc. 1 vol., *net*, $1 25.

Life of St. Peter of Alcantara. 2 vols., *net*, $2 50.

Lives and Legends of the Cisterclan Fathers of the Order of Citeaux. By Rev. Henry Collins. 2 vols., *net*, $2.

History of Bayard, the Good Chevalier. Compiled by the Royal Serviteur. Translated from the French, with Illustrations. *Net*, $3 50.

Gladstone's House of Commons. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. 1 vol. 8vo, *net*, $3.

History of the Irish People. By W. A. O'Connor, B.A. 1 vol. 8vo, *net*, $1.

Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude. *Net*, $1 25.

Femall Glory: Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the Holy Virgin Mary. By A Stafford Gent. *Net*, $1.

☞ New edition, edited by Orby Shipley. A curious book, written by a Protestant in 1635.

An Iron-bound City, etc. By J. A. O'Shea. 2 vols., *net*, $5 60.

Eighty-five Years of Irish History. By J. O'Neill Daunt. 2 vols., *net*, $5 60.

Sweeney's Catholic Controversial Letters. *Net*, $1.

The Five Wounds of the Holy Church. By Antonio Rosmini. *Net*, $2 50.

Life of Madame Louise de France, known also as Mother Terese of St. Augustine. *Net*, $1.

Henri Perreyve. By A. Gratry. *Net*, $1.

A Dominican Artist: Life of Jean Baptiste Besson. *Net*, $1.

Hidden Life of the Soul. By Père Grou. *Net*, 80 cents.

Spiritual Letters of Fenelon:
——Letters to Women. *Net*, 80 cents.
——Letters to Men. *Net*, 80 cents.

The Library of the Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church anterior to the Division of the East and West. Translated by members of the English Church. New editions.

——St. Athanasius against the Arians. 2 vols. in one, *net*, $3.
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The *Freeman's Journal* thus notices

The Catholic Family Annual:

"*The Catholic Family Annual* for 1886 (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) showed a great improvement on preceding years; and it almost seemed as if the editor had reached the end of his resources, unless he stepped beyond the limits laid down for himself in the plan of the work.

"It had evidently been his intention to make a *Catholic* record of the year, to instruct and inform the reader rather than to amuse him—to do, in fact, what no secular publication could do, and what no religious publication had attempted: to give a gallery of portraits, with appropriate letterpress, of all Catholic celebrities whose lives or whose deaths had made part of the year's record. And not only that, but also to go into the by-ways of history and to give to the public rare and valuable facts which only the editor, with his valuable and unique library, and his large acquaintance with specialists in Catholic work, could do.

"For instance, in the *Annual* for 1887 —which surpasses all previous years in its value, variety, artistic and mechanical merit—there is a series of sketches of the prelates that have governed the see of Baltimore. Archbishop Carroll's biography was given in an earlier issue. In this volume we have exceedingly well-condensed sketches of the Most Rev. Leonard Neale, second Bishop of Baltimore; the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, who succeeded him; the Most Rev. James Whitfield, the fourth archbishop; the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, and of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Here is the history of this venerable diocese in a nutshell. The value of these few pages of facts can easily be estimated by searchers after knowledge who are far from libraries, or who have not the time to go to them.

"The portraits illustrating the biographies of the archbishops are good examples of the skill which American engravers have attained. The illustrations to the opening historical ballad are by an eminent artist and a well-known engraver, whose charges, in these times of competition, when the great illustrated periodicals groan under the demands of artist-engravers, would have driven most Catholic publishers to the use of well-worn cuts. The ballad is founded on an episode in the history of the church, which gave the artist ample scope for vigorous and picturesque work. We give the argument of this poem, which was written for the *Annual* by Mr. Maurice Francis Egan:

"'When the more boastful of the Turks, who had one foot upon Constantinople, the other on Rome, threatened to feed their horses on the tomb of St. Peter's they did not utter vain words, for the crescent was rapidly becoming a full moon and the cross seemed to be waning. God raised up great men to hurl back the infidel hordes, and among them Huniades, Corvinus, Ladislas of Hungary, St. John Capistran, Cardinal Julian Cesarini, Sobieski, Don John of Austria, Colonna, and George Castriot ('Iscander-beg'). George Castriot was the youngest of the sons of the Christian duke, or 'despot,' of Albania. Sultan Mohammed I. invaded Albania in 1413 and forced John Castriot to deliver up his four sons to him as hostages. The sultan broke his word to the father and educated the boys as Mussulmans. George, surnamed 'Lord Alexander—Iscander-beg'—by the sultan, with whom he became a favorite because of his talents, great skill, military knowledge, and personal beauty, fought the battles of the Turks with wonderful success until 1443, when he renounced the crescent and renewed his profession of the Catholic faith. After this he turned back the tide of Moslem conquest. His name became a greater terror

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to the Turks than that of Cœur de Lion had ever been. He would have led a new crusade had the kings of Europe listened to his appeals.' His later life was a record of faith and chivalry. The most copious and reliable account of George Castriot the reader will find in Mgr. Seton's admirable book, *Essays, Chiefly Roman.*'

"A spirited picture of Castriot, bearing the banner of the cross, emphasizes the lines:

"'St. Michael stands upon my right,
Therefore I have no fear;
When he will cease his holy fight,
My end will then be near.'

"A second picture, full of movement and expression, and very delicately printed, illustrates:

"'The Turkish hordes swept down one day,
Ferocious and armed well;
Four little boys that were at play
A hostage to them fell.'

"A vigorous battle-scene, representing Iscander-beg in conflict with the Christians, is a specimen of the art of compressing a large and vivid scene into small space. Iscander-beg, with the crescent on his brow, wields the scimitar of the Moslem, for his heart has not yet been touched by the grace of his mother's prayers:

"'He revelled with the Moslem swine,
Pierced many a true man's heart;
He spilled our Christian blood like wine,
And fought with skilful art.
But the Good Shepherd sought for him,
From him God would not part;
For '*Salve*' ('twas his childish hymn)
Stopped many a sinful thought and whim.'

"The next lines suggest somewhat Longfellow's 'The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts':

"'For childish thoughts are lifetime's dreams
Within us unto death;
They come upon us when pain seems
To stop our very breath.'

. . . . . .

"'For mothers' prayers work wonders strange,
They never are in vain;
No earthly power can check their range,
No heavenly will. 'Tis plain
Christ's Mother loves all mothers well;
Can *she* be deaf to mothers' pain?
So 'Scander-beg, an infidel,
Apostate came from Moslem hell.'

"The last scene shows us the knight repentant before the crucifix he had scorned.

"The usual calendar is exquisitely decorated; it has been scrupulously edited. It may give our readers an idea of the value and scope of this unique *brochure*, to name a few of the other articles, all illustrated from photographs and sketches which only an expert in modern Catholic history could have obtained, and only a man in love with his work could have dared to risk his money in giving to a public so apathetic as the Catholic public is said to be: 'The Jesuits in China' (rare portraits of Fathers Verbiest, Schall, and Ricci), 'Cardinal Taschereau' (a new and authentic portrait), 'Cardinal Guibert'; 'Dr. R. R. Madden' (rare portrait), and a sketch by a well-known man of letters; 'Right Rev. T. F. Hendricken'; 'Mary Aloysia Hardy,' with a vivid illustration; 'Chateaubriand,' 'Murillo,' 'Dryden'; 'The Templars,' by Mgr. Seton, whose erudition is evident in many of the sketches; the 'Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan,' and 'Herr Windthorst,' with a portrait hitherto unpublished here. This is an incomplete list. The pictorial gem of the volume is 'The Upper Lake of Killarney,' taken from a steel engraving and possessing all the softness of the original.

"Here is a publication of undoubted and rare value, thoroughly imbued with the Catholic spirit, in which no expense has been spared. It is a new departure in Catholic publications. All the jibes of the chronic grumblers have been met in advance. *It is sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.* It remains with the Catholic public to show whether any effort made in behalf of Catholic literature will meet their approbation or not. If Mr. Kehoe's does not meet with deserved success, other attempts will be useless, and our friends who prefer to criticise cynically rather than to help honest and careful work had better hold their peace."

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* writes thus of Father Formby's "**Monotheism,** in the main Derived from the Hebrew Nation, and the Law of Moses the Primitive Religion of the City of Rome":

"This book is from the pen of an Oxford scholar who, forty years ago, received the grace to enter the Catholic Church, from which his fathers, in an evil hour, had separated. Subsequently to his reception into the church, and still responsive to the light and inspirations of those gratuitous aids which the mercy of God copiously offers to the human will, he received the sacrament of Holy Orders. On March 12, 1884, he died, with the same solid and exemplary piety which had marked his previous life.

"The title of his book succinctly states the leading and comprehensive proposition which he has undertaken to prove. Nor is it merely the Monotheism, which is known to the natural and unaided reason of man, that the reverend author desires to claim as the original possession and inheritance of the city of Romulus. His purpose is more specialized, since he makes the characteristic mark of this Monotheism consist in be-

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ing in the main a derivation 'from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses'—a quite important aspect of his subject, as there may be scholars who, while prepared to admit that a belief in the one true God was the real and distinguishing religion of primordial Rome, yet do not perceive sufficient evidence to grant the conclusion that this belief was mainly of Israelitish and Scriptural derivation. These scholars would doubtless defend their scepticism respecting this point by an appeal to two arguments: (1) That the historical records are too meagre and imperfect to allow of ascribing to the outcast and predatory associates of Romulus, and their descendants, so elevated and magnificent a system as the revealed and super-rational doctrines possessed by the chosen nation; (2) That natural principles and causes suffice to explain the real nature of the primitive Roman recognition of God as the sole and supreme object of worship. Human reason, it is argued, is competent to discover the existence and unity of God: 'For, by the greatness of the beauty, and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby' (Wisd. xiii.) Why, then, endeavor to explain, by supernatural and extraordinary causes, that which natural ones are adequate to unfold?

> "'Nor let a god in person stand displayed,
> Unless the laboring plot deserve his aid.'

"Still, the evidence in favor of a Scriptural origin for the primeval Monotheism of the Eternal City becomes, under the patient elaboration of Father Formby, so distinct and undeniable that he does not think 'any one will very easily commit himself to the desperate expedient of maintaining the possibility of a public religion of Monotheism having been attainable at that time of the world from any other source except solely from the Hebrew people' (p. 230).

"But after allowing that the Monotheism of ancient Rome was influenced by the inspired and Mosaic law, scholars might differ widely in their estimate of the degree to which the early Roman religion and its public belief and profession were affected by this cause. Some might ascribe very little influence to it, while others might be disposed to exaggerate its importance. Again, there may be not a few strongly inclined to the opinion that the primitive religion of Rome was not Monotheism at all, but Polytheism, derived from the Trojans in the manner described by Virgil when he makes the ghost of Hector address Æneas thus:

> "'Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
> *And gives her gods companions of thy fate;*
> From their assistance happier walls expect,
> Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'

"In the chain of evidence, which connects primeval Rome's belief in the true and supreme *Numen Cœleste* with the inspired truths delivered to the chosen people by the Hebrew prophets, an indispensable link is the precise and circumstantial testimony of St. Clement of Alexandria, 'a convert, at an advanced age, from the philosophical school of Greece.' St. Clement says, in his *Stromata* (i.–xv.): 'Numa, the King of the Romans, was a Pythagorean, and, assisted by the doctrines derived from Moses, he prohibited the Romans from making an image of God in the likeness of either a man or a beast. The Romans, for the first hundred and seventy years, during which they built temples, did not make a single sculptured or painted image, for Numa had instructed them, after the manner of a secret doctrine, in the truth that it is impossible to attain to the worship of the Most High in any other way than by the mind alone.'

"In the presence of this distinct and unqualified avouchment by one of such incontestable authority as St. Clement for information and veracity, it would be a clear irrelevancy, if nothing worse, to attempt the employment of any sceptical and pseudo-critical methods of historical investigation, for the purpose of diminishing either the force and fulness or the accuracy of his testimony.

"It may, however, be observed in passing that the motive of 'conscious bad faith' imputed by our reverend author to the historian Tacitus, for his silence respecting the Mosaic origin of the primitive Latin cult, is purely supposititious.

"Father Formby, it will be observed, considers the Monotheistic creeds of the Ancient World, in whatever country and race existing, to be a derivation from the tradition and accurate ethical knowledge of Noe, when they are not directly taken from the Jewish people and the Scriptures. 'The religion of Monotheism,' he insists, 'must ever be essentially one and the same, whether it is Hebrew or Roman Monotheism. And though the city of the Gentiles, which can only be in possession of a borrowed light, must stand at a very great disadvantage, as compared with the city and people who have been the object of a special election,' etc.

"The substance of his sentences in this connection may, we take it, be expressed in the thesis that, radically and primitively, the Monotheistic beliefs of the Ancient World originated from the one general source of God's revelation to man. We are not quite sure that we can under all respects agree with the doctrine here proposed by the erudite author, and it will doubtless occur to the reflecting reader that a

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distinction should be drawn between natural and revealed religion, indicating their distinct origin, respective scope, and legitimate meaning. To assert that the systems of worship in which supreme homage is paid to the one true God are all of revealed origin does not seem to be entirely consistent with the facts of profane history, nor in sufficient accord with the exact and descriptive narration which St. Paul publishes to the Romans. This great Apostle declares that 'when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by *nature* those things that are of the law, these having not the law are a law to themselves.'

"It was thus to the peculiar credit of the Gentiles that they by nature performed the works which are 'of the law,' following the light of the supreme and authoritative rule of action impressed upon their rational natures. The Apostle here contrasts the law —*i.e.*, the written and Mosaic law—with nature, and clearly discriminates between those who are in possession of the law and those who are guided solely by the natural light of reason. It is true the Apostle distinctly attributes in this connection a saving and supernatural character to the light and operations of nature—a character clearly such as can belong only to nature influenced and quickened by vital and infused grace, which is never denied to sincere and inquiring souls.

"The power ascribed by St. Paul to the Gentile religion, of being efficacious in respect to man's real and ultimate destiny, should not, however, be confused with the religious knowledge and works which proceed from, and are totally included in, nature as their principle, reason and the divinely-revealed truths being two simply distinct sources of certainty and operation.

"But side-issues apart, it is quite sure that the present work is a scholarly and sober contribution to the religious history of ancient Rome. It contains, at the same time, an antidote for those popular and sceptical delusions, agreeably to which a major portion of all historical events recorded of the early Latin city and people are reduced to the order of myths and spurious marvels; or else it is deemed, in respect to the reality of their occurrence, that they must be classed as merely interesting probabilities, for that, after the most rigid and complete investigation of reliable records, an insuperable *on ne sait quoi* intervenes, over which they cannot rise to the domain of received history. Such a condition of mind in the student or searcher after truth reveals an absolute mistrust of genuine historical documents, and is really a species of that irrational scepticism which was introduced into the thoughts of men through the subtle sophistries of Hume."

The same *Review* notices **The Mother of the King:** Mary during the Life of our Lord, as follows:

"This work is a proper supplement to the many excellent volumes which its distinguished author has composed and published on different periods of the life of our Blessed Redeemer; or, rather, it proves a very important part of that series. For, as we are told in sacred Scripture that when 'the wise men from the East' were led by the star to the place 'where the Holy Babe was, they found the Child, *with Mary, his* Mother,' we may truly infer that her life was closely interwoven with his, and that the devout study of one will reflect light upon the other. For the life of our Lady is in one a part of the life of our Lord, and cannot be separated from it. And it is mainly because of the persistent endeavor of Protestants to sunder what God has joined together—the life of our Lord and the life of our Lady—that a false conception so generally exists among them as to the position and office and work of that Blessed Mother in the kingdom of her Son. And it is owing to the same cause that so many of them who honestly intend to accept and believe the dogmatic declarations and teachings of the ancient creeds and fathers of the church respecting the Incarnation, and the divine and human natures of our Blessed Redeemer and the unity of his Person, yet accept them merely as barren and unfruitful facts, and having no intimate and necessary relation to our Divine Lord's mission and work, nor to his church and kingdom. Hence, while such persons are orthodox as respects their acceptance of the language and outward form of the declarations and definitions of the ancient œcumenical creeds, they have no real understanding of their interior meaning, and of their bearing upon, and inseparable connection with, other parts of Christian belief and doctrine.

"It is owing to the same lamentable fact, too, that even in the Protestant sects, which are 'orthodox' as repects their professed adherence to the church's declared dogmas on these subjects, a vast majority of their members (and among these many of their most prominent ministers) have, in reality, consciously or unconsciously, adopted the heretical notions of the Monophysites, of the Nestorians, or of the Arians, or a heterogeneous mixture of them all.

"The concise declaration of a distinguished Protestant theologian (whether original with him in the particular form in which he formulated it we know not) is entirely and emphatically true: 'He who hesitates to call Mary 'the Mother of God,' with full belief in all that the title implies, stumbles at the mystery of the Incarnation.' Yet this the vast majority of Pro-

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testants do, and hence their lack of intelligent, complete, and fruitful belief in the Incarnation and in all that radiates from it. And hence the tendency among them (which many of their more earnest and thoughtful ministers acknowledge and lament) to explain away, if not openly deny, the profound truths which grow forth from and cluster around this central fundamental mystery of the life and religion of Christ.

"But, turning away from this, there is a lesson for Catholics in the intimate relation of the life of our Lady to the life of our Blessed Redeemer, which they cannot too diligently and earnestly study. Her position during the life of our Lord must be regarded and considered as the foundation of the position she afterwards held, and holds, and ever will hold, in his kingdom. Therefore it is very important that we should have a true conception of what the position of Mary during the public life of our Lord was, and how that position itself was the fruit of all that she saw and did and gained during the holy infancy and the hidden life, as well as the foundation of all that afterwards Mary was to be and is.

"These are the leading thoughts of the author of the volume before us, the clues which have guided him in his studies of *Mary During the Life of Our Lord.*

"As the anthor pertinently says, 'the Gospel narratives of the earliest years of our Lord are full of our Blessed Lady.' But the part of Gospel history which deals with our Divine Lord's public life 'makes only a few and, as it seems, occasional mentions of her.' But there is nothing in the divinely-ordered history which is only 'occasional,' in the common sense of the word. For every word and sentence in the divinely-inspired Scriptures has been written with a divinely-inspired purpose and meaning, sometimes obvious and at other times hidden—that is, hidden from the multitude, but as time rolls on brought out and revealed, as to their interior meaning, to the few devout souls who, by constant, reverential, profound reflection and meditation and adoration, merit such special revelations.

"But, while this is true, it is a fact that ought to be plainly obvious to all readers of the sacred Scriptures that the life of our Blessed Lady was a continuous and most beautiful whole, 'a path of justice,' like a shining light, going forward and ever increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

"Consequently, the writer of the volume before us consistently says: 'It is in harmony with these truths that we should be ready to believe that, during the latter portion of the life of our Lady—that which ensued after the Ascension of our Lord—she should have had a position and a work in the kingdom which he had founded, which might be said to grow out of what she was in the public life and in the holy infancy' of our Blessed Redeemer before his public life began.

"Of this latter portion of the life of our Lady the author does not treat. The volume before us is confined to a study of her life up to the eve of the Resurrection. It concludes 'with the solemn pause before that glorious fact.' For, as the author well says: 'The Resurrection was, in truth, the beginning of the new kingdom, of which the Forty Days were the immediate earthly inauguration, as the Ascension was itself the opening mystery in heaven above.'

"The author hopes to make the subsequent portion of the life of our Lady, and her relation to the church and kingdom of Christ, the subject of another volume. It is to be earnestly desired that his hope will be realized."

The *Quarterly* says of **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric:** Precepts and Exercises, by Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J.:

"We have received this second volume on Rhetoric from the pen of Father Coppens. Together with *The Art of Oratorical Composition*, which appeared last year, this forms a thorough course for the use of our colleges and seminaries. As was apparent in the first volume, so here, we find the educator everywhere animating the preceptor. Not only are the principles laid down according to a clearly marked system and the definitions exact, but what strikes one most forcibly, in looking over the pages of this *Introduction*, is the judgment and good taste shown in the selection of the illustrations and examples from model writers. These are evidently the fruit of extensive and careful reading, regulated by the wish of being really useful in the classroom. There is nothing stereotyped about them, whilst the names in general represent the purest and best authors in our language, and we are taught the particular quality of their excellence. Father Coppens does not shrink from warning against popular names. Whether he points out the brilliant exaggerations of Macaulay's criticisms, or condemns the prudery of society, in ostentatiously avoiding the use of certain excellent English words, or maintains good sense against the exalted culture of Emerson or Matthew Arnold, everywhere we discover that same respect for truth of every kind and that moderation which make the educator's power of fixing impressions upon his pupils for good.

"We have taken some of the most popular and approved text-books in use in

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our best schools and compared them with this new *Introduction to English Rhetoric*. The result is in every way—and in some parts to an exceptional degree—favorable to the latter.

"Take, of the more important instances, the chapter on History. It is a subject which, for many reasons, requires, more than most branches of a liberal education, a careful tutoring. In the very brief space which Quackenbos devotes to the matter, he states that a history, to be good, must be *true*. Farther on he says: 'The English language has produced many historians of the first rank, among whom Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon.' 'American literature can boast three names equally great: Bancroft, Hildreth, and Prescott.' We all know how eagerly most of the above works are read by our youth, who, unfortunately, acquire little of their style and much of their fatal sentiments. If truth—which implies the use only of authentic documents, accuracy of statement, and absence of false prejudice—be requisite in a historian, how, then, can we allow our children to look up, as to historians of the first rank, to Hume, of whom Father Coppens reminds us that he 'so misrepresents many facts as to instil infidelity'; to Gibbon, 'who labors to undermine Christianity'; to Bancroft, 'who, while patronizing all religions, inculcates indifferentism to all positive teaching.' Surely it is not instructing men—which is the proper object of history—'to lead them astray on subjects which it is their highest interest to understand aright.' Of Prescott, our author says: 'As examples of unreliable documents from which writers have often drawn gross falsehoods, we may mention Limborch and Llorente, who supplied Prescott with most of his misrepresentations.'

"But let the teacher judge for himself. There are other text-books excellent in point of literary accuracy and didactic construction, such as Hart's *Composition and Rhetoric*, which, if not misleading, as we have instanced Quackenbos to be, are too conservative, aiming at implanting principles upon the mind without anything in the form of applied criticism which might help to educate man. Our *Introduction* has a different and a higher aim. We should not pass by in silence the elaborate chapters on Versification added by Father Brady, S.J. But why the Latin acrostic on page 287? There hardly appears sufficient reason for putting it there, considering the scope of the book.

"On the whole, we earnestly bespeak the patronage of the above work, on the score, simply, of its merits. Unfortunately, it had not appeared when the learned committee appointed by the late council drew up a new plan of studies for our seminaries. We venture to assert that, had they been enabled to examine Father Coppens' book, it would have taken the place of Quackenbos, which is placed on the list, as a guide in English rhetoric for ecclesiastical students."

And of **Christian Patience,** the Strength and Discipline of the Soul, a course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne:

"This is a very beautiful as well as important work—important and beautiful as regards the subject it treats of and the truths it elucidates, and beautiful as regards the manner and style in which the author expresses his ideas. It is the last of a series of three volumes, the object of which is to explain and inculcate 'those fundamental principles of the Christian virtues which, from their profundity, are least understood, but which most contribute to the perfecting of the human soul.' The first volume of the series, under the title of the *Endowments of Man*, establishes the doctrinal foundations of the Christian virtues. The second, under the title of the *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*, treats, chiefly, of Christian humility, as being the receptive foundation of the other virtues. The third volume, which is before us, treats of *Christian Patience*, as being the positive strength and disciplinary power of the soul. Throughout the whole three volumes the sovereign virtue of charity is explained.

"In his preface the author says that in the production of this last volume he has 'found much less assistance than in the two previous ones from the Fathers of the church and the great spiritual writers,' because, as a rule, they have limited their instructions to that side of the virtue which is exercised under sufferings, and only a limited number of them,' among whom are St. Zeus, Tertullian, St. Gregory the Great, St. Bonaventure, and St. Catharine of Sienna, 'have treated of that most important side of the virtue by which it gives strength and discipline to all the mental and moral powers, and perfection to all the virtues.'

"The author apologizes, altogether unnecessarily we think, for frequently recurring to the same principles. He states as his reasons for so doing 'that the only solid way of explaining the virtues is by their principles and mutual connections,' and that 'to do this effectually requires that the same principles be often repeated, as well to fix them in the mind as to show their connection with practical details, and to give those details greater light.'

"In arranging the truths which enter into his general subject, the author first treats of the Work of Patience in the Soul;

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then on the Nature and Object of Christian Patience; then on Patience as a Universal Virtue; and then on Christian Fortitude. Then, as reflecting light both on what he has already said and has still to say, he devotes a chapter to the Patience of the Son of God. In the chapters which follow he treats of Patience as the Discipline of the Soul, Patience as the Perfecter of our Daily Duties, Encouragements to Patience, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, Prayer, Patience in Prayer, and on the Cheerfulness of Patience.

"The work abounds in profound, suggestive, fruitful ideas, lucidly and beautifully expressed."

Of **Leaves from St. Augustine,** by Mary H. Allies, the *Review* says:

"This volume is truly a *multum in parvo*. It is a masterpiece of careful, painstaking, discriminating selection. The amount of labor that must have been expended in selecting from the voluminous works of St. Augustine only enough of what is best to fill less than six hundred pages, when all that he wrote is excellently good, can only be estimated by those who undertake similar, though less difficult, tasks. One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the compiler, unquestionably, must have been that of rejecting rather than collecting what she would employ from the superabundant material on hand. Nor in the performance of her work has she been under any obligations to previous translators of more or less complete collections of the writings of St. Augustine. An English translation of works of St. Augustine makes up fifteen volumes. The Oxford translation of the Fathers makes several more. But both together fall far short of containing all the great saint and doctor of the church wrote. As we learn from the preface, by T. W. Allies, her father, the translator and compiler made no use of either of these series. The edition she used was that of the Benedictines, published at Paris in 1679. The choice of the passages selected and the work of translating them are entirely her own.

"To persons who have not the means to purchase one of the series of volumes containing collections of St. Augustine's works, or the time to read and study them, this volume will be almost invaluable. Even to those who possess one or another of those collections it will be highly useful. Its title is truthfully suggestive, *Leaves from St. Augustine*. They are not leaves gathered at random from the trees he planted, but the most perfect specimen-leaves which a keenly discriminating mind with unsparing labor and care could select. They are the pith and marrow of his most valued productions. They will serve, better than any volume that has fallen under our notice, to give the intelligent general reader an idea of 'the beauty, the vastness, and the grandeur of mind of one who is said to have acted upon a greater number of men than any one since the time of St. Paul.'"

And of **The Divine Office,** Considered from a Devotional Point of View:

"This book is intended specially for 'priests and ministers in holy orders'; and a most useful and excellent companion it is for all who recite the Divine Office. It is an adaptation rather than a translation from the French, and it does, we think, as its English editor ventures to hope, 'supply a want long felt among the clergy and others who have to use the Breviary.' For the sake of its literary style and excellent composition it should be the subject of high esteem; but far more so, of course, 'for its object and for the end it has in view.' Taking the prayers that priests recite each day, the author shows their meaning and beauty, and so 'gives an idea of the treasures of wisdom and piety which result from a profound study of them.' There can be nothing more interesting nor with which ecclesiastics can occupy themselves with greater advantage. 'To say the Divine Office as it ought to be said,' remarks Cardinal Manning in the preface, 'would fill us with inexhaustible matter of mental prayer, for it is the work of the Holy Ghost and of the saints. The seven hours are seven visits day by day to the heavenly court; our voice is united to the eternal adoration; and our daily office ascends in the golden censer with the prayers of the saints.' The Abbé Bacquez tells how this takes place."

The *Ave Maria* says of **Christian Patience,** the Strength and Discipline of the Soul, by Bishop Ullathorne:

"With genuine pleasure we took up this latest work of the learned and saintly Bishop of Birmingham, knowing that a rich treat was in store for us. We were sensibly moved by the truly affectionate dedication to his old friend, Cardinal Newman, whose first public appearance as a Catholic was at Bishop Ullathorne's consecration, forty years ago. How different is the status of Catholics to-day in the land both love so well! God alone knows how much they have contributed, by pen and voice and holy life, to make known, respected, and loved the fair 'Bride of Christ'—the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church of God—not only among their own countrymen, but the world over. Naturally both

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are nearing the time when they will be called to receive the reward 'exceedingly great' promised to those who 'have fought the good fight and kept the faith.'

"We cannot suppress the sadness that comes upon us when reflecting that the pen of the great English cardinal is all but powerless, and now his old and faithful friend tells us in his dedication that this is the last work of any importance that he shall ever write. But their trials and their triumphs, their words and their works, and, above all, the example of well-nigh every virtue, will be embalmed in the memory of generations yet to come. 'The memory of him (the wise man) shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the church shall show forth his praise' (Eccl. xxxix. 13, 14).

"The book before us contains twelve lectures on 'Christian patience, as being the positive strength and disciplinary power of the soul.' And no one who knows the well-established reputation of the author will for a moment doubt that he has ably and exhaustively dealt with that virtue 'which gives strength and discipline to all the mental and moral powers, and perfection to all the virtues.' Very few there are who think Christian patience to be so far-reaching, so intimately bound up with the growth, development, and perfection of the other virtues; but a careful perusal of this book will enable them to realize, as never before, the transcendent importance of the virtue of patience in the spiritual life."

And of **Catholic Controversy,** from the Writings of St. Francis de Sales:

"The third volume of the 'Library of St. Francis de Sales,' now being presented to the public by the Benedictine Fathers, is the famous treatise of St. Francis to the Calvinists of the Chablais, written in his own inimitable, gentle, yet convincing way—the way by which he brought so many souls to God. By many authorities this book is considered the best of his writings; though where all are so charming it is difficult to particularize. We of the nineteenth century, with our lauded philanthropic tendencies, should be specially attracted towards St. Francis, whose sympathies for the weak and those in error were the lodestone that attracted even the most violent opponents of his own time. He has taken all the hardness and dryness out of controversy in these beautifully-written expositions and explanations of faith, making it all the more desirable reading for Protestants as well as Catholics. The translator's preface is voluminous and interesting, forming a fitting introduction to the book, for which we predict success."

The *Universalist* (Protestant) *Quarterly* says of **The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,** with Notes by John Oldcastle:

"This brief record of the life of Cardinal Manning was first printed in a periodical, large editions of which having been exhausted, it is now, to meet a growing demand, put into more permanent form, a book by itself. After a brief statement of the reasons influencing the eminent man of whom it treats to enter the Roman Catholic Church, several portraits from 1812 to 1886 follow, with brief explanatory text. Then come extracts from the cardinal's letters for thirty-five years, beginning with 1850, when he meditated leaving the Church of England, and ending with one written in March, 1886. The portraits—the first dating 1812 and the last 1886—represent a sweet, strong, highly intelligent face; one to be impressed with, and to remember whenever seen. A well-balanced brain, of fine texture, evidently animates and has moulded the classic features."

The *Ave Maria* says of *The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster:*

"We think the principal charm of this volume lies in the four portraits of Cardinal Manning, taken at wide intervals during his life, which would of themselves make it a desirable acquisition to the library. For the rest, we fail to see the motive of the work. If the author has intended it for those who are unacquainted with the history of the cardinal archbishop, he has not said enough; for although, in anticipation of some such criticism, he tells us in the preface that 'the wise say least,' they are, for the most part, enabled to make their meaning clear. He gives us wherewith to whet the literary appetite of practised readers, but not enough to inform the uncritical and more careless average reading mind. Again, if the purpose of the author has been to impress the numerous admirers of the cardinal with a fuller sense and appreciation of his great talents, his unswerving loyalty to truth, his wonderful discrimination and heroic virtues, the effort seems to us superfluous. 'By their works ye shall know them,' and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has long been the central figure in contemporaneous English Catholic history. We deprecate the idea of flattery, although Mr. Oldcastle's work just fails of being fulsome to those who cannot read between the lines."

The *Catholic Review* writes of Bishop Ullathorne as follows:

"As valuable additions to this neglected

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field of Catholic literature, we already have welcomed Mr. John Oldcastle's valuable books on Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. Of course, in a certain sense they are monuments of incompleteness, and perhaps must be so. Still they abound in valuable matters, particularly letters and documents that constitute the real value of biography. Of the same school is the life of Bishop Ullathorne, recently issued on the same plan in an extra number of the *Oscotian*, a paper published under the auspices of the College of Oscott. It is, in some respects, as might be expected from the third of the series, an advance on the excellent hint given by Mr. Oldcastle's biographies. Of Bishop Ullathorne and his work we cannot now speak fully, for his life has been identified with one of the most memorable periods of the history of Catholic growth of the English-speaking world, and most assuredly he was no small part of the spiritual direction and mental progress of that time. He is still with us, one of the noble prelates who are the common possession and pride of the Catholics of every race and blood. He was a missionary in Botany Bay in the first years of Catholic Emancipation. His successor in authority there to-day is a cardinal. He has residing within the limits of his diocese another cardinal. What chapters in history do these facts evoke! Those who have read Mgr. Ullathorne's *Ecclesiastical Discourses*, his *Endowments of Man*, the *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*, and his latest work, *Christian Patience*, will know how richly endowed, mentally and spiritually, was the venerable bishop, who, for more than forty years, has guided and organized his own fortunate diocese of Birmingham. Happily, even during his lifetime, his influence has been great outside, as well as within, the limits of his jurisdiction and of his country. Now, this biography and his published works will give new thoughts, new knowledge, and new zeal to all who read them. None of our readers, particularly those specially interested in Catholic affairs and Catholic studies, will regret their purchase of *all* Bishop Ullathorne's works. They may be had from the Catholic Publication Society, who, we are glad to hear, are about to publish a volume of *Characteristics* from his writings, such as the already well-known volumes compiled from the writings of Manning and Newman."

THE MODEL RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is in many respects the model railroad corporation of this country. Its management is at once conservative and liberal—conservative in its care for the personal safety of the travelling public, liberal in utilizing every improvement tending to promote the comfort and convenience of its patrons, and in providing them with careful and courteous attention.

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If there were more corporations managed as judiciously, intelligently, and liberally as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, there would be less cause for anti-monopoly movements. The public know when they are fairly treated, and appreciate fair treatment. The success and steadily-increasing popularity of the Pennsylvania road bear evidence to these facts.

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IN response to the urgent demand of numerous patrons for an opportunity to visit the Pacific Coast during the coming winter, the "Great Rock Island Route" announces that the first of a series of grand first-class excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles will leave Chicago, October 26 ult., the rate per round trip having been made extremely low. Tickets (with stop-over privileges) good for going passage thirty days west of Missouri River, and good for return six months after date of issue, with choice of routes, either via Council Bluffs or Kansas City. For Pullman Sleeping-Car accommodations, or detailed information relating to this or subsequent excursions, address E. A. Holbrook, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent C., R. I. & P. Railway, Chicago, Ill.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

December 10, 1886.

IF you want an elegant **Prayer Book** for a Christmas present for a friend, call at the Catholic Publication Society Co.'s store, 9 Barclay Street. We have: *Vade Mecum*, red-line edition, up to $5; *Key of Heaven*, up to $5; *Hortius Animæ*, up to $6; *Missals for the Laity*, up to $20; *Following of Christ*, etc., in all styles and at all prices; as well as many other finely-bound Prayer-Books and books interesting to every Catholic.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now ready. Table of Contents will be found elsewhere.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci,** a die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII., præside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, tituli S. Mariæ supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, habiti, et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. It is beautifully printed, and on fine paper, and is correct in its typography. The price is $1 25 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just issued a cheap edition of the **Pastoral Letter** of the Archbishop of New York, which was issued on the occasion of the late Diocesan Synod. The price is only 5 cents; $25 per 1,000 copies.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. is about to publish a beautiful little book, **The Bridal Wreath,** containing the entire ritual of the Catholic Church for the solemnization of Holy Matrimony, in Latin and English, by a Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. It contains 108 pages and will be bound in different styles, and will sell from 75 cents to $3 per copy.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published: **Synodus Diœcesana Neo-Eboracensis Quinta,** quæ Antecedentium etiam Complectitur Constitutiones, Diebus XVII. et XVIII. Novembris, A.D. 1886, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci habita ab Illustrissimo ac Reverendissimo Michaele Augustino Corrigan, Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi. It is bound in fine cloth and will be sold at $1 per copy, *net.*

The Illustrated Catholic Missions.—Readers of *Catholic Missions* will be glad to see that this new missionary publication has met with the approval of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, from whom the Bishop of Salford has lately received the following letter:

"ROME, 17th August, 1886.

"RIGHT REV. LORD: We have received copies of the new magazine which your lordship is publishing in English, and in which the origin and the progress of the Catholic missions is accurately narrated. The publication has given us great satisfaction, for we feel sure that your lordship will thereby not only promote the propagation and honor of the Catholic religion, but, by exhibiting the examples of so many missioners who are preaching the name and gospel of Christ in the most distant countries, you will also incite the servants of the church to undertake this holy work. For these reasons we deem your undertaking very worthy of approbation and of the highest praise. Begging God to assist your

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lordship's noble desires, and to favor them with success,

"We are, your devoted Brothers,

"JOHN CARDINAL SIMEONI, Prefect.

"✠D. ARCHBISHOP TYREN.

"Secretariate of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

"R. P. D. Herberto Vaughan, Episcopo Salfordensi."

The Teaching of St. Benedict.—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce that the *Teaching of St. Benedict*, by Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., is now in the press, and will be ready about the middle of December. Its object is to make more generally known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary, and administrative lore locked up in the pages of St. Benedict's Rule. For this purpose the author has consulted the works of all the most celebrated commentators; carefully collated their various opinions; and put forward no view which cannot be defended on the authority of scholars whose learning and ability are so well known that their judgment is accepted with unwavering faith. *The Teaching of St. Benedict* follows the order observed in the rule itself, and treats in each of its chapters everything which, in the pages of the Rule, calls for explanation. Nine of these chapters deal with the duties of superiors towards their subjects, and with the reciprocal obligations of subjects towards their superiors, with the duties of all towards one another, and towards God. Thirteen chapters are devoted to the liturgy, and treat of the time, the manner of public worship, and the dispositions with which those persons ought to be animated who are privileged to sing the praises of God in the name of the rest of the church. Twenty-nine chapters are occupied in explaining the disciplinary portion of St. Benedict's legislation; in pointing out the faults which may be committed against it, and the means by which these are to be corrected. The internal administration of a religious community is treated of in ten chapters; and in twelve others, miscellaneous matters, which cannot be classed under any of the preceding divisions, receive an adequate explanation. There has been thus brought together, in a compendious form, a mass of antiquarian, ascetical, administrative, and disciplinary information respecting the teaching of St. Benedict, which information will, perhaps, be all the more acceptable because it is not cumbered with the learned disquisitions, the discussion of collateral questions, and the pursuit of side issues, to be found in a kind of reckless profusion in the pages of the great commentators. As the illustrious Patriarch of Western Monachism is said, by St. Gregory, to have been "full of the Spirit of all the Just"; as he gathered from the practice and the writings of all who preceded him the very essence of their religious teaching; and as most of the founders of orders after his day have profited by the wisdom of his world-famed code, there is every reason to hope that laymen, as well as priests and religious of every order, will find in this work something wherewith to instruct and to edify themselves. Copies of the book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., soon after it appears in London.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has for sale **Why am I a Catholic?** by Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., Professor at Woodstock College, with an appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to believe. This essay appeared in the *North American Review*, and attracted wide attention. At the request of several friends the reverend author has put it into pamphlet form, and it is sold for the low price of 10 cents a copy.

The Rev. Thos J. Jenkins, Clay and Walnut Sts., Louisville, Ky., has just published a new revised and rewritten edition of **The Judges of Faith:** Christian *vs.* Godless Schools, addressed to Catholic parents. It is issued in two parts, and if ordered in quantities for distribution can be had in paper covers as follows:

100	copies	of	each	part $12 00
200	"	"	"	..... 22 00
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1000	"	"	"	..... 87 50

Cloth copies are nearly double the above price. This work can be ordered direct of Father Jenkins, or of the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

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Father Lockhart is about to issue a new edition of **Life of Rosmini** in 2 vols.; and also **Rosmini's Origin of Ideas,** in 3 vols., as well as **Rosmini's Psychology,** in 3 vols. More particulars in our next bulletin.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a neat little volume by Miss Anna T. Sadlier, called **Gems of Catholic Thought,** sayings of eminent Catholic authors. It is a neat and handy volume, and sold at 50 cents.

Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions, by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in reply to numerous addresses, and also his Grace's letters on various subjects of public interest, is just published in Dublin in an octavo volume of 465 pages. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2.

Gill & Son, of Dublin, have just published **Records Relating to the Dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise,** by the Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D.; with map. It is a most interesting volume for students who take an interest in Clonmacnoise. It is about $2 50 per volume here.

The same publishers have just issued **For the Old Land,** a tale of twenty years, by Charles J. Kickham. 1 vol., illustrated, *net*, 65 cents.

Also **St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor,** a historical study, by a Priest of the Mission who spent several years in Africa. Cloth, *net*, $1 60.

Mr. Edward Healy Thompson writes: "I observe that among Messrs. Burns & Oates' announcements for the present publishing season you include *The Life of P. Muard*, 'translated' by me. I should feel obliged by your allowing me to state that the forthcoming *Life* is *not* a translation, neither is it a reproduction of any previous biography, but an entirely new work, constructed from materials never before utilized, with which the writer has been supplied by the Benedictine Fathers of Buckfast Abbey, Devon." This book is out. Price, $1 60.

Catholic Missions.—An illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.—Contents of December number: The Oblates of Mary Immaculate as foreign Missioners (in the frontispiece Mgr. De Mazenod, the Bishop of Marseilles, and founder of the Congregation, is depicted in the act of sending forth the first Oblate Missioners, who, according to the ritual of the Society, are kneeling before their Superior, and receiving his blessing before they depart. In the background are the arms of the Society with the motto: "*Evangelizare pauperibus misit me*"; also in fainter outline the great mystery of this month—the Birth of the Saviour. To the right and to the left are scenes from the apostolic journey of the missioners); The Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; The Persecution in the East; Our Indian Album; Items from the Great Balance Sheet; "For a Child is born to us, and the Government shall be upon His Shoulders and His Empire shall be multiplied"; Missionary Notes; The Assiniboine Indians; Statistical Tables; Correspondence; Singular Confirmation of St. Thomas's Doctrine on Grace; Another Cornelius; Donations. Illustrations: Frontispiece—A Uganda Mamma and her Baby—Making Pottery—How the Banana Grows—Burning Christians Alive—Sontay, Water-tank and Bell-tower—Native Carpenters at Work—Indian Basket-makers—Assiniboine Indians—A Mission Scene, the Aurora Borealis, Arrival and Unloading of a Sledge. Only 75 cents per year.

Mr. Hickey, editor and publisher of *The Catholic Review*, 13 Barclay Street, New York, is about to start a new Catholic paper to be called **The Catholic American.** It will be an 8-page paper, and will be supplied at the low rate of $1 per year, thus doing away with the excuse of those who do not take Catholic papers "because they are too dear." This paper is certainly within every man's reach,

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and the fact that it is issued by Mr. Hickey is a sufficient guarantee that it will be thoroughly Catholic.

The second volume of Paulists' **Five-Minute Sermons** is now ready. Price 80 cents. It makes a volume of 500 pages.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will issue for Miss Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald a volume of her **Poems.** Those who have read some of Miss Fitzgerald's poetry will be glad of a chance to get a complete collection in a beautiful volume at a low rate—only $1 50 *net.*

The Preaching of the Cross, Part I., being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord, by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J., is the next volume of the Quarterly Series, published by Burns & Oates, and will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. *Net*, $2.

Three interesting and edifying books of religious biography are just published: **The Life of Father Champagnat,** founder of the Order of Marist Brothers, written by one of his first disciples, and finely illustrated; **Notes in Remembrance of Augustus Law, S.J.,** *net*, 60 cents; and **The Life of Pere Muard,** by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A., price $1 60. All these are for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

A charming little book of **Texts for Children** has been compiled by Miss Ward. Miss Ward is a daughter of a well-known Oxford convert, and is a sister-in-law of the Catholic political economist, Mr. C. S. Devas. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The coming centenary of St. Alphonsus will be celebrated by the publication of a work on **The Psalms** written by the Saint, and now edited by Father Livius, C.SS.R. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Rev. Dr. Hutch, well known as the translator of the *Parish Priest's Manual* and of *Instructions for New Confessors*, has now nearly completed another work likely to be as popular and as useful as its predecessors. This is a translation of Frassinetti's famous **Treatise on Prayer.** The publishers in England are Burns & Oates and in New York the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A new story by Miss Clara Mulholland will be issued in a few weeks by Burns & Oates in London and by the Catholic Publication Society Co. in New York, under the title of **The Miser of Kingscourt.** Miss Clara Mulholland, following in the steps of her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, has already enriched light literature by numerous contributions; but in the forthcoming work she will be found to have surpassed herself. This book and Miss Alice Corkran's *Young Philistine* will be permanently pleasant additions to the store of story-books suitable for prizes in the best schools, and likely to be a delight to their possessors all their lives.

Mr. Joseph Gillow, author of *A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics from the Breach with Rome down to the Present Time*, has just completed his task as editor of *The Haydock Papers.* The MS. diaries in question were kept by members of an ancient Catholic family in Lancashire, and they contain original narratives of the suppression of the English colleges at Douay and St. Omer, the establishment of the colleges at Ushaw and Old Hall Green, the expulsion of the Canonesses of St. Monica from the Convent of St. Monica, Louvain, and the histories of various missions in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Yorkshire.

The approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint (Burns & Oates); and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation the most

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notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S.J. Titles of all will be given later on.

The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., has just published, in Edinburgh, an important work on **Mary, Queen of Scots.** It is *a narrative of the first eighteen years of her life*, taken principally from original documents. It is a portion of Mary's life never yet completely told. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30 *net.*

By special arrangements we are now prepared to furnish complete sets, or odd volumes to complete sets, of the **Ante-Nicean Library of the Fathers** and the **Works of St. Augustine,** Edinburgh edition, at $2 50 per vol. All wishing to fill up their sets should send in their orders at once. The reprints of both these works issued in this country contain Protestantized notes and are not to be trusted.

Messrs. Burns & Oates's publications for the coming season include the third volume of Mr. Joseph's Gillow's *Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time; Dante's Divine Comedy: its Scope and Value*, from the German of Francis Hettinger, D.D., edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory; *A Young Philistine, and other Tales*, by Miss Alice Corkran; a new and revised edition of *The History of the Scottish Reformation*, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S.; *Texts for Children*, compiled by Miss Ward; *St. Alphonsus on the Psalms*, by the Rev. Thomas Livius, C.SS.R.; and a translation of Frassinetti's *Treatise on Prayer*, by the Rev. Dr. Hutch.

The Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., has issued, through the *Buffalo Catholic Publication Company*, a most interesting book on **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** It is introduced to the public by Bishop Maes of Covington. The price is only one dollar and it is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.,** the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in England, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written will be issued by Burns & Oates almost immediately: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, *Merry England*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other English periodicals, has here collected some of

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her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe.* In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism*, as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead** in Latin and English. It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition*, entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory.*

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has lately published a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2 75.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It is uniform with the first series, and the same price, 80 cents.

A most interesting and valuable book on a subject that few think of or about, is Father Baart's **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1.

Burns & Oates, London, have published **Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary,** by ex-Sergeant Brophy. The contents are: "Formation of the Constabulary," "Uniform," "Grades," "Pay," "Discontent," "Physique," "Eccentric Traits," "M. B.," "Billy," "Tiger," "Townshend," "Sartor Resartus," "Vi et Armis," "The Shaugraun of the R. I. C." The price is 40 cents, *net.*

Brown & Nolan, Dublin, have just published a new book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, entitled **Pax Vobis:** *being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading* The author is well known in this country through his *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. The book will be for sale

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by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 60, *net*.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Every family should have a copy of Monsabré on the **Holy Rosary,** translated by Father Byrne. Price 75 cts.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne. — Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as large as the previous ones (*Endowments of Man* and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Brotherhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net;* half-calf, $1 30, *net*.

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net*, $1 60.

Flora, The Roman Martyr, is the title of the latest Catholic novel, in 2 vols., *net*, $3.

The New Catechism prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has been translated into Italian by Monsignor Concilio, and is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $3 per 100.

We have just received a fresh supply of **The Divine Office; Nature and Thought;** and **The Chair of Peter.**

The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass, is the latest and best on that subject. It is compiled by a Sacristan and printed in red and black, with tapes to find place by. A fresh supply just received. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Burns & Oates, London, have just published the Latin text and authorized translation of the **Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States.** Latin text, with English translation; authorized edition. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Miss Rosa Mulholland has just published a new volume of poems, entitled **Vagrant Verses.** The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price $1 30, *net*.

A new edition of the **Dream of Gerontius,** by Cardinal Newman, is now ready. Price 25 cents *net*, bound in cloth.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published in pamphlet form an able and well-written essay, entitled **Why do you Believe? or, A Divine Certainty of Faith.** By a layman. The author is a convert to our holy faith, and treats the subject, in the manner of a dialogue with a Protestant

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friend, with all the freshness and vigor of one who appreciates the gift of faith to its fullest extent. It will make an excellent tract to distribute amongst our separated brethren. Price of the book is 25 cents.

A new edition of *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, as originally published in *Merry England*, with notes on the Oxford movement and its men by John Oldcastle, is ready. It contains four illustrations, and is bound in red cloth. It makes a very interesting volume. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price, *net*, 75 cents.

Very Rev. Father Stephen Byrne, O.P., has just published a third edition of **Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary,** from the French of Father Monsabré, O.P. It is for sale to the trade by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

The second edition of **The Keys of the Kingdom;** *or, The Unfailing Promise*, by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, author of *Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones*, *All for Love*, etc., is now ready. This speaks well for this book, as it is not long before the public. Price $1 25 *net.*

For Congregational Singing.—Father Alfred Young's *Catholic Hymnal* has received many favorable notices in England and the United States. A *new edition* is already on sale. Price $1 50 *net.*

The Truth about John Wycliff, by Father Stevenson, S.J., is now published by Burns & Oates, London, and the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $3 *net.*

Mr. Gillow's third volume of the **Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics** *from the Reformation to the Present Time* will soon be ready; price $4.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO. has just imported **Miniature Lives of the Saints,** by Fr. Bowden, of the Oratory, in 2 vols., *net*, $1. The reading matter of these volumes can be had in *Monthly Packets*, containing Lives of the Saints for *every day of each month.* The packets are sold at 10 cents, *net*, per monthly packet.

Brownson's Works.—The works of Dr. O. A. Brownson are now completed, in nineteen volumes. They are all for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., at $3 *net* per vol. The editor, Mr. Henry F. Brownson, is now preparing a general index to the entire work.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has received from London a new and elegantly-bound (in calf) edition of **The Following of Christ,** illustrated. The price is $4.

Agents Wanted—To sell the *Catholic Dictionary* in all parts of the United States. Send for sample pages and table of contents, and for notices of the *Dictionary* from all the leading papers in the country.

NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

NOTE.—The numbers before each title denote the publishers, according to our Universal Catalogue. A copy of the *Key* to Publishers will be sent to Booksellers on application. All these books can be had of the Catholic Publication Society Co.

4 **Five-Minute Sermons** for Low Masses on all Sundays of the year. By the Paulist Fathers. Vol. II. 80 cents.

4 The same. Vol. I. 80 cents.

4 **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo Eboracensis IV.,** in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo Eboraci, a die XXIII ad XXX Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII. *Net*, $1 25.

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4 **Synodus Diœcesana Neo-Eboracensis Quinta,** quæ Antecedentium etiam Complectitur Constitutiones, Diebus XVII. et XVIII. Novembris, A.D. 1886, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci habita ab Illustrissimo ac Reverendissimo Michaele Augustino Corrigan, Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi. Fine cloth, *Net*, $1.

4 **The Bridal Wreath.** Containing the Entire Ritual of the Catholic Church for the solemnization of Holy Matrimony, in Latin and English. By a Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. 1 vol. 18mo, cloth, 75 cents.

4 **Gems of Catholic Thought.** Sayings of eminent Catholic Authors. By Anna T. Sadlier. 1 vol. 32mo, 50 cents.

4 **An Ancient History,** from the Creation to the Fall of the Western Empire in 476. With maps, etc. By A. J. B. Vuibert, S.S., A.M., Prof. of Rhetoric and History in St. Charles' College. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 50.

4 **Poems.** By Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1 50.

4 **Pastoral Letter of His Grace Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese.** Paper, 5 cents.

4 **"Why am I a Catholic?"** By Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., Professor of Theology in Woodstock College. With an Appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to know and believe. Paper, 10 cents.

4 **The Judges of Faith:** Christian vs. Godless Schools. Addressed to Catholic parents. Rewritten edition—35th hundred. By Thomas J. Jenkins. Paper, *Net*, 30 cents; cloth, *Net*, 60 cents.

5 **The Glories of Divine Grace.** A free rendering of the original Treatise of P. Eusebius Nieremberg, S.J. 1 vol., *Net*, $1 50.

4 **A Memoir of Father Felix Joseph Barbelin, S.J.,** pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With an introduction by Rev. Dr. Horstmann. 1 vol. 12mo, *Net*, $1 50.

5 **Month of the Dead,** or Prompt and Easy Deliverance of Souls in Purgatory. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. 75 cents.

2 **Purgatory: Doctrinal, Historical, and Poetical.** By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 1 vol. 12mo, $2.

5 **Little Compliments of the Season** and other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. 1 vol. 18mo, cloth, $1.

4 **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** By Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.

4 **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric:** Precepts and Exercises. By Rev. C. Coppens, S.J., author of *Art of Oratorical Composition.* 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25.

9 **The True Religion and its Dogmas.** By Nicholas Russo, S.J. 1 vol. $1.

NOTE.—If publishers will only send their new books, or even the title-pages of them, addressed BULLETIN CATHOLIC WORLD, the names and prices will be given every month.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The following are the new books published in England and Ireland up to the 20th of November, and for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Life of Jean Baptiste Muard, Founder of the Congregation of St. Edme, and of the Monastery of La Pierre-qui-Vive. Edited by Edward

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Healy Thompson, M.A. Cloth, *net*, $1 60.

☞ This is not a translation, but an entirely new work constructed from materials supplied by the Benedictine Fathers of Buckfast Abbey, Devon.

The Preaching of the Cross. Part I. Being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. *Net*, $2.

The School of Divine Love; or, Elevations of the Soul to God. From the French of Father Caraffa. *Net*, 75 cents.

Manual for Serving-Boys at Low Mass. *Net*, 15 cents.

Addresses delivered on various occasions by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in reply to the numerous addresses of congratulation on his appointment to the Archbishopric. With a collection of his Grace's letters on various subjects of public interest. *Net*, $2.

For the Old Land: A Tale of Twenty Years Ago. By the late Charles J. Kickham. With twenty-two illustrations. 8vo, *net*, 65 cents.

Records relating to the Dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. By the Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D., V.F. With map. 8vo, cloth, *net*, $2 50.

St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor: A Historical Study. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission. With map. Crown 8vo, cloth, *net*, $1 60.

Notes in Remembrance and Last Relics of Augustus Law, S.J. *Net*, 60 cents.

History of the Scottish Reformation. By A. Wilmot. Third edition; revised. *Net*, 40 cents.

Souls Departed: Being a Defence and Declaration of the Catholic Church's Doctrine touching Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead. By Cardinal Allen.

First published in 1565, and now edited in modern spelling by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Tastefully bound in black cloth, and embellished with a portrait of Cardinal Allen. *Net*, $2 25.

P.S. It was a mistake to advertise this book at $1 60. It is the author's book, and therefore is dear.

Eucharistic Hours. Devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament of the wise and of the simple in all times. Gems from the Treasury of the Church, etc. By the author of *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament*. 1 vol. 16mo. *Net*, $1 10.

Nature and the Bible: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. F. H. Reusch. Revised and corrected by the author. 2 vols. 8vo, $6 50.

Lingard, Rev. John, D.D. A New Version of the Four Gospels, with notes critical and explanatory. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $1.

This translation is by Dr. Lingard, the great historian, and was some years ago sold at $4.

St. Columba and other Poems. By Rev. J. Golden. Paper, *Net*, 60c.

Triumph of the Catholic Church in the Early Ages. By Rev. Ambrose Manahan, D.D. 1 vol. 18mo. *Net*, 75c.

Heinrich and Leonore: An Alpine Story; Correggio and miscellaneous Verses. By Michael Joseph Barry. *Net*, $1.

Mary Stuart. A Narrative of the First Eighteen Years of her Life, from Original Documents. By Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 30.

Maxims and Counsels of St. Ignatius Loyola for every day of the year. Translated by A. W. Chetwode. 64mo, *net*, 30 cents.

To-Day's Gem for the Casket of Mary. From her Congregationalists. Compiled from various sources. 1 vol. 64mo, *net*, 60 cents.

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The Irish Question: I. History of an Idea; II. Lessons of the Election. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Paper. 10 cents.

Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark. By Kathleen O'Meara. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

Among the Fairies. A story for children. By author of *Alice Leighton*. *Net*, 40 cents.

Little Garden of Divine Love. *Net*, 25 cents.

Lecture on Catholic Ireland. By Rev. J. P. Prendergast. *Net*, 20 cents.

Bishop Ullathorne: The Story of his Life; Selected Letters, with Facsimile; four portraits of the Bishop, Views of Coventry Church and Oscott College. *Net*, 75 cents.

Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell. With Life and Death. New edition. *Net*, 25 cents.

Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul. A course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. *Net*, $1 60.

The Flower of Holywell. A Drama in five acts. By Mary E. Williams. *Net*, 30 cents.

Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, late C.C. Monasterevan, with an Appendix containing some of his Speeches on Quasi-Religious Subjects. *Net*, $1 75.

History of the Jesuits. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S., Author of *Story of the Scottish Reformation*. Wrapper. *Net*, 40 cents.

A Philosophical Catechism. By Professor St. George Mivart, M.D., F.R.S. Sixth edition. Cloth. *Net*, 25 cents.

Nature and Thought. By the same Author. Second edition. Cloth. *Net*, $1 10.

Anecdotes of the Connaught Circuit, from its foundation in 1604 to present time. By Oliver J. Burke, author of *History of Archbishops of Tuam*, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $3 20.

The Lake Dwellings of Ireland. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. With illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $8 50.

The Parnell Movement. With Sketches of Irish Parties from 1843. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $2.

Henry Grattan: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. 1 vol. 16mo. *Net*, 25 cents.

Montalembert's Letters to a School-Fellow, 1827–30. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo. *Net*, $1.

The French Revolution: A Historical Study. By John George McCarthy. *Net*, 25 cents.

Wives and Mothers of the Olden Time. Translated by Lady Herbert. *Net*, $1 60.

The Life of Dom Bartholomew of the Martyrs, of the Order of St. Dominic, Archbishop of Braga, in Portugal. Translated from different authors by Lady Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $2 50.

Monotheism, in the Main Derived from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses, the Primitive Religion of the City of Rome. An Historical Investigation. By Rev. Henry Formby. 1 vol. 8vo. *Net*, $1 25.

The Clothes of Religion: A Reply to Popular Positivism. In two essays and a postscript. By Wilfrid Ward. *Net*, 30 cents.

Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Dr. John Tauler, O.P. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 50.

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My Return to the Church. By Vanderhoven. *Net*, 60 cents.

Sweeney's Lectures on Catholic Faith and Practice. 3 vols., *net*, $2 25.

Life of St. Joseph Calasanctius, etc. *Net*, $1 25.

Life of St. Camillus of Lellis, founder of the Clerks Regular, etc. 2 vols., $2 50.

Life of St. Alphonso Maria de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths. 5 vols. (Oratorian ed.), 12mo, $6 25.

Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects. By Father Faber. 2 vols., *net*, $3.

Life of St. Rose of Lima, B. Colomba of Rieti, etc. 1 vol. 12mo, *net*, $1 25.

Following of Christ. Translated out of Latin in 1556 by Father Whytford. 1 vol., *net*, $1.

Historical Notice of Penal Laws against Catholics, etc. By Dr. R. R. Madden. *Net*, 60 cents.

Life of Balthasar Alvarez, S.J. By L. Du Pont. 2 vols., *net*, $2.

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And of **Gems of Catholic Thought,** by Anna T. Sadlier, published by the Catholic Publication Society Co.: "It contains nearly one thousand brief extracts from the sayings or writings of Catholic men and women. The editor has compiled it in the hope that it may redound in some little degree to the glory of Catholic literature. It is a neat little volume of pocket size, and no doubt will serve a useful purpose."

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"The *Annual* advances with the years, and the *Annual* for 1887 is certainly not behind its predecessors in execution and interest. Not an illustrious Catholic of wide fame dies within the year but the *Annual* presents his portrait and a careful biographical sketch. Occasionally the living find a place in its pages, as, in the present instance, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Taschereau, and that great German statesman and Catholic leader, Herr Windthorst, the famous 'pearl of Meppen.' Every cut is new and well executed, and evidently made to illustrate the text, rather than the text to illustrate the cut, as sometimes happens. Even wayside pictures of places of Catholic or historic interest are thoroughly well produced. The days of feasts and fasts for the coming year, a very important feature, are duly recorded, and in the record of the various feasts are ingeniously inserted facts of Catholic interest, which have occurred on the same date. The literary merit of the *Annual* is always deservedly high. The writers comprise names—in this case they modestly confine themselves to initials—which rank high in the world of letters. Maurice F. Egan opens with a stirring ballad (illustrated) on Iscander-Beg. There is a sketch, with an excellent portrait, of Cardinal Gibbons, followed by other illustrated sketches of the second, third, fourth, and fifth Archbishops of Baltimore. The famous Father Hermann is treated in like manner; also the late Father Thébaud; Cardinal Guibert; Dr. Richard Madden, the well-known Irish author; Bishop Hendricken, Bishop Baltes, Mother Aloysia Hardey, Bishop Shanahan. Side essays present interesting sketches and pictures of historic Anagni, the Old Mission in Arizona of San Xavier del Bac, the Jesuits in China, Roberto de' Nobili, the missionary

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to the Brahmins, Dryden, Murillo, Bishop Lopez, the first Chinese bishop, Chateaubriand, and others. We congratulate the publishers on one of the brightest *Annuals* they have yet produced."

And the *Memphis Times:*

"A close examination of this *Annual* convinces us of its excellence and of its value, more particularly in the Catholic household. Its contents embrace a vast amount of information about the various dignitaries of the church, as well as about those who exercised an influence upon it by reason of their excellence in literature and art. The statistical information is to the point; and opposite the date of every day in the year is placed a historical Catholic event."

And the *Catholic Standard:*

"For some years past *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual* has set a highly commendable example in the clearness of its letter-press, the distinctness and accuracy of its illustrations and the general excellence of its typographical make up to Catholic publishers. Good taste and good judgment, too, have characterized the selection and compilation of the reading matter of its successive annual issues. This commendable movement, too, has been kept up from year to year and the result of it is clearly shown in the annual issue before us, which surpasses, as regards the variety and interest of its contents, all previous annual numbers."

And the *Michigan Catholic:*

"We have been so regularly rejoiced every year by this beautiful year book that we had forgotten when it first appeared. It seems like a mere few years since we first saw it—and we saw its first issue—yet this is its nineteenth year. The man who planned it and still edits it, Lawrence Kehoe,* deserves the gratitude of American Catholics, for he has given them nineteen years of pleasure. It is an almanac, but what a beautiful almanac! English uppertendom used to be annually delighted long ago by the publication about Christmas time of what were called year-books. They were beautiful, but so expensive that none but uppertendom could afford to have them. This Catholic almanac of Mr. Kehoe's is as beautiful as were those year-books; but besides being beautiful it is suitable for Catholic homes, for the reading of old age and of youth; and many of the uppertendom annuals were the contrary of this. The reading matter in the *Catholic Family Annual* for this year is unusually fine, if we might say unusual in speaking of this *Annual.* The pictures are also fine. There are portraits of Cardinal Gibbons, of the late Cardinal Guibert, of the late Bishops Hendricken, Baltes, and Shanahan; of Mother Aloysia Hardey, of Cardinal Taschereau and the great German Catholic leader, Herr Windthorst, and several other persons held in esteem by Catholics. Besides these there are many fine cuts of interesting and historical scenery and buildings. And the price is only 25 cents. We should expect that every Catholic home would have a copy."

And the *Irish American:*

"The old standard and ecclesiastical year-book, the *Catholic Family Annual* for 1887, which has reached its nineteenth year of publication, has been issued by the Catholic Publication Society. It contains the usual valuable features which have made it so popular heretofore, and is handsomely printed and illustrated. That favorite author with our people, Maurice F. Egan, contributes a number of the articles. The table of contents can be found in our advertising columns, and will show what excellent value is given for the small price charged for it."

The *Freeman's Journal* notices **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric,** by Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., author of *The Art of Oratorical Composition:* "It was not unnatural to expect that a new rhetoric of this kind would simply be Quackenbos' well-known book 'sprinkled with holy water.' But it is not. It is an exceedingly sound and skilful text-book for schools. It is not only the best *Rhetoric* in the market, but *so far* the best means of forming the pupils' taste in Catholic literature, although Father Coppens will hardly escape the criticism of not always being sufficiently modern. A valuable addition would have been some exercises in false style after the manner of those inimitable ones which make Blair's famous *Rhetoric* valuable."

The same journal says of *Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul,* a course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne: "The only solid way of explaining the virtues," writes Bishop Ullathorne, "is by their principles and their mutual connections. But to do this effectually requires that the same principles be

*NOTE.—This is a mistake. *Honor to whom honor is due.* The man who planned the *Annual* is the VERY REV. I. T. HECKER, and its first editor was Mr. Hoyt, afterwards Father Hoyt. Beginning with its second year, and ever since, the editorial labor has devolved on its present editor. But he has had able and abundant help from his friends, to all of whom he is thankful.

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often repeated, as well to fix them as to show their connection with the practical details, and to give those details greater light. In the preface to his translation of the famous treatise of Albert the Great 'On Adhering to God,' Sir Kenelm Digby observes: 'He often repeateth the same thing, but still with some addition and further explication of the matter to inculcate it the deeper.' These are words of gold, treasures for all who teach and write. And these sermons are full of strength and consolation. (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co)."

The *Pastor* notices **The Life of Frederic Lucas** as follows:

"Lucas was born in 1812. Both his parents were Quakers. At seventeen he became a student at University College, in his native city, London. From college he betook himself to the legal profession, and was called to the Bar in 1835, at the age of twenty-three. His professional career promised more than ordinary success. In 1839 he became a Catholic. At that period the Catholics of England were as so many units. As a body they could not move to any desired end. As a body they lacked a leader, and there was no means of voicing their wishes on politico-religious questions. A Catholic organ, it was supposed, would weld the units into a compact body, so as to enable all to move andact together. The establishment of a Catholic weekly paper was resolved on. The young lawyer was invited to become its editor. He accepted, and *The Tablet* was a fact. Lucas stipulated for perfect freedom, and headed the new paper with the motto: 'My errors, if any, are my own: I have no man's proxy." From this year, 1840, to his death, October 22, 1855, the story of his life unfolded in these two volumes is merely a transcript of his leaders in *The Tablet*, on the public questions of the day. The volumes might, therefore, be entitled the Development of Catholic public opinion in the British Isles, as gathered from the leaders in *The Tablet* newspaper from 1840 to 1855. Of small gossip about Lucas and his personal characteristics there is none. He is merely a voice. After a year or two *The Tablet* was transferred to Dublin.

"But none the less, these volumes must beget an absorbing interest in the man. What the brilliant Veuillot was in France, Lucas was in Ireland. In stormy times each battled bravely, unselfishly for what they conceived to be the interests of religion. And both were giants. And not only were they sincere Catholics, they were humble and devout Catholics. As publicists, each believed he had a mission to fulfil. Whatever Lucas wrote or said, he wrote and spoke impelled by a sense of duty. Acting under the constraining consciousness of having a mission to fulfil, and a duty to perform towards God and Holy Church, Lucas could not pause to consider side issues or consequences. This dead earnestness of Lucas, his very unselfishness, made it difficult for him to act with a party, or a party to act with or control him. In very fact he stood alone, as a member of the House of Commons, to which he was elected in 1852. The following passage from a letter to a friend in England, written soon after his election for Meath, discloses much of Lucas:

"'I go into the House of Commons to stand, I fear, very nearly alone, a member of an unpopular minority, an unpopular member of that minority, and disliked even by the greater number of the small party with which I am to act, and having cast upon me in a prominent manner the defence of the two noblest causes in the world, that of a religion which requires great learning to defend properly, and that of the most ill-treated and (in all essential qualities of heart and character) the noblest population that ever existed on the face of the earth. I am very poorly and hurriedly describing to you what it is that weighs me down. But I think you will understand me. You talk of Burke and O'Connell—that is, a man who, in an assembly of really able men, can stand *alone*, on his own resources and character, against every opposition from within and from without. I think my own course is the one I shall follow and that you will disapprove. . . . It remains to be seen and tried whether I can hold as true to my convictions in Parliament as I have done in the press; and I am sure that, with my many weaknesses of character, this will be utterly impossible without a special grace of Almighty God to save me from total political extinction.

"'I have it in my mind that I shall fail in my endeavor; that my abilities are not equal to the task before me; that I shall be rudely thrust out of the saddle upon the ground; and that before two years' time I shall be digging gold in or near Port Philip.'

"While in the frame of mind depicted in this letter, and full of the delusion that on him prominently and principally was devolved the duty of defending the Irish people and the church, Lucas could not be regarded as a desirable member of the Irish Parliamentary party. Lucas would not accept half a loaf; no, however utter the impossibility of procuring the whole loaf. Whether his idea were a truth or a

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crotchet, no man or party could induce him to swerve a hair's-breadth from it. Lead, he could not; follow, he would not. No wonder, then, that the Catholic Defence Association of Great Britain and Ireland, organized August 19, 1851, under the presidency of Dr. Cullen, and which included on its committee Cardinal Wiseman, many English, and most of the Irish bishops, advised the men of Meath not to elect Frederic Lucas to Parliament. The advice was simply inserted in a local paper, but no further step taken in opposition to his election. Lucas was elected by a large majority.

"The policy of Independent Opposition and obstruction on the part of Irish members was not a new thing in 1851. The 'base, brutal, and bloody Whigs' were no dearer to O'Connell than the most rampant of the 'No-Popery' Tories. If he acted with them more frequently than with their opponents, it was only because they admitted in theory rights for the attainment of which he was struggling. Hating Whig and Tory alike as the enemies of his faith and his country, he wrested from either all the liberal legislation he could with the aid of the opposite party. O'Connell and his backers were neither Whig nor Tory, but each by turns, when it suited the interests of Ireland. When it was profitable to play into the hands of the one party or the other, was a practical judgment to be formed only according to the circumstances of the occasion. It is plain that when the party in power had a safe majority over the other party plus the Irish vote, the *Ins* did not care a fillip for the latter. Not by theory but tactics was any success to be hoped for.

"The policy of Independent Opposition on a large scale was then (August 19, 1851) inaugurated for the first time under the presidency of Dr. Cullen (vol. i. p. 450). The primate, comparing Whig persecution with that of Julian the Apostate, described it as worse than open violence, and said that the only hope of Catholics under Providence was in the formation of an Independent party in Parliament (ib. 451). Thus Dr. Cullen projected and fathered the theory of Independent Opposition. It was thrust on the country in the general elections of 1852. But not one in ten of the candidates nor one in a hundred of the voters really comprehended the terms in their full extent. Most men understood Independent Opposition in the sense that members were to be pledged to no party, but vote against Whig or Tory government as they chose, either individually or collectively. All men know now what Independent Opposition means; not so, then. And there was not voting strength in Ireland at the time to make an obstructionist Irish party in Parliament anything but a chimera. Not one in twenty of the adults voted, and these had to cast their votes, not by secret ballot, but openly, publicly, by word of mouth. Under the impetus of the Defence Association, and the leadership and harangues of the clergy, the people went fairly delirious with enthusiasm at that election. But another such election would be more disastrous to the country than a failure of the crops. The tenants-at-will were sent adrift for voting against their landlords; to others, renewals of leases when the time came were refused; and scores of artisans in the cities, men in middle life and with families, were discharged, and no man would hire them more. The popular candidates were elected, but what came of it? Misery. What came of the cabalistic cry, Independent Opposition? Nothing. In fact, Cullen had precipitated the Irish or Independent Third party on the country before Ireland was in a condition, either by organization or voters, to back up such a party. Besides, with all the success that could be hoped for at the polls, the possible third party that could be expected to act together would at that day be very insignificant. The time was not come. The futility, the ludicrousness of persisting in the attempt to create and keep up such a party was soon apparent to all sober minds. Prerequisites were a season of peace, diffusion of knowledge, proper organization, extension of the suffrage, and vote by ballot. Meantime, by the tactics of O'Connell, get all that could be obtained from either Whig or Tory.

"Many Irishmen regard the part taken by the clergy under the leadership of Dr. Cullen in the elections of '52 as a blunder. No adequate results were in view to compensate for the sacrifices which they urged the poor people to make. Nearly every priest in the country had taken an active part in the general election, and thenceforward politics and principles and candidates were lauded or denounced, in church and out, according to the leanings of the individual clergyman. So would Lucas have it: so would Cullen not. Neither would the other Irish bishops. Accordingly, when the bishops assembled in annual council May 19, 1854, the decree was issued which we published vol. i. p. 264, defining to what lengths priests may go in politics. Some priests who transgressed were reprimanded by their ordinaries and in one or two instances required to keep aloof from politics and political assemblies altogether. Lucas looked on this as the commencement of a systematic effort on the part of Dr. Cullen to divorce the

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priests entirely from politics. In this he could see nothing but the inevitable ruin of the Irish national cause, as well as the loss of the Catholic faith. He protested vigorously, bitterly, and made up his mind to lay the matter before the Holy See.

"'The power of the Catholic members in the House,' said he, 'and their only means of accomplishing the redress of grievances and of protecting the interests of the church and religion, was through the intrepid, heroic action of the people, led and sustained by the Catholic parish priests and curates of Ireland. If we have not this support; if the clergy are forbidden to take part in what some call politics, but what I call religion; if the parish priests are henceforward to be silenced: I will always obey ecclesiastical authority if that be the final decision of the church. If the final decision of the rulers of the church be to close the mouths of honest priests, who stand by the people, and are ready to sacrifice their blood and their lives for the liberties and salvation of the people of this country; if it be the decision of the church to close the mouths of these honest men, and if free scope is only given to hirelings, to the corrupt, the profligate, the place-hunters, the pledge-breakers, the men who make politics a selfish game of pecuniary profit; then I speak in the name of some here present, but I speak, above all, my own conviction that I see no other course for honest and sane men to take, but to wash their hands of public affairs altogether, and to abandon all hope of protecting the rights and interests of Catholic Ireland, in the Parliament of Great Britain.'

"Towards the end of November he started for Rome. Passing through London he received a grand testimonial from the Catholics of England. In Rome he drew up a 'Statement,' by invitation of Pius IX., of the politico-religious affairs of Ireland. It was a bill of indictment against the Archbishop of Dublin. That 'Statement' is, we believe, given now for the first time to the public. The Statement covers some 303 pages."

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

January 10, 1887.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now ready. Table of Contents will be found on the last page of the cover of this Magazine.

An excellent monograph, interesting both to the theologian and to the student of history, has for the first time appeared in print at Innspruck, under the title **Jacobi Lainez, Secundi Præpositi Generalis Societatis Jesu, Dissertationes Tridentinæ.** Father Lainez was one of the most learned, eloquent, and influential theologians of the Council of Trent. There are two volumes 8vo, edited and annotated by Father Grisar, S.J. Volume I. contains Father Lainez' famous "Disputatio de Origine Jurisdictionis Episcoporum."

La Vie du R. P. Malebranche, pretre de l'Oratoire, avec l'Histoire de ses Ouvrages, written by his eminent disciple, Rev. Father André, S.J., has just been brought out by Poussielgue of Paris. It is in one 12mo volume, and constitutes a reliable and copious history of the intellectual movements of the seventeenth century.

We understand that the **Cours elementaire de Philosophie,** by the Rev. Father Chabin, S.J., Professor of Philosophy, is declared by competent critics to be a work of superior merit, whether looked at as a scientific study or as a textbook of instruction. It was published last year by Fournereau, of Paris, in one 8vo volume, and covers 654 pages.

The Messrs. Herder, of Freiburg, have issued the first volume of **Geschichte der Paepste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters.** This most important work, unequalled in extent of research, correct historical appreciation, and judicious arrangement, is by Dr. Ludwig Pastor, professor of History at the University of Innspruck, and will be in six 8vo volumes.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci,** a die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII., præside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, tituli S. Mariæ supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, habiti, et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. It is beautifully printed, and on fine paper, and is correct in its typography. The price is $1 25 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just issued a cheap edition of the **Pastoral Letter** of the Archbishop of New York, which was issued on the occasion of the late Diocesan Synod. The price is only 5 cents; $25 per 1,000 copies.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has published a beautiful little book, **The Bridal Wreath,** containing the entire ritual of the Catholic Church for the solemnization of Holy Matrimony, in Latin and English, by a Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. It contains 108 pages

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and will be bound in different styles, and will sell from $1 to $3 per copy.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published: **Synodus Diœcesana Neo-Eboracensis Quinta,** quæ Antecedentium etiam Complectitur Constitutiones, Diebus XVII. et XVIII. Novembris, A.D. 1886, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci habita ab Illustrissimo ac Reverendissimo Michaele Augustino Corrigan, Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi. It is bound in fine cloth and will be sold at $1 per copy, *net.*

The Teaching of St. Benedict.—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce that the *Teaching of St. Ben dict*, by Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., is now in the press, and will be ready about the middle of December. Its object is to make more generally known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary, and administrative lore locked up in the pages of St. Benedict's Rule. For this purpose the author has consulted the works of all the most celebrated commentators; carefully collated their various opinions; and put forward no view which cannot be defended on the authority of scholars whose learning and ability are so well known that their judgment is accepted with unwavering faith. *The Teaching of St. Benedict* follows the order observed in the rule itself, and treats in each of its chapters everything which, in the pages of the Rule, calls for explanation. Nine of these chapters deal with the duties of superiors towards their subjects, and with the reciprocal obligations of subjects towards their superiors, with the duties of all towards one another, and towards God. Thirteen chapters are devoted to the liturgy, and treat of the time, the manner of public worship, and the dispositions with which those persons ought to be animated who are privileged to sing the praises of God in the name of the rest of the church. Twenty-nine chapters are occupied in explaining the disciplinary portion of St. Benedict's legislation; in pointing out the faults which may be committed against it, and the means by which these are to be corrected. The internal administration of a religious community is treated of in ten chapters; and in twelve others, miscellaneous matters, which cannot be classed under any of the preceding divisions, receive an adequate explanation. There has been thus brought together, in a compendious form, a mass of antiquarian, ascetical, administrative, and disciplinary information respecting the teaching of St. Benedict, which information will, perhaps, be all the more acceptable because it is not cumbered with the learned disquisitions, the discussion of collateral questions, and the pursuit of side issues, to be found in a kind of reckless profusion in the pages of the great commentators. As the illustrious Patriarch of Western Monachism is said, by St. Gregory, to have been "full of the Spirit of all the Just"; as he gathered from the practice and the writings of all who preceded him the very essence of their religious teaching; and as most of the founders of orders after his day have profited by the wisdom of his world-famed code, there is every reason to hope that laymen, as well as priests and religious of every order, will find in this work something wherewith to instruct and to edify themselves. Copies of the book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., soon after it appears in London.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has for sale **Why am I a Catholic?** by Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., Professor at Woodstock College, with an appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to believe. This essay appeared in the *North American Review*, and attracted wide attention. At the request of several friends the reverend author has put it into pamphlet form, and it is sold for the low price of 10 cents a copy.

The Rev. Thos J. Jenkins, Knottsville, Ky., has just published a new revised and rewritten edition of **The Judges of Faith:** Christian *vs.* Godless Schools, addressed to Catholic parents. It is issued in two parts, and if ordered in quantities for distribution can be had in paper covers as follows:

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Cloth copies are nearly double the above price. This work can be ordered direct of Father Jenkins, or of the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

Father Lockhart has issued a new edition of **Life of Rosmini,** in 2 vols. ; and will soon publish **Rosmini's Origin of Ideas,** in 3 vols., as well as **Rosmini's Psychology,** in 3 vols. The price of the new life is $3 25 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a neat little volume by Miss Anna T. Sadlier, called **Gems of Catholic Thought,** sayings of eminent Catholic authors. It is a neat and handy volume, and sold at 50 cents.

Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions, by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in reply to numerous addresses, and also his Grace's letters on various subjects of public interest, is just published in Dublin in an octavo volume of 465 pages. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net,* $2.

Gill & Son, of Dublin, have just published **Records Relating to the Dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise,** by the Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D. ; with map. It is a most interesting volume for students who take an interest in Clonmacnoise. It is about $2 50 per volume here.

The same publishers have just issued **For the Old Land,** a tale of twenty years, by Charles J. Kickham. 1 vol., illustrated, *net,* 65 cents.

Also **St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor,** a historical study, by a Priest of the Mission who spent several years in Africa. Cloth, *net,* $1 60.

Catholic Missions.—An illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.—Contents of December number: The Oblates of Mary Immaculate as foreign Missioners (in the frontispiece Mgr. De Mazenod, the Bishop of Marseilles, and founder of the Congregation, is depicted in the act of sending forth the first Oblate Missioners, who, according to the ritual of the Society, are kneeling before their Superior, and receiving his blessing before they depart. In the background are the arms of the Society with the motto: "*Evangelizare pauperibus misit me*"; also in fainter outline the great mystery of this month—the Birth of the Saviour. To the right and to the left are scenes from the apostolic journey of the missioners); The Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; The Persecution in the East; Our Indian Album; Items from the Great Balance Sheet; "For a Child is born to us, and the Government shall be upon His Shoulders and His Empire shall be multiplied"; Missionary Notes; The Assiniboine Indians; Statistical Tables; Correspondence; Singular Confirmation of St. Thomas's Doctrine on Grace; Another Cornelius; Donations. Illustrations: Frontispiece —A Uganda Mamma and her Baby—Making Pottery—How the Banana Grows—Burning Christians Alive—Sontay, Water-tank and Bell-tower—Native Carpenters at Work—Indian Basket-makers—Assiniboine Indians—A Mission Scene, the Aurora Borealis, Arrival and Unloading of a Sledge. Only 75 cents per year.

The second volume of Paulists' **Five-Minute Sermons** is now ready. Price 80 cents. It makes a volume of 500 pages.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will issue for Miss Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald a volume of her **Poems.** Those who have read some of Miss Fitzgerald's poetry will be glad of a chance to get a complete collection in a beautiful volume at a low rate—only $1 50 *net.*

The Preaching of the Cross, Part I., being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord, by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J., is the next volume of the

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Quarterly Series, published by Burns & Oates, and will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. *Net*, $2.

Two interesting and edifying books of religious biography are just published: **The Life of Father Champagnat,** founder of the Order of Marist Brothers, written by one of his first disciples, and finely illustrated; and **The Life of Pere Muard,** by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A., price $1 60. All these are for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York..

A charming little book of **Texts for Children** has been compiled by Miss Ward. Miss Ward is a daughter of a well-known Oxford convert, and is a sister-in-law of the Catholic political economist, Mr. C. S. Devas. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

The coming centenary of St. Alphonsus will be celebrated by the publication of a work on **The Psalms** written by the Saint, and now edited by Father Livius, C.SS.R. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Rev. Dr. Hutch, well known as the translator of the *Parish Priest's Manual* and of *Instructions for New Confessors*, has now nearly completed another work likely to be as popular and as useful as its predecessors. This is a translation of Frassinetti's famous **Treatise on Prayer.** The publishers in England are Burns & Oates and in New York the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A new story by Miss Clara Mulholland will be issued in a few weeks by Burns & Oates in London and by the Catholic Publication Society Co. in New York, under the title of **The Miser of Kingscourt.** Miss Clara Mulholland, following in the steps of her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, has already enriched light literature by numerous contributions; but in the forthcoming work she will be found to have surpassed herself.

Mr. Joseph Gillow, author of *A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics from the Breach with Rome down to the Present Time*, has just completed his task as editor of *The Haydock Papers*. The MS. diaries in question were kept by members of an ancient Catholic family in Lancashire, and they contain original narratives of the suppression of the English colleges at Douay and St. Omer, the establishment of the colleges at Ushaw and Old Hall Green, the expulsion of the Canonesses of St. Monica from the Convent of St. Monica, Louvain, and the histories of various missions in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Yorkshire.

The approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint (Burns & Oates); and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation the most notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S.J. Titles of all will be given later on.

The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., has just published, in Edinburgh, an important work on **Mary, Queen of Scots.** It is *a narrative of the first eighteen years of her life*, taken principally from original documents. It is a portion of Mary's life never yet completely told. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30 *net*.

By special arrangements we are now prepared to furnish complete sets, or odd volumes to complete sets, of the **Ante-Nicean Library of the Fathers** and the **Works of St. Augustine,** Edinburgh edition, at $2 50 per vol. All wishing to fill up their sets should send in their orders at once. The reprints of both these works issued in this country contain Protestantized notes and are not to be trusted.

Messrs. Burns & Oates's publications for the coming season include the third

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volume of Mr. Joseph's Gillow's *Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time; Dante's Divine Comedy: its Scope and Value*, from the German of Francis Hettinger, D.D., edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory; a new and revised edition of *The History of the Scottish Reformation*, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S.; *Texts for Children*, compiled by Miss Ward; *St. Alphonsus on the Psalms*, by the Rev. Thomas Livius, C.SS.R.; and a translation of Frassinetti's *Treatise on Prayer*, by the Rev. Dr. Hutch.

The Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., has issued, through the *Buffalo Catholic Publication Company*, a most interesting book on **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** It is introduced to the public by Bishop Maes of Covington. The price is only one dollar and it is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.**, the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in England, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written is issued by Burns & Oates: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, *Merry England*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other English periodicals, has here collected some of her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe.* In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism*, as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead** in Latin and English. It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

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The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition*, entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory*.

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has lately published a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $2 75.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It is uniform with the first series, and the same price, 80 cents.

A most interesting and valuable book on a subject that few think of or about, is Father Baart's **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1.

Burns & Oates, London, have published **Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabulary,** by ex-Sergeant Brophy. The contents are: "Formation of the Constabulary," "Uniform," "Grades," "Pay," "Discontent," "Physique," "Eccentric Traits," "M. B.," "Billy," "Tiger," "Townshend," "Sartor Resartus," "Vi et Armis," "The Shaugraun of the R. I. C." The price is 40 cents, *net*.

Brown & Nolan, Dublin, have just published a new book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, entitled **Pax Vobis:** *being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading.* The author is well known in this country through his *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. The book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 60, *net*.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

Every family should have a copy of Monsabré on the **Holy Rosary,** translated by Father Byrne. Price 75 cts.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne.—Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as

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large as the previous ones (*Endowments of Man* and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Brotherhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net*; half-calf, $1 30, *net*.

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net*, $1 60.

Flora, The Roman Martyr, is the title of the latest Catholic novel, in 2 vols., *net*, $3.

The New Catechism prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has been translated into Italian by Monsignor Concilio, and is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $3 per 100.

We have just received a fresh supply of **The Divine Office; Nature and Thought;** and **The Chair of Peter.**

The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass, is the latest and best on that subject. It is compiled by a Sacristan and printed in red and black, with tapes to find place by. A fresh supply just received. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Burns & Oates, London, have just published the Latin text and authorized translation of the **Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States.** Latin text, with English translation; authorized edition. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Miss Rosa Mulholland has just published a new volume of poems, entitled **Vagrant Verses.** The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price $1 30, *net*.

A new edition of the **Dream of Gerontius,** by Cardinal Newman, is now ready. Price 25 cents *net*, bound in cloth.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published in pamphlet form an able and well-written essay, entitled **Why do you Believe? or, A Divine Certainty of Faith.** By a layman. The author is a convert to our holy faith, and treats the subject, in the manner of a dialogue with a Protestant friend, with all the freshness and vigor of one who appreciates the gift of faith to its fullest extent. It will make an excellent tract to distribute amongst our separated brethren. Price of the book is 25 cents.

A new edition of *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, as originally published in *Merry England*, with notes on the Oxford movement and its men by John Oldcastle, is ready. It contains four illustrations, and is bound in red cloth. It makes a very interesting volume. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price, *net*, 75 cents.

Very Rev. Father Stephen Byrne, O.P., has just published a third edition of **Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary,** from the French of Father Monsabré, O.P. It is for sale to the trade by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

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The second edition of **The Keys of the Kingdom;** *or, The Unfailing Promise*, by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, author of *Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones*, *All for Love*, etc., is now ready. This speaks well for this book, as it is not long before the public. Price $1 25 *net.*

For Congregational Singing.—Father Alfred Young's *Catholic Hymnal* has received many favorable notices in England and the United States. A *new edition* is already on sale. Price $1 50 *net.*

The Truth about John Wycliff, by Father Stevenson, S.J., is now published by Burns & Oates, London, and the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price $3 *net.*

Mr. Gillow's third volume of the **Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics** *from the Reformation to the Present Time* will soon be ready; price $4.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY Co. has just imported **Miniature Lives of the Saints,** by Fr. Bowden, of the Oratory, in 2 vols., *net*, $1. The reading matter of these volumes can be had in *Monthly Packets*, containing Lives of the Saints for *every day of each month.* The packets are sold at 10 cents, *net*, per monthly packet.

Brownson's Works.—The works of Dr. O. A. Brownson are now completed, in nineteen volumes. They are all for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., at $3 *net* per vol. The editor, Mr. Henry F. Brownson, is now preparing a general index to the entire work.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has received from London a new and elegantly-bound (in calf) edition of **The Following of Christ,** illustrated. The price is $4.

Agents Wanted—To sell the *Catholic Dictionary* in all parts of the United States. Send for sample pages and table of contents, and for notices of the *Dictionary* from all the leading papers in the country.

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The following are the new books published in England and Ireland up to the 20th of December, and for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

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ST. VINCENT'S, CORK, IRE., Sept. 20.

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I am yours,
P. A. WALSHE,
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that questionable adage, *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* Even Welsh, whose *Complete Rhetoric* is an otherwise excellent work, gives illustrations from the master poets rather than practical lessons on the analysis and construction of verse. Familiarity with the various species of metrical composition helps a reader the better to estimate the value of poetic productions by enabling him to judge of the happy or inappropriate union of rhythm and sentiment."

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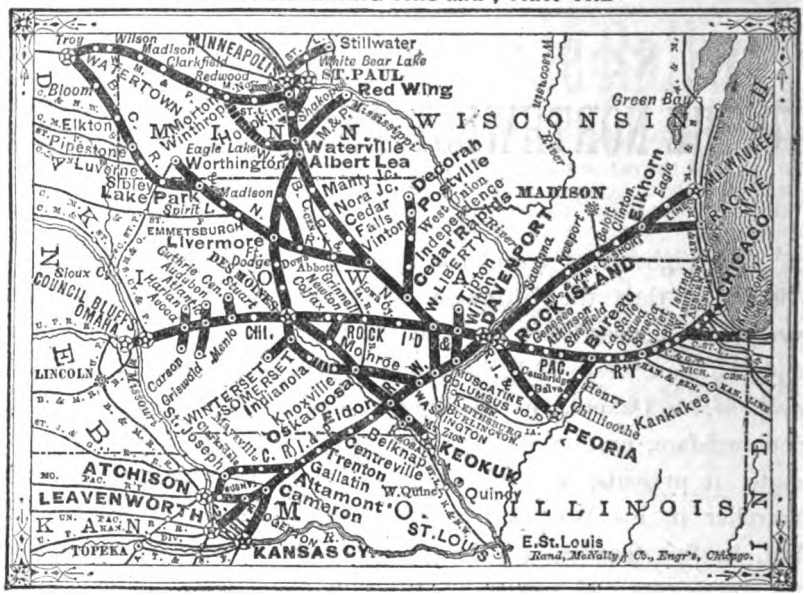

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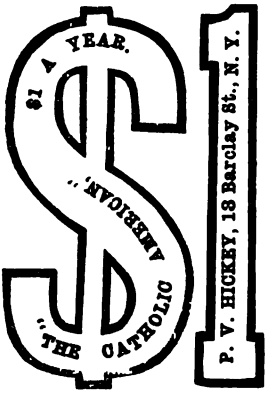

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

February 10, 1887.

The Catholic Annual for 1887.—This popular *Annual* for 1887 is now ready. Table of Contents will be found on advertising page 179 of this Magazine.

The following are Burns & Oates' announcements for the coming season :

The Throne of the Fisherman, built by the Carpenter's Son. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

Dante's Divine Comedy : Its Scope and Value. From the German of Francis Hettinger, D.D. Edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory.

The History of St. Cuthbert. By the Most Rev. Charles, Archbishop of Glasgow. In 1 vol. royal 8vo. Illustrated with maps, charts, etc.

The Life of St. Cuthbert. A Popular Edition. By the Right Rev. Provost Consitt, Vicar Capitular of Hexham and Newcastle.

St. Teresa's Pater-Noster : A Treatise on Prayer. By Joseph Frassinetti. Translated from the Italian by William Hutch, D.D. (President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy).

The Teaching of St. Benedict. By Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., Canon of Newport and Menevia.

The Life of Father Champagnat, Founder of the Society of the Little Brothers of Mary. Containing a portrait of Fr. Champagnat, and four other full-page illustrations.

Ritual of the New Testament. An Essay on the Principles and Origin of Catholic Ritual in reference to the New Testament. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Third and revised edition.

History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions. By Augusta Theodosia Drane. A new edition in two volumes.

Songs in the Night, and other Poems. By the same Author. A new edition.

The Lesser Imitation. By Thomas à Kempis. Done into English by the Author of *Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord.*

Practical Notes on Moral Training. Especially addressed to Parents and Teachers. With a Preface by Father Gallwey, S.J.

The Last Abbot of Thornton; or Lord Wake of Baynard Castle. By Agnes M. Stewart.

All the above books will be for sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. as soon as they are out in London.

One of the most interesting books on the history of Catholicity in this country, and one which is little known, we are sorry to say, is Bishop Maes' (of Covington, Ky.) **Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckz,** one of the pioneer priests of Kentucky. We have copies of this book for sale now, and will be glad to supply it. It is $2 50, and is a book that should be in every library.

The second volume of **Five-Minute Sermons** for Low Masses, by the Paulist Fathers, is the cheapest book ever published—500 pages, only 80 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. have just imported a large supply of **Potter's Sacred Eloquence.** The price is $1 50, *net.*

In press and to be published early in 1887: **The Throne of the Fisherman, built by the Carpenter's Son.** By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

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"*The Throne of the Fisherman* begins with a short review of the witness of history during eighteen centuries to the See of St. Peter: its divine institution, its acceptance by the church, and the manifold support given to it during so many centuries by Providence as shown in the acts both of foes and of friends.

"In two chapters which follow, the author, planting himself upon the Nicene Council, retraces the history of the three preceding centuries in their action upon the church's hierarchy. For this purpose he makes a careful analysis of the constitution which that council shows to have been in operation when it was held. After this, eight chapters are devoted to the unfolding of the church's constitution, from the Nicene Council to that of Chalcedon. The consequences of the first union between church and state in the conversion of Constantine, the action of the Imperial and Papal powers upon each other, the jealousy of the East and West, and the wandering of the nations, come here into careful account.

"This new work will be found to differ from all works preceding it in the joint treatment throughout of ecclesiastical and political circumstances. While the facts are drawn from authentic and contemporaneous authorities, so that the work is strictly historical, the councils and acts of the church and its rulers are considered in conjunction with the facts of civil history, from which they should never be severed, this being the ground in which they grew up.

"The flowering of patristic literature forms the subject of two chapters, and the last is given to the action of St. Leo the Great, as completing the patristic constitution of the church, and witnessing the fall of the Empire in the West.

"This work, though complete in itself, may be taken by those familiar with his former volumes as a carrying forward of the series of writings in which the author has sketched, with a pen at once learned and luminous, the formation of Christendom."

It will be for sale here by The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The January number of **Catholic Missions** is out. Contents: Benedictines, Augustinians, and Carmelites as Foreign Missioners; Franciscan Reductions in the Argentine Republic; Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; Women's Apostolate; Singular Predictions; New Year's Day; "We Saw His Star in the East"; Missionary Notes; Our Indian Album; Burma and the Burmese; Religious Zeal; Emeute at Ma-kaw; Donations. Illustrations: Frontispiece, representing the Type of all Apostolic Men—also Missioners going forth from the Centre of Unity, under the blessing of the Holy Father, to carry the Faith throughout the world, according to prophecy and to fact; Sub-frontispiece—The Benedictine, Augustinian, and Carmelite Orders—An African Avenue—A Fetish Hut—Highlands of Kabyle—A Mahomedan Town—An Indian Fakir—A Hindoo Pagoda—The Burmese Campaign—Burmese Hairdresser's Shop—A Burmese Dinner—A Burmese Nga-pee Seller. 75 cents per year. Subscriptions must begin with the first number, May, 1886. Agents for the United States, the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The **Dublin Review** for January, 1887, is out. Contents: Mr. John Morley, by W. S. Lilly; Protestant Missions in Southern India—Tanjore, by A. Hilliard Atteridge; The English Constitution in Theory and Practice, by the Rev. T. B. Scannell; Shakspere as an Economist, by C. S. Devas; Ancient Benedictine Custom, by the Rev. A. Hamilton, O.S.B.; The Portuguese in India, by Miss E. M. Clerke; The Influence of Fatalism on Opinion, by N. J. Synnott; The Story of the French Exiles, by the Rev. Father Bridgett, C.SS.R.; The Lost, Strayed, and Stolen of our Catholic Children, by Austin Oates; Notes of Travel and Exploration; Notes on Novels; Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals; Science Notices; Notices of Books, etc. The annual subscription is now $5 per year, in advance. The Catholic Publication Society Co., New York, sole agents for the United States.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci,** a die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII., præside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, tituli S. Mariæ supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, habiti, et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. It is beautifully printed, and on fine paper, and is correct in its typography. The price is **$1 25** *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just issued a cheap edition of the **Pastoral Letter** of the Archbishop of New York, which was issued on the occasion of

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the late Diocesan Synod. The price is only 5 cents; $25 per 1,000 copies.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has published a beautiful little book, **The Bridal Wreath,** containing the entire ritual of the Catholic Church for the solemnization of Holy Matrimony, in Latin and English, by a Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. It contains 108 pages and will be bound in different styles, and will sell from $1 to $3 per copy.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published: **Synodus Diœcesana Neo-Eboracensis Quinta,** quæ Antecedentium etiam Complectitur Constitutiones, Diebus XVII. et XVIII. Novembris, A.D. 1886, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci habita ab Illustrissimo ac Reverendissimo Michaele Augustino Corrigan, Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi. It is bound in fine cloth and will be sold at $1 per copy, *net.*

The Teaching of St. Benedict.—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce that the *Teaching of St. Benedict*, by Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., is now in the press, and will be ready about the middle of December. Its object is to make more generally known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary, and administrative lore locked up in the pages of St. Benedict's Rule. For this purpose the author has consulted the works of all the most celebrated commentators; carefully collated their various opinions; and put forward no view which cannot be defended on the authority of scholars whose learning and ability are so well known that their judgment is accepted with unwavering faith. *The Teaching of St. Benedict* follows the order observed in the rule itself, and treats in each of its chapters everything which, in the pages of the Rule, calls for explanation. Nine of these chapters deal with the duties of superiors towards their subjects, and with the reciprocal obligations of subjects towards their superiors, with the duties of all towards one another, and towards God. Thirteen chapters are devoted to the liturgy, and treat of the time, the manner of public worship, and the dispositions with which those persons ought to be animated who are privileged to sing the praises of God in the name of the rest of the church. Twenty-nine chapters are occupied in explaining the disciplinary portion of St. Benedict's legislation; in pointing out the faults which may be committed against it, and the means by which these are to be corrected. The internal administration of a religious community is treated of in ten chapters; and in twelve others, miscellaneous matters, which cannot be classed under any of the preceding divisions, receive an adequate explanation. There has been thus brought together, in a compendious form, a mass of antiquarian, ascetical, administrative, and disciplinary information respecting the teaching of St. Benedict, which information will, perhaps, be all the more acceptable because it is not cumbered with the learned disquisitions, the discussion of collateral questions, and the pursuit of side issues, to be found in a kind of reckless profusion in the pages of the great commentators. As the illustrious Patriarch of Western Monachism is said, by St. Gregory, to have been "full of the Spirit of all the Just"; as he gathered from the practice and the writings of all who preceded him the very essence of their religious teaching; and as most of the founders of orders after his day have profited by the wisdom of his world-famed code, there is every reason to hope that laymen, as well as priests and religious of every order, will find in this work something wherewith to instruct and to edify themselves. Copies of the book will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., soon after it appears in London.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has for sale **Why am I a Catholic?** by Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., Professor at Woodstock College, with an appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to believe. This essay appeared in the *North American Review*, and attracted wide attention. At the request of several friends the reverend author has put it into pamphlet form, and it is sold for the low price of 10 cents a copy.

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The Rev. Thos J. Jenkins, Knottsville, Ky., has just published a new revised and rewritten edition of **The Judges of Faith:** Christian *vs.* Godless Schools, addressed to Catholic parents. It is issued in two parts, and if ordered in quantities for distribution can be had in paper covers as follows:

100	copies	of	each part	$12 00
200	"	"	"	22 00
500	"	"	"	52 50
1000	"	"	"	87 50

Cloth copies are nearly double the above price. This work can be ordered direct of Father Jenkins, or of the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

Father Lockhart nas issued a new edition of **Life of Rosmini,** in 2 vols.; and will soon publish **Rosmini's Origin of Ideas,** in 3 vols., as well as **Rosmini's Psychology,** in 3 vols. The price of the new life is $3 25 *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a neat little volume by Miss Anna T. Sadlier, called **Gems of Catholic Thought,** sayings of eminent Catholic authors. It is a neat and handy volume, and sold at 50 cents.

Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions, by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in reply to numerous addresses, and also his Grace's letters on various subjects of public interest, is just published in Dublin in an octavo volume of 465 pages. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net,* $2.

The same publishers have just issued **For the Old Land,** a tale of twenty years, by Charles J. Kickham. 1 vol., illustrated, *net,* 65 cents.

Also **St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor,** a historical study, by a Priest of the Mission who spent several years in Africa. Cloth, *net,* $1 60.

The second volume of Paulists' **Five-Minute Sermons** is now ready. Price 80 cents. It makes a volume of 500 pages.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. will issue for Miss Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald a volume of her **Poems.** Those who have read some of Miss Fitzgerald's poetry will be glad of a chance to get a complete collection in a beautiful volume at a low rate—only $1 50 *net.*

The Preaching of the Cross, Part I., being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord, by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J., is the next volume of the Quarterly Series, published by Burns & Oates, and will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. *Net,* $2.

Two interesting and edifying books of religious biography are just published: **The Life of Father Champagnat,** founder of the Order of Marist Brothers, written by one of his first disciples, and finely illustrated; and **The Life of Pere Muard,** by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A., price $1 60. All these are for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

A charming little book of **Texts for Children** has been compiled by Miss Ward. Miss Ward is a daughter of a well-known Oxford convert, and is a sister-in-law of the Catholic political economist, Mr. C. S. Devas. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, *net,* 25 cents.

The coming centenary of St. Alphonsus will be celebrated by the publication of a work on **The Psalms** written by the Saint, and now edited by Father Livius, C.SS.R. Published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Rev. Dr. Hutch, well known as the translator of the *Parish Priest's Manual* and of *Instructions for New Confessors,* has now nearly completed another work likely to be as popular and as useful as its predecessors. This is a translation of Frassinetti's famous **Treatise on Prayer.** The publishers in England

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are Burns & Oates and in New York the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A new story by Miss Clara Mulholland will be issued in a few weeks by Burns & Oates in London and by the Catholic Publication Society Co. in New York, under the title of **The Miser of Kingscourt.** Miss Clara Mulholland, following in the steps of her sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, has already enriched light literature by numerous contributions; but in the forthcoming work she will be found to have surpassed herself.

Mr. Joseph Gillow, author of *A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics from the Breach with Rome down to the Present Time*, has just completed his task as editor of *The Haydock Papers*. The MS. diaries in question were kept by members of an ancient Catholic family in Lancashire, and they contain original narratives of the suppression of the English colleges at Douay and St. Omer, the establishment of the colleges at Ushaw and Old Hall Green, the expulsion of the Canonesses of St. Monica from the Convent of St. Monica, Louvain, and the histories of various missions in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Yorkshire.

The approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint (Burns & Oates); and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation the most notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S.J. Titles of all will be given later on.

By special arrangements we are now prepared to furnish complete sets, or odd volumes to complete sets, of the **Ante-Nicean Library of the Fathers** and the **Works of St. Augustine,** Edinburgh edition, at $2 50 per vol. All wishing to fill up their sets should send in their orders at once. The reprints of both these works issued in this country contain Protestantized notes and are not to be trusted.

The Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L., has issued, through the *Buffalo Catholic Publication Company*, a most interesting book on **Orphans and Orphan Asylums.** It is introduced to the public by Bishop Maes of Covington. The price is only one dollar and it is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just imported a new and cheap edition of the **Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southwell, S.J.,** which is sold for the low price of 25 cents, thus enabling even the poorest person to possess a copy of this poet, martyr, and Jesuit priest's poems.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with Notes, by John Oldcastle, is a beautiful volume, containing letters of Cardinal Manning, with five illustrations of him at different times of life. Price, *net*, 75 cents. It is uniform with the *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, which is also sold at 75 cents. The *Biography of Dr. Ullathorne* is got out in same style. Price 75 cents.

The 3d edition of Fr. Moriarty's **All for Love,** and the 13th edition of his **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** have just been issued.

To commemorate the fortieth year of his episcopate, a **Biography of Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B.,** the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, has been written, with his aid and sanction. It contains the story of his life, a selection of letters, together with a facsimile letter and four portraits (including a photograph of the picture by John Pettie, R.A.); also a portrait of Mother Margaret and a view of Coventry Church. It forms a most interesting chapter in the history of the revival of the Catholic Church in Eng-

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land, and also in Australia, where Bishop Ullathorne spent some of the early years of his priesthood half-a-century ago. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price 75 cents, *net.*

One of the most attractive books of stories ever written is issued by Burns & Oates: **A Young Philistine and Other Tales,** by Alice Corkran. This charming writer, who is a well-known contributor to *Blackwood, Merry England,* the *Gentleman's Magazine,* and other English periodicals, has here collected some of her best work. It will distance all competitors as a prize and present book for young ladies entering on the world. It is dedicated by Miss Corkran to her old friend, Robert Browning, who is among the warmest admirers of the young novelist's genius. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price $1 30, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has purchased a special edition of **The Clothes of Religion,** by Wilfrid Ward. This new book is by the son of the late famous Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review,* who has already won fame as the author of *The Wish to Believe.* In *The Clothes of Religion* he gives a *Reply to Popular Positivism,* as expounded by Frederic Harrison, as well as to the theories of Herbert Spencer. The price of the book is 30 cents, *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a new edition of **The Office of the Dead** in Latin and English. It is bound in good strong cloth, and is sold for $20 per 100 copies; single copies, 30 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has now ready a new work by Father Coppens, S J., author of the *Art of Oratorical Composition,* entitled **A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric: Precepts and Exercises.** It will prove a most valuable aid to schools and academies, male or female. Sample copies sent for examination on receipt of 75 cents. The price of the book is $1 25, same size and style as his work on *Oratory.*

The Wish to Believe, by Wilfrid Ward, is an excellent book to give to your non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Publication Society Co. has a large supply. Price $1 30.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has lately published a new edition of **The Life of the Ven. Gerard Mary Majella,** Professed Lay-Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. Charles Dilgskron, C.SS.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. The price is $1 50.

Father Albany Christie, S.J., formerly Fellow of Oriel, has just published a devotional poem of about 400 pages, entitled **The End of Man.** The argument is that man, who was intended by his Creator to be supremely happy, makes himself miserable by misusing the creatures surrounding him. He recognizes his fault, and strives to atone for it by enlisting in his Creator's service, and following his divine Leader, both in action and suffering. He is rewarded by at last attaining the happiness which was the proper end of his creation. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net,* $2 75. A cheaper edition has just been issued in 18mo, and is sold for 70 cents *net.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published the SECOND SERIES of **Five-Minute Sermons** by the Paulist Fathers. It is uniform with the first series, and the same price, 80 cents.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are about to republish **The History of St. Cuthbert,** written by the Archbishop of Glasgow many years ago, when, as Monsignor Eyre, he was head of St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The volume, which has been out of print for a considerable length of time, is embellished by various copper-plates, which will be reproduced

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in the new edition. It will be for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

A New Volume by Bishop Ullathorne. — Messrs. Burns & Oates have published a new work by Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. This work is the final volume of the series written by the bishop, and is entitled **Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.** The book consists of twelve lectures and is nearly as large as the previous ones (*Endowments of Man* and *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*). By a short preface the bishop has connected the three works together, and this, his last one, is dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subject of the book has been treated so defectively and with such shallowness by all modern writers for the last two hundred years, that the bishop felt there was nothing in the moral and spiritual tone more required. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Net*, $1 60.

John Tauler's **Following of Christ** is now ready. It is a work of great originality and significance; dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Brotherhood of Man, underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of the day and of all times. Price is 70 cents, *net*; half-calf, $1 30, *net*.

Leaves from St. Augustine, by Miss Allies, edited by T. W. Allies, is a most valuable and interesting book. *Net*, $1 60.

Flora, The Roman Martyr, is the title of the latest Catholic novel, in 2 vols., *net*, $3.

The New Catechism prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has been translated into Italian by Monsignor Concilio, and is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. Price, $3 per 100.

We have just received a fresh supply of **The Divine Office; Nature and Thought;** and **The Chair of Peter.**

The Server's Missal, a Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass, is the latest and best on that subject. It is compiled by a Sacristan and printed in red and black, with tapes to find place by. A fresh supply just received. Price, *net*, 25 cents.

Miss Rosa Mulholland has just published a new volume of poems, entitled **Vagrant Verses.** The Catholic Publication Society Co. has it for sale. Price $1 30, *net*.

A new edition of the **Dream of Gerontius,** by Cardinal Newman, is now ready. Price 25 cents *net*, bound in cloth.

A new edition of *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman*, as originally published in *Merry England*, with notes on the Oxford movement and its men by John Oldcastle, is ready. It contains four illustrations, and is bound in red cloth. It makes a very interesting volume. It is for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. Price, *net*, 75 cents.

Mr. Gillow's third volume of the **Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics** *from the Reformation to the Present Time* will soon be ready; price $4.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY Co. has just imported **Miniature Lives of the Saints,** by Fr. Bowden, of the Oratory, in 2 vols., *net*, $1. The reading matter of these volumes can be had in *Monthly Packets*, containing Lives of the Saints for *every day of each month*. The packets are sold at 10 cents, *net*, per monthly packet.

Brownson's Works.—The works of Dr. O. A. Brownson are now completed, in nineteen volumes. They are all for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., at $3 *net* per vol. The

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editor, Mr. Henry F. Brownson, is now preparing a general index to the entire work.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has received from London a new and elegantly-bound (in calf) edition of **The Following of Christ,** illustrated. The price is $4.

Agents Wanted—To sell the *Catholic Dictionary* in all parts of the United States. Send for sample pages and table of contents, and for notices of the *Dictionary* from all the leading papers in the country.

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4 The same. Vol. I. 80 cents.

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The following are the new books published in England and Ireland up to the 20th of January, and for sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

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The Life of Jean Baptiste Muard, Founder of the Congregation of St. Edme, and of the Monastery of La Pierre-qui-Vive. Edited by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Cloth, *net*, $1 60.

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tirely new work constructed from materials supplied by the Benedictine Fathers of Buckfast Abbey, Devon.

The Preaching of the Cross. Part I. Being the ninth volume of the Public Life of our Lord. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. *Net*, $2.

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The *North-Western Chronicle* says of **Mary Stuart:** A Narrative of the First Eighteen Years of her Life, by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J.:

"The Mary Stuart literature is a vast one. Very few historical personages have aroused so many and so fierce adversaries and advocates as the romantic Queen of Scotland. Around her the battle has been fought fiercely, and years bring us no lull to the contest. In this book, which we take to be only one of a series on the subject, Father Stevenson gives us a complete and charming description of Mary's girlhood. The life of the woman is but the continuation of the life of the girl, and as the girl has been educated, so the woman will conduct herself. Accepting this canon, we may ask, By whom was Mary Stuart's character formed? Who superintended her education? In what company did she spend the years of her girlhood and youth? The answer to these questions is given in the work before us. One consideration is brought out prominently, viz: during the whole of Mary's residence in France—that is, during her youth—no censurious voice was ever raised to the disparagement of her conduct as a maiden, a wife, or a widow. The mechanical make-up of the book is far above the usual work of our American publishers."

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The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* notices **Bishop Ullathorne:** The Story of his Life, as follows:

"The subject of this memoir, Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham, holds a position in English public estimation only less eminent than Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. His life, too, has been more varied and full of incident than that of either of them, or any other one of the Catholic hierarchy of England, and the term of his service in the Church of Christ has been longer.

"He has been upwards of forty years a bishop, upwards of fifty-five years a priest, and it is upwards of sixty-two years since he received the habit of the Order of St. Benedict. During all this time, in various scholastic and ecclesiastical positions, some of them, owing to peculiar circumstances, extremely difficult, he was indefatigable in his labors, and wonderfully successful in surmounting or removing obstacles which he had to encounter.

"The church in Australia may regard him as, in a certain sense, its founder. He was not its first priest, but he was sent there as vicar-general to the Vicar-Apostolic of Mauritius when there were but two other priests there. Australia was then a penal colony, and the government officials as well as the Protestant residents, both ministers and laymen, opposed in every possible way the Catholic religion. Vicar-General Ullathorne's immediate ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Morris, resided at Mauritius, six thousand miles away, so that he had to act as if the whole authority of the church were concentrated in his own person. For ten years he labored indefatigably in Australia, and with great success, and then left in order to escape from being made bishop of one of the newly-erected dioceses of Australia.

"He went to England and was appointed to the mission of Coventry. When he first took charge of this mission it was in a most unprosperous condition, the church edifice being—to use the language of an address presented to him by his parishioners when he left them—'a mere barn, in a dilapidated and even dangerous condition.' During the four and a half years that he continued on this mission he almost recreated it, and left it in a most flourishing spiritual condition, and with a spacious and beautiful church, parochial residence, schools, and sisterhoods.

"But Father Ullathorne's eminent qualifications for the office of the episcopate were such that the Holy See could not longer permit him to decline its duties and responsibilities, as he had on several occasions. Accordingly, obedience was laid upon him, and on the 21st of June, 1846 (the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff) he was consecrated as Bishop of Hetalona (*in partibus infidelium*) for the Western District of Great Britain. His position here was a most difficult and embarrassing one. But without hesitation or discouragement he at once entered upon the work that was before him, and quickly surmounted many of the obstacles that lay in his way. But two years afterwards the diocese of Birmingham became vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. It was more important than that of Bristol and Clifton, and at the same time the difficulties to be overcome were even greater. There, accordingly, Bishop Ullathorne was sent in spite of his own remonstrances, and took charge of his new diocese on the 30th of August, 1848.

"The diocese and its most important educational institutions were crippled and almost crushed by financial embarrassments. The annual deficit of the diocesan fund alone was about $5,000, and there were many other charges for which the bishop was responsible, but to meet which there were no resources. Then, too, there was urgent need for establishing new missions and erecting more churches, schools, and convents.

"In fact, the embarrassment was such that on one occasion Bishop Ullathorne was actually arrested and sent to Warwick jail for a debt for which, *ex officio*, he was responsible, but which he had neither created nor approved. To use the words of the author of this memoir: 'The case against him was curious; he was a debtor who had borrowed nothing, received nothing, given security for nothing, but he happened to be one of the *ex officio* trustees of a charitable bequest, and, though he never had any beneficial interest in the bequest, the managers of the Glamorganshire Bank obtained an order for his arrest.'

"How Bishop Ullathorne overcame these difficulties the volume before us briefly hints at rather than describes. But that they were overcome, and at the same

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time means were obtained and wisely employed for church extension, is shown by the fact that up to 1884 forty-four new missions had been founded, sixty-seven new churches had been built, and the number of priests had increased from eighty-six to one hundred and ninety-eight since Bishop Ullathorne first began to rule the diocese. There was only one charitable institution, now there are fifteen; then there were seven convents, now there are thirty-six. And how wise and prudent his administration in other respects has been, how just and well-considered, clearly appears from the fact that no appeal from his decisions or complaint has ever been taken to Rome.

"Yet, while Bishop Ullathorne has thus been successful in promoting religious and charitable works both in Australia and in England, his tongue and his pen have also been ever active whenever an attack was made upon the church, whether by an enemy without or a traitor within the camp. In Australia his vigilance and activity in this respect were so constant and, as the results proved, so effective that the enemies of the church styled him the Right Rev. Agitator-General. And to Bishop Ullathorne's vigorous blows Catholics in the Australian colonies owe the demolition of laws and regulations which were fast solidifying into a system that would have left Catholics without any recognized civil or religious rights.

"In England Bishop Ullathorne has occupied a somewhat similar position in the public mind—a position resembling in many respects those which Archbishop Hughes and Bishop England occupied in this country. He was the chief agent and representative of the English vicars-apostolic in carrying on the negotiations at Rome which preceded the restoration of the hierarchy in England, and his vigorous defence of that measure, both by speeches at public meetings and by his pen, contributed largely towards calming the excitement of English non-Catholics which that measure occasioned. His pamphlets on the invasion of the Pontifical dominions, on the *Proposal to Submit the Convents to Government Inspection*; on *The Döllingerites, Mr. Gladstone, and Apostates from the Faith*; on *The Prussian Persecution*, and many other publications of like character are specimens of vigorous and effective controversy.

"But Bishop Ullathorne's literary activity has not by any means been confined to polemics. He knows well how to turn his occasions for rest and recreation to profitable account for the instruction of his people. Of this his letters on his *Pilgrimage to La Salette*, on his *Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco and the Holy Grotto of St. Benedict*, and on other like subjects are examples. Then another class of works from his pen consists of his volume on the Immaculate Conception, *Lectures on the Conventual Life*, on the *Confessional*, a *History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England*, *The Council and Papal Infallibility*, *Church Music*, etc.

"But the most important works of his pen are those which have appeared during the last few years, and are the fruits of his ripe old age—*The Endowments of Man*, *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*, and his volume on *Patience*. These contain the accumulated wisdom of his life, and will be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis.

"This is an imperfect summary of the story of the life of this venerable prelate, which is simply and beautifully told in the book that is before us. It is embellished with four life-like portraits of Bishop Ullathorne, taken at different times, and also a portrait of the saintly Mother Margaret Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Sisters of Penance of St. Catharine of Sienna, of the Third Order of St. Dominic."

And of **The Preaching of the Cross,** Part I., by Henry James Coleridge, S.J., it says as follows:

"This work is the ninth of the series of volumes of Father Coleridge on the *Public Life of Our Lord*. It treats of the first part of a most important period of the life of our Blessed Redeemer during his visible presence on earth—viz., that which followed the Confession of our Lord's Divinity by St. Peter, the Mission of the Seventy-two, the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Choice of Mary Magdalene. It was during this period that our Divine Lord began to speak openly to the apostles about his coming Passion, and to preach openly to the people about the doctrine of the Cross. Before this the chief purpose and object of his teaching was to prove that he was the Messias, the Eternally Begotten Son of the Father. When the seeds of this conviction had been planted and watered and began to bear fruit, finding its clearest and fullest expression in Peter's sublime Confession, then our Divine Lord entered upon this final period of his public teaching and taught the necessity of the cross for the fulfilment of his mission of redemption and salvation.

"This is clearly shown in what the three historical Evangelists all tell us: 'From that time,' says St. Matthew, 'Jesus began to show to his disciples that he must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things from the ancients and scribes and chief-

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priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again.' Sts. Mark and Luke state the same facts in slightly different words.

"Before our Blessed Redeemer's disciples had been firmly grounded in the belief of the Divinity of our Lord, the doctrine of the Passion would have been a difficulty to them. But, after they understood this rightly, it was not a difficulty, but rather the crown and completion of the Divine intention of the Incarnation. For, without the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Cross for the sins of the whole world and the necessity of that sacrifice for satisfying the justice of God, the Passion could not and cannot be understood. Without this doctrine our Lord is simply a victim of the malice of his enemies, as Socrates might be thought to have been, or, at least, he is only the perfect pattern of patience and of all other most heavenly virtues in the sufferings which he underwent. Without this doctrine the death of the Messias would only be his defeat, and the extinction of the kingdom he came to found. But with it the Passion is his great triumph, the victory over all his foes, the sure foundation of his kingdom.

"During the previous part of his public ministry his disciples would not have been capable of receiving these mysteries; but when they grasped the truths comprehended in Peter's sublime Confession they were prepared to receive the further teachings of our Divine Lord respecting his Passion and its necessity and blessed effects.

"The intention and purpose of the writer in the volume before us is to study and set forth the interior meanings of these latter teachings of our Lord, which were given during the period between Peter's Confession and Palm Sunday, embracing probably seven or eight months.

"Respecting this period of the public life and ministry of our Divine Lord St. Matthew tells us very little, and St. Mark follows St. Matthew in this abstention. The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that St. Matthew wrote chiefly for the instruction of the Jewish converts at Jerusalem, and on this account he omitted that part of the history of our Divine Lord which was already well known to them. For a somewhat similar reason, St. Mark was reticent. He wrote specially for the Christians of Rome and the Roman Empire. The idea of sacrifice, and of sacrifice of self for the salvation of others, of a nation, a country, or a kingdom, was no difficulty to them. The history of Rome was full of instances of this, legendary and mythical it may be, but nevertheless believed and cherished. It was comparatively easy, therefore, for Roman Christians, when they had grasped the idea that Christ was the founder of a universal, ever-enduring kingdom, to believe that it was necessary for him to offer himself up as a Sacrifice of Atonement and Redemption for all who would accept the benefits of that sacrifice.

"But Sts. Luke and John wrote for others than Jews or Romans, and evidently with different purposes as regards instruction. Consequently, their Gospels supply us largely with materials respecting the latter period of our Lord's preaching, excepting those parts where the scene is not to be laid in Judea or Jerusalem.

"Father Coleridge divides the period between the Confession of Peter and Palm Sunday—seven or eight months—as follows: First, our Divine Lord remained for some time in Galilee; there he first predicted his Passion, and taught the people the necessity of the Cross; then and there, after a short interval, was the mystery of the Transfiguration; immediately following on this was the miracle of healing the lunatic boy and its lessons; then our Divine Lord returned to Capharnaum, where he paid the didrachma for himself and St. Peter; then follow instructions, addressed chiefly to the apostles, about the greatness of children in the Kingdom, the immense care that is to be taken of them; the dangers and punishment of scandal; the duties of fraternal reproof and mutual forgiveness."

"These teachings are related by all the first three Evangelists. But then the scene changes, and for a considerable period St. John takes up the narrative respecting our Lord's going up privately to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, and his disputations in the Temple with his enemies, the Chief Priests and Pharisees; then the release by our Lord of the woman taken in adultery, and his healing of the man who was born blind, and his discourses on each of these occasions. Then there occurs a period which St. John passes over, but which St. Luke relates, referring to our Lord's teaching and discourses in Judea after the Feast of Tabernacles. Thus these two Evangelists supplement each other.

"Father Coleridge takes up the different subjects we have mentioned, and, in his comments upon them, seeks to bring out their interior meaning. At the close of the volume he gives in an Appendix a Harmony of the Gospels referring to this period of our Divine Lord's Public Ministry."

The same periodical notices the **Acta et Decreta Concilii Provincialis Neo-Eboracensis IV.**, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci, a Die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII., which is evidently from the pen of the venerable Doctor Corcoran:

"Soon after the holding of the Second

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Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, the late Cardinal McCloskey, Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, had it in mind to convene a Council of Prelates and theologians of the Ecclesiastical Province over which he presided, in order to promulgate more efficaciously, and give greater practical effect to the decrees of that Council. But, before he could carry out his purpose, he was informed of the intention of His Holiness Pius IX., of blessed memory, to hold an Œcumenical Council at Rome. Consequently Archbishop McCloskey prudently and wisely deferred calling his intended Provincial Council until after the Œcumenical Council.

"Then, subsequently to this, other circumstances combined to cause further delay. But these obstacles being at last removed, the way was opened to His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, borne down with the weight of years, and visibly hastening towards the end of his life on earth, to send forth letters on the 5th of February, 1883, convoking the Council he had so long desired to hold.

"The date first fixed upon for the meeting of the Council was June 3, 1883, but, owing to the ill health of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey during the latter part of May, it was deferred to the 23d of September. On that day the first solemn session of the Council was held; and after frequent subsequent sessions it finished its work and was solemnly closed on the 30th of the same month.

"The Acts and Decrees of the Council were transmitted to Rome for examination and approval by the Holy See. After careful consideration and revision, they were sanctioned and approved. Meanwhile Cardinal McCloskey died, and his successor in office, the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, solemnly promulgated them on the Feast of St. Augustine, August 28, 1886.

"They have been published by the Catholic Publication Society Company in a volume which, as regards quality of paper and binding and clearness and distinctness of letter-press, accords with the value and importance of its contents.

'The Acts and Decrees of this Council impress us as being a model of well considered, prudent, far-seeing Christian legislation. As regards their style and language, they are clear, pithy, concise, yet comprehensive. That they will be fruitful and efficacious in reforming abuses, arresting wickedness and impiety, and promoting the interests of true religion within the Ecclesiastical Province of New York we doubt not. Their importance and influence, too, will extend beyond this. They will serve as a model and example, we feel assured, for like legislation in other parts of the church in our country. They form, too, a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical rules and regulations which are gradually taking definite form and shape in the United States, and which, in due time, will grow and be consolidated into a uniform system of Canon Law for our country suited to our circumstances and times.

"Comparing these Acts and Decrees of the Fourth Provincial Council of New York with those of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held a little more than a year afterwards, the one was a Provincial Council, confined as regards its ecclesiastical legislative action to the States of New York and New Jersey; the other was a Plenary Council, convened to consider and legislate for the church throughout our whole country. The minor Council was prior in the order of time, yet its acts and decrees harmonize perfectly with those of the superior and greater Council which convened subsequently, though the vast majority of its members had not been members of the Provincial Council of New York, and had little or no exact and intimate knowledge of its proceedings, and no knowledge as to how far they would be approved by the Holy See. With regard to a number of subjects, the action of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore seems to us an extension of that of the Provincial Council of New York. With regard to some others, the Council of Baltimore seems to have adopted the principles and ideas of the Council of New York, and left them to further development and application by the subsequent action of the Provincial Councils and Diocesan Synods throughout the United States."

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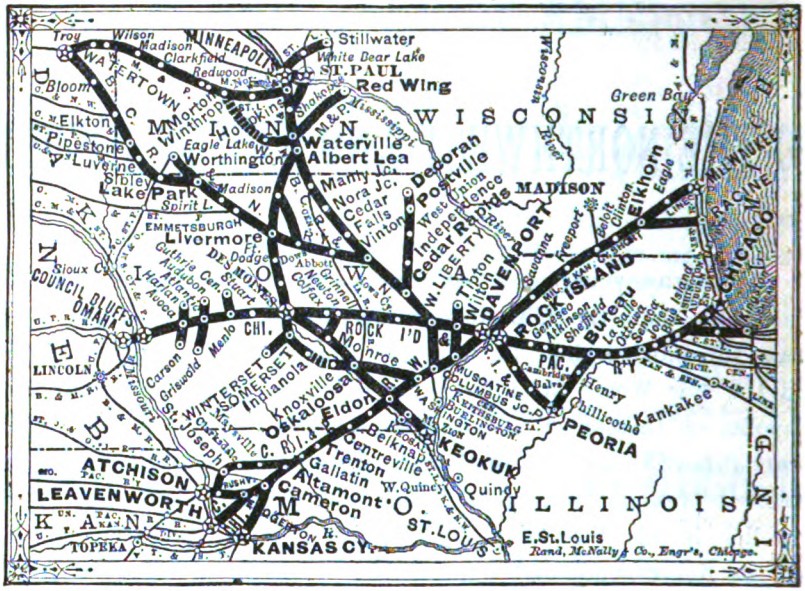

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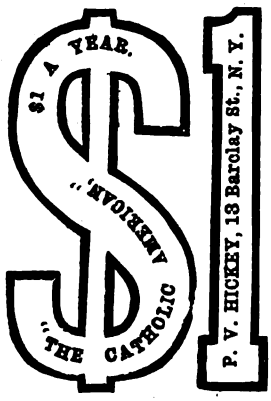

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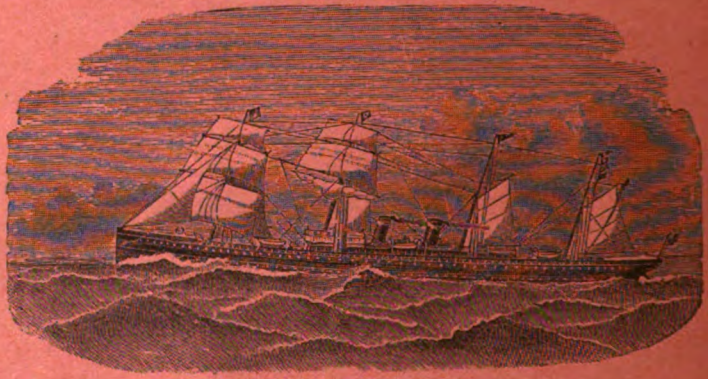

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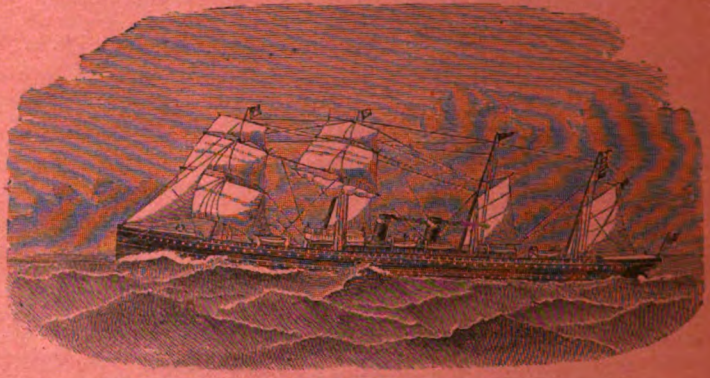

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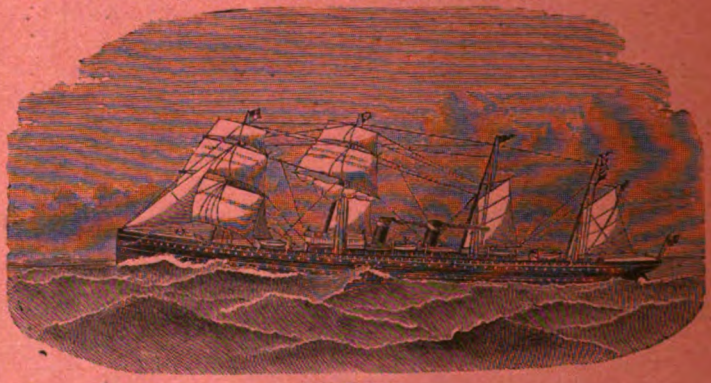

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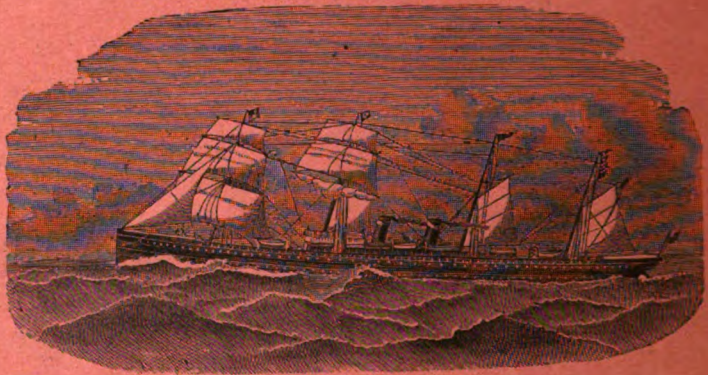

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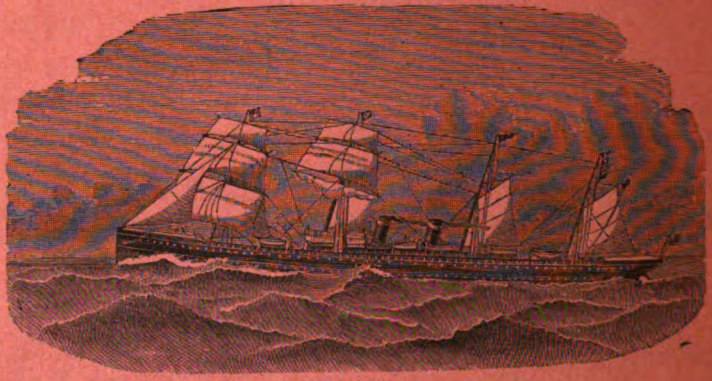

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Ninth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 105, Justice and Mercy; Sermon 106, Neglect of Divine Warnings; Sermon 107, Living from Day to Day. Tenth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 108, Sympathy for Sinners; Sermon 109, Morning Prayers; Sermon 110, Feast of St. Mary Magdalen. Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 111, Want of Confidence in God; Sermon 112, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin; Sermon 113, Gratitude. Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon, 114, The Good Samaritan; Sermon 115, Our Neighbors; Sermon 116, Occasions of Sin. Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 117, Thanksgiving; Sermon 118, Shamelessness in Sinning; Sermon 119, Dangers of Venial Sin. Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 120, The Poverty of Christ; Sermon 121, Brotherly Love; Sermon 122, Religion for Week-Days. Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 123, The Fruits of a Bad Life; Sermon 124, Sins of Parents; Sermon 125, The Law of Charity. 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Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 147, Mixed Marriages; Sermon 148, Imitation of the Saints; Sermon 149, Heaven. Twenty-fourth or Last Sunday after Pentecost: Sermon 150, Marrying out of the Church; Sermon 151, Joy in God's Service; Sermon 152, Forgive and be Forgiven.

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